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The New Movie Magazine

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JANUARY 1932



THEODORE DREISER *Picks the* SIX WORST PICTURES *of the* YEAR

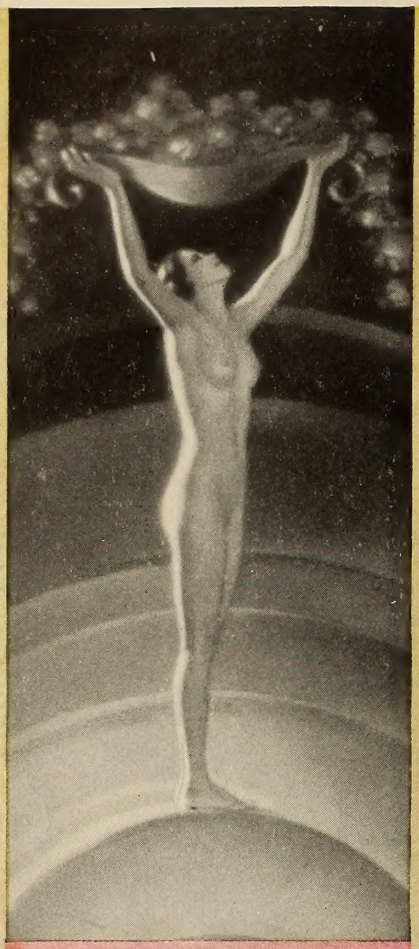
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Last Minute News by Telegraph from Hollywood

DOROTHY MACKAILE AND NEIL ALBERT MILLER, HONOLULU SUGAR PLANTATION MANAGER, ELOPED TO YUMA, ARIZONA, AND WERE QUIETLY MARRIED BY A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. WILL SPEND SHORT HONEYMOON IN ALGODONES, MEXICO.

HOLLYWOOD STUNNED BY DEATH OF ROBERT WILLIAMS, YOUNG STAGE ACTOR WHO RECENTLY ACHIEVED FILM TRIUMPHS. HIS GREATEST RECENT SCREEN SUCCESSES "REBOUND" AND "PLATINUM BLONDE." DEATH WAS CAUSED BY PERITONITIS, FOLLOWING APPENDICITIS OPERATION.

GLORIA SWANSON AND MICHAEL FARMER, MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY, ANNOUNCE THEIR MARRIAGE. IT OCCURRED ON AUGUST 16, AT ELMSFORD, N. Y., AND HAS JUST BEEN REVEALED.

MALIBU BEACH HOME OF BARBARA STANWYCK AND FRANK FAY BURNED TO THE GROUND IN A FIRE WHICH RAZED SIX HOUSES AND DAMAGED NUMEROUS OTHERS.

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The New Movie MAGAZINE

One of the Tower Magazines

Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

Verne Porter—Executive Editor

Vol. IV, No. 7 January, 1932

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LINDA, The Surprising

BY PAUL CARROLL

The Girl the "Juice Gang" has elected as a "regular" and a comer

APPARENTLY Linda Watkins, for all her illustrious ancestors, and in spite of the distance she has covered, has never heard what George Bernard Shaw said about modesty.

Someone noticed the great Irishman was practically devoid of this becoming trait.

Shaw said:

"Some prefer to hide their light under a bushel, but for me . . . give me the cart-tail and the drum."

"I sincerely believe I'm only a fair-to-middling beginner," says modest Linda Watkins, who is afraid to attend her own previews.

A brief but highly successful stage career and now a contract to play leading parts at the Fox Studio have managed to bring Miss Watkins' light out from under the basket.

But no amount of persuasion seems able to force her on to the cart-tail, nor can cajolery compel her to beat the drum.

"It's not false modesty, either," Linda said. "I sincerely believe I am simply a fair-to-middling beginner."

When the critics approved, as they did in New York after her stage triumphs in "The Ivory Door" and "June Moon," and as they did later when she made her screen début in "Sob Sister," this most unusual actress waved aside their flattering predictions with an embarrassed laugh.

After her first picture was finished, Director Alfred Santell ran the film for her in a studio projection room the morning of the preview. To Santell's amazement, Linda sat through it in silence. Then got up and walked out.

"I'm not coming to the preview," she tossed over her shoulders.

"Not coming!" gasped the director. "Why, you—I mean it's customary—that is, if you——"

"I'm not coming," she repeated. "Do you think I want a whole audience throwing chairs and things at me? I'm terrible, and I know it. There are so many scenes I should have done better. You have to go, but I don't and won't!"

And she didn't. Unheard of as it is in Hollywood for a player to miss a preview, "Sob Sister" was run off without any leading lady present. Instead, Linda sat moodily at the piano in her home and played Chopin's Funeral March and other cheerful selections until her mother ran her off to bed.

No wonder Hollywood doesn't understand her. In a land where more than one celebrity has achieved

(*Please turn to page* 94)





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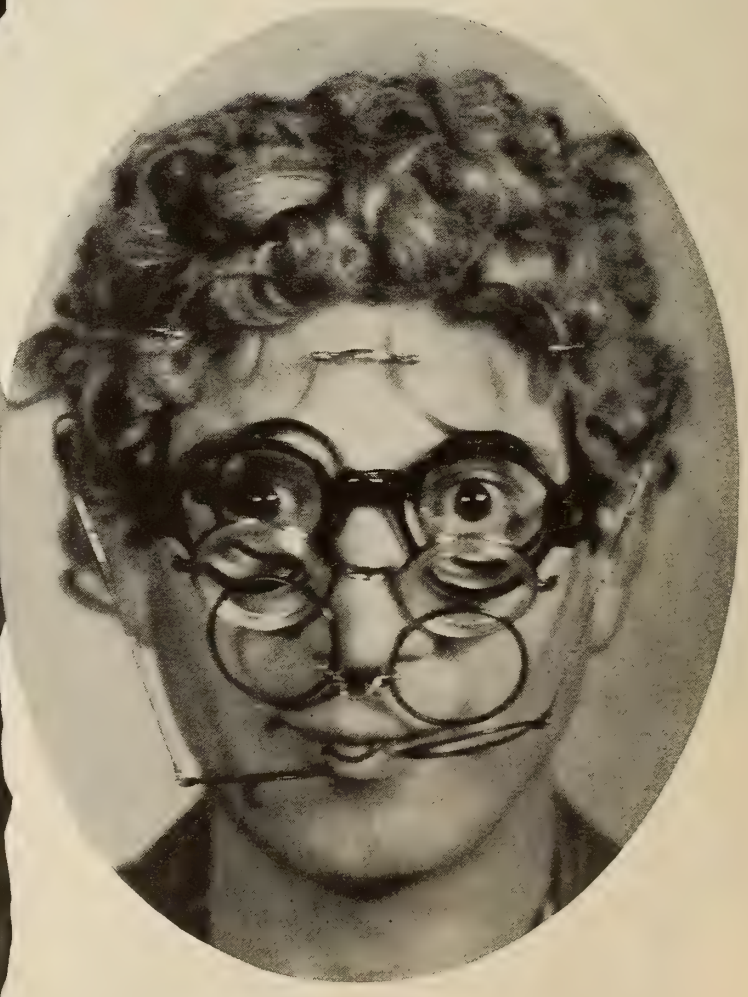


THEY'RE FUNNY That WAY

So long as you laugh at them and they get paid, the Four Marx Brothers are happy

By
SIDNEY SKOLSKY





The cast of the Marx men in the order of their appearance on this earth is Chico, Harpo, Groucho and Zeppo (left). Harpo, the red-wigged and silent one (above), was named Adolph, at thirteen changed it to Arthur, and now has graced himself with a middle name, Duer.



BACK in the nickelodeon days of the cinema—when what this country needed was a good five-cent picture—the Stern brothers, makers of Century comedies, defended their wares by saying:

"Our comedies are not to be laughed at." They were serious.

The Marx brothers, goofiest of all quartets, want to be laughed at. They don't care what you say about them so long as you laugh and they get paid. They're funny that way.

St. John Ervine, when he was guest critic for the late New York *World,* roasted them with hot, burning English prose.

The merry foursome took it with a grin. They arranged a farewell dinner for Mr. Ervine—the day after he had sailed for London.

The only other razzberry they got was also an English one. Some years ago they were playing in a London music hall. The audience booed and hissed. Then some of the braver playgoers, high up in the gallery, tossed pennies at the clowns.

Groucho stepped to the footlights and told the audience that they were cheap. He dared them to throw shillings. They took the dare. And for that performance alone the Marx boys made more money than they were paid for the entire week.

All they want is to be laughed at and paid. They're not particular about "how."

THE cast of the Marx men in the order of their appearance into this world is Chico, Harpo, Groucho and Zeppo.

Chico is the guy who plays the Italian and the piano. He was born on March 22, 1891, in Sixty-ninth Street near Third Avenue, New York. His name is Leonard.

Harpo, the red-wigged and silent one, was born in the same block on November 21, 1893. He was originally given the monicker of Adolph. But before he became thirteen he changed his name to Arthur. Today he has graced himself with a middle name, Duer. Swiped from his friend, Alice Duer Miller.

Groucho, the gagger, was born on October 2, 1895, on Seventy-eighth Street. His name is Julius. The youngest of the four is Zeppo. The date is February 25, 1901. His name is Herbert.

There is a fifth brother, Milton, who came between Harpo and Groucho. He doesn't come between them now. He is in the dress business.

Their nicknames, three of them, were supplied by an actor, Arthur Fisher, during a poker game. He



One week in 1919 they shared the headliner's billing in vaudeville with Fink's Mules and thought they were big timers.

Chico started by playing the piano in neighborhood movie houses. Harpo, who could pass as his twin, used to double for him.

called Leonard, Chico; Julius, Groucho, and Milton, then an actor, Gunno.

Harpo and Zeppo, when they joined the act, were furnished with their nicknames by Groucho.

TRACE back their history and you'll discover that their grandfather was a strolling performer, a magician and a ventriloquist, who toured the towns of Germany exhibiting his talent. While he did tricks with his hands and voice, his wife played the harp.

The foursome also has an uncle who achieved fame on Broadway long before their names were spelled out in bright lights. The uncle is Al Shean. At one time the entire nation was humming his name, for he was the famous Mr. Shean of the "Mister Gallagher and Mister Shean" ditty.

They have a theatrical background. Although their father, Sam Marx, was a tailor and their mother was never an actress, it was she who nursed and plotted their theatrical careers.

In their latest flicker, "Monkey Business," Sam played a bit. But like many other good actors, his part got only as far as the cutting room.

The first of the Marxes to appear on the stage was Groucho. Years ago mothers used to shout a warning to each other to hide their children when Gus Edwards walked the street. But Mrs. Marx went to him and placed her Julius in one of his kid acts.

Groucho toured in this act from the age of thirteen to fourteen. Then his voice changed from soprano to bass and he was out of work.

Chico started by playing the piano in neighborhood movie houses, and Harpo, who could pass as Chico's twin in those days, used to double for him.

Harpo's theatrical debut was made twenty-four years ago on a Coney Island stage. He was pushed on by his mother while three of his brothers were performing in an act she had thrown together and called "The Three Mascots."

Harpo wore a white duck suit and a frightened look. He stood with his back to the wall and didn't say a word. After that performance "The Three Mascots" became "The Four Nightingales." Not a line in the 'script had to be changed.

From that day to this Harpo has never uttered a word on the stage, except for a certain New Year's Eve when he got reckless, shouted "Cheer up!" and was fined ten dollars.

One night in Newark, when they were in "Animal Crackers," Harpo and Chico switched parts and no one in the audience knew the difference.

Offstage Groucho and Zeppo wear glasses. Occasionally Chico dons a pair. These four mad zanies always make it a point to sign their contracts in green ink.

BEFORE he was pushed on a stage Harpo worked as a bellboy at the Hotel Seville. He is rather proud of the fact that he used to take Cissie Loftus' dog for a daily stroll. Brother Groucho, for a short time, drove a grocery wagon in Cripple Creek, Colorado.

Today, Zeppo is in the real estate business on the side. Backstage, when in a show, he can be seen trying to sell property. This recalls Groucho's big real estate deal.

He had purchased an Airedale dog which he later discovered could only walk north. He traded the dog for four city lots in Salt Lake City and thought he had put over a great deal. Later he discovered that the lots were under water.

Chico is the business member of the troupe. He arranges the contracts and talks salary.

Groucho insists upon being a clown offstage as well as onstage. He is always trying to pun or crack a gag. He believes that he must live up to the reputation of being a funny fellow. He shouldn't.

When it comes to eating, Harpo's and Zeppo's favorite dish is crab flakes and spaghetti. Chico and Groucho, on the other plate, are especially fond of dill pickles, herring and red caviar.

The four of them play the stock market. That's why they're still in the show business.



Groucho began as a trouper at thirteen with Gus Edwards. He is the gagger of the foursome.

Their success was no overnight affair. It is a tale of one-night stands, of jerkwater towns, of eating in cheap lunch wagons, of sleeping in dingy, smelly hotel rooms and doing four and five shows a day. They trouped for eighteen years before they got their chance in a Broadway show.

During the week of June 8, 1919, they played Keith's Alhambra Theater and shared the headliner's billing with Fink's Mules and thought they were big-timers.

In 1924 they got their big opportunity. A musical, "The Thrill Girl", was trying out in Philadelphia and was pronounced a flop. The (*Please turn to page* 96)



In the early days, every one commented upon the resemblance of Joan Crawford and the stage star, Pauline Frederick. In her picture, "This Modern Age," you can see this striking resemblance for yourself.

The Dream That Came True

Once Joan Crawford Hoped Some Day to Play with Her Idol, Pauline Frederick

BY JAMES HARRIS

THE portrait photographer had just finished taking some pictures of Joan Crawford and Pauline Frederick.

"Thank you, Miss Crawford," he murmured as he folded up the tripod.

"Not at all," responded Joan with proud humility. "Thank Miss Frederick!"

Miss Frederick, Joan's idol during the years she struggled to win recognition as a dramatic actress, and Joan were in the same cast for the first time in "This Modern Age." Miss Frederick played Miss Crawford's companionable mother.

It was some five years ago when Joan was just beginning to attract attention as a "jazz baby" type that Miss Frederick was playing in a show in one of the downtown Los Angeles theaters.

After the evening performance a mutual friend brought the timid Joan to Miss Frederick's dressing room.

"She has been dying to meet you," the friend explained,

"Some day I hope to play a part with you," said Joan.

Miss Frederick smiled.

"YOU are a lovely child. Whatever your ambition is you will realize it if you fight for it—and don't pay any attention to those who laugh."

Today it seems odd that a strange trick of Fate placed them in the same cast of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer feature. Perhaps it wasn't Fate at all but just good casting. Joan was the star. But when Miss Frederick walked on the set Joan abdicated the throne. She was realizing her life's ambition. She was playing a part with Pauline Frederick.

"MISS FREDERICK has been my guiding star," explained Joan. "Throughout my career she has been my idol. Her great artistry my inspiration. Although I never really knew her, I felt her influence in my work. Secretly, I would compare myself with her. I would ask myself, 'Would Pauline Frederick play the scene this way or that way?'

"When reviewers first began commenting upon my resemblance to her I was thrilled beyond words. Later, when one of my performances was compared with hers, I wept. Now that I have an opportunity to know her I find even greater inspiration. She is a genuine artist. In scenes with her I feel hopelessly inadequate. She is so very charming and gracious."

Miss Frederick remembered well the first meeting with Joan in the dressing room.

"She has gone very far since that day," she commented. "People think she is at the top of her career right now, but she hasn't begun to show what she can do yet."

Celluloid Cupid



Acme

And so Arlene Judge, the actress, and Wesley Ruggles, the director, were married at Mr. Ruggles' home in Beverly Hills. The picture above shows the bridal party. Left to right: Adela Rogers Hyland, Al Hall, Mrs. Grace Cram, matron of honor; Wesley Ruggles, Arlene Judge, Charles Ruggles, Leila Hyams, "Skeets" Gallagher. In the rear are "Buster" Collier (left) and Dick Hyland.

Wesley Ruggles and Arlene Judge (right) were to have been married at high noon, but there was a short delay because the judge who was to perform the ceremony had a session in court and couldn't get there on time.

As a result, Eddie Sutherland, who had flown in from a location, had to leave before the ceremony began.

In his plane he circled around and around above the Ruggles home until the ceremony was over and the guests strolled out into the garden.

Then, with a wave of his hand, he was away.

"Why are they having a judge perform the ceremony?" guests whispered.

"Well, I'll tell you," said "Skeets" Gallagher. "Arlene is Catholic and Wes is RKO."



Arthur W. Coburn

Two Marriages and a Loving Reunion Keep Cupid astir

Despite strenuous denials and other artifices to keep secret their marriage last June, Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, and Mary Astor (at right) finally had to admit it. They eloped to Yuma, Ariz. And the very first day the secret was out, Mary was hailed into court to explain why she had sworn she was single. Mary has just won her suit against an airplane company because of the fatal crack-up eighteen months ago which resulted in the death of Mary's first husband, Kenneth Hawks and several others.



International



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Two years ago, Claudette Colbert set off from Los Angeles with her new husband, Norman Foster, for a trip around the world. Coming back to New York on a tramp steamer, Foster went immediately to Hollywood to work for RKO. Claudette lingered in New York to make several pictures for Paramount. These two found they couldn't stand being separated for so long and, as Foster was tied down to the Hollywood studio, Claudette took an airplane ride out to see him. They are shown (at left) upon her arrival in Los Angeles.



Hurrell

This is Douglass Montgomery. And if that doesn't interest you, we'll call him Kent Douglass—the twenty-two-year-old boy who has made two names famous. In spite of his screen success, he doesn't believe he's so good. So he's going back to the theater where he feels that he knows what it is all about.

IT'S NOT I

Says Douglass Montgomery Explaining why Kent Douglass left the screen flat

By DENA REED

I HAD to have two interviews with Kent Douglass before I could believe my eyes and ears.

At twenty-two, the age when most boys are still in college, he has made famous two names—Kent Douglass, which he adopted for the screen, and Douglass Montgomery, his own, which he uses on the stage.

It is reasonable to suppose that such a young man might be entitled to a pose of some sort—I must confess that I thought "quiet modesty and frankness" was his—but after two interviews, neither of which (due to a slip-up in the publicity department) he expected, I can only humbly beg his pardon and report that he is one of the most honest young men of stage and screen that I have ever talked with.

He doesn't understand why people should hold up their hands in horror at the idea of his attaining success in the movies and then leaving them flat and flying to New York to appear with Fay Wray in the stage production, "Nikki." He wishes people wouldn't think he did it because he doesn't like Hollywood or pictures. It isn't even true that he's left pictures, except perhaps temporarily.

He was born in Los Angeles and so Hollywood and the movies were too near home to have any glamour for him as a boy. New York was the sacred city to him and the stage the fulfillment of all his dreams.

"As far back as I can remember, the stage fascinated me," he said. "I can remember, as a child in kindergarten, being taken to see Maude Adams in 'Peter Pan' and crying because I was afraid I would be late for the matinee. I must have been about five, but even then I knew I wanted to be an actor when I grew up."

But he didn't wait until he was grown up. His father was a prominent jewelry merchant of Pasadena. Douglass had a horse and a dog and he loved the country in which he lived a normal boy's life. But never for one minute did he forget that he was going to be an actor.

WHEN he entered Los Angeles High School at thirteen, he organized a dramatic club at fifty cents a head. Eventually five hundred pupils joined it and it threatened to outbid athletics as the thing that took the students' minds off their school work. So the Board of Education ordered that it be abandoned. But before that time the club had given about every clean one-act play in the language.

"It was an education for me," Douglass avers. "The theater is the only education I've had really—I never went to college. At fifteen I was juvenile at the Pasadena Playhouse where they gave every sort of play from classics to musical comedy and, besides, I joined every experimental theater that happened to be in existence out there. I used to get matinee days off from school, and if I didn't get them, I'd take them."

His family was still under the impression that his love of the theater was a phase that would pass and so they were indulgent but they began to lose their assurance after he had appeared on the west coast stages as Lionel Barrymore's son in (*Please turn to page* 112)

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Helen Twelvetrees

Champion on the Bike

Home Town Stories of the Stars

BY HARRY N. BLAIR
Of The Film Daily

HELEN TWELVETREES, Brooklyn's latest gift to the movies, was a Christmas present to that thriving metropolis across the river from New York. She was born on December 25, 1908, at 145 Ridgewood Avenue, in a section of Brooklyn known as East New York. Her father, strangely enough, is not a lumber man. As most everyone knows, Helen took her present name when she married Clark Twelvetrees, from whom she has since been divorced. She is remembered in Brooklyn as Helen Marie Jurgens, daughter of William and Helen Seward Jurgens. Both her parents are attractive and young looking. While Helen inherits her father's cast of features and coloring, her personality and general make-up are undoubtedly gifts from her mother.

Although Helen now stands but five feet, three inches and weighs little more than one hundred pounds, she was an unusually large baby, weighing 10¾ pounds at birth, according to her mother. Neighbors recall her as a pretty little girl with a wealth of light golden hair and big blue eyes which always seemed to have a serious expression. In fact, Helen has always taken things seriously. On her recent visit to New York, she confided to the writer that she was no longer going to look at "rushes" of her work, or attend previews of her pictures. She gets so upset over scenes in which she feels she has not done her best that studio officials think it unwise for her to see the picture until it is entirely completed. She is constantly aiming for perfection and is never satisfied no matter how good others may think she is.

This latter trait is but a natural demonstration of how the stars affect our destinies. According to Evangeline Adams, persons born under Helen's sign are inclined to take life too seriously. They likewise have unbounded energy and are not afraid of hard work, two reasons why Helen has progressed to stardom in such a short length of time. To reach the heights in less than two years, after a very brief stage experience, is unusual, even in Hollywood.

HELEN'S father, William Jurgens, as advertising manager of the Brooklyn edition of *The New York Evening Journal*, has a wide acquaintance in Brooklyn. He has resided in that city since boyhood, coming originally from Portage, Wisconsin. He is of Holland Dutch extraction on his father's side, while his mother's family is English. None of his relatives have ever been connected with theatrical business. The same applies to Helen's mother, whose family has resided in Brooklyn for over a hundred years. Mrs. Jurgens is the daughter of Robert Seward and Mary Murry Seward, whose descent is English and Irish, respectively. Her father was a keen judge of horse flesh and it is from him that Helen probably inherits her love of horses and horse racing.

As a child, while attending Public School No. 119, Helen Jurgens was the champion bicycle rider of her neighborhood. Her mother tells me that she is still enthusiastic about the sport and that she and ZaSu Pitts, her neighbor and chum, often go bike riding together on the outskirts of Hollywood. After finishing grammar school, she attended Brooklyn Heights Seminary, an exclusive finishing school, from which she was graduated in 1925. In the meantime, her parents had moved to 3614 Avenue I, an attractive home in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn, not many miles from the neighborhood in which Clara Bow was born and raised. Here her brother, Jack, now a student at Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, was born.

The home life of Helen Twelvetrees was always quite ideal and she was given every opportunity to develop her talents. She has taken music lessons since she was a little girl and is now an accomplished pianist. With such a background, it is not surprising that Helen, considering her natural ability, has become so successful in her chosen profession.



Helen Twelvetrees, then Helen Marie Jurgens, at the age of fourteen. After grammar school, Miss Twelvetrees attended Brooklyn Heights Seminary, a finishing school, from which she was graduated in 1925. During her school days, Miss Twelvetrees showed a marked talent for acting.

HELEN was made for Hollywood, according to Ruth Whitman, a school chum with whom she graduated from Brooklyn Heights Seminary. She

Brooklyn Remembers Helen Twelvetrees as a Little Blonde Girl Named Helen Marie Jurgens Who Loved to Ride a Bicycle

was always attractive and, for all her serious manner, had a natural gaiety which made her very popular with the boys and the envy of her less fortunate sisters. Some of those who felt their social position slightly above hers at that time, now boast about having known her. During her seminary days she gave up her beloved bicycle for horseback riding, having been presented with her own mount, by her adoring grandfather. This, coupled with swimming while at the Jurgens' summer home in Rocky Point, Long Island, comprised her athletic activities.

At the graduation exercises, she completely stole the show. Walking slowly, with downcast eyes, her pale, oval face framed by a mass of golden hair, her arms gracefully draped around a huge bunch of calla lilies, she created a picture which those present still remember. That she was a good student is indicated by the fact that she graduated at the age of sixteen.

During her school days, Helen always had shown a marked talent for acting and frequently took part in the amateur theatricals which were put on from time to time. Her teachers all saw a bright future for her as an actress and advised her parents to prepare the girl for a stage career. However, if a discerning producer hadn't noticed Helen's face adorning a *Saturday Evening Post* cover, she might now be a successful pictorial artist instead of a Hollywood star.

Putting aside all thoughts of a stage career, she had enrolled in the Art Students' League on West Fifty-seventh Street, in New York. Here she was noticed by George Bradshaw Crandall, well-known artist and member of the teaching staff. Crandall had received a commission to paint a *Saturday Evening Post* cover and saw in Helen the exact type he had in mind. Helen consented and the magazine had no sooner appeared on the stands than several stage producers, including Gus Edwards, called Crandall to inquire who the girl was and if she were really as beautiful as he had pictured her. When they really saw for

(*Please turn to page* 84)



Russell Ball

Helen Twelvetrees as she is today. It was while attending the Art Students' League in New York that she happened to pose for a magazine cover. This attracted the attention of several theatrical managers—and she gave up art for the theater.



JANET GAYNOR
CHARLES FARRELL
in delicious

It's well-named...this most entrancing of Gaynor-Farrell romances. Here Janet is a Scotch lass...very close to your heart. A handsome American (Charlie Farrell to you) falls madly in love with her, a romantic Russian adores her, a Swede befriends her and a burly Irish detective pursues her!

You've never seen such a comedy of errors, so gay a tangle of laughter and romance. A love story *deliciously* different!

Six sparkling musical hits by world-renowned George Gershwin, composer of "Rhapsody in Blue," are woven into the story. You'll enjoy Gershwin's new and brilliant "Second Rhapsody."



Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when they're playing DELICIOUS. And keep an eye out for other superb attractions soon to come: *Elissa Landi* and *Lionel Barrymore* in THE YELLOW TICKET, *Will Rogers* in AMBASSADOR BILL, *James Dunn, Sally Eilers* and *Mae Marsh* in OVER THE HILL.

FOX



Photograph by Otto Dyar

MIRIAM HOPKINS

The New Movie Magazine

Gallery of Famous Film Folk



Photograph by Max Autrey

HELEN TWELVETREES



Photograph by Hurrell

CLARK GABLE



Photograph by Max Autrey

ANN HARDING



Photograph by Shalitt

FREDRIC MARCH



Photograph by Hal Phyfe

JANET GAYNOR

Theodore DREISER

Picks the Six Worst Pictures of the Year

Whether or not we agree with the distinguished author of "An American Tragedy" his opinions are always startling. Read his dynamic comments on some of the greatest recent money makers

HOLLYWOOD'S industry represents millions upon millions of hard-earned money, pays salaries far more fabulous than those of general, king, scientist or artist, buys rights to literary masterpieces at figures in the hundred thousands, and what does it all come to? Merely the cheap sex story!

Hollywood has one Almighty it swears by. This is luxury, against which background sex flourishes. But luxury, the fashion parade, great halls, servants polishing the ladies' toe nails, etc., etc., for these Hollywood stands; as for anything else—be it economics, science, politics, medical discoveries, the ordinary and yet so human and intense wear and tear of life, or what you will, it has no eye nor ear—the disdain, really of a drunken reveler.

Yet it remains a truth, even of the elements in which Hollywood is so much interested, that time, ease, and a reasonable amount of money do open opportunity for instincts of love, art and beauty which might otherwise be filched.

But if Hollywood ever heard of this finer interpretation of what it is so interested in, no evidence of it is visible in the box-office hits of the year. Rather luxury on the screen exists merely for its own sake. Characters bask in sheer silks, on Oriental rugs amid palatial environment. Never is it an inspiration to something more pleasing to the mind, more useful or æsthetic. Yet people accept the grand show—crowd to it by the millions, and why? Because America, with all of its prosperity talk, is luxury-starved. Hence the man with twenty-five cents, gazing rapturously at a pseudo-display of millions and all that that implies.

But Hollywood, creator of this illusion, how much wiser, more helpful and encouraging to people would it not be to show them intelligent leisure and intelligent spending as the developer of love and beauty. After all, most of our lives are fought out without millions. And many of them are colorful and strange and even beautiful. But does Hollywood know that? Can it be made to see? No, it cannot. For its head is as empty as its purse is full.

Not only empty luxury, but empty faces. The cheap



Tower Studios

"You would never believe from a Hollywood movie that anyone had to work in order to eat," is the opinion of Theodore Dreiser.

"Empty luxury, empty faces", says Dreiser, "Hollywood offers nothing but hokum!"



How did Constance Bennett's character in "Bought" inspire her writer boy friend?



sex story depends on the beautiful features of the stars' faces, and on that alone to arouse the emotion called love.

How did Constance Bennett's *character* in "Bought" inspire Nickey, her boy friend writer? No hint of that in the picture, except by close-ups of a pretty face. In fact, inspiration in movie love is ridiculous to think about because it is absolutely lacking. Tell me, in "The Road to Singapore," what was there? Miss Kenyon reclined and posed sensually several times, Mr. Powell lit several cigarettes masterfully, a dozen or so South Sea natives beat tom-toms. And there you are.

In fact, the movies are so silly that I find it almost impossible to discuss them seriously. There is no least suggestion of that *mind* yearning desire of a man toward a woman or a woman toward a man that we call spiritual and that sometimes lives even after sex is burned out, no poetry or romance of the nature to introduce genuine feeling. Instead Hollywood offers only a meaningless sensuality that is faithless the moment the other's eyes are turned. Every man is the sweetest man in the world to the girl. Every girl is a night out, even to the sweetest man. Such is their fickledom.

No more relation or understanding at all is needed to make a movie marriage. During the entire show, "A Free Soul," Norma Shearer didn't care two cents about her old polo-player sweetheart, but he made a convenient thing to go to in the end, so, presto, marriage. It has to be! In the movies. And quick, too!

And again no intelligence, no sense even, is needed for the girls. The less the more human, thinks Hollywood.

And what accomplishment if any is required in the sex story to bring about emotion? Why, the lighter the better. The only accomplishment of "Bad Girl" was having a child and that was an accident.

In short and for the most part Hollywood's product of these silly sex stories, are often the most ridiculous melodramas or even worse—just plain hokum. Indeed such motion pictures as "Bought" or "A Free Soul" are no more than modern versions of the hardy old melodrama of whiskey days. In "A Free Soul" the drunken, yet betimes pseudo-heroic father, Lionel Barrymore, with Norma Shearer, smart hardwood version of his little Nell, was a fair duplicate of that most blustering, foolish type of stage play which infested America more than a generation ago. Progress? Ridiculous!

Whereas in "A Free Soul" the father, a lawyer, dies at the bar (of the law court), defending his daughter's future husband, charged with murder, in "Bought" the little Nell turns out to be

Hamilton was fifty times as strong in real life as in the movies.



Pictures like "The Road to Singapore" betray the finer instincts of their characters.

The noted critic dares Hollywood to reply to his cyclonic attack. Who will answer?

the daughter of the naughty old man, now good.

To return to "The Front Page," it is not even melodrama; it's just tomfoolery. Chasing men around the table and in and out doors and windows to get a newspaper story.

But Hollywood has no interest in encouraging the people to think or to know. Of course not. The useless psychology of the carefree. The medicine man of the aborigines. That's what Hollywood is to the whole world. And yet Hollywood sends this primitive stuff to civilized countries all over the earth with the idea that it has something to *give them.*

So many movies are not only just [illegible] hokum, but they are socially meaning[illegible], worse, debasing. For almost alway[illegible] cern the lives of wasters who appa[illegible] nothing, contribute nothing and, [illegible] not care to, and even think it is sm[illegible] Any comprehension of the social s[illegible] things as it is today is out, particularly if it approaches the need of doing something, beneficial or useful to others of mankind, in return for necessities received from that mankind's labor. You would never believe, from a Hollywood movie, that any one really had to work in order to eat. No Hollywood film knows the meaning of it. Sorrow (real sorrow) —it, too, is gruesome, and hence out.





"A Free Soul" is a modern version of the hardy old melodrama of whiskey days.

"The Front Page" is not even melodrama. It is just tomfoolery.

So, in "The Road to Singapore," William Powell merely dined and wined and groomed and rode horseback. But at whose expense? No one knows. With ease without work or return of any kind to any one being taken for granted (without examination) by the public—one senses a socially lax and uncomprehending people, to whom anything can happen and will. And it is the Hollywood movie as it is now that is helping this thing along.

Not only that, but movie stories like this betray the finer instincts of their character. In this very motion picture just referred to Doris Kenyon left her husband, a doctor, bent on research, investigation and discovery, to go to the suave sap, played by William Powell. And all in the name of love, mind you. And what matter if he is pickled silly half of the time, dictates like a Cæsar in the forum and, as far as character goes, is all bluff, just a bag of wind? But he wears pajamas so divinely, the girls breathe. Why think whether better impulses are betrayed or society rendered meaningless?

It is for this reason that I hold this whole trashy Hollywood business to be a menace. It is in the hands of a money-besotted crew that ought to be (*Please turn to page* 98)



It matters not how society really functions according to "Bad Girl."



Photograph by Hurrell

Lupe must be free, free, free! "I flirt, I kiss, I do what I like, but no man shall boss me! I shall never marry!" she maintains. But there is always a suspicion of hesitancy in that word "never."

I don't Want to be a Lady

Insists Lupe Velez, the tempestuous charmer of Hollywood, in a whirlwind interview with—

Alma Whitaker

"DARLING, darling! My darlingest darling! Sweet babe! Sweetheart!"

This is a sample of the exuberant epithets squandered by Lupe Velez impartially on anything in trousers that hoves in sight. Lupe, that tempestuous Mexican charmer who is a sort of Bowery Carmen, is also quite apt to throw herself into a gentleman's arms for a hot embrace, without any seeming provocation whatever. Dignity and restraint have never marred her passionate effervescence.

Picture this poor scribe trying to snatch a "quiet talk" with Lupe at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer commissary. I select a remote table-for-two and lead the way purposefully towards it.

"Why, hello, babe! Come here, darling," calls Lupe in that excited tone which denotes that the one man in the world who can stir every fibre of her being has been spotted.

I turn to see her throwing herself into the arms of Tod Browning, the director, with Tod dutifully responsive. But before the embrace is properly consummated, Lupe has darted across the café with a "Why, darling, my darlingest darling!" and in some magic manner Paul Bern has supplanted Tod and is beaming in fatuous rhapsody, the while Tod looks a trifle disconcerted.

But Paul's distinction suffers eclipse when Lupe catches the cigarette clerk's eye over his shoulder.

"Why, sweetheart, how are you?" cries Lupe to the bashful clerk. "Oh, babe, I've been having sinking spells. Yes, I took off ten pounds, so now I'm only 106. Yes, I eat now again, but a fat Lupe cannot be."

The clerk is just launching into hot sympathy and casting a somewhat commiserating eye upon Paul Bern, when Ramon Novarro passes by.

Fortunately he is heading towards our table. Lupe darts after him, snatches and fondles his sleeve.

"Ramon, darling, how are you? Me, I have been having sinking spells. . . ."

Ramon is exquisitely concerned about the sinking spells. He, too, it seems, has had to shave off some superfluous pounds of too, too solid charm. As she pauses for breath, Ramon explains that he is learning German, has just written a love-song in that language.

"How do you say 'Lupe, I love you,' in German?" she demands with fiery archness.

Ramon starts to form the precious words in the manner which Ramon knows so well. Now, surely she will concede him her whole attention.

But no, across his (*Please turn to page* 100)



Photograph by Bert Anderson

She can do many things well besides acting and dancing. She can swim like a fish, is an expert typist, and a good business woman.

What They Really WEAR



Constance Bennett, shown at the right, wears silk beach pajamas when she isn't before the camera. This is her favorite attire for relaxation. Below, Robert Montgomery, who affects a silk scarf, white flannels, white shoes and a white sweater—all for comfort—when he is on his way to and from the studio. Extreme right, Jack Oakie, in his favorite garb of red and white sweater, black and white striped flannels. Quiet, eh wh—what?



Wm. Grimes



Otto Dyar

The silken sirens and stalwart sheiks of Hollywood don informal clothes for their informal hours



At the left you see Clark Gable as those who know him in Hollywood see him. White shoes, sweater, white trousers and grey coat. Below, Joan Crawford, comfortably attired in blue jersey pajamas, a tight fitting pull over sweater with narrow red stripes, a tight fitting blue beret and fancy, low cut sandals. Extreme left, Doug, Jr., in his favorite old grey trousers, knit sweater, red silk scarf and old green "good luck" hat. There's a story about that hat!



Irving Lippman



Wm. Grimes



Photograph by Maurice Seymour

The beautiful Margaret Livingston marries the King of Jazz after he has made three matrimonial failures. "Being a husband is the only job at which Paul ever failed," she says. "This time I'm going to help him make good."

HIS FOURTH WIFE —And Glad of It

Hollywood scoffed at the idea that a musician and an actress could make a success of marriage

By MRS. PAUL WHITEMAN (Margaret Livingston)

I WOULD not go over the hill to the poor house with a gigolo, but, if my husband should lose his money and his job, I would support him, if he were ambitious.

I wouldn't give a dime to a lounge lizard, except, perhaps, for carfare to get out of my sight, but even if the man I married were struggling to attain the unattainable I would shelter him—to the limit of my ability.

Of course, when one's husband is as prosperous, famous and successful as mine is, the possibility of such an emergency is remote, but don't think I didn't consider this phase of married life before I took unto myself a husband. Marriage, to me, is a serious business.

I was my husband's fourth wife. He is my first husband. So, probably because I am intensely practical, I realized that the only job at which my husband ever failed was the important one of being a husband.

My friends told me that I would fail. They warned me. They said, "Paul just isn't cut out to be a husband. He's a genius, but he'll make you unhappy. Don't marry him."

Mutual friends openly scoffed at the idea that a great musician and a Hollywood actress could make a success of marriage.

"Paul Whiteman belongs to the public," they said. "You can't tame him and you can't domesticate him. He's a playboy on stage and off."

I disregarded all of these warnings and married a man who has failed three times in the business of matrimony. I'm glad I did. I'll tell you why.

Here are three women of different types who undertook the great adventure of matrimony with the huge, smiling musical director, Paul Whiteman, who didn't fit at all the popular idea of romance.

When I first met Paul Whiteman he was the last man on earth I wanted to marry. I admired his success and his professional reputation and I thought he was colorful but nobody loves a fat man.

I was doing the dance in the swamp scene in "Sunrise," to the accompaniment of "Rhapsody in Blue." This piece is one of my husband's favorites and our conversation was mostly about it and other music.

But then and there I weighed him in my scales for prospective husbands and found him wanting —goodness knows, not in weight, but in other qualities and requirements which have been clearly defined in my mind since childhood.

Since girlhood I have regarded all the eligible men I met as prospective husbands and possible fathers of my children. Maybe an odd complex but I account for it by the fact that my mother and father were separated when I was an infant and my mother, my older sister and I have had to fight the battles of life without the assistance of male relatives or champions. There were no men in the formative years of my life. I was forced to learn about men from strangers.

Thus armed with exclusively feminine weapons, I unconsciously formulated certain plans and specifications for men in general and for my ideal man.

This huge and smiling music master who confronted me at the motion picture studio did not fit these plans and specifications. Some of the things I had heard about him possibly influenced my opinion. Certainly, all I knew about him at this time was hearsay. I did not find it difficult to dismiss him from my thoughts.

While my youthful mind was shaping the mental, spiritual and physical image of my future husband and father of my unborn children it conceived definite standards of deportment and achievement for myself as a wife and mother.

While I have analyzed men and their capacities I have also been self-analytical and have taken into consideration my own virtues and limitations.

The sacrifices I have required of my ideal man I have been willing to make myself and when I have been actuated by extremely practical motives I believe that I have also been governed by a balancing and softening sense of fairness.

Please do not think because I have been cast in so many vampire roles in pictures that I am cold or calculating. My nature is exactly the opposite. But all of my life my heart and soul have nurtured a fierce desire to be a successful wife and mother and my intelligence has been inspired and directed to pursue a logical and sensible course to this accomplishment. No woman could be more romantic than I but when you have suffered poverty and have won financial and professional success in a field of no favoritism you gain a wholesome appreciation of values.

I have not calculated; I have planned. I have regarded wifehood and motherhood as the most exalted attainment of my life, so I have planned accordingly.

First, I determined never to be a financial burden to my husband. I do not regard such an ambition as cold or calculating. I love my husband too much to want him to be saddled with the responsibility of supporting me or my relatives or dependents.

I did not consider marriage seriously until I had put myself in this economic position. It gave me a sense of freedom and of my own worth, irrespective of material considerations. It enabled me to surrender my heart and my soul and I do not regret the wish to have my love for my husband unhampered by bread and butter obligations. I considered that my duty.

Now that I am independent financially, I would give my husband every penny I possess if he should ask me for it. Whatever of worldly goods we have I regard as ours, not mine or his. But no person truthfully can say that I married Paul Whiteman for his money.

I married Paul Whiteman because I love him and I'll fight the world and the flesh and the devil to keep him, now that I have him.

When he came into my life that first time as a casual admirer of my professional talent, I sized him up as I have sized up all men.

Pleasant chap, talented, famous, no doubt rich, life of the party but——

Did he possess the ten cardinal virtues of my ideal man? I did not think so.

I didn't want any other kind of a man.

My husband had to have constancy, character, ambition, sophistication, sympathy, capacity for fatherhood, amiability, intelligence and domesticity.

Undoubtedly he had some of these qualifications. Apparently he was sadly lacking in others.

You might call these virtues my ten demandments of marriage. I was honestly looking for them. They were absolutely necessary to my happiness.

Paul Whiteman passed out of my life.

The next time I encountered him was at a party in New York, given in honor of Maurice Chevalier. Someone said:

"Margaret Livingston is here."

Paul Whiteman said:

"Oh, that girl I met in California, dancing 'Rhapsody in Blue.' Where is she?"

We met again.

(*Please turn to page* 114)



International

Nellie Stack



International

Vanda Hoff



Maurice Seymour

Margaret Livingston



Photograph by Russell Ball



Says Walter Winchell

The Famous Broadway Gossip Again Contributes a Budget of News from the Great White Way

DANNY AHEARN, who wrote a book some time ago christened "How to Commit Murder and Get Away With It!", was once John Gilbert's bodyguard around New York.

The former Garbo screen pash wanted to do Broadway during a brief visit. He had heard dreadful reports about the local badmen, however, so a pal suggested that Ahearn, a bit of a fearless person himself, serve as his shadow.

Danny Ahearn met Gilbert. As soon as the star swapped glances with the baddie, Gilbert decided that he would be an agreeable protector.

They proceeded around the Broadway dives, speakeasies, night clubs and shadier joints. When the managements learned the identity of their distinguished visitor they "put on the whole show."

And here is where the plot sickens!

A group of desperate novices decided to kidnap Gilbert. They bungled things, however, and kidnaped the wrong man—Ahearn! They kidnaped the bodyguard, locked him in a flat and made him promote $3,000 before they would let him go.

Gilbert to this day will tell you, though, that it would have been less humiliating to him had they not kidnaped the wrong man. "Imagine my embarrassment," Gilbert said at the time, "to learn that they didn't even recognize me!"

Willie Collier, Sr., has a favorite story. It deals with Richard Carle, the veteran comedian, who was suspended for ninety days from a theatrical club in New York because he lost his temper one day at the bar.

It happened this way. Carle had been enjoying too much giggle water. The club had instructed the barkeeper not to serve him with any more laughing soup—that afternoon.

"Oh, no?" cried Richard as he took his cane and shattered every glass off the shelf with a mighty swoop. The suspension of ninety days followed.

On the ninety-first day Carle was reinstated. He ankled up to the same bar and ordered a drink.

"Where've you been all this time?" a comrade queried.

"I was suspended for ninety days," pouted Carle.

"Goodness!" ejaculated the other. "Why?"

"For doing this!" thundered the actor as his cane swept every glass off the shelf again.

It is Cecil DeMille's excellent rejoinder to his hecklers—"I'd rather be hissed at—than yawned at!"

Then there's the silly story that Barbara Stanwyck enjoys telling. It deals with (*Please turn to page* 108)



GRETA GARBO

The Glory that is Garbo transcends even the cruel medium of caricature in this unusual study of the screen's most glamorous personality, as depicted by Avtori, noted Italian artist and basso. This is the first exclusive publication in America of this unusual pen-picture.

Brutal? Cruel?—But Fearless!

Jim Tully Dissects GARBO



Jim Tully, vagabond writer, whose ruthless pen finds a new and different Garbo

A MAN who is a Watchmaker sat through a Garbo film and said when it was over: "I'd like to get that woman into the shop and take her apart to see what makes her run."

A good many millions of other people have the same idea of a something they would like to do. The majority are convinced they would find inside of her only a myth. Others cling to the notion they would find some strange new essence of woman.

Most all of them would be surprised by what they really would find. Garbo is much more than a myth, and much less than a woman—considering that a myth is supposed to be elusive and a woman desirable.

Garbo is not elusive. When you first meet her you see her, find her, know her immediately. That is, if you have any kind of a brain at all.

No matter what the circumstances of that first meeting, your first impression is—if you look beneath exteriors—that you are running into Louvisa Gustafsson, a Swedish peasant girl who lathered faces in a barber shop and sold cheap hats in a second-rate department store. Her hands and feet and round shoulders, her thick neck, masculine jaw, and a voice that all the languors of the world haven't robbed of its guttural quality, are the things that belong to the peasant girl. So, there is no myth about her. There she is.

But, now that she is the great Greta Garbo—and make no mistake as to my analysis, she is "great," in a way—you think of her as a woman and wonder about that side of her. You won't find a woman. As Louvisa Gustafsson she wasn't a success in the barber shop for the all-comprehensive reason that the men patrons preferred any one of the other women to lather their faces. In the department store she could sell only the cheapest hats, to patrons who were interested only in the price tags. Only one man who has been in love with her missed her after she turned to someone who could do her more good. That man, Swedish like herself, died before he grew accustomed to the relief in not having her around. Consequently he may be said to have been the only one who missed her. John Gilbert didn't miss her. Ina Claire once said that if ever she divorced Gilbert she would look around and try pick up another of Garbo's "ex's." "They are so appreciative," Ina explained.

"Garbo is much more than a myth and much less than a woman . . . considering that a myth is supposed to be elusive and a woman desirable. Garbo is not elusive. When you first meet her you see her, find her, know her immediately. That is, if you have any kind of a brain at all."

NOW that Ina has finally divorced Gilbert, she may have some difficulty finding an ex—of Garbo's. The wise men of Hollywood cross their fingers when Garbo is about. Brain and cunning are desirable qualities, but a man doesn't want too much of either in a boudoir.

But the fact remains indisputable that the Louvisa Gustafsson who became Greta Garbo because it sounded better is the world's outstanding screen actress. In more particulars than one she stands alone in the midst of her film sisterhood. Not a myth in any sense of the word, we still want to take her apart. Less than a woman, every laborer's son and every college boy wishes his girl were a Garbo.

Her early film history is, of course, pretty well known. The department store in Sweden made an advertising film and chose the hat saleslady as one of the background because she was thin and tall and would photograph well. Next year they put her in another advertising film. That experience stirred her ambitions. She persuaded her family to take more of the wages her brothers earned, so they could get along without hers, and then began to haunt the Swedish studios.

She was eventually given a small rôle in a film made for Japan. It was called "Eric, the Tramp." Frans Enwall, head of a government dramatic school, took her in as a pupil. She played some small film rôles and attracted no attention.

One day Mauritz Stiller, Sweden's greatest director, saw her on a film and sent for her. That was when the clock struck twelve for Louvisa, and the echo of the chimes still rings around the world.

Today it is a characteristic of Garbo to like things that are different. Some (*Please turn to page* 105)

First-floor plan of the home of Dolores Del Rio and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, nestling in the hills of Hollywood —showing detail of the arrangement of furniture.

Dolores Del Rio At Home

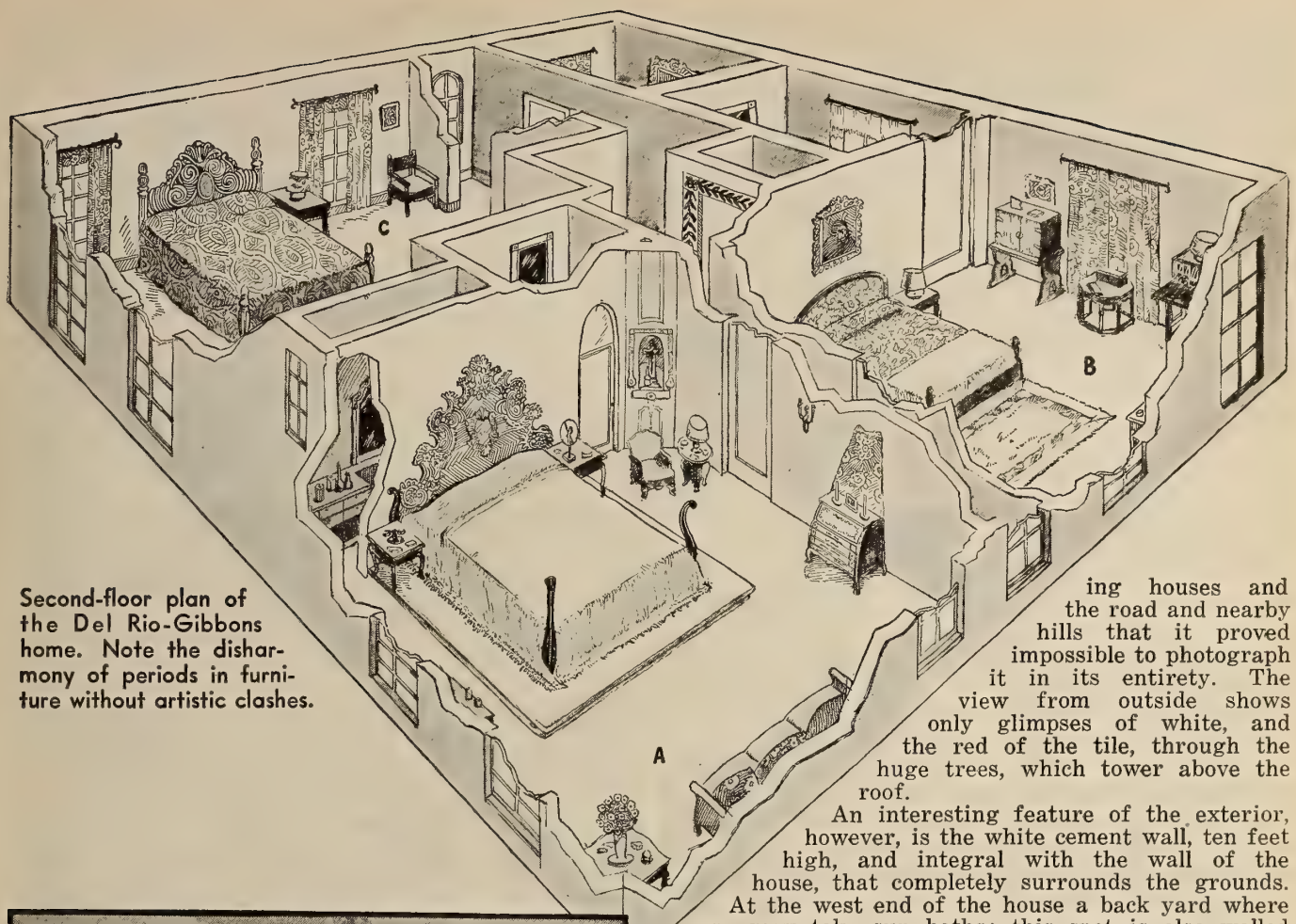


The south front of Dolores Del Rio's beautiful Hollywood home.

Another Feature in this illuminating series depicting the Hollywood houses of the stars and how they are furnished

THE Hollywood Hills home of Dolores Del Rio in the ultra-fashionable Outpost Estates was designed from her own plans five years ago, and furnished with great care, over a period of at least two years, by Miss Del Rio herself.

Few film-star homes have so much of the personal selection and taste of the star represented, and so little of the pro-



Second-floor plan of the Del Rio-Gibbons home. Note the disharmony of periods in furniture without artistic clashes.

ing houses and the road and nearby hills that it proved impossible to photograph it in its entirety. The view from outside shows only glimpses of white, and the red of the tile, through the huge trees, which tower above the roof.

An interesting feature of the exterior, however, is the white cement wall, ten feet high, and integral with the wall of the house, that completely surrounds the grounds. At the west end of the house a back yard where one may take sun baths; this spot is also walled off from the main yard, which contains the trees, patio, fountain and walks, best depicted by the accompanying photographs.

A piazza with Moorish arches and seats of pink Moorish tile, floored with red cement blocks, runs the length of the house on its frontage south. The street entrance is through a Mission-style door opening from the east street frontage to the piazza directly.

THE big Moorish door opening to the reception room of the house discloses the latter as equally Moorish, from its iron-work stairway, red-tile-block floor and elaborate red tiling on the wall to its extension from



Gibbons' Moorish and Spanish style bedroom. The rug is dark brown, the walls tan, the furniture mahogany, as is the woodwork finish. The bedspread is dark red, with figures of dull gold.



Light and air flood Dolores Del Rio's boudoir, which is decorated in harmonizing tans and gold.

fessional interior decorator and architect. Almost the same thing might be said of the grounds. Miss Del Rio selected a general location she liked north of Hollywood, at the foot of the hills. She found a corner lot large enough for her purpose. It was wooded with some artistically sprawling sycamore trees. With this basis she laid plans for her present white-stucco, Spanish-style, red-tile-roofed house.

The house itself is two-story. Including servants' quarters, it contains fifteen rooms. Yet it is so completely hidden from surround-

the ground floor to the second-story roof, with a beamed ceiling.

Two steps below the reception room level, and at the left as you enter the house—that is, toward the west frontage—is the big living-room, which extends its length from north to south, with sunny windows on the south and west sides. This room is uniformly Moorish in furnishing except for plaques on the walls—a feature of the entire place, the plaques being of Spanish kings—and some modern chairs and overstuffed furniture for greater comfort.

On the west wall is a huge fireplace. The Moorish effect is carried out in tapestry, in the beamed ceiling, the severe drapes and shades, the massive table, and the prevalence of wrought-iron work, including a massive chandelier.

At the opposite end of the reception room or hall, which runs east and west, is the dining room, furnished in the Spanish style which shows such a marked combination of Moorish and Italian influence. The massive table is Moorish, the chairs Spanish-Italian, the drapes Italian. The color scheme is one of rich reds and browns.

Mr. Gibbons' room is severely Moorish, while the guest room is a pleasing mixture of periods, into which fit with color harmony and pleasing effect such things as a huge llama robe on the bed, and a black and tan white fur rug.

In every way, Miss Del Rio's home reveals what may be done by discarding conventions of period and style, and letting taste dictate the arrangement of a room. Individuality and a distinctive type of beauty is the result.

IT is interesting to know that Miss Del Rio scorned the usual custom of Hollywood stars in resorting to the "interior decorator." Hollywood customarily turns to the "interior decorator" when it accomplishes the "new house."

There is the classic story of the little lady of sudden fame whose Cinderella-like jump to prosperity from long, lean years in the extra-girl class brewed within her the longing for "a little place in the hills" which should compare in magnificence and costliness with the homes of the stars who had lorded it over her for so long.

With no discredit to her, she had come to Hollywood from the farthest steppes of Chicago. Her previous income taxes had been paid, if any, from her earnings as a saleswoman at Marshal Fields'. She had sold furniture and had dreams of her own. One of these dreams was of chairs that could be taken apart and folded up.

Like Miss Del Rio, she found a charming plot of ground on a hillside. She found the architect who would design her house. With a hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year contract, she worried not a whit about the cost of things. She designed her own house, and it is one of the most beautifully laid out houses in Hollywood. The girl should have been an architect!

But she could not design folding chairs in period style. She engaged an "interior decorator." Her only instruction was that her home should be "Old English," which meant Heppelwhite and Adams and Sheraton, and that the drawing-room chairs should be put together so they could be taken down.

The result proves that Miss Del Rio could be an "interior decorator" herself if she should tire being the exotic Dolores of the screen.



The dining-room is Italian with Moorish influence, seen in the beam ceilings and the inlay on the sideboard. The colorings are tan, red and gold.



The living-room. Looking south toward the French windows that open to the garden. Note the wrought-iron, Moorish light and fireplace fixtures.



The two-story reception hall—or entrance hall—of Dolores Del Rio's Hollywood home. It is strictly Moorish in style, with its red cement block floors and its red and white tiles, except for the Spanish plaques on the walls.

OPENING through a little telephone-room alcove or miniature hall from the reception hall, just to the left of the outer door and between it and the living room, is a den of Georgian and Old English influence, surprising in this house—cabinet-work, paneled walls, shelves supporting bits of Dresden, comfortable chairs and tables for reading, and, of course, shelves of books.

Now go up the stairs to the second-story hallway, which runs the length of the house from east to west. Baths and closets open to the north, also a maid's room. At the east end is the big, beautifully furnished bedroom of the star herself, and at the other end, the guest bedroom. Adjoining Miss Del Rio's room, but south of the hallway, is that of her husband, Cedric Gibbons.

Miss Del Rio's room is so intimately her own that she totally disregarded periods and all but her own taste in combining its Venetian bed, massive and elaborately carved, with a French chandelier, an Oriental commode, French chairs, some modern chairs—even a touch of the Italian and Spanish. She blended the styles so artfully that the room is a thing of beauty.



When the Stars Gaze at the Moon

WILLIAM POWELL AND CAROLE LOMBARD

One of the screen's newest honeymooning couples stand in their lovely Beverly Hills garden and look at the California love moon. We'll wager, too, that they are not thinking of the next picture each will make, but of the earliest time they will be able to get away from it all and take another trip to Honolulu. At present William is part of the loot that Warner Brothers won from Paramount, while Carole remains with the latter company.

Diet Note: Evelyn Brent is on a diet, the piece de resistance of which is soft-shelled crabs. Isn't that news?



Movieland's Who's Who And What They're Doing



Anita Page: Now twenty-one she can go everywhere without a chaperon.

HOLLYWOOD IS PAIRED FOR THE SEASON: When James Dunn kisses Sally Eilers on the lot he is really thinking of Molly O'Day, or, at least, so—perhaps—Molly hopes.

After running pictures of all the movie stars in his ads, Danny Danker, the Lux man, seems to have decided it looks like Frances Lee.

Gene (glib author) Markey is apparently wavering amongst Betty Bronson, Lois Moran and Joan Bennett.

Marie Prevost continues to like Buster Collier.

Edna Murphy seems to have picked up Ralph Ince on her marital vacation.

Joel McCrea is playing the field.

Paul Bern is telling Lillian Bond good night.

Joan Blondell denies she has shown interest in George Barnes, her chief cameraman.

* * *

WATCH FOR LADDERS AT THEIR WINDOWS: Rose Hobart and David Manners are asking whether marriage licenses are issued at the City Hall, the Hall of Records or the Court House. Leastwise, that's gossip.

Walter Huston and Nan Sutherland have been overheard discussing serious matters.

Everybody knows that it's too late to catch Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer eloping. Well, maybe the next time.

The Marquis de la Falaise and Connie Bennett are taking all the surprise out of the coming announcement.

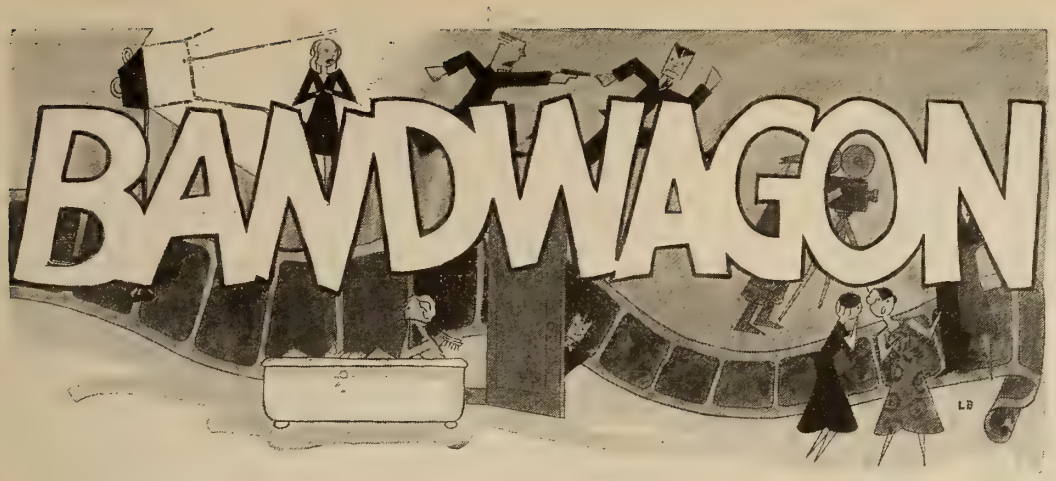
Cook-Coo Ted Cook's



MARLENE DIETRICH lives at the ocean, where her child swims nude every day. There is something healthy and fine about Frau Dietrich's motherly manners off the screen. She has two worries—the impending suit for slander filed by Rita von Sternberg, the divorced wife of her director, and the astounding report that Berlin audiences laughed and jeered at the first showing of "Morocco" at the Gloria Palast.

* * *

Marlene's legs being what they are, she need not worry much about her trial—before an American jury.



Movie Note: Arthur Caesar claims Morris Gest is planning on moving Hollywood into the New York Hippodrome and giving everybody a laugh.

On the Set and Off—Wherever They Gossip

RUMORS! Now that Lupe Velez is soothing her wounded feelings with a different sweetheart every day, Gary Cooper is retaliating by spending his idle moments with an elderly Italian countess, the sister of his host in New York.

Estelle Taylor is questioning Jack Dempsey's Reno decree. He divorced her because she broke her promise to abandon her professional career. She is calling him a "bum sport".

Evelyn (Vivian) Duncan-(Nils) Asther, born last year, may have to go back to the old country (Sweden), having come into this country on a temporary permit. The baby was born in Germany and neither her father nor her mother are citizens.

* * *

HERE THEY ARE—BROKEN-HEARTED! Gene Markey escorted Hedda Hopper, Eileen Percy and Lois Moran to Marion Davies' party—but he took only Lois home.

Ginger Rogers found Broadway more attractive than Mervyn LeRoy.

Tommy Lee is looking for a new girl friend because Virginia Cherrill already has a new boy friend.

John Considine is forgetting Joan Bennett. Remembering is too painful.

* * *

NEW LOVES: Russell Gleason has a two-arm concession on Mary Brian.

Sally O'Neill is taking Agnes Ayres' place at Lewis Milestone's side.



Loretta Young: Now eighteen, she's allowed by law to dispense altogether with her tutor.

Hollywood Scandals

It's a good bet that she could convince any jury with one leg tied behind her.

WE state on no less authority than Clara Bow's bootlegger that—

1. She has a heart as big as a tub.

2. She bought 100,000 acres of land in Nevada and gave it to Rex Bell for his birthday.

3. If she lost any weight during her vacation in the big open spaces the loss was not noticed when she arrived home in Beverly.

* * *

One of the first things Clara did when she got back to Hollywood was to be dipped red again.





Claudette Colbert: "Her Confession" is her next film.

Marshall (U. S. C. all-American quarterback) Duffield is breaking through all interference as he carries Dorothy Lee's heart—to what goal?

* * *

DON'T YOU SAY I TOLD: Marlene Dietrich continues to arm in arm with Joseph von Sternberg, despite all the suits pending against her by the former Mrs. von Sternberg.

The Arlens—Dick and Joby—have decided to forgive and forget.

* * *

LOVE LIGHTS THAT SHINE: Ken (nut comedian) Murray—so gossip goes—is driving Polly Walters nuts.

Whenever you see Audrey Henderson these days you can't help seeing Edward Sutherland, too.

Marilyn Miller's feet may dance for Mammon, but does her heart trip for Don Alvarado?

* * *

CAUGHT ON THE REBOUND: Sidney (New York clubman) Smith ran away from his unhappy marriage straight into Lily Damita's arms.

Dudley Murphy has drawn Miriam Hopkins right out of circulation again.

* * *

RUTH, TALLULAH, LOS ANGELES, ET AL.: Ruth Chatterton has moved to First National from Paramount and they're just beginning to learn what a lot of money she costs. . . . Tallulah Bankhead went to the coast longing to meet Greta Garbo. . . . Los Angeles has four Brown Derby restaurants, signs of the Al Smith influence. . . . Janet Gaynor will play Pollyanna in the new Fox talkie. Mary Pickford had the part in the silent version. . . . When any of the Barrymores open in a stage or screen production, the others send an apple, which means something or other. . . . Bayon Whipple Huston, one time vaudeville partner of Walter Huston as well as wife, is his wife no longer. . . . Sylvia Sydney's father is Roumanian, her mother of Russian descent and she native New York. . . . There have been so many girls born in Hollywood lately (Louis B. Mayer's granddaughter, Carl Laemmle's grandbaby, the Ben (Bebe Daniels) Lyons' offspring and the Darryl Zanuck production) that everybody says the next crop will be a lot of boys. Heaven pity the girls if they're not.

* * *

LOOKING AT NEW YORK: Since her arrival in Hollywood not so many years ago as a little girl, Loretta Young has gone from one picture to another. Work like that interferes with one's travel. Loretta has now taken steps to rectify this and is having a good look at New York—her first.

* * *

INVISIBLE MAN: Universal has purchased the screen rights to H. G. Wells' novel, "The Invisible Man," and is going to put it into production for 1932 release.



Jeanette MacDonald: Cast in Chevalier's next picture, "One Hour With You."

Personally Conducted

Seems as if these days every time a girl changes her mind she changes her hair.

"I DREAD openings where one is stared at. I dread going out nights for fear some autograph seeker will rush up to me and make me a center of attention. I escape all that when I can. I'd much rather be away in a mountain cabin where I can think."—Joan Crawford.

* * *

THAT'S BULLY. JOAN!

LEW CODY has trucked sand into his backyard and constructed a synthetic beach around his swimming pool in Beverly Hills. . . . He throws Arbuckle into the water to produce wave effects. . . . "Guess Who I Am" is the game film celebs now play during the long winter evenings in their humble stucco mansions. . . . The Guess-Who-I-Am-er describes himself as some celebrity, alive or dead . . . and you guess who he thinks he is . . . a lot of celluloid celebrities think they are Napoleon. . . . Members of Harold Lloyd's gag cabinet are crunching aspirin tablets fran-

The locale of the novel is England and it is the story of a physicist who discovers a strange formula which changes his personality completely. His adventures in attempting to get back to his former self make an exciting and unusual tale. As yet there has been no announcement of cast.

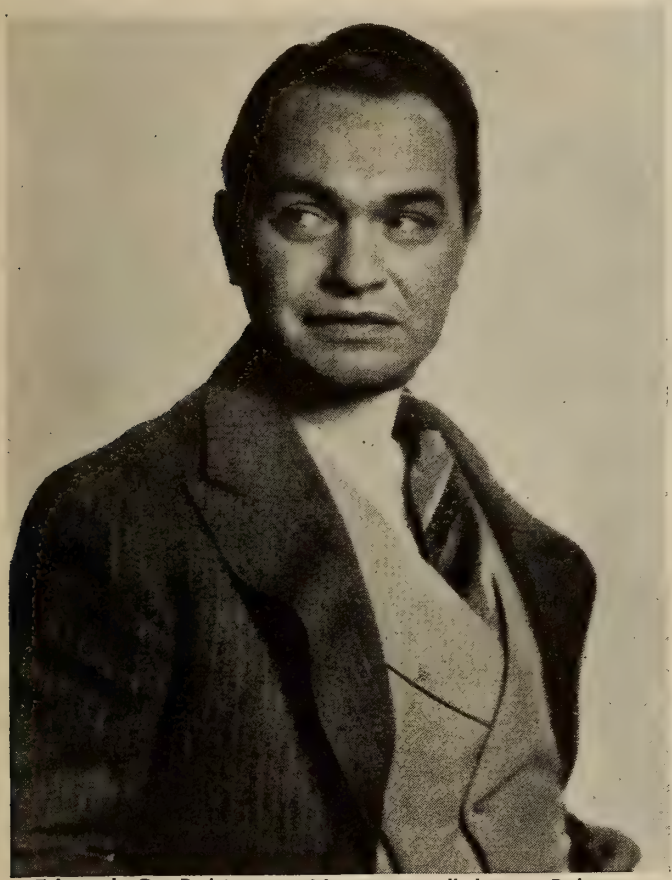
* * *

ANNIVERSARY MARRIAGE: Her mother's twenty-fifth wedding anniversary was chosen as the day for Faye Pierre, Sam Goldwyn player, to trip to the altar with David Boller, airman. They were wed at the Hollywood wedding chapel.

* * *

NO NUMBER, PLEASE: The Universal Company's vice president in charge of depression has abolished the telephone (except for business purposes, of course)—but whoever uses it for that?

One staff writer, being spurred by necessity, signals his home with a mirror. On rainy days his chef is in a panic.



Edward G. Robinson: His next will be a Belasco-Abdullah story, "The Honorable Mr. Wong."



Joan Marsh: M-G-M baby star now in "Yellow."

ALL THAT'S SECRET ISN'T AN ELOPEMENT: Laemmle, Junior, and Anita (just twenty-one, believe it or not) Page dashed off to Santa Barbara on a secret automobile trip recently. But they did not get married. They just went to see a preview of "Strictly Dishonorable," Junior's latest.

* * *

LIONEL MUST SLEEP ON HIS FEET: M-G-M felt that Greta Garbo would be offended if Lionel Barrymore continued his habit of napping on the set between scenes, while working on their new picture, "Mata Hari." So they're dressing him up in a gorgeous uniform that fits so snugly he isn't even able to sit down without removing the trousers.

* * *

WOMEN MAKE MEN DO IT: Paul Whiteman, who for years cherished each one of his three hundred pounds, gave up seventy of them because Margaret Livingston refused to marry that much of him.

Many people thought that it was impossible for him to reduce, but love found a way.

After seeing love's labor win, Margaret returned to Hollywood where she is being considered for the lead in "Red-Headed Woman."

* * *

LITTLE THINGS THAT MAKE UP A DEPRESSION: Charles Bickford did not count his chickens before they were hatched, but he forgot to hold the bird in the hand.

While he was under contract to M-G-M he received an offer from another studio. Promptly, therefore, he went in and told L. B. Mayer what he thought of him and his company. The producer in turn obliged Charlie by tearing up his contract.

Then Bickford went to the other company with the feeling of a deed well done, and found that they had changed their minds. (*Please turn to page* 85)

By Mr. Cook in Person

tically. . . . Lloyd is worried about his next picture . . . says he won't shoot until he sees the light in his gagmen's eyes . . . and they're having a lotta trouble suiting him with story ideas. . . . Claire Windsor is playing with Al Jolson's road company in "Wunderbar." . . . Any handsome fella with a European inflection or Oxford sound effects could swoon the women in Hollywood a few months ago . . . now the restless darlings want a Southern drawl or a spontaneous laugh . . . young John Arledge, Texan, who played with Gaynor in "Daddy Long Legs," is the current passion among Fox lot gals . . . they melt when he calls 'em "Suga" or "Dahlin" . . . but he spends most of his time with Una Merkel, who can stand up and drawl with him, blow for blow. . . . Joan Bennett is back at work after (*Continued on page* 93)



FRANK SULLIVAN THE FAMOUS

Scrambled



Edward G. Robinson and Ona Munson in "Five Star Final," one of the films reviewed by Mr. Sullivan.



Harry Davenport and the girl whose name you yodel—Tallulah Bankhead—in "My Sin."

FOR years I had been a confirmed non-movie-goer until this past Summer. Then, while serving a term in the county penitentiary for jostling, I found time hanging heavy on my hands, and, to pass away the hours until I had the bars sawed through (a very delicate operation requiring great patience and skill, as those of you who have been in state prison know), I took to attending the movies every night in a town some seven or eight miles from the prison.

Mind you, I had practically not been inside a motion picture theater since the days of David Wark Griffith's beautiful and stirring production of "The Birth of a Sewing Machine Girl." I was delighted. And amazed at the immense strides the movies had made since those earlier days.

For instance, there was Greta Garbo's most recent picture, "Susan Lenox (Her Fall and Rise)." That one had me on the edge of my seat for a full hour and a half, which is bogey for that course.

Garbo is magnificent. She plays the part of a hard-boiled city editor of a scandalmongering tabloid. In order to boost circulation, Greta, at the behest of Hinchcliffe, the wormy hypocrite who owns the sheet, digs up and prints the story of Nancy Voorhees. Nancy had killed a man while in her 'teens, but had been acquitted, and at the moment of the printing of the story had lived down her past and was dwelling in peace and happiness with her husband (a new husband, not the one she killed) and her daughter, who was about to marry Philip Weeks, scion of a wealthy family.

The story is printed. Nancy sees it; takes poison. Her devoted husband follows suit. The daughter rushes to the newspaper office and confronts Miss Garbo and Hinchcliffe, who is played by Frances Starr. No, Frances Starr didn't play Hinchcliffe. She couldn't have. She played —let's see—why, she played Nancy. Garbo played the city—no, hold on a minute! Garbo *didn't* play the city editor. Garbo couldn't play a city editor, with her sex appeal. What am I thinking of? Garbo wasn't even *in* that picture.

THAT picture was "Five Star Final (Her Fall and Rise)," by Louis Weitzenkorn. Certainly! I had the wrong picture. Garbo wasn't in it.

HUMORIST. OFFERS HIS

Reviews

NEW MOVIE Presents for Your Exclusive Benefit a Startling New Kind of Movie Critic.

Frances Starr was, though. You must grant me that. Frances Starr and E. G. Ferguson. No, E. G. Robinson. And very good they were, too.

How did I get off on such a track? The Garbo picture was "Susan Lenox (Her Fall and Rise)." Now let's get it straight this time. Garbo plays Susan Lenox (Her Fall and Rise). She's a poor country girl who comes to work in a mill in a small town in upstate New York. While working in the factory she meets and falls in love with Clyde Griffith, her young boss, a handsome lad who is a nephew of the owner of the factory. One thing leads to another, and finally he betrays her. Then he falls in love with Sondra Finchley, a wealthy society girl of the town. Susan Lenox comes to Clyde and tells him she is knitting a tiny garment. It is the old, old story of young love's hot blood. Clyde, in a quandary, determines to get rid of

(*Please turn to page* 95)



Greta Garbo and Clark Gable in "Susan Lenox," thoroughly reviewed by Mr. Sullivan.

Sylvia Sidney in "An American Tragedy," starring Theodore Dreiser.



Anna May Wong



When sound roared into Hollywood, Anna May Wong took her accent to other climes. Now, after conquering Broadway, the screen's loveliest Oriental charmer has returned to Hollywood, where her star is rising more rapidly than ever before.

The MAN In the MIRROR



As told to VIRGINIA MAXWELL

Icy fingers gripped my heart. The man I saw with the gorgeous star was my husband.

IT doesn't seem so long ago since I swung in a hammock during those long lazy vacations from school, fingering movie magazines and wondering if movie stars could really be as beautiful as their photographs showed them.

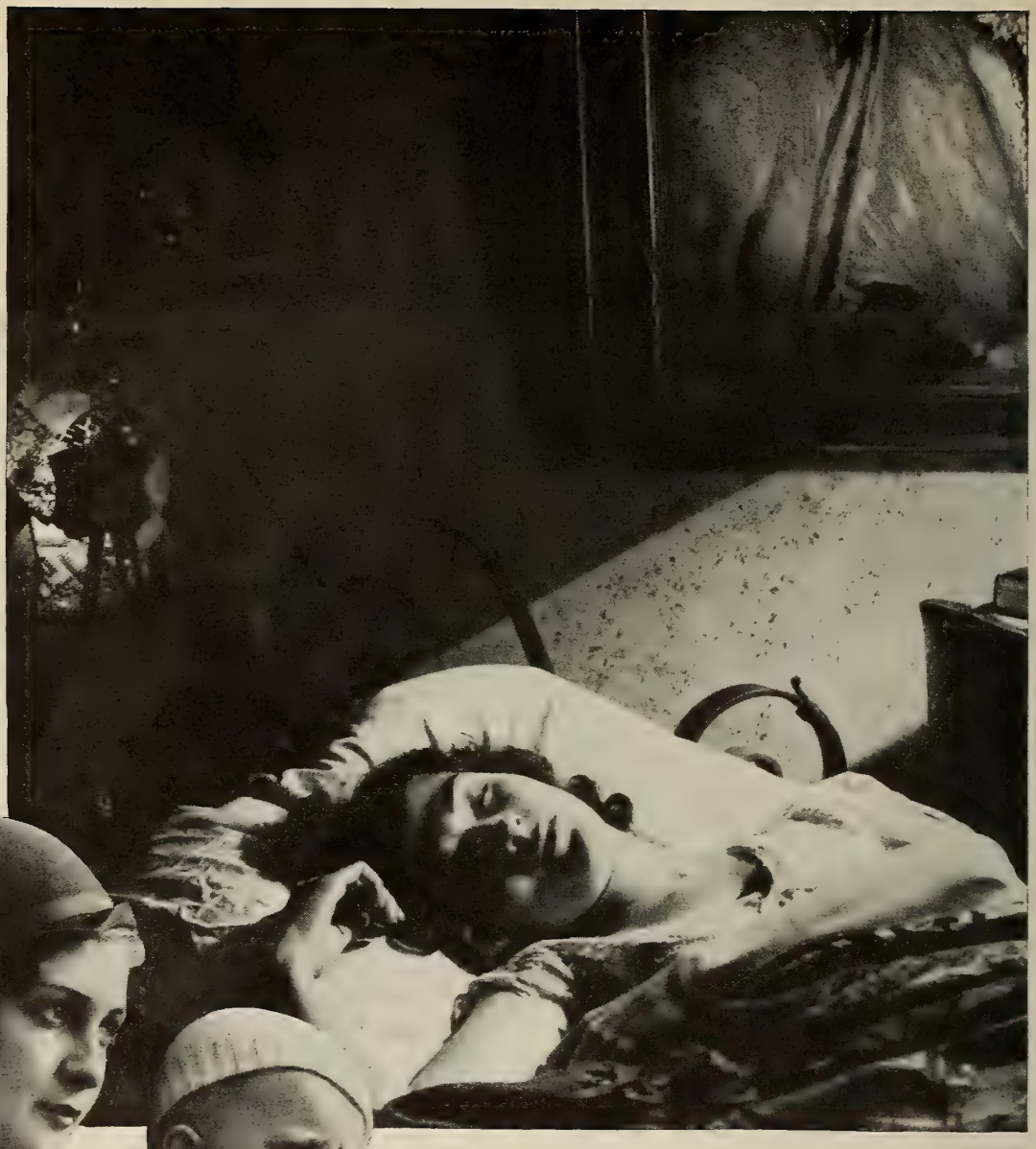
I am only twenty-four years old now. Yet as I look back over the past few years so much has been packed into my life, so much of life in Hollywood in particular! Yes, I have had my share of heartaches too; I pinch myself sometimes to realize it has not been a dream, but actual reality. I have loved and I have known the pangs of lost love, the beauty and fineness of a young husband's devotion, the thrill of a millionaire's proposal, the joy of motherhood and days of poverty just prior to a streak of luck which turned the entire fate of my life into another channel.

But to tell my story I must go back a few years to the town where Willie and I grew up together.

It was just a town, like thousands of other medium-sized towns all over the world. Our families had known

While I pretended to sleep Willie smoked innumerable cigarettes and watched me closely.

Photographs by Stagg





No one knew we were coming home.

each other for generations back. Willie was the only son of Henry Potter, our local photographer. It was therefore to Willie that the rambling old studio with its skylighted top, its dusty albums and files, was bequeathed when Willie's father passed on.

THAT was how Willie and I were able to marry when we were very young. I was seventeen; he was nineteen. My spinster aunt Susan didn't like the idea very much, but Willie and I were terribly, crazily in love and couldn't stop for a little thing like money or business or anything. The June that Willie and I walked beneath a flower decked arbor across the rose-strewn lawn of our local church and stood before the minister, tendering each other our vows of love and trust, "till death do us part," I had no idea what that promise might come to mean. I only knew that I loved Willie better than anyone else on earth and that Willie loved me. We had each other forever, though even that seemed not long enough for the fulfillment of the dreams we planned together.

There wasn't much time and little money for a honeymoon trip. We'd planned to do that later. Right now we were content just to have each other. And with that happiness I started my humble little home in the upstairs rooms back of the old studio where Willie's father had labored so many years taking pictures of naked babies on platters,



frightened brides and grooms, family groups—but you know those small-town photographs! Every one of us has seen them on display in their cases before a photographer's studio.

Willie and I piled old pictures out of the way, swept, scrubbed, dusted until the three back rooms with their high Colonial doors were as bright and shining and clean as if they'd never harbored plates and developing chemicals. Outside my dining room window at the rear there was an awninged porch where Willie and I spread a small table and ate our first honeymoon supper together. I look back upon it now as a real thrill, one of the few simple, delightful memories I was to cherish in that book of bridal days which every girl remembers long after life has become prosaic.

A Behind-the-Screen Drama in which a husband is not a hero.

THOSE first clear days were wonderful. I worked with Willie in the studio every morning after I'd cleaned up our little home. There were proofs to be filed, townsfolk to be called on the telephone, appointments to be made, people to be posed. I learned also to be very tactful when people would rave in disappointment over their pictures. I even learned to suggest framing (Willie got commission on this work) when people showed they were pleased. My clever young husband did the photography work and we were prospering nicely, serene in the knowledge that we would be able to save enough money the following year to take our deferred trip. The coming of our baby did not alter our plan. In fact we welcomed Junior as our little guest in the trek to California in our new car.

When our son was nine months old we closed our studio for what we thought would be a month's vacation, hopped into our shining little car and started for Southern California. The sunshine, we figured, would be marvelous for the baby, the trip alone would be the fulfillment of our dreams of a honeymoon. Over the smooth, wonderful roads we went each day, stopping for meals at inexpensive wayside inns, sleeping sometimes in tourist camps, but more often in tourist hotels where we could be refreshed for our journey the next day. We took our time—there was no need to hurry. We were going on an adventure and we didn't care how long it took to get there nor how long to get back. The studio was closed, locked tight until our return.

THAT is how we reached Hollywood. Neither of us had planned on that town as a destination. We only knew that we'd been keen to see the glorious shore of the Pacific, having looked at photographs of it in maga-

zine ads for so many months. And having taken a southern route to reach the coast we naturally migrated up to Los Angeles. Few folk, no matter how incurious, reach Los Angeles without wanting at least one peep at Hollywood. We looked—and looked long—only to love it. We unpacked our things and decided to remain. I was surprised to learn of the nominal rental at which I could get a cute little furnished bungalow on Selma Avenue, right close to Hollywood's center of activity, yet far enough off the Boulevard to have pepper trees and lawns and flowers in abundance about the little white stucco house where Willie and I and the baby settled ourselves for a stay.

Willie made daily visits to the headquarters of the photographers' association. He would return to dinner every evening to tell me of the marvelous jobs some of the boys had hooked for themselves in the motion picture studios where camera work was considered one of the important branches. There was big talk of big money, big chances, big this and big that until I thought Willie would burst with enthusiasm. It was as if he had suddenly stepped from the darkness into the light, never before having known that there was a bag of gold high up on a persimmon tree in Hollywood and planned and plotted. Until at last one evening Willie's hope of happiness began to take tangible form. He came home elated to tell me that Fred Hanson, one of the boys at the club, had taken him over to Pathe studio in Culver City and had succeeded, through a series of introductions, in getting Willie a job making still pictures of the movie beauties—the kind that are posed for movie magazines.

THE baby was growing to be a fine healthy youngster and I was so happy. Life had given us everything. With Willie getting that job we stopped drawing on the bank account we had saved for this trip. His salary was staggering, compared to the pinch-money earnings back in the little old studio to which we definitely postponed returning now in face of the gold which came to us in Hollywood.

Willie's work stood the test of the publicity department at the studio. They liked his ideas on poses, his camera technique. Often he would bring home glossy prints of some seductive beauty and we would rave

Through the mirror I saw my bedroom door swung ajar and——!



for those who could reach the heights to grasp it.

Hollywood became a symbol to Willie; a symbol of wealth and success in his chosen art—fame! No one ever succumbed so completely to a bad case of Hollywooditis as my own small-town Willie who began talking of camera angles and artistic shots and beauty of rhythm and line.

I loved it of course. We talked far into the night about the new horizon which had loomed for us, talked about them together; often I would mail them on to Charlie Webb, the publisher of our local newspaper back home. Charlie, whom I'd known since babyhood, would forward copies of the newspaper showing these pictures on their movie page and always a credit line to the photographer which read "camera study by William Potter, Jr."

I cannot place the exact time and I cannot recall just when the first change began (*Please turn to page* 86)

By E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS, F. E.

Fleeting Glimpses of FLICKER FIGURES

The noted Kansas critic goes to the movies







Marlene Dietrich



Upper center—
Constance Bennett

Lower center—
Greta Garbo

Left—
Maurice Chevalier

Reflections of an aisle-seat fan who is a glutton for punishment

(EDITOR'S NOTE—*The "Degree," F.E., is self-imposed. It means "Fan Extraordinary," which, because of its novelty, we shall pass once, but never again!*)

INSTEAD of a footnote: Once I lived in Los Angeles for 18 months, and never went near Hollywood. I never even saw a big star go by in a 24-cylinder, mauve-colored motor car. The nearest I ever got to the movie industry was to drop into the downtown office of a flicker magnate, where I had an appointment to meet Jack London. And yet, five or six times each week I could be paged in some sort of a picture theater. A glutton for punishment, I take the bad with the good, and rarely complain.

So long as the seats are padded and no one within ten feet is eating popcorn, I can manage to check off another two hours of my span, hours not always wasted. I have watched the business grow from infancy, though at times I carry away the conviction that it is still a half-developed embryo. But, honesty forces me to repeat that the pleasure has, somehow, balanced the pain; the entertainment has measured reasonably with the abysmally impossible, and I am still going hot-foot, getting a lot of kick one evening and kicking myself the next.

In recent years I revisited Los Angeles, and still kept away from Hollywood, meeting but one movie celebrity—Charles Chaplin, with whom I dined, finding him completely charming. So these wavering lines of mine reflect the notions of a moviegoer who will continue to go and go, and pay and pay; a crazy fan who never writes letters to the stars, who never saves photographs, who never begs an autograph, and who most likely would run for his life if he thought he had to meet some of the persons he intends to describe. And now, to the Star Chamber:

I don't get in a lather about this chatter which would have Charlie don the tragic (*Please turn to page* 102)

A Hollywood Innocent Abroad

Herb Howe, New Movie Magazine's Hollywood Boulevard Correspondent, goes to Paris to report on other Boulevards

Paris, France:

WELL, I've got Alice Terry and Rex Ingram back to work. So already I've accomplished more than Mr. Mellon and Mr. Stimson did over here.

Just my little contribution to relieve the world depression. Hope Mr. Hoover can do as much.

FOUNTAINS were spurting silver under gold-leafed trees; the Arc de Triomphe was all aglow as was the Hollywood bar nearby. How they knew I was coming I do not know, for I came as incognito as any film star.

I went at once to the Colonial Exposition. Pardon? Well, yes, I did stop at the Deux Magots for a couple of *fines*—all right, make it three, then.

Mohammedan drums lured me at once to the Tunisian section where I found the *souks* so faithfully reproduced that I got homesick for Rex, Alice and Ramon, recalling what good times we had flitting through them while filming "The Arab" in Tunisia.

Just as my eyes were filling with



Paris decides to commemorate the anniversary of Valentino's death. Everywhere I went his face stared at me.

Drawings by Ken Chamberlain

Europe Pays Homage to Rudy's Memory

sentiment from three *fines*—all right, make it four, then—I heard a shout, and turned to recognize Mohomoudi, the perfumer. He clasped my hand, kissed his own and drew me into his bazaar which was even smaller than a Hollywood single apartment.

Ignoring the crowds filing past, Mohomoudi squatted beside me and ordered coffee.

While we drank and reminisced he kept dabbing me with amber, violet, jasmine and attar of roses until I became a sort of smell model for the crowd. "The Arab bouquet," Mohomoudi called me. And when cousin Ismael beat the drum I was moved to go into a dreamy *danse Orientale.*

I felt again the Hollywood influence when Ismael took me by the hand and led me through the *souks* in quest of Arab bracelets.

"Arab girls no longer wear the kind you seek," said an old Arab merchant. "They demand the kind Miss Gloria Swanson wears."

AFTER *cous-cous* with my Arab friends I was inspired to wire Alice Terry, who is Africa's Sweetheart so far as the Arabs are concerned.

"I am delegated by NEW MOVIE to do your Life Story," I telegraphed, "proving to young girls that sin pays in the end."

Alice's reply was: "Come, my pigeon, I am ready to tell all."

So, next month you shall hear from me on the Riviera.

Paris Goes Hollywood: Saucers no longer do a Pisa on terrasse tables. Americans are missing. Those plus-fours you see are filled with frogs' legs. The Dome and La Coupole are packed with foreigners speaking French. Diderot in his bronze seat by the Deux Magots no longer sells our movie magazines in the kiosk at the corner.

C'est triste. But what we lack in quantity we make up in quality, if I do say so.

Jeanette MacDonald took Paris as it was never taken before.

Chaplin was decorated with the Legion of Honor, dined by the Prince of Wales and received by Gandhi.

Gloria Swanson swept off with the best Paris gowns and Michael Farmer, the Valentino of the Riviera. (The girls didn't mind her taking the gowns, which can be replaced—but oh for the love of Mike!)



Chamberlain

Constance Bennett, in company with her Marquis (formerly Miss Swanson's), showed Paris what Hollywood's best-dressed woman wears.

Whereupon, Lil Tashman rustled over to show them what Hollywood's best-dressed woman *really* wears.

Now Paris is all undone.

EVERYONE comes to Europe to stage a comeback in Hollywood.



Mohomoudi took my hand and kissed his own and pretty soon I was an "Arab bouquet," smell model for the crowd.

Doris Kenyon sang in Salzburg and passed the test.

Julia Faye is studying voice in Vienna.

Corinne Griffith is getting an English accent dancing with the Prince of Wales in London.

Cecil de Mille told the English he would like to do "The Sign of the Cross" if anyone had $500,000 to invest, and in Russia he said he'd love to do a Bolshevik drama, presumably godless, at the same price.

Reason for the Hollywood migration: to get around the foreign quota laws and obtain foreign backgrounds for pictures when needed.

There's no danger of Hollywood being deserted, however, there's too much invested there and facilities for production far greater than Europe will ever offer. Over here everyone takes twice as long to do everything, and time is money in the picture business.

LAST year, Paris was hooting American language talkies. Now there are a dozen theaters showing them, including a News Reel theater. There are some 35,000 American residents in Paris. Patronage is increased by tourists and English. The foreigners want to see Hollywood stars even if they can't *compree.* The screen is making English—or rather American—the universal language.

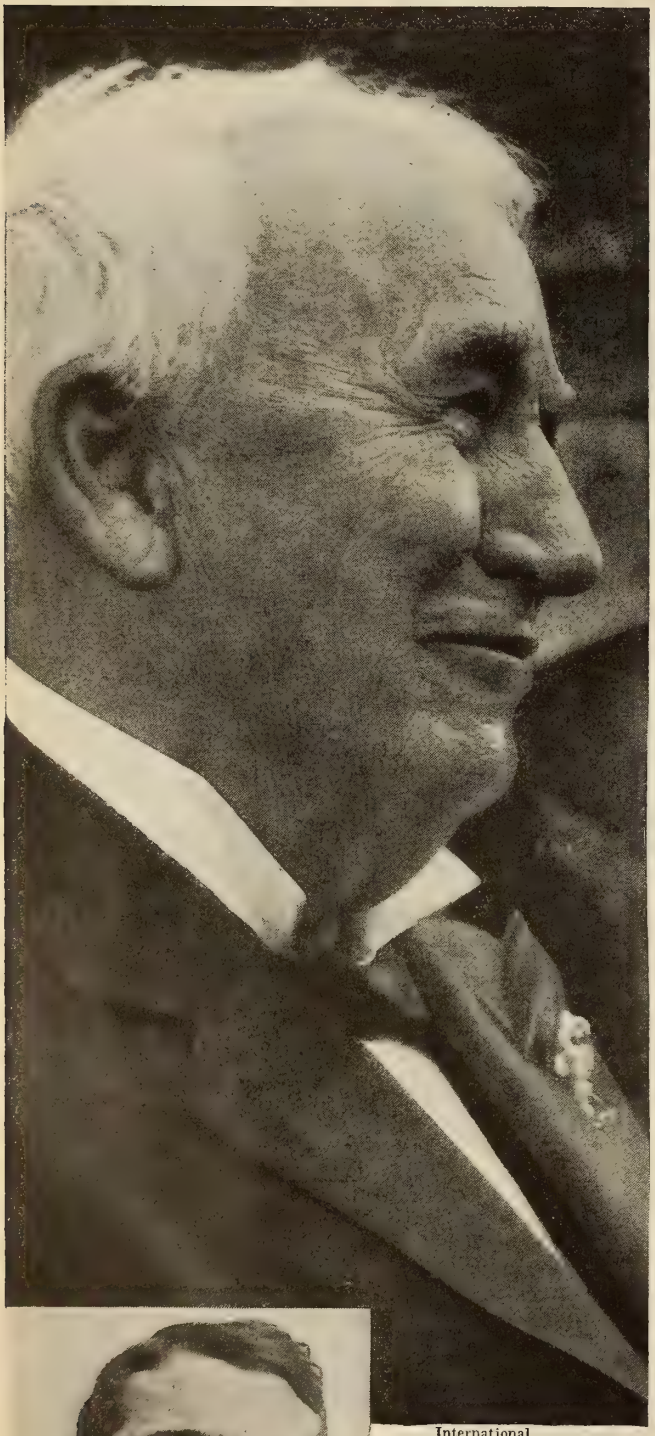
WHILE giving ourselves a hand for our superiority in the art cinemese we shouldn't forget that we've drawn aces from abroad:

Valentino—Italian.
Garbo—Swedish.
Chevalier—French.
Lubitsch—German.
Negri—Polish.
Chaplin—English.
Marlene Dietrich—German.
Lewis Milestone—Russian.
Dorothy Mackaill—English.
George Arliss—English.
Ronald Colman—English.
Von Sternberg—German.
Strongheart—German.
And among the star-bidders (*Please turn to page* 110)

Edison—The Greatest American

A tribute to the father of the movies by the present head of the film industry

WILL HAYS



International

It is given to few men to witness such miracles of their own creation.



International

Will Hays says no living man has touched the world like Edison.

THE greatest service to the greatest number—that was the purpose that marked the genius of Thomas Alva Edison. He saw a world living in the semi-gloom of flickering candle and oil, and brought clear, steady light to millions of homes. He took the great music of the world, hitherto confined to the concert and operatic stages, and spread it to every home in the land that could afford the mechanism of a phonograph. He was the father of the motion picture, but his contribution was not merely that he perfected a marvelous entertainment device.

To the men and women of the motion-picture industry the death of Thomas Alva Edison means much more than the passing of a great inventive genius. He was the father of the screen. He it was who made possible in a practical sense the first frail mechanism which suggested the movement of figures on a screen. To the very day of his passing he remained a staunch friend and champion of the art that was founded upon his own great achievements. Even in the lowly nickelodeon he saw the beginnings of a vast popular entertainment service.

Every man and woman who has found entertainment and recreation in the films is a debtor of Thomas Alva Edison. Every one of us who has found inspiration and romance in the world unfolded by the screen owes a debt of gratitude to his genius. In the farthest corner of the globe there is someone today whose vision has been extended, whose imagination has been inspired and whose longings have been met because of the vast service to humanity rendered by Edison.

It is given to few to witness during their own lifetime such full realization of their hopes and ideals as was unfolded during the life of this great human benefactor. He helped the human voice start on its way through limitless distances, and saw the main elements of the telephone transmitter he had invented come into general use. He harnessed electricity to a thousand useful purposes and saw it become the servant of mankind. He conceived the means of preserving the spoken word and saw a great industry develop as the result of his invention.

CHEERFUL Little AIRFULLS

Intimate Close-ups of Your Radio Favorites



B. A. Rolfe weighs 260 pounds because he likes vanilla ice cream and doesn't care who knows it.



Eddie Cantor called "Lunch" at the wrong time.

The Mike Can't Bite You, But: Brave souls continue to quail before the microphone. The unsuspecting D. W. Griffith approached it without a manuscript and in a moment the mike had the hard-boiled director staring like a frightened boy, faltering for breath and stammering.

Ramon Novarro had to call for a chair to support him, and "Two-Gun Bill' Hart trembled like one of the villains he used to corner in his shooting days.

Dean Roscoe (Wickersham Committee) Pound was so nervous that his manuscript rattled in all the loud speakers.

Count von Luckner, the German sea-dog, however, was an exception. He actually kissed the microphone good night.

But Nobody Ate: The meek Eddie Cantor, on the other hand, has no fear of the radio. The other evening at NBC they were sounding the fifteen-minute chimes which signal the out-of-town stations to cut off the New York program while they identify themselves.

Jimmy Wallington warned everybody to keep quiet and raised his hammer to strike the bells.

"Dong!" they rang once and the silence grew ominous. "Dong!" twice and Eddie held his breath. Then "Dong!" for the third time and perfectly in tune with the dying note of the last bell, Eddie cried out, "Lunch!"

From Pretzel Bender to Radio Star: It takes all kinds of people to make a radio program. Harry (Mills Brothers) Mills was once a bootblack. Tony (Scrapbook) Wons worked in a blast furnace. Billy (Interwoven Pair) Jones herded sheep, and his partner, Ernie Hare, sold baking powder. "Jolly Bill" Steinke was a pretzel bender. Lee Morse, songstress of the South, sang hymns on her father's evangelistic circuit. Irene Beasley taught a school. Bert Lown sold cash registers. Morton Downey was a railroad news butcher. Howard Barlow and Maurice Baron, symphony orchestra leaders, were respectively cowboy and lumberjack. And Ben Bernie sold violins in a department store.



Mayor "Jimmie" Walker has his favorite radio song. Can you guess its name?

A New Blindfold Test: Eddie Duchin who plays at New York society's Central Park Casino can name the dancers by the tunes they request. Mayor Walker wants "Exactly Like You." George Gershwin goes into blue rhapsodies over "Somebody Loves Me." Mrs. William Randolph Hearst prefers Eddie Duchin's own "Love Comes But Once." And Claire Windsor is happiest dancing to "How Am I to Know," which, when it was the theme song of the talkie, "Dynamite," was sung by an off-stage voice belonging to a youngster, Russ Columbo.

Edna (Lady from Louisiana) Thomas is the latest thing in prohibition enforcement. She has a letter from an Englishman thanking her sweet voice for putting him on the wagon.

Senator Brookhart Gets a Wrong Number: "The next voice you will hear," said the announcer on a recent Collier's hour in New York, "will be that of Senator Smith W. Brookhart direct from Washington. . . ." And then to everybody's surprise a million loudspeakers sang out: "It isn't the river. It's not the canoe. It's the girl! It's the girl!"

It was all a mistake, of course. Eddie Cantor's broadcast on another system had been turned on instead of the Senator's. Maybe there was a telephone operator at the switch.

Kate Smith Doubles for Cupid: Jack Miller, Kate Smith's accompanist, never took a piano lesson in his life, but there is hope for him still. CBS plans to broadcast piano lessons by television.

Jack also acts as Kate's bodyguard, or, more exactly, bodyguard to her two $10,000 bracelets.

Lovers like Kate. When she crossed over to Jersey to be interviewed over WAAT, a newlywed couple delayed their honeymoon a day in order to meet her. Another time a frantic boy begged her to sing his pouting sweetie's favorite song, "Memory Lane." After the broadcast the boy called on his girl, and, as he hoped, found her so sentimental that they made up. Now they're married.

They Struggle, Too: Radio headliners receive staggering incomes, but they did not always draw down that much. In the Spring of 1925, the now $100,000 team of Amos 'n' Andy broadcast from station WEBH for no pay at all. Ray (Old Topper) Perkins' royalties on his first song, "Table for Two," totaled $7.37. "Uncle Don" Carney once worked in a shipyard for $21 a week. Freddie Rich collected $15 weekly for playing the piano in a nickelodeon and turned $14.50 of it over to his family. As late as last fall, the U. S. Government paid Floyd Gibbons $7.20 for three days' fire-fighting in Yellowstone Park. And Willard (Deep River) Robison composed "A Cottage For Sale" to save his home from foreclosure.

Morton Downey is one of the few men to run an elevator in a full-dress suit. He relieved a regular operator the other night when he heard that the poor man was dying to go out for a smoke. Mort gets all the breaks. I've always wanted to run one of the darned things myself.

Ice Cream Is Rolfe's Secret: B. A. Rolfe says he weighs 260 pounds because he likes vanilla ice cream and there is many a girl (*Please turn to page* 97)



A newly wed couple delayed their honeymoon a day to meet Kate Smith.



JOAN CRAWFORD AND CLARK GABLE

A sultry July day and the low rumble of distant thunder! The clash of steel against steel! In other words, Joan Crawford and Clark Gable, whose screen love-making has set a new record in studio temperatures! And also in the temperatures of audiences, to judge from box-office returns on their latest picture, "Possession."

Another Whimsical Story by the Modern O. Henry of Hollywood

Surly to RISE

BY

STEWART ROBERTSON



Eric Blaydes was a handsome young Hollywood director who could get more innuendo out of a shifting eyebrow than others could extract from a salvo of shopworn profanity. His very spruceness irritated the beautiful Coral Carlisle. How dare he look so attra—alert!

IT has been noted by those dismal persons who devote their lives to statistics that good old Golden Morn is sadly in need of a little deft publicity.

On this particular morning an inquisitive ribbon of light crept slowly up the wall and in a window of a Queen Anne cottage, slid across the silken disarray of an empty bedroom and carried on into a glittering temple of green and topaz tile, where it lost itself in a shimmering pool. The surface of the pool bore the ominous quiet of a lake before a hurricane, for underneath the perfumed water pulsated not only the creamy outlines of a perfect 34, but an angrily throbbing heart.

"Damn Hollywood!" cried Miss Coral Carlisle, suddenly heaving her back scratcher at the plate-glass door. "Damn dieting and sunshine and the talkies!" The absence of applause, to which she had never grown accustomed, made her surge upright and begin turning on the needle shower. "And double-damn getting up at seven!" she shrieked as the leaping jets stung her into wakefulness. "Oooooo, this bondage, it's killing me!"

She emerged dripping, jumped on and off a scales, dived into some filmy chiffon that seemed to have been invented expressly to give the imagination a day off, and shortly after scampered down to breakfast, looking like a discontented brunette doll. Her frown grew deeper as she got the best of some orange juice and three tissue-thin slices of toast, and by the time her car was headed toward the spawning ground of Babel Pictures she appeared to be

How the Beautiful Broadway Star Gave Up Her Film Career for Love and Maple Eclairs

Illustrated by Ray Van Buren

fully in character as the reason in "He Who Gets Slapped."

THE studio attachés eyed her respectfully as she rustled through the outer ring of buildings to the hangar-like edifice wherein her emotions were toyed with, but her scowl lessened as she sighted a tall, debonair young man just inside the entrance. Something stirred in Miss Carlisle's heart as she advanced, a half smile hovering on her lips, but as she felt it turning into a yawn she reminded herself of her martyrdom and grew bitter once more.

"Lovely mornin'," said the young man cheerily as she approached. "Good to be alive, isn't it?"

Coral beetled at Mr. Eric Blaydes, a director who got more innuendo out of a shifting eyebrow than others could extract from a salvo of shop-worn profanity, and his very spruceness increased her irritation. How dare he look so attra—alert!

"It's better to be alive and sleeping," she retorted. "Honestly, Eric, I'm going to cancel my contract and go back to the stage if this early morning rubbish keeps up."

Mr. Blaydes, who did not believe in miracles unless he directed them, smiled politely. "Why don't you be different and give California a break?" he inquired. "It's even up; you've got your evenings to yourself."

"Yes, but you don't understand. Evening is when I can do my best work; I'm attuned to it, silly, and why not, after four years of packing them on Broadway."

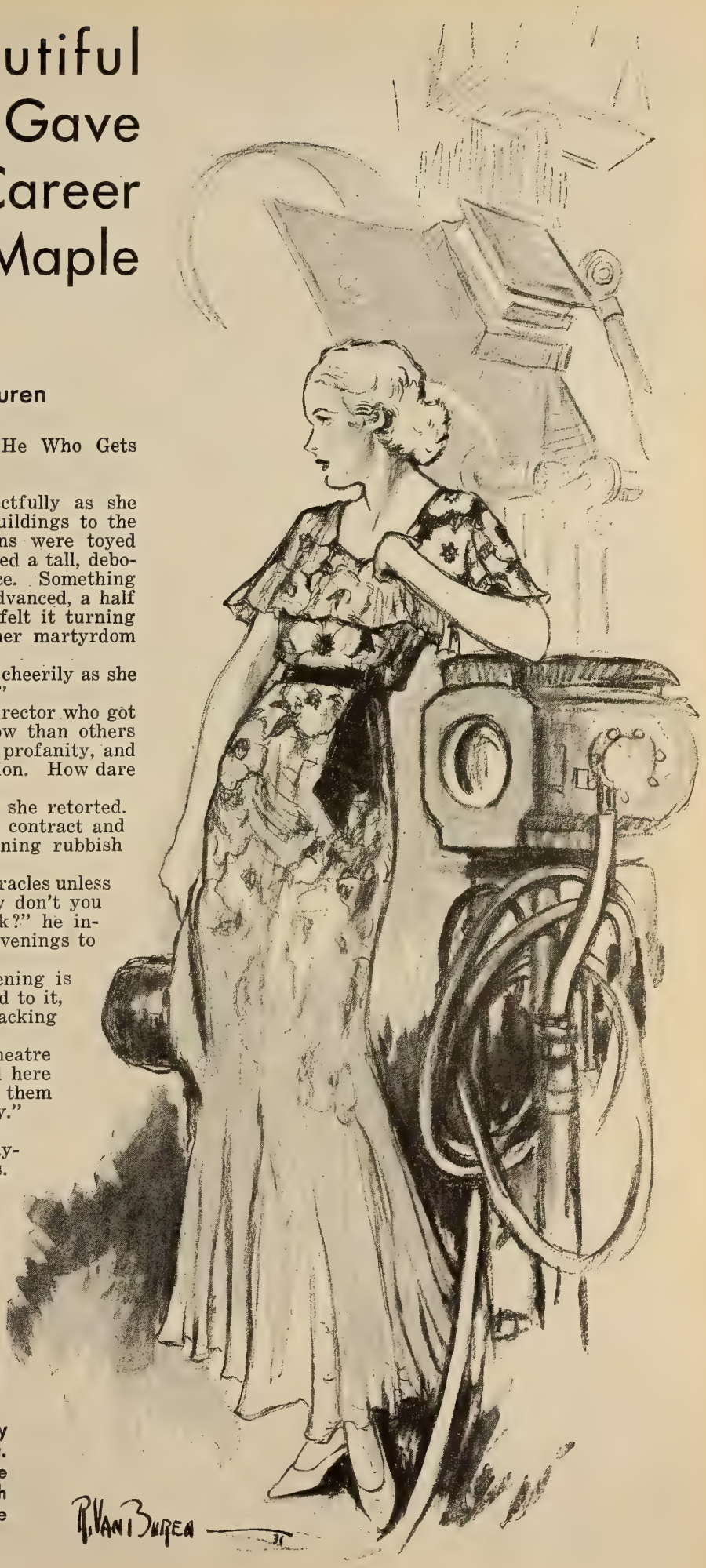
"Yes, at a dingy little side-street theatre that held all of fourteen hundred! And here you are fumbling the chance of packing them in at every first-run house in the country."

"Fumbling?"

"That's what I said," nodded Mr. Blaydes, "and dimming my reputation besides. Now, brace up, Coral, this isn't the proper mood in which to start work on your new picture. I want that sophisticated sparkle you're famous for, so trot it out."

"It won't work before 8 A. M., old dear."

"But it must," said the director angrily. "You can't expect us to alter our methods for one lazy



Coral Carlisle had moved from Broadway to Hollywood to uplift the screen drama. Not being accustomed to the early movie studio hours, Miss Carlisle arrived each morning fully set to play the reason in "He Who Gets Slapped."

Broadwayite, and you've been out here long enough to have gotten into the swing of things. I could refuse to direct you, remember, but you don't find me quitting. All I ask is a moderately good performance and I'll develop you into a hit."

MISS CARLISLE marveled at and pitied him. She wanted to tell him that he was the best-looking and most indifferent male she had ever known, but instead feminine subtlety filled her sepia eyes with tears.

"Can you really expect me to play an intriguing society woman less than an hour after breakfast?" she demanded. "It's barbarous!"

"You're supposed to be an actress," Eric reminded her, "which is why McTurque is in a tailspin over your behavior. He'll be around any minute now, and I'm sorry to say that I'll have to agree with him."

"That worm! He may be a vice-president, but he's much too sordid to appreciate the demands of art. He's a——"

"Don't say it, baby," warned a gloomy personage who had edged onto the stage. "I've got enough against you already." And Mr. Rufus McTurque, wearing the mournful expression of a plumber who has forgotten to forget his tools, waved a sheaf of papers at the sizzling actress. "Reports on your latest flop, sweetheart. It seems the exhibitors think as much of you as the star boarder at the pest house."

When Coral Carlisle flopped in polite society film drama, Rufus McTurque, head of Babel Pictures, went on record:

"Do you think I'll let the rest of the executives laugh at me for a padoop? Say, did you ever see one of those moral movies where the black sheep goes straight on account of the power of love? Well, that's what's going to happen to you, only the reason will be different. You're to play the never-had-a-chance tenement Tessie. And say, no kidding, I know how Napoleon felt!"

"Listen," said Miss Carlisle furiously. "I made 'Gilded Guilt' exactly the same as it ran for a year on Broadway, line for line, and if it didn't go over it's because it's too elegant for the talkies."

"The picture was good enough," admitted Mr. McTurque, "but it was your own performance that queered it, especially after the write-ups we gave you as New York's darling. Why, you dragged through all your parts in a kind of sullen doze, and for a while you had me buffaloed that that was society's idea of class, but it seems I'm wrong. Three box-office losers in a row is too much, so I'm here to tell you to step up your temperature—or else."

"Then you'll see my angle, I'm sure," cooed Coral, straightening his necktie. "It's this getting up early that's responsible Rufus, as I've been explaining to Eric. Just let me do my picture at night and——"

"NO!"

"But, Rufus, look at me! Don't you think I'm beautiful?"

MR. McTURQUE concealed his enchantment without any trouble. In his scheme of things he would not have traded his very efficient secretary for half the sirens in Hollywood, and his only thought as he stared at the seductive Carol was why some one had not strangled her long before.

"Beauty's no bargain when even filling stations are bragging about it," he told her. "What I want is charm —that aristocratic poise, or pose, probably that made Park Avenue dowagers bid for your old costumes."

"I'm just a moonflower," sighed Miss Carlisle, recalling a favorite notice, "and I can bloom only in the evening. My beauty will be all shot if these frightful hours continue, and then I'll have to become a lady golfer or something equally funny looking. All right, Simon Legree, go ahead and wear me out for your silly old, babbling tintypes."

"She needs guidance," interposed Mr. Blaydes. "No, listen, Coral, you must face this thing intelligently. You were a stage success, but why? Chiefly because you were lucky enough to be given smart, amusing productions, so kindly remember that you're not a great actress and are no stronger than your weakest playwright. You're working in an entirely different medium now, and you're in my hands."

"You flatter yourself!"

"You know what I mean," said Eric, crimsoning. "Just let your inner light shine through this fit of the sulks and I'll bring you in a winner."

"I'm not so sure," mumbled the vice-president. "Maybe it was wrong to give her a film leading man in that last fiasco. She needs confidence more than sleep, so as a surprise I've imported the guy that played opposite her in the stage version of 'Hiccups from Teacups.'"

CORAL gave a little squeal of delight as a perky, brilliantined individual emerged from the shelter of the monitor booth. "Oh, Llewellyn!" she fluted. "How perfectly delicious—exactly like old times!"

"Absolutely," beamed Mr. Llewellyn Mordaunt, shaking hands all around. In seven years on Broadway he had been cast so often as a society sprig that society itself had come to ape his manner of dress, and he could spar very neatly in one of those flashing satires where every one is offensively clever. "Fancy supporting you once more—well, they needed me, I suppose."

"It will be marvelous," enthused Miss Carlisle, principally because she knew that Mr. Mordaunt knew his place and would never dare to trespass on her rights as the star. She sensed, rather than saw, that Eric Blaydes was somewhat annoyed, and she glanced up at him teasingly. "You're thrilled, too, aren't you?" she asked. "And Rufus, this was *too* sweet of you."

"Wide awake at last, hey?" grunted the practical McTurque. "Well, you and Llewellyn had better get us out of the red before I'll do any cheering."

"It will be a walk through," Mr. Mordaunt assured him airily. "Three hundred nights on Broadway have——"

"Probably made you mechanical," cut in Eric smoothly. "In Hollywood the director outranks the star and her support, so you may have a thing or two to learn. You'd better run along to the make-up expert first."

"Psssst!" beckoned Rufus. "She's forgotten her troubles, so let's leave 'em alone for a while. Am I smart? Am I the brains of this organization or not? Am I —huh?"

"Ghawstly hours they work here," Llewellyn was observing at the top of his voice. "Does it take very long to get used to them?"

"An *artiste* never does," moaned Coral, drooping into the distance. "It's crushing me . . . this slavery. . . ."

The director gazed after the pair, feeling a queer resentment at the chummy way they had wandered off. Then he turned to the questioning McTurque.

"I'll bite," he said bitterly. "Are you?"

THE final days of production on "Hiccups from Teacups" convinced Mr. Blaydes that a man could knock his head just so many times against a concrete wall and then what passed for his brains would be exposed to public view. The wall in question was the determined resistance offered by Coral Carlisle and her leading man as they oozed through (*Please turn to page* 106)



At the Hollywod shower for Arlene Judge. Left to right, standing: Mrs. Harry Ax, Mae Sunday, Betty Compson, Adela Rogers Hyland, Mrs. Monte Blue. Seated, left to right, second row: Mrs. Bert Wheeler, Arlene Judge (bride), Aubrey Henderson and Mrs. Robert Woolsey. Bottom row: Sally Eilers, Edna Murphy, Mrs. Skeets Gallagher, Ivy Sawyer, Leila Hyams and Geneva Mitchell.

HOLLYWOOD FROLICS IN PAJAMAS

How Hollywood Entertains

IF there is any event that Hollywood enjoys it is entertaining for an engaged couple. There wasn't much time to entertain for Arlene Judge—now Mrs. Wesley Ruggles, wife of the well-known director of "Cimarron," "Are These Our Children?", et cetera—but Marie Prevost and Mrs. Dick Hyland managed to get in a shower and informal buffet supper between the announcement of the engagement of Miss Judge and Mr. Ruggles and their marriage which followed two weeks later.

The duo-hostesses entertained at Mrs. Hyland's home in Malibu and, the party being informal and at the beach, the girls were told to wear exactly what they pleased. They pleased to don pajamas. That is, most of them did. The guests in addition to the two hostesses and Miss Judge were Mrs. Richard "Skeets" Gallagher, Mrs. Hoot Gibson (Sally Eilers), Mrs. Phil Berg (Leila Hyams), Mrs. Mae Sunday, Mrs. Monte Blue, Mrs. Joseph Santley (Ivy Sawyer), Mrs. Harry Ax, Mrs. Jimmy Starr, Mrs. William Seiter (Laura La Plante), Mrs. Bert Wheeler, Mrs. Robert Woolsey, Betty Compson, Aubrey Henderson, Geneva Mitchell, Edna Murphy, Arlene Ryan and Dorothy Herzog.

It was strictly a female party, as that same evening Charlie Ruggles, brother of Wesley, was entertaining Wes with a stag blowout in the Roosevelt Hotel.

The buffet supper was served at nine o'clock to permit the guests plenty of time to motor from Hollywood and Beverly Hills homes, a distance of some twenty-five miles. The supper consisted of hors d'œuvres, hot tamales, baked beans, a jellied salad with cold cuts of tongue and roast beef, hot rolls, ice cream with raspberry sherbet center, and angel food cake.

The baked beans were ah-ed and oh-ed over with many superlatives and demands for another portion. This recipe may explain why: Soak the beans overnight and boil with pieces of salt pork until soft. Then drain the water off and put in earthen pot, mixing in strips of salt pork. Cover with molasses and place additional strips of salt pork on the top. Bake for an hour.

Miss Judge arrived, greatly excited over her first shower. She admitted it was her début shower in Hollywood, though she has been living here for nearly a year. The guest of honor, a tiny trick who is five feet tall and weighs ninety-eight pounds, wore a one-piece sleeveless

(*Please turn to page* 99)



The Frank J. Cooper, college boy, who was to become "Gary" Cooper, star.

GARY COOPER'S Jilting Co-Ed

By J. Gunnar Back

A Pet of the Campus is Always Bad for a Happy Ending—As the Future Star Learned in His First Love Plot

IT'S a far cry from the quiet elm-shaded paths of Grinnell University to the glitter and glare of a Hollywood motion-picture studio.

Yet had it not been for a slim, golden-haired young girl back at Grinnell University, the screen might never have acquired one of its most popular leading men. For it was this girl who started Gary Cooper's footsteps on the path to Hollywood—and world-wide fame!

They were terribly in love, those two youngsters—and it was first love for both of them. The girl, daughter of a staid but genial professor, had been the pet of the college ever since she could remember. But no one man had ever won her heart—until the gaunt young gentleman from Montana arrived on the scene.

As for Gary, he had never had an opportunity to know many girls. Born on a ranch, educated in a preparatory school in England, ill health had forced him to return to America for a few years before entering college. Those years were spent on his father's ranch in riding the range—and the chances for meeting members of the gentler sex were few and far between.

It was in the twilight of an early autumn day in 1922 that Frank J. Cooper, as Gary was then known, stepped off a train that had just come from the West and surveyed the little town where he had elected to spend his college days.

Like most small college towns, it was—and there was nothing about the young man himself to indicate that before many years had passed he would have achieved both fame and fortune in the most glamorous, fascinating industry in the world.

GARY did not slip easily into the normal course of things at Grinnell. To begin with, his clothes were not the usual type of collegiate raiment. The ten-gallon Stetson in which he arrived remained his headgear throughout his college career and because of it, "Cowboy Cooper" was what he was called by the other students.

Of course on school days he wore his little, red freshman cap obediently, humbly bowing before the august sophomores as they passed, touching his left hand to the bottom of his cap, his right hand to his stomach as tradition at Grinnell demands of freshmen.

But on any and every gala occasion, Gary wore his ten-gallon Stetson. He seemed utterly unaware of the figure he made and was entirely without affectation. Yet it was a typical college boy's gesture of defiance and bravado!

Without money beyond his tuition the lean Montanan was forced to seek work immediately to defray his living and personal expenses. And there are those worthy citizens of Grinnell who can boast of having been served their beans and hash by the young man who has since become one of the highest-salaried stars of the silver screen.

Gary spent long and arduous hours working for his meals in a downtown restaurant. And on week-day afternoons and Saturday mornings throughout the Fall



A famous star comes home. President Main (right), of Grinnell, presents Gary Cooper to the cheering student body of today.

and Winter he was employed as handy-man about the home of one of the professors.

No sooner had he begun his job for that kindly mannered gentleman than he was glad that he was working his way through college. For had it not been for that circumstance, at first seemingly unfortunate, he might never have known and loved the girl who later played such an important part in his life. . . .

Of course there were no social lines at Grinnell. When Gary finished his morning chores for the professor he repaired to the dining-room and took his place for breakfast and luncheon with the rest of the family. One member of which gave one look at him and his heart fell in shattered remnants at her feet.

Not that love affected his appetite. On more than one occasion his astonished hosts saw him consume eighteen pancakes at one time, apparently unaware that he was setting a new all-time record for that—or any other—domicile in town.

He made other records, too. Such as the number of excuses he could invent for dropping by the professor's house in the evening. And the number of chocolate sundaes for two he could squeeze out of his far from princely earnings. Or the number of reasons he could advance for moonlight walks and Summer picnics for two.



His collegiate jilting did not prevent him from becoming a box-office sensation.

THE girl was as much in love with Gary as he with her. They made glorious plans for the future—a future that would, of course, be shared. They dreamed of the success that Gary would some day attain—and which she would share, too.

Thus his college days passed. Days not unlike those of every college youth, gorgeous, carefree days of sport and study and awakening ambition and tender boy-and-girl romance.

It was during those days that Gary's latent histrionic ability began to manifest itself.

His first appearance before an audience was at the annual "shirt-tail" parade, when before the tittering co-eds who leaned from their windows in the women's dormitory, Gary led the freshman class in its midnight run across the campus.

A few weeks later, at the annual torchlight parade, Gary made permanent his campus nickname of "Cowboy."

At the head of the freshman group he appeared for the event wearing complete western regalia and filled the air with plainsman whoops and Indian yells. It was probably the first, last and only time that Gary Cooper utterly threw off his accustomed restraint and abandoned himself to the pleasure of the moment.



Where the future star of "Wings" tired of studying Greek and other such nonsense.

BUT it had dire consequences for him. His fellow students recognized his ability for showmanship and thenceforward no college entertainment was complete unless Gary embellished the program with his own particular little bag of tricks.



Langdon Hall, at Grinnell, which was glad enough to get rid of a student for whom it now wears this unmistakable welcome.

As for his sweetheart, she was usually present at the festivities and was the most admiring cheerer of all!

His fame soon spread beyond the limits of the college confines and whenever the local high school or Y. M. C. A. or women's clubs desired something unusual in entertainment, they sent for the reluctant but obliging Mr. Cooper.

But don't think from this that all of Gary's college hours were (*Please turn to page* 104)

Constance Bennett's WEEK'S DIET

This Star's problem isn't how to reduce but how to keep from getting too thin



Constance Bennett goes in for custards and desserts—all she can eat.

COUNTING calories is a full-sized job for Constance Bennett. Popovers and caramel custard, Yorkshire pudding and peach mousse—all the dishes that the inclined-to-be-plump must forego are included in her daily diet. Because Constance's problem isn't how to reduce but how to keep from getting too thin. Her menus are those for the girl that wants to fill out the hollows and get away from the string-bean silhouette. Here is her weekly menu:

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Grapefruit
Waffles
Maple Syrup
Buttered Toast
Coffee

Lunch

Persian Melon
Belgian Hare
Wine Sauce
Asparagus Vinaigrette
Caramel Custard
Coffee

Dinner

Cream of Tomato Soup
Roast Leg of Lamb
Mint Sauce
Roast Potatoes
Fresh Garden Peas
Romaine Salad with French Dressing
Chocolate Pudding
Coffee

MONDAY

Breakfast

Sliced Oranges
Sliced Bacon
Popovers
Coffee

Lunch

Fruit Cocktail
Lamb Hash
Mashed Carrots and Turnips
Tomato and Lettuce Salad
Coffee

Dinner

Cream of Pea Soup
Roast Chicken, Dressing
Creamed Potatoes
Corn on Cob
Alligator Pear Salad
Fruit Bowl
Coffee

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Grapefruit Juice
Shirred Eggs
Buttered Toast
Coffee

Lunch

Lamb Chops
Baked Potatoes
Summer Squash
Rice Pudding
Coffee

Dinner

Chicken Soup
Roast Beef
Yorkshire Pudding
Brussels Sprouts
Bowl Salad
Fresh Date Pudding
Coffee

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Orange Juice
Poached Egg on Toast
Coffee

Lunch

Irish Stew
Combination Salad
Chocolate Nut Cookies
Coffee

Dinner

Baked Virginia Ham
Wine Sauce
Mashed Potatoes
Red Beets
Spinach Ring
Vanilla Souffle
Coffee

(*Please turn to page* 103)



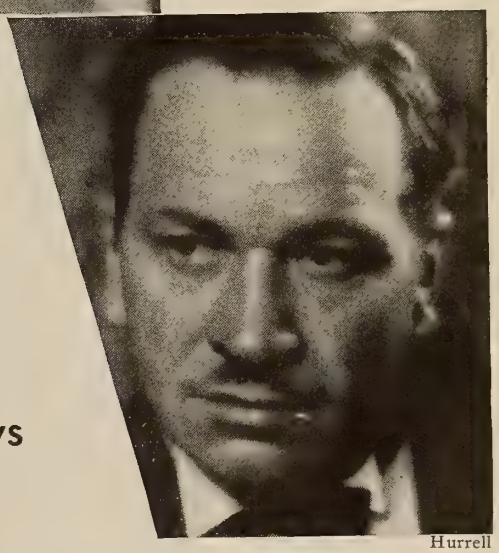
Irene Dunne and Lester Vail in the new musical picture, "Consolation Marriage."

Wallace Beery is going to sing in his new picture. And he can do it, too.

by John Edgar Weir

Music of the Sound Screen

The month brings a budget of good news for lovers of popular music



Hurrell

AT last Duke Ellington has broken his silence and come forth with a new tune, and what a tune! "The Mystery Song" is what he calls it and believe me, it *is* a mystery song. Unless I miss my guess, this is going to be another "Mood Indigo." It is certainly ultra-modern in its theme and played as only the Duke can play it. For novelty, I think you'll find the first chorus stands alone. This also features Albany Bigard on the clarinet. In case you don't know, Albany is recognized by musicians as being the best. By all means, hear this record.

The other side is by Mill's Blue Rhythm boys, "Moanin'." This is also a peach of a tune, with some dirty trumpet work. I'd say off-hand, that the trumpet player is King Oliver, that famous negro horn tooter. George Morton sings the Louis Armstrong-ish vocal chorus. This is a Victor record.

THE MONTH'S BIGGEST HITS

"The Mystery Song," fox trot—played by Duke Ellington and his orchestra (Victor)

"Oh, Monah," fox trot—played by Ted Weems and his orchestra (Victor)

"Blues in My Heart," fox trot—played by Bert Lown and his Hotel Biltmore orchestra (Victor)

"Help Yourself to Happiness," fox trot—played by Benny Goodman and his orchestra (Columbia)

TED WEEMS, always sure of turning out a good novelty record has done it again. This time it's "Oh Monah," written by Ted Weems and Country Washburn, a good old-time spiritual played to almost stomp tempo and I think you'll enjoy it. The vocal, sung by Country Washburn, is very good.

The other side, also by Ted Weems is another novelty number, "I Love To Hear a Military Band," written by Phil Baxter of Piccolo Pete fame, and I think (*Please turn to page* 101)



Ruth Hall, Warner Brothers-First National player, starts off the new year with regal white lace molded to her figure and set off by a single touch of color—orchid velvet streamers.



Smartness of cut makes this pink taffeta evening frock a winner for 1932. Miss Hall's slender waist is accentuated by the tiny tucking. A butterfly bow at the back gives the bustle effect so much liked by Paris.

Here Is MISS 1932



Rows of buttons are Ruth Hall's bow to the military in the trim suit of nubby woolen in Spanish tile. The skirt is circular and the jacket may be worn opened at the throat. Accessories are brown.



Richness of fabric keynotes the new season according to Miss Hall who is shown here in lustrous heavy satin combined with sheer lace. The V line at the back is repeated in the seamings of the skirt and the cut of the bodice.



Combining the old and the new in a startling effect, Miss Hall wears this picturesque evening gown of bisque satin appliquéd in brown lace. Fitting snugly through the bodice and around the hips, it flares into fulness at the hem. The lace is appliquéd, too, on to the narrow bertha collar that falls over the shoulders to form a suggestion of sleeves. The dress was designed by Viola Dimmitt.



A street dress that trims itself is this black wool striped in white. The stripes run every which way for an unusually smart effect. A black felt hat, suede bag and shoes trimmed in lizard complete the trim costume.

Photographs by Elmer Fryer

REVIEWS

William Powell makes love to Doris Kenyon in this scene from "The Road to Singapore," a recent Warner Brothers' production.



The new Garbo-Gable film, "Susan Lenox," the box-office sensation of the month—Comments on other new pictures

By Frederick James Smith



Clark Gable with Greta Garbo in the M-G-M picture, "Susan Lenox."

THE big box-office event of the month is the appearance of Greta Garbo, aided by Clark Gable, in the late David Graham Phillips' novel, "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise." This was a best-seller of a generation ago—and one of the most-talked-about stories of many years.

Here is the saga of a girl who runs away from the home of her brutal Swedish emigrant father, meets and falls in love with a young engineer—and then loses him. She drifts downward from man to man until her first love returns, a drunken derelict. Then she gives up her lavish penthouse apartment and follows him to the tropics. Thus, through love, she is regenerated.

Miss Garbo, needless to say, presents a glamorous and colorful panorama of love regenerate and unre-



Ivan Lebedeff, between two loves, Ilka Chase and Genevieve Tobin, in "The Gay Diplomat," an RKO offering.

generate. Susan Lenox is one of her best talkie rôles. Mr. Gable, too, is excellent as the one man of Susan's life.

This picture already has broken a thousand or so box-office records. It deserves its success.

THE Marx Brothers—all four—return in a new comedy, "Monkey Business," in which they start as stowaways, work their way up the social ladder as aids to a couple of gang leaders and end by saving the heroine from kidnapers. This comedy is flip, amusing, and well above the average—but it isn't the best effort of Mrs. Marx's boys by long odds.

REMEMBER Florence Reed in the stage version of Michael Morton's stage melodrama, "The Yellow Ticket"? It was a hectic story of Romanoff Russia, the tortured heroine being a beautiful Jewess who secures a yellow ticket in order to leave the Jewish pale and visit her father, dying in a St. Petersburg prison. The yellow ticket? That is—or was—the official badge of a girl of the streets—but it assured its bearer unhampered liberty. However, once a possessor of this card, always a possessor. So the beautiful heroine discovered. Poor girl, she was hounded by everyone, from the head of the secret police to the most minor agent.

Elissa Landi is the harassed heroine and Lionel Barrymore is the amorous head of the police. They produce an effective and exciting melodrama of a departed régime. Of course there's a handsome hero, played effectively by Lawrence Olivier.



Marian Marsh and John Barrymore in "The Mad Genius."

"THE MAD GENIUS" is John Barrymore's newest vehicle and here he does another Svengali rôle. This time he adopts a boy and makes him into a great dancer. But the lad falls in love. This new Svengali forthwith ruins the boy and breaks up the romance—but, in the end, he pays with his life.

This is Mr. Barrymore's last Warner Brothers' film, and I regret to report that it isn't better. Still, "The Mad Genius" is given a lavish production, Mr. Barrymore provides a typically mannered performance and Marian Marsh and Donald Cook are excellent as the young lovers shaded by the evil genius.

THE famous platinum blonde, Jean Harlow, is starred for Columbia in a drama rightly called "Platinum Blonde." However, the chief character is a reporter, one of those typically harem-scarem gents of the city room. A wealthy heiress (Miss Harlow) falls in love with him and, as she always gets what she wants, she marries him.

But the lad can't stay put and, in the end, he ditches her for a girl reporter. Miss Harlow wins your sympathy in an unsympathetic rôle while Robert Williams is properly whimsical and restless as the reporter.

SETH PARKER (Phillips Lord), idol of the radio, makes his movie debut in a story of Jonesport, "Way Back Home." Seth and Ma Parker bring all their Jonesport neighbors, bosom friends of your own if you own a radio. The result is a conventional story of small-town intolerance, lifted to interest by Mr. Parker's human characterization. The film has all the qualities that make the Parker Sunday Night hour so moving and so popular.

HELEN HAYES, popular Broadway stage star, comes to the films in "The Sin of Madelon Claudette," which is adapted from that once popular stage drama of mother love, "The Lullaby." This is the panorama of a woman's life, started with her girlhood and ending with her utter degradation as a woman of the streets. Through it all she saves her pitiful earnings to educate her boy. In the end she sees him a young and successful doctor, so her torture and suffering have not been in vain.

This, of course, is a carefully designed tear-producer. Through it Miss Hayes gives a varied and touching performance. You will cry over this film if you shed any tears in your movie theater this year.



In "Way Back Home," Seth Parker's first film, Frank Albertson and Bette Davis provide the young love interest. RKO.



The boy who makes the "Touchdown," Richard Arlen, and the girl he wins besides, Peggy Shannon.

RICHARD DIX appears in the old William Gillette melodrama of the Civil War, "Secret Service." Unfortunately, this yarn of a Northern spy in love with the daughter of a Southern general is completely outdated. Maybe war was like this in the '60s—but we doubt it.

"COMPROMISED" is the story of a girl who marries a wealthy chap, helps him redeem himself and then finds that there is no place for herself in his new life in Back Bay Boston. A passably interesting motion picture, given all its life by Rose Hobart's able work as the girl who wins only to lose.

Pre-VIEWS

EDITOR'S NOTE: These reports of new pictures come from our staff of correspondents in Hollywood. They are not to be considered as final criticisms. This would be unfair to the producers, as our correspondents frequently view these pictures before they are finally cut and edited and, often, before the final title has been chosen. So, before forming your final judgment, watch our department of Reviews for the final criticisms.

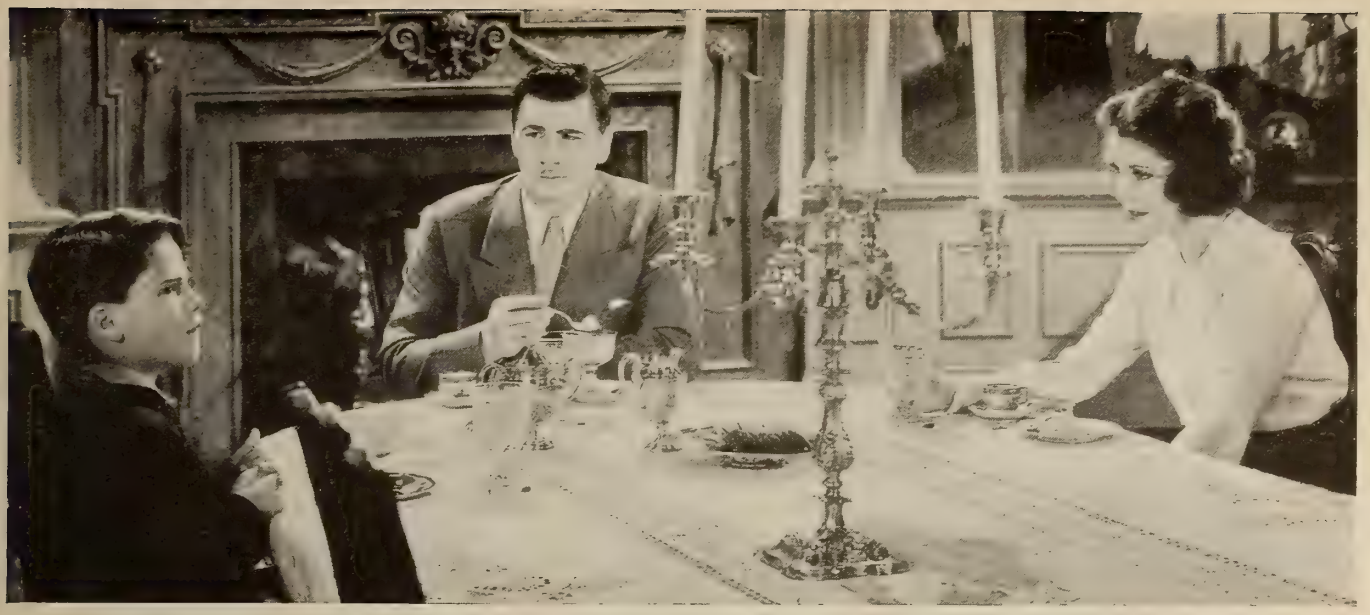
"Girls About Town."—*Paramount:*—Lilyan Tashman and Kay Francis give excellent portrayals of professional good-time girls in a conventional, sophisticated New York night-life plot which gets off to a slow start. The plot seems somewhat improbable but, perhaps ladies of the night do fall in love on special occasions. Good dialogue enlivens several otherwise dull spots.

Class B. Final cut. Permanent title. Release date October 31.

Strictly Dishonorable—*Universal:*—From the prize play by Preston Sturges. Paul Lukas and Lewis Stone are excellent. Sidney Fox is overweight and uncon-



Lawrence Tibbett sings "The Cuban Love Song" for MGM



George Bancroft invites Frances Dee to dinner with him and his son in "Rich Man's Folly."

"SOB SISTER" is the story of a boy and a girl who labor in one of those city rooms now so popular with Hollywood producers. They try eternally to scoop each other but they fall in love just the same. Linda Watkins and James Dunn play the reporters who are both sentimental and hard-boiled. Lively dialogue and good acting help this a lot.

"AMBASSADOR BILL" is Will Rogers' latest comedy. In it he plays one of those humorous Westerners appointed ambassador to represent these United States in a tiny Balkan kingdom. He upsets the local plotters, re-unites the king and queen and instructs the boy ruler in the gentle game of baseball. Rather amusing.

"THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE" is William Powell's first Warner film. Here Mr. Powell plays a bad boy in the tropics, one of those renegade Englishmen who are popular in the boudoirs but not acceptable in the clubs. The background is a British colony and Mr. Powell is sinister—in fact, a little too sinister—enough to hold the interest.

"THE CUBAN LOVE SONG" presents Lawrence Tibbett, the reformed opera singer, as a marine who falls in love with a Cuban cutie. Then the World War comes along and the marine goes off to France to save the world for democracy. The Cuban senorita, alas, dies. Mr. Tibbett sings agreeably and acts passably. Lupe Velez is the lady peanut vender. Jimmy Durante, so good in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," is rather lost here as a fellow marine.

By LYNDE DENIG

Twenty-four Hours—*Paramount:*—During the eventful day covered by this picture, Clive Brook, playing a wealthy tippler, is never quite sober, and for a good share of the time he is completely tight; but, and hereby hangs the tale, he always remains a gentleman with a pleasing English accent. When his wife, in the person of the alluring Kay Francis, finds the going a bit too thick, another woman, a night club entertainer, supplies him with iced water; whereupon the wife is content to take him back, drunk or sober. The story is no great shakes, but it moves along rapidly and profits by the presence of a really able cast.

Murder at Midnight—*Tiffany:*—This comes dangerously close to being a burlesque of the oft-repeated murder formula. If you feel inclined to laugh at the wrong time, why go right ahead; you probably will have plenty of company. The murder occurs at the stroke of twelve with the house full of (*Please turn to page* 112)

Pre-VIEWS



Kay Francis, one of the "Girls About Town."

vincing. The story is overloaded with dialogue and has slow spots. It takes place in a New York speakeasy. If you like stage plays you may like this.

Class C. Permanent title. Final cut. December release.

Flying High—*M.-G.-M.:*—Done in the ultra-sophisticated revue manner from the New York stage hit by De Sylva, Brown and Henderson and Jack McGowan. Bert Lahr is funnier than in the stage version; Charlotte Greenwood ludicrously entertaining as a lovelorn kitchen mechanic with a yen for motherhood. Pat O'Brien is excellent masculine background for Kathryn Crawford's genuine charm in the love scenes. Aviation atmosphere is used throughout. It has an excellent chorus and colorful costume effects.

Class B. Permanent title. Final cut. Immediate release.

A House Divided—*Universal:*—Walter Huston gives one of the most virile, versatile performances of his career in this drama of a Northwest fishing village. Kent Douglass gives a fine (*Please turn to page* 113)



Lilyan Tashman

Who was summoned home from Europe that her sophisticated blond loveliness might grace "Her Confession" for Paramount.

The charm of this type of house depends on careful balance and intrinsic excellence of design

Drawings by Schell Lewis



Would You Like To Build A French House?

Another Well-Planned Small House for You to Study. Would You Choose This Type?

IT'S one hundred per cent American so far as construction and building methods are concerned—designed by American architects for the average sort of American family, and yet like many other thoroughly American products of beautiful construction, the house we present this month shows definite French influence.

But why should Americans turn to France for inspiration in house design? The answer is that the traditional French type of house not only pleases the eye of many discriminating Americans but suits the needs of family life in this country at the present time to a surprising extent.

The French householder for whom this sort of house was designed desired to have a house that combined dignity and comfort. He was hospitable so he wanted a house in which he could entertain his friends, he was a home lover so he wanted one that would provide privacy and quiet seclusion. He had a sentimental as well as a practical regard for the house that served as the center of family life, just as most Americans have today.

The charm of this type of house depends on the intrinsic excellence of the design rather than on the effect of accidental picturesqueness and age as shown in the English house presented last month.

Study the sketches and plans with care so that you will be prepared to cast your vote for your favorite house later on. In the meantime, if you have any questions to ask or suggestions to make, write to the Tower House Editor, Tower Publishing Co., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Whether or not you are favorably impressed with this small house at first glance, we want you to study it in a critical but personal way, so that we will know the type of house that best suits the needs and taste of the average up-to-date American family. Compare it with the English house that we showed a month ago and remember your impression so that you can make a further comparison with the two other types of house that we shall show in the next two issues of this magazine. After all the houses have been shown, we want you to send in your vote, letting us know which of the four houses you would choose if you were building one for yourself. The four houses have been chosen from a large number of plans and designs drawn up by skilled architects. They are all sound architecturally, are all adapted to the needs of the average family, and can all be built for approximately the same amount of money.

Consider first the construction of this house. As shown here it is made of common brick veneer over a wood frame. The brick may be painted white or ivory to simulate whitewashing or, if you like, you may use natural color cement stucco over clay tile or over cement tile. The roof is of softly toned, variegated purple and green slate or if you wish you can use asbestos or wood shingles. The ex-

terior woodwork may be painted French gray or a light gray green.

Other external features that you will notice are the chimney painted the same tone as the side walls, the panels of cement plaster and brick under the casement windows and painted to match the house—giving the effect of a balcony under the windows; and the extension of the wall at the front to add breadth to the house and to give a note of privacy to the windows at the sides.

The wrought-iron hand railing at either side of the front door is a characteristically French detail and, as you enter the house, notice the lantern made of wrought iron to match the railings, or if you prefer in contrasting tones of sturdy copper. The front door itself is of paneled wood painted black or dark green, though a dark, weather-oak door would be just as appropriate. The fan-shaped panel above the door adds another graceful note to the entrance—giving light within, without giving satisfaction to prying eyes without. All these are dear to the heart of the home-loving French householder to whom a beautifully designed doorway, kept always spotlessly clean and neat, stands as a symbol of the dignity and charm of family life, giving to the incoming guest a foretaste of the well-ordered but unpretentious hospitality awaiting him.



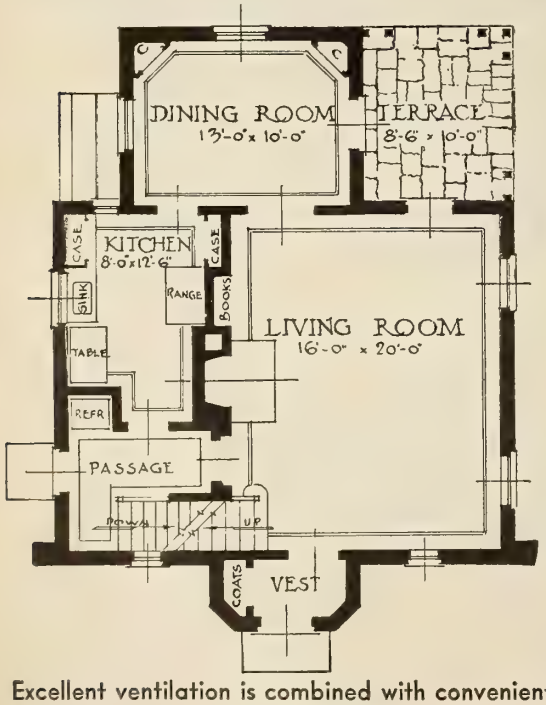
The terrace with flagstone floor and open trellis opens from the living room and dining room.

The good-sized vestibule with a coat closet at the left serves as a small anteroom to the living room at the right of the house where you may notice at once the careful, well balanced arrangement of the floor plan, a bookcase and door on the left balancing the windows on the right, and a front window directly opposite the terrace door at the back.

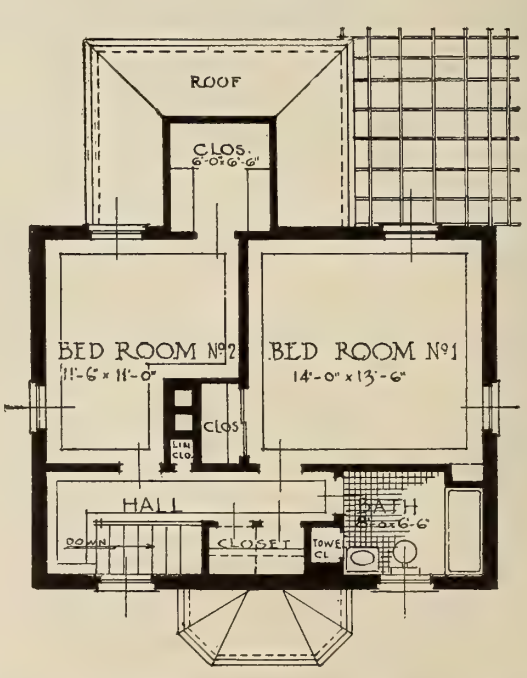
A light airy room, this—accessible to the passageway, terrace and dining room as well as to the front vestibule and yet leaving sufficient space for attractive arrangement of furniture. Notice the ideal position of the fireplace as the focal point of family life. The three lower steps of the stairs that lead to the floor above are conveniently placed at the front of the room near the entrance giving an interesting detail to the room without permitting possible draughts from above which sometimes occur when an open stairway rises directly from the living room.

Beyond the living room there is a dining room of exceptional charm. Not a large room but with floor space so wisely contrived that it will be none too small for the needs of an average family. Built-in corner cabinets solve the problem of china storage, while windows on two sides and a glass-paneled door to the terrace provide light and air from three sides. On fair Summer days you may serve meals on the terrace with its flagstone or slate floor and open wooden trellis. If you like you may replace this terrace with the usual sort of American porch, but to give your sequestered outdoor nook the characteristic French atmosphere you should keep to the original plan of an open terrace shaded only by a trellis.

And now back through the dining room, into the kitchen at the left of the house—a kitchen that is thoroughly American in its conveniences and thoroughly up-to-date in its space-saving and step-sparing arrangement of space. The sink is placed beneath the



Excellent ventilation is combined with convenient arrangement of space on the living-room floor.



Ample closet space is provided for the two light and airy bedrooms planned for the second floor.

French or English—Which type of house do you prefer?

window with the range on the wall opposite and a space for the table at the left of the sink with the shelves or cabinet at the right.

Now passing through the door at the front of the kitchen, we reach the passageway which is one of the most interesting features of the whole house, since it provides a service entrance well toward the front of the house.

The stairs leading to the cellar passing under the front flight, open into this passage and at the opposite side there is space for the refrigerator conveniently arranged whether you keep your food chilled in the modern way or still retain the services of the old-time ice man.

Going up the stairs to the floor above, the hall running across the house affords access to a generous linen closet, the bath and two bedrooms, one of which provides ample room for twin beds. There is two-way ventilation in both bedrooms, a good sized closet in one and an exceptionally large closet off the other. The space over the dining room occupied by the larger closet might be used for a dressing room or a sleeping porch. Or you might choose an entirely different plan for the second floor—giving three independent, medium-sized bedrooms.

The plans are elastic enough so that you can suit your own convenience in arranging the upstairs rooms.

The bathroom is easily accessible to both bedrooms. You may like its large window and you will be sure to appreciate the generous towel closet opening directly off it.

The attic, reached by a disappearing stairway from the upper hall, provides cooling air space between the bedrooms and the roof as well as convenient storage space.

Because the house is square in shape it will fit on almost any lot. The French house in its own urban locale is generally placed on a long narrow lot. With the house set well to the front, there is ample garden space. The location of the service entrance close to the front of the house helps retain the garden's privacy.

A livable house, certainly, and one that may appeal particularly to you and your wishes and needs. The most important question is whether you yourself would like to live in this house.

You've always wanted a house. You've dreamed of building one. Whether it is a house like the English house we showed last month, picturesque, hugging the ground, bringing to mind the charm of old England; whether it is a house like the French house shown this month, compact, carefully balanced, excellent in design; or whether it will be one of the houses we show in later issues—that is up to you.

Does it suit the requirements of your family now and in the future as far as you can tell? Is it the house you've dreamed of building? And at the same time do you feel that it would carry beyond your dream and give you increased contentment as the years go on. Do you feel that it is a house where you could pass the leisure hours with that so essential feeling of content and protection from all outside troubles and worries? Do you feel, too, that it is a house where you would be proud and happy to entertain your friends—cement old friendships and start new ones?

We're counting on you to think these questions over and let us know your reaction. Compare this house with the English house and the other two houses.

We have chosen this house as well as the English house shown last month and two others that will be presented to you in subsequent issues of this magazine from plans prepared by the Architects' Small House Service Bureau, Inc. This bureau is an organization made up of leading architects from cities all over the United States.

Further particulars of the service offered by this organization will be found in our free illustrated circular.

To add to your understanding of the French house we have prepared a free illustrated circular that will give you fuller information and answer many questions about which you may be in doubt. The circular also contains information about how you can buy working plans at a nominal price for both houses as developed by the Architects' Small House Service Bureau, Inc. If you have not sent for the circular on the English house shown last month we would be very glad to send one. Just send two cents to cover postage and this circular will be sent to you. Address the Tower House Editor, Tower Publishing Co., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y. If you have any suggestions or criticisms about the house send them along with your request for the circular. But save your vote for your favorite house until you have seen the next two issues.



This is the English house shown in detail last month. In distinct contrast to the French house, it clings to the ground, and most of its rooms are found on the first floor.

A Child of the THEATER

BY RUTH RANKIN



Helen Chandler at the age of eight, already a seasoned trouper. It was about this time that she made a hit as the princeling in John Barrymore's interpretation of Shakespeare's "Richard III."

THE glamorous names of Shakespeare, John Barrymore and Arthur Hopkins combined to produce the most interesting experience I have ever known in the theater. . . .

And one other name. We're coming to that.

It was the opening night of "Richard III." When the audience departed it carried away two vivid impressions—the diabolical cunning of Richard, played by John Barrymore with such brilliance, the little blond prince standing slim and proud, undaunted, before the evil Richard, to be condemned to the Tower of London.

The little prince was a girl named Helen Chandler.

SHE was an appealing child of nine with a strange quality that captured and held the imagination, a mane of thick blond hair and a diction clear as crystal . . . already a seasoned trouper.

In Hollywood, at the ripe old age of twenty-two, she is still the slim princeling, graduated to skirts, with the added endowments of a penetrating intelligence, a notable stage and screen career, a



The same Helen as she appears today, slim, almost delicate, yet one of the hardest workers of the studios. She has had nine picture rôles in the last year.

Helen Chandler Began on the Broadway Stage at the Age of Eight—Now She is one of the Most Versatile of Hollywood Actresses



The wistful, appealing eyes of Helen Chandler and her unaffectedness, together with her stage and screen experience, have combined to make her one of the most sought after actresses of the screen.

novelist-husband named Cyril Hume and a passion for cook books.

Miss Chandler had just completed work in "Heart and Hand" when I met her. The final scene in this picture, the plot of which hinges on a romance with its inception in a matrimonial ad, called for a struggle in the churning sea. It was impossible to use a double for Helen, since all three cameras—long-shot, medium and close-up—were employed at once.

So Helen, who knows her way around in the water (just plain ocean water) gathered up all her fortitude and jumped in the mammoth tank.

THE trap was opened and a great wall of water leaped at her. . .

"There was a ponderous floating spar, intended to be clutched as I went down, gasping, for the third time, but before I could reach the thing we collided, smack. Then it chased me around the tank for quite a while, with the wave machine lashing the water to a fine frenzy. I was baffled, until I finally backed around and sneaked up on it. . . . Well, anyway, it was a good scene and I probably ought to be glad it wasn't a shark," she reflected, gingerly inspecting a slender leg that looked like a Japanese sunset.

"Reminds me of the modern French painters Cy and I have been studying. He is very anxious to do a novel about an artist, so we are simply saturated with Matisse, Renoir, Picasso, Van Gogh— Ask me anything," she continued, indicating a case of books on art. "The other day I read that new Gaugin book, 'The Calm Madman,' and got so excited I went right out and bought tubes and tubes of paint, a large, inspiring easel and a bouquet of lovely little brushes. But I gave it up. It takes too long to dry . . . water colors are something else again."



And here's Helen at the age of four, in one of her earliest posed pictures. Note the calm assurance of the little lady and the expressive eyes.

THE eager, child-like intensity and enthusiasm of Helen Chandler are rare, a surprising contradiction in one who looks so small and frail, almost delicate. She assures one that her appearance is most deceptive. She can swim indefinitely and work long hours at the studio when it is necessary.

Her eyes are that clear, shining blue, alert, expressive and whimsical. Her complexion is something to write ads about. But she is not beautiful. For more than ample compensation she has character, intelligence and charm.

HELEN CHANDLER was born in New York City on February 1, 1909.

When she was a baby her parents moved to Jacksonville, Florida, and later to Charleston, South Carolina. The softness of the South lingers faintly in her speech. Her first school was a convent in Charleston.

Her father, Leland Chandler, raced and bred fine horses. As a little girl Helen loved to go to the races all through the South with him. "But it wasn't the horses that interested me particularly," she says. "It was the crowd, the clamor and the excitement. I adored watching the people. They were so gay, so taken out of themselves. It had the feeling of theater—good theater. Of course I didn't realize it then, but this is probably where I first wanted to be an actress."

In 1917 the family returned to New York. Laws were passed prohibiting race-track betting, and her father gave up his business (*Please turn to page* 109)

How the Stars Keep SLIM and TRIM

They Count Their Weight in Ounces, Not Pounds

By ANN BOYD



Dorothy Jordan allows herself 108 pounds for her five feet plus two inches.

IT'S Where is Sylvia?—not Who is?—around the Hollywood lots. She's an important person out there, and if they gave her a title it would be "Keeper of the Crown Figures." For the talkie queens must keep trim and slim—almost to the point of emaciation. They count their weight in ounces, not pounds, and their measurements in ells, not inches.

Sylvia punches and pounds them and lays down the law on exercises and diets to keep their shadows on the silver screen from bulging in the wrong places. A massage before breakfast, lunch and dinner, when a heavy working day is scheduled, and special exercises as well are included in the strict training rules of every feminine star.

One exercise that Sylvia particularly recommends for quick reducing is this: Starting from a standing position, reach down and touch the floor with one hand, stretching out the opposite leg and arm. Do this a few times and you'll lose a little of that extra hip baggage as well as gaining in suppleness and balance.

Another prescribed by Sylvia is to sit on the floor and bend over, touching the head to the knees, stretching the arms to touch the floor at the back.

FOR those who like to take their exercise in bed, Sylvia suggests a contortionist's exercise. If you can do it you really don't need to—unless you're a movie actress.

Stretch out on your back and then with a mighty heave pull your legs up and touch them to the bed above your head, keeping your hands stretched out flat. The point of it all is to try to sit on your neck—if you can. Very good for the waistline spare tire—but hard on the neck.

For exercising Sylvia recommends a loose one-piece pajama—not lounging pajamas, but fairly short-legged affairs—something that will not bind or interfere with the exercises.

Sidney Fox, who keeps safely under 100 pounds through Sylvia's guidance, can never let down on the exercise program because her physical condition demands plenty of food.

"She's delicate and high strung," says Sylvia, "and without proper care she would break under the strain. She must eat nourishing food regardless of figure."

Dorothy Jordan, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's diminutive actress, allows herself 108 pounds for her five feet plus two inches. A daily check against dangerous curves is taken by Dorothy; her measurements must fall below 33 inches bust measure, 24½ inches waistline and 36 inches for hips.

Dorothy supplements her exercises by walking at least five miles before breakfast each morning. Besides that she had her dressing room placed away to the corner of the lot so she'd have to do plenty of walking there. Salads and vegetables, with a little meat now and then, make up her diet.

And then there's Juliette Compton, Paramount player, who recommends arm exercises, too. "For years," she says, "women have concentrated on exercises for supple waistlines, hip lines and legs, but the necessity for arm treatments too often escapes attention." Since nine out of ten women put on weight from elbow to shoulder when the scales first start moving upward and onward, Juliette, with not an excess ounce of flesh now, is keeping prepared by exercising her arms.

(*Please turn to page* 108)

YOU Can Make the New Style Aprons

Here are special fashions for various occasions and every member of the family. You can make them with the aid of our New Method Circulars



Ja79 — This circular contains designs for practical aprons for the boys.



Ja80—Diagrams for 4 bibless aprons are in this circular.

Ja81 — Directions for making a little girl's apron and dust cap.







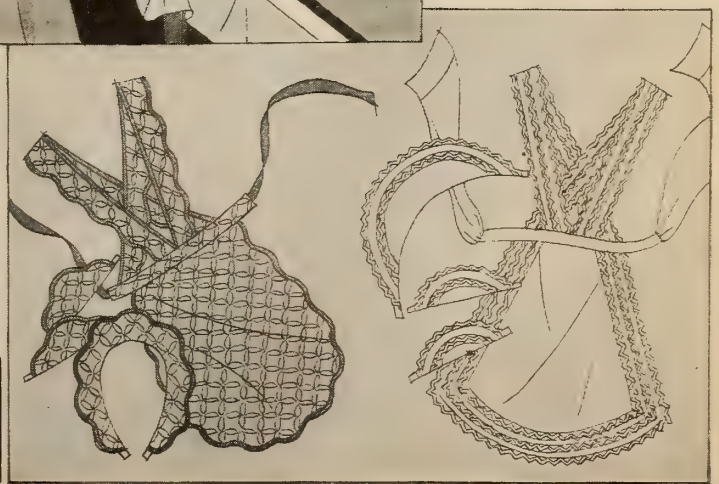
Ja82—Wear a dainty apron when you serve refreshments. Here are directions for making four charming models.

Ja83—At right is a smart new waitress apron. The circular gives diagram patterns for this and three others.



Ja85 — This practical kitchen apron and three other models can be made with the help of this circular.

Ja84 — Rickrack and organdie were used for this charming apron with collar and cuffs to match.



Write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or 20 cents for all seven. Be sure to indicate the circular you wish by number.



BEBE
DANIELS

Looking younger and prettier than ever, Bebe Daniels (Mrs. Ben Lyon) will soon return to the screen after taking "time out" to become the mother of Barbara Bebe Lyon.

Desserts Are In Again

Well made sweet dishes that have a definite place in a well balanced diet.

By
RITA CALHOUN



Try your hand at this favorite cocoanut layer cake.



Learn how to make the one-crust pies that have proved most popular.



Jello or gelatin desserts are easy to make and as elaborate as you please.

THE sweet last course for luncheon or dinner was never really out of favor. But a few years ago there was a tendency here and there to minimize the importance of desserts, to look upon luscious cakes and pies and delicious creams and puddings with a certain caution. Of course we liked them, but we were warned not to eat them too often, and we felt virtuous if we went without them.

But now that theory has been exploded. Food experts have concluded that the well-made dessert, even of the richer sort, has a definite place in the diet of normal people. The reason we like desserts is because they give us satisfaction, and the reason they satisfy is because they supply the system with needed nourishment. After all, the dinner that ends without the expected sweet course is like a good book with the last chapter left out. Desserts can be so colorful and so daintily shaped that they are a treat to the eye as well as to the palate.

Serve a well made dessert for dinner, every night—serve a simple dessert for luncheon when you have time to make it. To help you solve your dessert problem we have prepared nine leaflets, printed on loose leaves with perforations at the sides so that you can keep them for future use in a notebook cover. Here they are:

J1—A table giving various sorts of desserts with indication of their caloric and vitamin content.

J2—10 delicious layer cake recipes.

J3—10 appetizing small cakes, cookies, brownies, etc.

J4—5 favorite two-crust pies and 10 one-crust pies.

J5—5 simple gelatin desserts and 5 of the richer sort.

J6—10 inexpensive puddings made from bread, rice, tapioca, etc.

J7—10 ice-box cakes.

J8—20 ways to use ice cream.

J9—10 old favorites. A collection of desserts of various sorts that have proved by test to be most popular.

Write to Rita Calhoun, stating which of these various leaflets you would like, or whether you'd like the whole set. Remember they are printed on loose leaves so that you can keep them conveniently in a loose-leaf binder. Send 3 cents for one, 5 cents for three and 10 cents for all nine.

Helen Twelvetrees, Champion on the Bike

(*Continued from page* 17)



Helen Twelvetrees, then Helen Marie Jurgens, at the age of three. She had a wealth of light golden hair and big blue eyes which, neighbors recall, always seemed to have a serious and thoughtful expression.

themselves the grace and beauty of the girl, several stage and motion picture engagements were offered, with the result that Helen gave up all thoughts of anything but a stage career.

MANY family conferences followed, for the Jurgens were at first opposed to their daughter appearing before the footlights. Finally they relented, with the proviso that Helen first prepare herself by attending the American Academy of Dramatic Art. Here Fate awaited her in the person of Clark Twelvetrees, son of Charles Twelvetrees, known for his remarkable sketches of children. Clark, young and extremely handsome, was also studying for a stage career. It was a case of love at first sight, and after six months' ardent courtship the pair ran off to Greenwich, Connecticut, and were married in the early morning hours.

Shortly after Helen's marriage to Clark, he was offered a chance to play with the Stuart Walker Stock Company in Cincinnati. He accepted upon being assured that parts would also be found for his young wife. After a Summer of stock, the pair returned to Broadway and began the rounds of the various producing offices. One day, Clark heard that players were being selected by Horace Liveright for the Chicago company of "An American Tragedy" and lost little time in putting in an appearance. Helen went along as a matter of course without evidencing much interest in the proceedings. Much to her surprise, she was selected to play the role of Sondra, the part created in New York by Miriam Hopkins.

After this engagement's successful conclusion, Helen rejoined Clark in New York and proceeded to appear in a series of plays, all of which had short runs, including "Yen," which starred Charles Ray. Meanwhile, the breach between the young actress and her husband widened. Perhaps their natures were too similar. Both were highly-strung, talented youngsters, ambitious to succeed in the same game. Helen had made definite progress, while Clark was merely marking time. It was an impossible situation that reached a climax when Helen was signed by Fox and given a contract to act in Hollywood. There was a party given to celebrate and during its progress Clark Twelvetrees fell out of the hotel window. Fortunately he landed on top of a parked automobile and thus escaped death, although he was laid up in the hospital for weeks. Helen stuck by him, refusing to leave for California until he was sufficiently recovered to go along. Clark did not take to the movie colony and his return to New York resulted in a separation for good and all. Helen has since become happily married to Jack Woody, who operates a real estate company in Beverly Hills. He accompanied her on her last trip East and visited Brooklyn.



Helen Twelvetrees and her husband, Jack Woody, who operates a real estate company in Beverly Hills.

Hollywood Bandwagon

(*Continued from page 45*)

BABY MENACE: Two more child stars (Dickie Moore, 5, and George Ernest, 9) have been signed up on long-term contracts and the Coogans moved into the palatial El Royale apartments.

In the meantime adult players are rushing to the altar to get child actors of their own, for protection against the black days when they will be crowded out of their own jobs by invading youth.

HOME TALENT VICTORIOUS: "Buddy," Marion Davies' dog, has a splendid dispensation from the Pullman company which allows him to ride in train compartments. But he can't open the windows.

When Marion returned from her European vacation she brought a German dachshund, "Gandhi," to take first place in her heart away from "Buddy." "Buddy" regained her favor, however, when Gandhi playfully tore up one of Marion's best furs.

That makes the sixth foreign importation "Buddy" has routed in six years. A happy note for the home industries.

David ("Working Girls") Mir's mother-in-law is the late Czar's sister. Fifteen years ago if Mir did not treat his wife right she could have condemned him to catch a cold in Siberia.

THAT'S ALWAYS IN SEASON: At the wedding, Lew Ayres and Lola Lane said their honeymoon was going to be a hunting trip, but they came back empty handed. Maybe they were hunting happiness.

YES, BUT WAS THE LETTER TO HER? A letter addressed to "The Original Platinum Blonde," reached Jean Harlow, at Caddo, without delay.

IS THAT THE ANSWER? If you ask Mollie O'Day about marrying Jimmy Dunn she'll only confide: "Jimmy and I were friends when we were little kids."

Jimmy, however, will pound on the table and tell you: "I'm not getting married until I've got a bank account."

A manly answer—but Jimmy has a bank account.

IT'S ALL IN FUN: Townsend Netcher is rumored to be joining Captain Alastair MacIntosh and John Pialoglou as Constance Talmadge's ex-husbands. They are not building a clubhouse.

GENIUS! If a lesser director suddenly found that the squeaks of his shoes annoyed the microphone he would go out and buy a new pair, but not Ernst Lubitsch. When he faced the crisis while filming "The Man I Killed," he simply sat down and took them off. The next day he wore an old pair.

DOUG, JR., MINUS JOAN: Doug Fairbanks, Jr., has been going around a lot without his Joan. She's working, he'll tell you, or maybe, she's studying a role. Yet only a short time ago there was all that talk about how they were going to work together and be constant helpmates.



What will Hollywood do with another Barrymore? Or rather, what will another Barrymore do with Hollywood? John Barrymore Colt, son of the redoubtable Ethel Barrymore Colt, has arrived in the cinema capital to seek his fortune in pictures.

A studio efficiency expert on his death bed, according to Harry Brand, demanded to see an estimate of his funeral cost. With dimming eyes he checked off each item. Finally he okayed it and gasped: "There! Don't dare go a cent over that!"

FOR THE SAKE OF THE LITTLE GIRL: Now that Clarence (director) Brown is one-arm flying with Mona Maris, he has added parachutes to his equipment.

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN: Just like the ex-royalty of Europe, the queens of the screen who revolutions in public interest or other breaks throw upon the streets, turn to honest everyday labor for a living. There's Ella (star 10 years ago) Hall, for instance, selling in Hollywood's most exclusive dress shop. And there are extras waiting in every restaurant.

NOSEY BEAUTY NOTES: Watch out for Kay Johnson's nose. It's been lifted.

And the scar on Eleanor Hunt's nose has been carved out.

RONALD COLMAN IS PREPARED: Ronald Colman isn't saving his money for a rainy (television) day. He's spending it on several hundred acres of wild country beside the Big Sur River, four hundred miles north of Hollywood. The place is full of trout, quail and deer. On second thought it may not be such a bad place to go to for the next depression.

FOUR BREAKS: LeRoy Mason played in "Revenge," married the producer's daughter, Rita Carew, quit pictures for a ranch in Nevada, and found gold in the hills nearby. He does not attribute his success to hard work and early hours.

NO WORK FOR A LADY: Dolores del Rio was not only the star of "The Dove." She also acted as technical advisor to Herbert Brenon on the delicate matter of censoring the enthusiastic swearing of the Mexicans in the fight scenes.

AND "STOKE THE FURNACE": When Richard Barthelmess said through the Los Angeles Fiesta microphone: "Good evening, everyone! Hello Pete!" the second greeting was meant for his wife sitting by the fireside back home. If he had had more nerve he might have added: "Don't forget to fry the eggs on both sides."

LAEMMLE IS STILL IN THE SAME RUT: Carl Laemmle and George Melies, respectively American and French film pioneers, met at the recent French Colonial Exposition. Twenty-five years ago Melies monopolized the film business while Laemmle was the outstanding independent producer trying to break his hold. Today Melies is manufacturing toys in Gare Montparnasse.

YOU CAN'T KID YOUR CUSTOMERS AND KEEP THEM: Sylvia, the girl who massages and tells, hopes her book about the stars, whom she mauled into shape, sells a lot because her "harmless" tales have chased away her customers.

The actual writing was done by James Whittaker, the fast man who beat John Gilbert to the Ina Claire altar by several years, though John caught up to him in the long run.

Eleanor (she writes stories for this magazine) Griffin was out driving when she came upon an author standing by the side of his burning car.

"Here is a fire extinguisher," said Eleanor.

"Go away," said the actor. "This is the first break I've had in two years."

MOVIELAND GOES MANLY: Ronald Colman and the George Fitzmaurices are leaders in the new fad of Sunday afternoon tennis parties. Of course, it's got Guggenheim and anagrams beat, but how long must we wait for some enterprising hostess to give us an afternoon nap party?

Incidentally, Clark Gable's twelve-year-old stepson beats him at tennis all the time.

The Man in the Mirror

(*Continued from page* 52)

toward me. I only know that one evening when one of Hollywood's famous picture premières was scheduled and I had sewed my fingers ragged for days getting prepared for this gala event, Willie suddenly announced he was not going. He could not go to Grauman's Chinese theater where the picture on which he had taken stills was to be shown for the first time. I was awfully disappointed. I had looked forward to going proudly into the lobby with Willie, standing there a while, watching the picture celebrities come in.



How often had I read of this same situation in other women's lives!

Willie said he had to go to a studio meeting. I would never stand in the way of Willie's success. So I put my things back in the closet after supper, got the baby to bed early, and, having some time before engaged a girl to help me around the house, I left little William in her care and sauntered out to Hollywood Boulevard.

Up the boulevard I strolled, gazing into the shop windows at the myriad of lovely things on display. At one housefurnishing shop I stopped, watched a sweet old lady demonstrate vegetable cutters, making mental note to get one of those things next day. Shredded raw vegetables would be good for Willie's diet.

As I neared the Chinese theater the crowds of sidewalk watchers grew dense; I could scarcely make my way through them. Above the colorful lobby a young man in evening clothes kept talking into a loudspeaker microphone, making gay, bantering remarks, as movie stars got out of their cars and walked through the patio of this famous movie palace of Hollywood. I stopped for a moment, feeling suddenly sorry that Willie had missed this auspicious occasion when he too could be with this crowd of smart studio folk. For Willie had made exceptional headway during the months he was at the studio and his friends kept telling me how popular he was on the lot.

It didn't seem fair for me to enjoy this lovely evening without Willie, even if only from the street instead of a choice spot inside the theater as we had planned. Suddenly I heard the radio announcer above call out the name of the star Willie had been photographing. Curious, I wormed my way to the front line of the crowd, stretched my neck, much to the annoyance of every one around me, and saw the beautiful girl get out of her limousine followed by a dapper young man in evening clothes. My eyes followed every move of the girl for a moment; she was exquisitely blonde, gowned in a Parisian creation of black sequins with a jade green fluff of tulle around her lovely white shoulders. And then, something caught at my throat like the grip of icy fingers, for the man who walked so proudly beside her was none other than—my husband.

WILLIE! Willie had lied to me! I could not believe it. I would not. It couldn't be true. Yet there before my eyes was the evidence. I wanted to cry, to run out and take my rightful place by his side. I would have made a fool of myself, of course. So I stood there, rigid, looking at him, then at her, astonished for the moment that any creature so beautiful, so intoxicating in her loveliness as this picture star, could have chosen my Willie for the object of her affection. That he was not her paramour never occurred to me. Hollywood beauties, I knew, appear in public only with men they care for, only with men with whom they are proud to be seen, regardless of gossip.

I don't know exactly how I got home. I staggered off Hollywood Boulevard in a sort of daze. How often had I read of this sort of situation in other women's lives, never believing for a moment that it could possibly happen to me. I went softly to Junior's room and feasted my eyes for a long moment on his towsled, curly head, his soft baby skin, the long lashes which fell in sweeping curves on his pinkish cheeks just like his Daddy's. I studied his developing features for a long while, thrilled as only a (*Please turn to page* 88)

The Family conference— *about the* "pink" on Mother's tooth brush!



PEOPLE *used* to be able to enjoy "pink tooth brush" in peace and quiet! But not *today!* Dental science has found out too much about it! And if the new generation doesn't warn you about it, your dentist is *certain* to.

Why is "pink tooth brush" so common an ailment in this day and age? "Because," says modern science, "to remain sound, the gums need the stimulation which only coarse foods can give them. But modern foods are *soft* foods —and, lacking exercise, gums tend to become touchy. Eventually, they become so tender that they bleed."

"Pink tooth brush" may cause the teeth to lose their sparkle. It all too often leads to serious gum troubles such as gingivitis or Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea. And it *sometimes* endangers apparently sound teeth.

The answer? *Daily massage of the gums.* But even more effective, daily massage of the gums with Ipana Tooth Paste.

Clean your teeth with Ipana. Then put a little bit more on your brush or fingertip and rub it into your gums. Leave the Ipana there. It contains ziratol, and the ziratol will get results better if left on the gums.



Don't Take Chances

Tooth paste is not costly! Skimping on your tooth paste is decidedly poor economy. For a good dentist and a good dentifrice are the most economical things on earth!

You'll like Ipana, first of all, because it *is* a splendid *tooth* paste. It cleans the teeth *thoroughly* without any possibility of the enamel's becoming marred.

Your teeth begin to look whiter almost at once. And it won't be a month before you'll be able to see a decided improvement in your gums. Keep on using Ipana with massage—and they'll be so firm that you won't be troubled with "pink tooth brush!"

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-12
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

© 1931, B-M Co.

..IPANA *Tooth Paste*

The Man in the Mirror

(*Continued from page* 86)

woman in love with her husband can be, that Junior's straight little nose and his firm little chin were the duplicates of those precious curves I'd watched so often on Willie's face during our courtship days in the moonlight back home.

I wanted to cry. Yet strangely I did nothing of the sort. I undressed quietly, got into bed, and pretended I was sleeping soundly when, along about dawn, Willie came softly into the room, looked closely into my face to see if I was asleep, then flung himself into the boudoir chair before the patio window. Willie smoked innumerable cigarettes before retiring.

I might have known it was the beginning of the end. Yet I didn't. I didn't dare think of it. I tried to reason that Willie may have had to change his plans at the last minute, maybe his taking this beauty had been last minute orders from the studio. I was afraid to know, so I never asked Willie about it. I was afraid he would shatter my one hope of illusion by telling me he took her because he wanted to. Strange thing, this woman's intuition. Women know things more clearly, more definitely, just before they happen than men ever can perceive in the process of their logical minds. It's uncanny, I sometimes think, yet one of the strong weapons nature gave to the weaker sex as a means of self defense. I knew that night I had lost Willie to another woman; knew it as if he had come and told me. I think I knew it by the expression of his eyes, by the sad little grin around his mouth next morning when he tried to lie to me about working at the studio. The worst part for me was my trying to pretend I believed him.

Before I had time to decide what to do Willie came to me one day, his face a white mask of suppressed emotion.

"I'd give the world not to have to tell you, Bab," he trembled as he spoke, "but something has happened to me. Something which might seem very terrible to one so conventional as you. But you see, when we married we were kids. I wasn't awakened to the real things of life. What did I know of love or the beauty of an encompassing emotion? What did I know about anything except school and our town and youthful marriage? It was a mistake. And I'm darn sorry—sorrier than I can tell you in words."

The day the baby and I left Hollywood, we taxied over to the Pathe studio in Culver City and stood for a long while outside its innocent looking Colonial front, so reminiscent of all the fine old things of our home yet within those walls lurking so treacherously the web of charm in which my once devoted husband had become entangled.

Somehow, my small son and I got away. I had asked Willie not to see us off at the train; I feared I would break down and repent this move. I wanted to be square above everything else. I think it was my great love for Willie which gave me strength to make this sacrifice for his happiness.

No one knew we were coming home. Somehow I felt ashamed to face my Aunt Susan. So Junior and I trudged alone up the stairs to the little old attic rooms beyond that dear, beloved studio. Silently we got into bed after a light supper of cereal and milk. Next day, I telephoned some of my friends, tried to convince them that Willie had got a good contract and had gone on location with his company while Junior and I had come home to be more comfortable while Daddy was away.

CHARLIE WEBB, the newspaper publisher, was all interest in Willie's contract. He would keep an eye on us while Willie was on location. He was proud of the boy, he told me, only too proud to put that credit line on those excellent photos I had sent back to him from Hollywood. The Webbs owned a chain of newspapers and Charlie Webb was now the millionaire head of it since his father had passed on. Charlie had never married; had always claimed to have a school-day crush on me, and yet I always felt that he was more like a big-brother-confider than a suitor. When I married Willie his attentions had become brotherly, accepting Willie also under his banner of friendship. And that was why, with his fine sense of ethics, Charlie Webb kept his distance at all times.

He had so much to ask me about Hollywood that I accepted his invitation to dine at the country club a few weeks after my return. By this time my spirits were very low; I had not heard a word from Willie. I left Junior with Aunt Susan that evening, glad of the opportunity to get away from myself for just a few hours. That was indeed how the friendship of Charlie Webb and myself began to ripen into an affectionate camaraderie. I was terribly blue for many weeks after my return. I turned to Charlie often to help me, to take me out where there was music, people, gaiety. He was only too happy to respond. We motored to little dining places where there were cool trees and flowers, lakeside resorts where string music blended with the soft harmony of the atmosphere. And it was at such a spot one evening, tucked away on the balcony restaurant overlooking a calm blue lake that I broke down and wept, confessing to Charlie the whole miserabe story of Willie and the blond studio siren. He was the only friend I felt could understand.

His jaw set in a firm line when I finished my story and his dark eyes flashed angrily. But after he had said some terse things about the cruelty of life and its injustice, his face softened into the old expression I used to know long ago.

Days wore on into weeks and months and I never heard one word from Willie. At first he sent me a check for expenses but I returned it to him with no message. Thereafter I discovered he sent the money to Aunt Susan and it was she who bought Junior most of the things the baby required. Willie and I never wrote to each other—not that I didn't want to—but I had promised him his freedom and I wanted to give it to him completely with no strings attached. That had been our bargain.

THEN the inevitable occurred one evening when Charlie Webb and I were driving home from a long Sunday afternoon spent in the country. There was a moon to help, and before I realized it, Charlie Webb had his hand over mine, holding it tenderly and telling me that I was too fine a little woman to have to submit to Willie's neglect. Why not let him arrange a quiet little severance of the bond so that I would be free once again. I was young; my whole life stretched before me to make of it what I could. Charlie confessed that he had always loved me, always would. Why not stop wasting my life? He would adore Junior and see that Willie's son had every advantage money could afford.

When I left him later that night at the studio door we made our plans to meet the following Sunday evening when I would give him my answer. We would meet for dinner at the smartest country club and dine in style—to plight our troth.

That was how I came to go over my wardrobe only to find it pretty inadequate for the dressy dinner place Charlie had chosen. I had plenty of sports clothes but practically no gowns. I did have that green wrap and slippers I'd bought in Hollywood. But my sleeveless chiffon was quite worn. So I carefully lifted my white satin wedding gown from its tissue paper wrappings and held it up for inspection.

I PICKED up my lipstick, touched it to my mouth and brushed a little brilliantine over the soft waves of my brown hair. As I stood there, regarding myself appraisingly in the mirror, a dreadful fear suddenly clutched at my heart. For there, through the mirror, I saw my bedroom door softly swing ajar and a face peer in from the dark hall outside.

Quickly I wheeled. My hand went to my throat. The next moment, with horrified eyes, I beheld the pallid, unshaven face of—Willie.

He stood there, looking at me with his round, childish eyes, not saying a word, not asking forgiveness, not even asking if he might come in.

I rushed over to him and before I knew what I was doing I had him in my arms, crying as if my heart would break, holding him close in my arms, fearful lest this long sought vision might suddenly vanish from my embrace.

"My bride—" I recall Willie breathing softly as he held me close to him. "My own true, honest, wonderful wife. I can't explain, Babs. I only know I am terribly ashamed; I have been mad, living through a nightmare, and I am awake again, awake to everything worthwhile in this simple little town of ours."

I stopped Willie there. For I never wanted to know, never wanted a ghost of memory to ride always between us. Words were unnecessary for my forgiveness. I understood that any of us are apt to lose our reason at times. Willie had lost his through a mad infatuation. And in finding it again we found a new and beautiful happiness—Willie and I and the baby.



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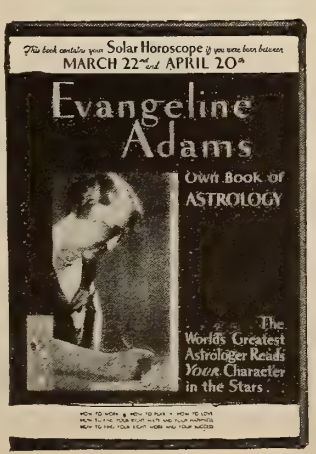
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Help Nature to help you fight colds

The "colds" season is now on. Now, more than ever, it is important to keep "regular." The doctor will tell you that keeping the system thoroughly cleansed is most important in the avoidance of colds.

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Ex-Lax actually checks on each of these points the doctor looks for in a laxative.

That's why leading physicians everywhere prescribe Ex-Lax so frequently.

Ex-Lax tastes like delicious chocolate. Yet, it contains one of the most scientific of all laxatives—phenolphthalein—of the correct quality, in the correct proportion and the correct dose.

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The next time you need a laxative, eat Ex-Lax before you go to bed at night. You'll like its rich, chocolaty flavor. And next morning, you'll like the easy way that Ex-Lax works.

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BOX-OFFICE CRITICS

For Constance Seems Real

Indianapolis, Indiana.

Why do I enjoy a Constance Bennett picture?



Because her appealing wistfulness and her sincere screen portrayals make one feel that he is participating in a drama of life rather than witnessing a supervised production. She can, in a brief moment, make one feel the intolerable injustice of life as well as its overwhelming sweetness.

Katherine Maurine Haaff,
2184 N. Riley Avenue.

Why, Oh, Why?

Spokane, Washington.

I am a great admirer of both Constance Bennett and Norma Shearer, but why, oh, why do they always play the part of a mistress or a woman who falls—even though they fall so gracefully?

The wistful Constance Bennett may be the type that was Born to Love the Easiest Way, but I'd like her better if she wasn't Bought in her pictures—if you know what I mean.

And regardless of the fact that some people believe Strangers May Kiss, I think the majority of us would appreciate the glamorous Norma Shearer more as a virtuous woman and not as a Free Soul or Divorcee treading the primrose path.

B. Schlager,
W. 1913 Fifth Avenue.

We Wonder, Too!

South Bend, Ind.

When a scenario is taken from a popular novel, why is the picture released under a title different from that of the novel, especially when the original title is far more appropriate? In Constance Bennett's latest picture "Bought" (and by the way, one of her best), very little reference was made to the title, "Jackdaws Strut." It bore out the real theme of the story—her constant striving for what she thought were the real things in life—in reality just a mirage. The picture followed Harriet Henry's novel quite closely, so —why not the title?

Eleanor M. Schimmel,
410 West Marion Street.

Why Don't You Read It Out Loud?

New York City.

I like your pictures, but that isn't your fault, because 99 per cent of the stars are good to look at. The rest of your magazine is no good, but that isn't your fault, either. Who wants to read anything about the movies, anyway? They were made to be seen and heard and that's all. Can't you make your magazine a talkie?

J. J. M.

Who'll Hold the Stakes?

San Francisco, Cal.

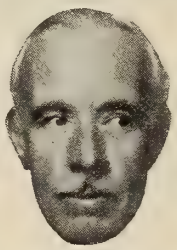
Why don't you give us the truth once in a while, instead of a lot of publicity lies? You say that Charlie Chaplin is so disillusioned he will never marry again. That's a joke. You know as well as I do that his wives were the disillusioned ones. I'll give you odds he marries twice in the next three years.

H. M. Hornswick.

A Brand of Quality

Dallas, Texas.

My family and I wish to offer our praise for the work of that splendid actor, Lewis Stone.



His work is dependable, and whether we know the type of picture or not, if the name "Lewis Stone" appears in the cast we always go if possible. We know it will be well worth time and money spent to watch his screen work.

What is more, in 50 to 1 chances it will be a clean and decent picture—the kind we believe the public really wants.

We would rather have the privilege of shaking the hand of Mr. Stone than anyone in motion pictures.

Mrs. Harrell C. Mason,
4946 Columbia Ave.

But Aren't You Sorry Now?

New Orleans, La.

I for one want to go on record as objecting to the way Peter Anderson talked about my town, Pine Bluffs, in his article on Peggy Shannon. He says mothers used to keep their sons away from her for fear she'd steal them. A lot he knows. We have so many pretty girls in Pine Bluffs that we didn't have a chance to notice Peggy Shannon when she was here. Think that over.

J. M. Murdock.

How About Theda Bara?

Fredericksburg, Va.

I have enjoyed greatly a number of the articles by Mrs. St. Johns and Mr. Smith, written in reminiscent mood, but I have wondered at the conspicuous silence with regard to Theda Bara. I remember her so vividly as she appeared in "Carmen," "The Vixen," "East Lynne" and her other early pictures that I feel sure there must be others who would be interested in the screen's

You have some interesting opinions about motion pictures. Sit down and write them in a letter to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Ave., New York City. If the opinion is published, you will receive a dollar bill.



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first, and perhaps greatest, fleur du mal.

She exerted a tremendous influence on the screen. Consider the many imitators she had—Valeska Suratt, Virginia Pearson, Barbara La Marr, Betty Blythe, Aileen Pringle, and later Pola Negri. Such a following can only be equaled by the ingénue followers of Mary Pickford.

Of course, her technique is ludicrous, in the light of later improvements in make-up, camera technique, plot construction and education of the public's taste—but aren't the early Pickford or Talmadge pictures equally dated?

Lavin Houston,
804 Cornell Street.

Please Page the Censors

Portland, Oregon.

I was anticipating a great pleasure when I went to see "Alexander Hamilton." For who didn't thrill at the prospect of seeing the incomparable Arliss portray Hamilton in some of the great moments of American history? I expected to see the skillful handling and directing and perfect finesse of acting that the preceding Arliss pictures have so charmingly displayed.



Instead, I saw an unimportant circumstance of sordid character reflecting upon the life of the American statesman. If the incident in question was or wasn't true, there was absolutely no reason for bringing it up.

Why should one of America's greatest figures, who has always been revered and honored, be shown up in that nature? I think it's high time for the censors to dig out the dust-covered scrubbing bucket and clean up the movies.

Alice Woodward,
1266 E. Glisan St.

Aw, Go Jump in a Lake!

Seattle, Wash.

You may think you've got a good magazine, but I'd rather see a movie instead. Take a look at your table of contents—"The Talkies and Their Fate," "Read Your Fate in Your Face," "The Pose Pays." What's the matter, have you run out of hot stuff? Not a smash love story in the book except Chaplin's post-mortems with all the dirt taken out.

E. C. Winston,
Pike Street.

I Know What to Expect

Memphis, Tenn.

My thought at present is that our favorite actresses, such as Constance Bennett, Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford, need a change in the type of roles they have played for the last year or so. They are all wonderful and I never miss one of their pictures, but I am beginning to tire of them. The reason for this is that I know exactly what I am going to see before the picture starts. Constance is always bought. Norma Shearer is always a free soul, in other words, do-as-I-please, and Joan Crawford is too modern until some good-looking leading man reforms her. I think my favorite actress now is Barbara Stanwyck because her acting is different in every picture.

Lula Latham,
1338 Carr Avenue.

(*Please turn to page* 92)



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Box-Office Critics

(*Continued from page* 91)

Why the Changes?

Stockton, California.

Why do producers have to change plays and novels when they adapt them for the screen? After seeing the excellent production of "Tom Sawyer," I waited eagerly for the talking picture of Mark Twain's greater story, "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." And what did I see? Not a faithful version of "Huckleberry Finn," but almost a complete misrepresentation of this great work. Many of the episodes were left out entirely and others added that Mark Twain probably would never have put in even if he had thought of them. The King and the Duke, those immortal characters, were only halfway brought out. And Jim, the runaway Negro, to whom Huck is so loyal, was not a runaway Negro at all. To me the spirit of the story was lost.

R. O. Hauerbach,
Route 4, Box 8m.

Teach Him, Maybe He Learns Quickly

St. Paul, Minn.

I just finished "Read Your Fate in Your Face" and I don't think there's anything in it. My boy friend has what Mr. Benton calls "the high-arched, alert, colorful, lover type of eye," but he isn't, as Mr. Benton says he should be, romantic. I've been going out with him for two months and I don't think he knows what a kiss is. All he talks about is the cars he fixes down at the garage. How do you explain that?

J. C. T.

Repeat the Good Films

Cincinnati, Ohio.

I have always thought it would be a good idea to have one theater in each of the larger cities that would show pictures a year or more after their first showing—high grade houses that would pick the good films of other days and present them again. I believe that there are many people who would like to see pictures again just as they like to read favorite books over and over, and I feel sure that such noteworthy pictures as "Beau Geste," "Ben Hur," "Holiday," "The Champion" with Wallie Reid, "Sally" with Colleen Moore (by the way, what has happened to her?), "The Merry Widow" with Mae Murray, and "Flesh and the Devil" with Garbo and Gilbert, as well as a host of others too numerous to mention, would draw crowds of fans to see their favorites again.

H. P. Rechel,
2926 Egger's Place.

Sing, Ramon, Sing!

Monroe, N. C.

Can't something be done for Ramon Novarro? With a talented singing voice like his and no chance to display it in his two latest pictures—it is heartbreaking! We fans are more than disappointed to think that we were deprived of hearing his glorious voice again. When it's singing that we want—we crave none other than NOVARRO! No one else can take his place, either as an actor or a singer. So SING, Ramon, SING!

Lillian Lockhart,
711 S. Hayne St.

Hollywood Scandals

(*Continued from page* 45)

eight weeks in a plaster cast . . . broken hip and two fractured vertebrae . . . thrown from a horse while making "She Wanted a Millionaire" . . . Barbara Stanwyck, replaced her double on a horse for a short shot in "Forbidden" (Capra directing) . . . the horse with its hind legs mired in sand, went over . . . Stanwyck was pinned beneath, both ankles crushed . . . she got up, stumbled into the ocean, swam fifty yards to finish the scene . . . then fainted. . . . I know this happened because I saw it. . . . Fairbanks, Jr., recently visited San Quentin prison. . . "I was surprised," says Doug, Jr., "when several notorious characters offered to give me their autographs . . . nobody asked for mine" . . . Kathlyn Williams now heads a concern that manufactures carpet sweepers . . . sign on Warner studio fence says "Dirt wanted" . . . Wesley Ruggles first met his very young bride, Arlene Judge, in the dining car of a transcontinental train. . . . Lena Malena, diminutive German actress, recently married Wilmer Anderson, Beverly Hills banker . . . and Mary Astor, widow of director Kenneth Hawks, was yanked into court to explain why she had previously answered "No" when asked by lawyer if she was married. . . "I didn't say 'No'", explained Mary. "I said 'Oh!'" . . . she was secretly married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, Hollywood physician last June . . . in Arizona . . . gave her name as Lucille Langhank . . . the doctor cared for her during the shock after Kenneth Hawks' death . . . he went down into the sea while directing from an airplane . . . damage suits aggregating $775,000 were brought by widows of the eleven men killed in the disaster . . . when Joe E. Brown, the man with the hippopotamus mouth, arrived home recently his wife met him at the station with a little gift . . . a new $17,000 automobile. . . . Jimmie Durante stopped to tie his shoestring as he left the Hollywood fights and was set upon by a gang of autograph hounds. . . "Aren't you Al Jolson?" somebody asked. . . "No," snapped Durante, "can't you see I'm only on one knee?" . . .

NEARLY everybody feels sorry for Clara Bow—they believe most of her troubles came of her good heartedness and her carefree trustfulness. One of the ironic flips of fame in pictures is that the good fellows seem to suffer the bitterest misfortunes. A Londoner once told me that Clara Bow was fundamentally the most decent human being he encountered in Hollywood.

Clara will try to come back in "Get the Woman," written for her by Nell Shipman, the actress.

AND incidentally the skeptics who laughed loudest when Pola Negri returned to Hollywood are now permitted to peek at the rushes of her new picture. And the word is being tossed around that Pola will silence everybody who made catty remarks about her looks. She's the Pola of "Passion", according to the jolly old press agents. And they wouldn't fool you—they've never fooled nobody yet.

Wet Cold AND *Dry Heat*

WINTER'S EXTREMES..



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Delicate Complexions

Yet 5 minutes a day with these marvelous Olive Oil preparations quickly restores roughened skins to soft, velvety beauty.

● Bleak winds lashing your face. Snow and rain beating the sensitive tissues. And then, home—to the scorching heat of a hearth fire . . . Of all of the skin's many enemies, these *extremes* of winter life are by far the cruelest.

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Daytime beauty care requires but *three minutes!* . . . First, enliven your skin with OUTDOOR GIRL Skin Freshener. Next use OUTDOOR GIRL Vanishing Cream — the perfect protective and powder base. Now for make-up! Lipstick or Lip and Cheek Rouge for your lips and a light touch of color to your cheeks. Then dust on your favorite shade of OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder. On an oily skin use the *Lightex* blend. Dry Rouge, if you prefer it, should be applied *after* the powder.

For years, dermatologists have recognized the beneficial effects of Olive Oil—its soothing and toning action on the skin. OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder won millions of women because of its olive oil base. Now, by special patented process, this same important ingredient is embodied in a complete assortment of the finest cosmetics.

So inexpensive too!

No excessive outlay necessary! You can purchase generous introductory packages for as low as 10c and more economical sizes from 25c to $1.00 at leading chain, drug and department stores. If you want to sample 3 of the most popular OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products, *send 4c in stamps for generous trial packages of the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream and the two Face Powders.* Crystal Laboratories, 132 Willis Avenue, New York.



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A delightful experience awaits you. The *new* Maybelline is so easy to apply—it goes on so evenly—it adds so much beauty, brilliance and expression to the eyes. *Instantly*, it will make your lashes appear *naturally* dark, long and luxuriant. Non-smarting, and perfectly tear-proof.

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Linda

(*Continued from page 6*)

wealth and at least temporary fame by out-high-hatting everyone else, such depreciation of one's own talents and abilities is considered a felony at least.

Aside from this handicap (for it *is* a handicap, and one that inevitably brings about misunderstandings), Linda is a real person. Her bubbling humor on and off the set, her friendliness with everyone from supervisor to property boy, and her dramatic talents have won the approbation of those most haughty critics, the men who make up the "juice gang."

For, be it known, studio electricians are the world's toughest audiences. They shudder not at the tantrums of the highest-priced stars; neither do they unbend before the flatteries of the misguided. If you are "regular," they like you; if not, it's just too bad—and their judgment, ninety-nine times out of a hundred is correct. To say that Linda meets their full approval is to put the seal of success on her in the eyes of filmdom.

Her behavior during the escape scene in "Sob Sister," for example, indicates why the juicers labeled her a regular. As the fans will recall, Linda, bound hand and foot, is tossed into the kidnapers' secret room, where she persuades little Dickie Moore to burn away her lashings with a candle flame. The director intended to "cheat" this and have the flame barely touch the cord for a moment, but Dickie, in his youthful enthusiasm, thought otherwise.

When the scene was made, the boy jubilantly thrust the flame well up against the cord—and also against Linda's wrists—and held it there for several seconds, until the lashing began to blaze. Most actresses in such a predicament would have emitted an undignified yelp and spoiled the scene, with a hurry-call for a doctor and several days' recuperation to follow. But not Linda.

Biting her lips, she writhed silently and stood the pain while Santell nodded approvingly at what he thought was a fine bit of histrionics, and the cameras ground on. Finally he called "Cut." An assistant sauntered forward to unfasten the cord. When he saw her blistered wrists he gasped and shouted for a doctor and nurse, but Linda would have none of them.

"Just pour on something," she protested. "There are a lot of other scenes to take yet."

It was three weeks before the ugly scars began to disappear, but there was never a complaint from Linda. That's one reason why the title of her second picture, "Good Sport," seems so appropriate, although she would become delightfully embarrassed if anyone told her so.

Another thing that makes her human on the set is her continual hunger. Blessed with a constitution that enables her to eat anything any time without having to worry about her figure, and taking a natural advantage of this fact to enjoy her meals with an un-Hollywoodian gusto, she keeps accurate track of the time. Some directors, in their absorption, have been known to forget all about the lunch hour—but not when Linda's around.

Many of Linda's apparent inconsistencies are explained by her background. Born in Boston into a distinguished family which includes such notables as Professor Albert A. Michelson and Lord Brougham, her parents moved to New York when she was only a month old. There she early developed an ambition to become an actress, but her family thought otherwise. To some conservative persons, there still lurks a flavor of immorality about the stage. So it was decided that she would choose some other field.

Obediently, she enrolled in Teachers College and prepared herself to be a schoolmarm. Just try to visualize the cool and brilliant Linda of today, instructing a group of youngsters in their ABC's. Try it.

Linda couldn't quite see it either, and finally won the family's reluctant consent to enter the Theatre Guild school, from which have come so many of our leading thespians. Here her talents flared. The instructors, recognizing her genius, pushed her ahead and brought her to the attention of Arthur Hopkins, who gave her her first role in "The Devil In the Cheese."

Her performance was so notable that it won her the featured part in Hopkins' "The Ivory Door," and her Broadway future seemed assured. But with the calmness that characterizes her every decision, Linda made up her mind that she needed a more varied experience.

Accordingly she quitted New York with astonishing suddenness and joined the Hartman stock company in Columbus, Ohio. After a season of this she accepted the offer of a Shubert representative and took a featured role in "Trapped" on the Chicago stage. Next she played a season of Ibsen revivals with Blanche Yurka and then returned triumphantly to New York to win the critics' enthusiasm with her work in "Sweet Stranger" and "Midnight," following this with her sensational playing of the leading role in "June Moon."

This in turn led to a Fox screen test, and when the test gave the expected results, they signed her on the dotted line. A week later Linda was on her way to Hollywood and, according to all indications, a commanding position in the film arena.

Soon after her arrival, studio officials nominated her without a dissenting vote as one of the three Fox debutante stars for the coming year. This was taking something of a chance, for the other two nominees, Conchita Montenegro and Helen Mack, had had extensive screen experience while Linda had only had her camera test.

Their selection was justified, however, by the interest the public took in the heroine of "Sob Sister" and "Good Sport." Now it seems fairly evident that this slender blond youngster, scarcely out of her 'teens, with her fascinating smile and her wide, expressive eyes that are blue when she's happy and gray when she's not, is destined to cast aside her debutante coronet for the crown of full-fledged stardom at an early date.

And when that happens, it will be interesting to learn Linda's own reactions. One thing is certain—they will be unexpected, for that's her way.

Scrambled Reviews

(*Continued from page 47*)

Susan. So he lures her into a canoe.

Canoe? There was no canoe in "Susan Lenox (Her Fall and Rise)." I could take my oath on that. I think I know a canoe when I see one, and there was no canoe. There was a yacht along toward the last of the Susan picture, but no canoe. Wait! Let me think! Why, come to think, there wasn't even any *mill* in that Garbo picture. . . . Oh, I have it now. I was thinking of "An American Tragedy." Garbo wasn't in that at all. It was Theodore Dreiser who was in that.

Sometimes I think I have the worst memory in the world. It gets so embarrassing at times. I'm so bad I have to tie a string around my thumb to remember to go to work and you should see the mess of strings that's collected on that thumb.

LET'S start again and proceed more carefully, avoiding pitfalls. Let us assume that Greta Garbo was in "Susan Lenox, (Her Fall and Rise)." Now we've at least got *that* settled. Oh, I've got the plot of it now. It all comes back to me. It's as plain as the nose on your face (By the way, don't miss Jimmy Durante in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, Her Rise and Fall").

In this picture (Susan, not Durante) Garbo plays the part of an interior decorator who once killed a man somewhere down in the Caribbeans and wants to get a new start and live down her Past. So she becomes an interior decorator. In the Caribbeans she has met and fallen in love with Fredric March.

Wait a minute! Fredric March? Fredric March? *He* was not in that Garbo picture. I'm mistaken, I think. That other fellow was in the Garbo picture. His name's on the tip of my tongue. If I could only see a picture of him, I could tell in a minute. Anyhow, it wasn't Fredric March, and it wasn't June Walker, and it wasn't January Beery. March was in the picture with that other girl. You yodel her name. Oh, Tallulah.

What's that fellow's name, the fellow in Garbo's picture. . . . It's on the roof of my mouth. Wait! *Roof!* I HAVE IT!!! Roof—Gable. Clark Gable. That's the fellow. Leading man for Garbo in "Susan Lenox (Her Fall and Rise)." He's an engineer. A-ha, you see. "You can fool some of the Sullivans all of the time and all of the Sullivans some of the time, but you can't fool all of the Sullivans all of the time." (From Greta Garbo's Gettysburg Address).

Garbo plays the part of a little Swede girl. She falls in love with the engineer. There is a misunderstanding. They part in anger. He goes his way; she goes her way. They meet again, and there is another misunderstanding. She goes her way. He goes his way. They meet again. Another misunderstanding. He, his. She, hers. They meet again. They smooth things out. She goes his way. He goes her way. Kiss!

Now, where did I leave my spectacles? Oh! On my forehead all the time.

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WILL SAVE YOU MONEY AND EMBARRASSMENT!



1 Lotus Sanitary Napkins are manufactured under the most sanitary conditions.

2 Lotus Sanitary Napkin has the highest absorbent qualities.

3 Lotus Sanitary Napkins are instantly disposable.

4 Due to unusual softness of our Cellulose—Lotus Sanitary Napkins are non-chafing and deodorant.

5 With the oval ends—Lotus Sanitary Napkins are close-fitting, comfortable and cool.

6 Because of our large volume, we are able to produce this high quality Sanitary Napkin to sell 6 for 10c.

The modern woman demands that a sanitary protection must be inconspicuous as well as adequate. Lotus combines both of these requirements perfectly, and in addition Lotus is the most economical sanitary protection you can buy.

Lotus Sanitary Napkins are manufactured under the most sanitary conditions, insuring utmost protection to you. Because of finest materials, Lotus is non-chafing. The oval-shaped ends make it close-fitting and inconspicuous. Lotus is easily disposable, too. No other sanitary protection offers so much comfort at so low a price.

6 LOTUS SANITARY NAPKINS *for* 10c *15c in the far West and Canada*



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Giant 10¢ tube gives More and Better *shaves*

The new-formula Lavender Shaving Cream combines greater economy with greater shaving satisfaction. Its microscopic-bubble lather softens the beard more completely and in less time than any other. The bristles come off as easily as the lather itself, offering so little dulling resistance that you get 1 to 3 more shaves to the blade.

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SHAVING CREAM

10¢

Sold Exclusively at
F. W. WOOLWORTH COMPANY
5c and 10c Stores

50¢ Quality
50¢ Quantity



Richard Dix, one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, and Winifred Coe, the girl for whom he relinquished his life of single blessedness. The couple were married in Yuma, Arizona, on October 20th, and returned immediately to Hollywood, as Mr. Dix had to return to work in "The Lost Squadron."

They're Funny That Way

(*Continued from page* 10)

Marx Brothers, wanting a break, offered their services for two weeks free to show what they could do for the show.

That two-week engagement blossomed into a two-year run. "The Thrill Girl", renamed "I'll Say She Is", opened at the now defunct Casino Theater on Broadway and the dramatic critics discovered the Marx boys—after eighteen years.

Incidentally the man who wrote their first show is the same person who wrote their latest picture. His name is Will B. Johnstone.

Three of the four clowns are married. Chico is married to Betty Carb, not of the profession, and has a daughter, Maxine, age thirteen. Groucho is married to Ruth Johnstone and has two children, a boy, Arthur, age ten, and a girl, Miriam, age four.

Zeppo is married to a former chorine, Marion Benda. She played a small bit in the Eddie Cantor picture, "Palmy Days."

Harpo, the unmarried one, has been on the verge eight times. With eight different girls.

THEY are a strange crew, these Marx men, and they are apt to do 'most anything. A feature article could be written on their practical jokes alone. Last Summer, for example, Harpo returned from Europe several weeks sooner than he was expected. He phoned Groucho and asked, "Is pop in town?" On being told that he was, Harpo said "Have him at your house tonight. Don't let him know I'm in town. I want to surprise him."

Groucho phoned pop. "Do you remember anyone called Sol Berger?"

"Sure, I remember Berger," answered the father. "Many the pinochle game I had with him. I haven't seen him for fifteen years."

"Well," went on Groucho, "he's going to be at my house tonight. Come over and see him."

Harpo arrived at Groucho's house an hour before his father did. When pop arrived Groucho called Harpo from the living room and said, "Pop, here's your old friend, Sol Berger."

Pop walked over to him. "Hello, Sol," he said. "I haven't seen you for fifteen years. Do you know you look a lot like my son Harpo?"

Harpo learned to finger the harp himself. After he had been playing the instrument for about five years he decided to take lessons. After several lessons he realized that he was showing his instructor a few tricks on the harp. He stopped his lessons then, for he was paying ten dollars to teach the professor how to play.

Chico will bet on almost anything. Merely say to him that it's a nice day and he'll whip back with, "I'll bet you."

Harpo is a friend of George Bernard Shaw. They met a year ago when Harpo was staying in London. The first time Harpo met Shaw he was absolutely nude. Harpo was in swimming, raw, and stepped out of the lake to shake hands with the distinguished playwright. Mrs. Shaw, luckily, had waited at the house.

The four of them like to have the soles of their feet tickled. Say, after all, they're entitled to have a few laughs, too.

Cheerful Little Airfulls

(*Continued from page* 58)

who will sadly tell you that that is no lie.

Toscha Seidel, on the other hand, dotes on juicy watermelon. He has eaten desserts all over the world and believes that people who eat sweets sleep better. Maybe that is why slim girls see so much more of life than their stouter sisters.

Kathryn (Girl o' Yesterday) **Parsons** is not the old-fashioned girl she seems on the air. She likes to tinker with the engine of her car and just loves to change tires. What a wife to have. A back-seat driver in a thousand!

The biggest man, all around, in radio is Hendrik de Vries. Three hundred pounds of six and a half feet and he wastes it all on a piccolo.

Glances at the Stars: Hint to disappointed sopranos: Since six-year-old Baby Rose Marie had her tonsils removed, she is singing a key and a half higher. . . . Max (Evening in Paris) Smolen can change his collar in thirty seconds and does. . . . Coon-Sanders led the first orchestra to broadcast in this country. . . . Willard Robison, the orchestra leader, says: "I like daisy fields more than pretty women." Yes, but what does he ask the daisies? . . . Ten of Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians were born in Canada, but none of the Clicquot Club Eskimos came from the North. . . . Abe Lyman has been using the same cymbals, pedals, tom-toms and drumsticks for twenty-three years. They are a present from his brother. . . . Morton Downey's birth came as a surprise. The stork called while his mother was visiting out of town. . . . He sings thirty-two songs a day. . . . The Sisters of the Skillet, ¼-ton displacement, like their girls around a hundred pounds. . . . Max Warnow ties his hair down to keep it from getting in his eyes while he conducts. . . . Eddie Cantor's increased activity on the air is the greatest threat to Will Rogers' chances for the Presidential nomination in '32. . . . They call Crosby "Bing" because when he was three years old he used to run around town all day shooting imaginary Indians. . . . Arthur (Street Singer) Tracy actually sang on streets when he was ten years old to raise money for buying new songs. . . . It is almost impossible for the Interwoven boy, Ernie Hare, alias one-half of the Happiness Boys, to forget his wedding anniversary, March 15th, because that day is also his birthday, his partner's birthday, and the last day for paying his income tax.

A Chat with My Correspondents:

Kate: The heaviest radio smoker is probably Ben Bernie, who burns twenty long cigars a day.

K. M.: The guest stars on Walter Winchell's broadcast are really guests. They are not paid.

Bob: The Ballew who sold you that lot in 1924 may be the orchestra Smith Ballew. He was a real estate salesman in those days.

Red: No, at the time of writing this, Russ Columbo is not married.



Glorify Your Hair

RESTORE sparkle and lustre to your hair. Give it glorious color tone, with a soft, glamorous radiance. Let it have the shimmering loveliness of youth, vibrant and verile . . with a sheen of silky softness and a color charm of entrancing naturalness.

Simply use ColoRinse in the after shampoo wash. It is neither a dye or a bleach, but a harmless vegetable compound that can be used as often as you please. There are twelve shades to choose from . . all natural tints. Faded, dull, sun-bleached hair becomes glorious again with ColoRinse.

Combination Hot Oil Treatment and Shampoo

Put new vitality, new health and vigor in your hair. Use this Nestle Combination Hot Oil Treatment and Shampoo to revitalize and nourish the hair. It stops falling hair, removes dandruff and cleanses the scalp. Free from soap or alkali, it makes the ideal shampoo.

SuperSet

Lengthen the life of every finger or water wave with SuperSet. Make it more lovely, more subtle, more glamorous. It is greaseless, fast drying, and free from any sediment or deposit.

These Nestle specialties are available in 10c sizes at all 5 and 10 cent stores. Large sizes at your beauty parlor. The Nestle-Le Mur Co., New York City.



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CHRISTMAS?
Of course!

Fresh new garters for the whole family. Milford Garters—because they're more comfortable, more economical, longer wearing.

FOR MEN The exclusive Rotary Grip gives real garter ease. No pulling—no binding. A real boon to every active man, and a present that he will continue to appreciate. 10¢ each garter.

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GARTERS
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

10c
EACH GARTER
15c IN CANADA

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO
5 AND 10 CENT STORE

The Six Worst Pictures

(*Continued from page 27*)

booted out, in order that at least some of the more reasonable phases of life, character, humor, drama and tragedy might have a chance. As it is now, and as it was in the jaz period so recently ended, the crook, the fool and the waster have dominated all. Sex has been marketed until all sense of its real value or force has gone. Not only that, but it is consistently used to bolster up and put over wholly mistaken conceptions of life which can only do harm to all. Thus, in any movie, when characters get in a jam, anything happens—the most asinine, the most improbable. In other words, it matters not how society really functions. Hollywood shrugs its shoulders and, in "Bad Girl," for instance, introduces a philanthropic doctor who, out of the goodness of his heart, not only brings the baby to moneyless and reckless parents, but contributes a good sum of money to help the pair along! Miraculous, but as life socially worthless, and, worse, betraying to the mind of the dub who thinks something like that will break for him.

EVEN a picture which might have some social value because it is supposed to be based on history is often weakened sadly by Hollywood boomers who dabble in it. Take, for an example, "Alexander Hamilton." The movie surely does not give the impression that Hamilton was an aristocrat; in fact, it tries subtly to dispel that idea. Yet, in fact, Hamilton did not believe in the people or the Constitution. Rather, he considered that monarchy was best, but that at least the opinions of the property-holding class were always better for the poor people. More, he subtly strove in every way to bring to nothing the dreams of the idealists of his day. But is that in the movie? Tush! Be still!

The facts about Hamilton are that at the time when the ex-soldiers of the war for American independence were going about carrying rolls of Colonial promises to pay—instead of money—uncollectable scrip from every State from Maine to Georgia, the bright thought came to some bankers of the time that it would be well for the new American Congress to assume all the soldier wage debts of all the colonies and pay them—but not until most of them had been bought in by said bankers and money grafters of the day at ten cents on the dollar. If you don't believe this, read a documented work entitled "The History of Great American Fortunes," by Gustavus Myers. And once it was reasonably all in, the bill was passed, and the soldiers properly bilked, as is meet and right in all such cases.

But in this movie, we have Hamilton as your ideal hero, honest, kind and true. And his grand bill is passed—at the end, of course. And not only that, but he is greeted and vindicated by Washington himself, who at the time the public is down on Hamilton for his affair with the beauty other than his wife, arrives and amid the roll of drums, the sympathy and tears of Hamilton's wife, and the admiring faces of his fellow statesmen, tells of his gratitude to and his confidence and faith in him, whereupon Hamilton utters the words somewhere historically accredited to him: "The passage of this bill will bring wide prosperity, a prosperity far beyond present vision." Yet that bill and quite all the movie stuff about it at the end was all a fake.

The Assumption Bill which this was supposed to be, was passed in 1790. Hamilton's other great bill on the National Bank was made a law in 1791. The end of the picture occurred in 1793.

But why not a true Hamilton? He was a picturesque figure, although his being for business interests may or may not be on your political side. Yet he was strong, a fighter. Dictatorial, impatient, debonair and seductive, he believed in the mind of the rich man. And concerning all of his ideas surrounding this conception, he believed in himself. In reality, Hamilton was fifty times as strong a figure in real life, as he was in the movies. Yet, Hollywood had to make him sweet.

In "A Free Soul," the human relationship between Norma Shearer and her father, Lionel Barrymore, was decidedly strained. Yet how improbable their bargain that he, an inveterate drinker, would give up liquor, if she would leave her racketeer lover. Yet the bargain, made and tried for two or three months, on a mountain camping trip, failed.

But in so many other respects, I find these motion pictures encourage false ideals and ideas about life. In "Bought," a society woman invited Constance Bennett, working in a doctor's office, to a ball, making up the fact that her father was a general in the Indian Army. Well, society just doesn't do those things, no matter how prince charmingly Hollywood arranges it.

In "The Road to Singapore" are two gross examples encouraging false ideals. Instead of helping her husband, the doctor so much interested in new things coming up every day, his wife chose to scorn his profession and to leave him, a talented person, because he didn't bother with all the social frills in which she was interested. Yet a million to one he never married such a woman—not in real life.

IN the end of this movie, the doctor was made out to be a great weakling, because his wife's lover, William Powell, strutted around debonairly in front of the doctor's pointed revolver and told him to shoot, which he did not. The doctor's hand crumpled and relaxed over the weapon. Powell went off as a hero; the doctor as a coward. But how socially devastating as well as untrue thus to portray that committing murder or bluffing concerning it, and in such a cause, is strong and heroic—to paint the really decent man as a fool and a coward, and the waster as a hero. Good God! No brains, no nothing.

But to talk to Hollywood of mental or social leadership or understanding or truth in any field is hopeless. For that, as it sees it, would not pay. It is hokum that the public wants and hokum it shall have as long as the "long green" can thereby be inveigled into the Hollywood cash-box. Yet I do not charge them with no honor, no decency, no aesthetic taste or pride. They would not know what I was talking about.

Hollywood Frolics

(*Continued from page* 63)

beach pajama suit, cut V-shape in the front and quite a deep V-shape in the back. The pajamas were of silk crepe, white with black figures running through it.

Betty Compson also wore beach pajamas of heavy white silk with a light blue coat. Marie Prevost 'phoned at nine o'clock explaining she would be late as she was working until midnight. She arrived at one a. m. in her make-up, brown felt sport hat and full-length leather coat she is wearing in her picture. Also with a sigh for having missed some of the fun.

Card tables were set up in the drawing room of the Hyland home and the buffet supper was placed on a long rectangular serving table across from them. The guests stormed the table and loaded plates and for some minutes there was almost silence as the food disappeared in satisfying quantities.

Immediately after the supper, the bride-to-be was marched to a large comfy arm chair by the fire. The girls formed a circle around her, some sitting tailor fashion on the floor, others kneeling, and still others standing by and wandering off to return again. Arlene unwrapped each present most meticulously and Sally Eilers commandeered the wrapping paper, heaping it to one side. Leila Hyams and Mrs. Hyland saw to it that after each present was opened the giver's card was replaced.

Mrs. Bert Wheeler gave Arlene a beautiful satin nightdress, shoulders of hand-made lace. "And I adore satin," Arlene raved. Edna Murphy brought a lovely perfume bottle (filled!). Leila Hyams gave a charming box of cold cream and powders. Sally Eilers, a beautiful brown bag. Brown being one of her favorite colors, Arlene said the bag would leave the city with Mrs. Ruggles.

Toward the wee-small hours the husbands of the married "those" at the party arrived from Wesley's stag affair and took their wives home. Considering which, Hollywood may not be as wild as rumor might lead one to suspect.

GLORIA SWANSON'S parties are the kind everyone would like to attend. But few are bidden. One of these exclusive parties was given recently to honor Clifton Webb, well known English actor, who has been the house guest of Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., during his California visit. Those invited to this very formal dinner at Gloria's beautiful home in Beverly Hills were: Lois Wilson, Mrs. Dudley Field Malone, Joan and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Jack Gilbert, Edmund Goulding, Mr. and Mrs. John Robertson and Michael Farmer. Following the dinner the guests gathered on the spacious lawn in the rear of the house where they were entertained by Japanese experts in the art of jiu-jitsu. A five-piece string orchestra furnished dance music and Gloria, at the request of her guests, sang the song she sings in her new picture, "Tonight or Never."

Another of Stewart Robertson's amusing yarns of Hollywood will appear in an early issue of NEW MOVIE.

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FILL out the coupon below, mail it in, and you will receive a free package of La France—enough for one large wash.

La France cuts washing time in half. Quickly and thoroughly this washday blessing soaks away the grease and dirt in your clothes.

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Free sample of Satina, too—for easier ironing

With the sample of La France we'll send you a sample of Satina. Satina makes your iron fairly glide over the clothes. It gives an exquisite finish, and keeps clothes clean longer. Add Satina to boiling starch, and starch clothes as usual.

Your grocer sells La France and Satina. Both are products of General Foods Corporation.

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Never buy powder that is not marked STERILIZED

"Thank goodness for Laco — a sterilized baby powder at last." So exclaim thousands of mothers when they hear the good news. No more danger for babies from germ-ridden powders!

Laco is safe for your baby because it positively cannot contain germs. It has been heat treated in the sealed can at 235° F. for 6 hours.

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Laco Sterilized Baby Powder . . . Laco Castile Soap . . . Laco Castile Shampoo. At all 10 cent toilet goods counters. A generous supply in each 10¢ package.

LOCKWOOD BRACKETT CO.
NEW YORK BOSTON

I Don't Want to Be a Lady

(*Continued from page* 29)

shoulder she has spied Robert Montgomery.

"Why, sweetheart, where have you been?" cries Lupe, and off she goes, with love still trembling on Ramon's lips. He sighs, and I eagerly snatch Lupe's left-over.

So Bob hears about the sinking spells, too. Bob can be quite beautiful about sinking spells. He seems to be the one and only man in the world for Lupe until the gate policeman hoves in sight.

By this time I'm pretty well flummoxed. I am forming one of those haughty "Pardon me, but . . ." sentences, when Lupe turns a ravishing glance my way. It's only the end of one intended for the cop, but I, too, smile fatuously.

So she chucks her fur at me, followed by her gloves and is at last seated.

"Me, I am not interviewed. I just talk, you understand," beams Lupe. "I must be myself. I must be free. It was terrible when Gary and I were so much in love with each other. He wanted to boss me. Ugh, I hate young men. They are so conceited. Lupe must do this. Lupe must not do that."

And within a couple of days this exuberant and compelling, affectionate little wild-cat had slipped off to New York with, of all people, Jack Gilbert!

One could understand at that how Jack might be yearning for a definite change of venue. His first bride, Olivia Burwell, was evidently reasonably mild. His second, Leatrice Joy, was distinctly dramatic with a yen for drama in the home. His third wife, Ina Claire, had that dangerous combination of dignity and humor. Lupe would form a completely drastic change, and, if she could be persuaded to concentrate all her "darlings" on Jack, it might prove a hot tonic.

Likewise there is no record that Lupe kissed all the reporters in New York.

Instead, she was as nearly demure as a Lupe can ever be. Was she engaged to Jack Gilbert?

"I refuse to answer. I admire him very much, but I won't say whether I am going to marry him or not. Why should I put Mr. Gilbert" (Now, do mark that "Mr."!) "in an embarrassing position by saying we are going to get married and then the next day we decide not to marry?"

Thus is Lupe reported to have replied.

"I change my mind. So does he," she concluded, which, for all its discretion, is a bit incriminating. Now, isn't it?

AFTER that "When Gary Cooper and I were so very much in love . . ." opening, I tried to get Lupe back on the subject.

"Will you do me a leetle favor? Do you love me? Am I your pet? Very well, then, please, please never mention that young man's name to me again," was Lupe's seeming fervent answer, followed by another tirade against "young men". "Marriage, never!" she announced emotionally.

Methought, at the time, that the lady was apt to protest too much. No doubt about it, the Gary episode has left a permanent scar. There were rumors that Gary's family opposed the marriage. This would be a blow to Lupe's vanity and would account for that tempestuous insistence that "Lupe must be free, free, free." It's one of the things that every woman understands.

"I flirt, I kiss, I do what I like, but no man shall boss me. I shall never marry," she repeats, yet that last sentence never rings true. There is just the wee-est suspicion of hesitancy on that "never."

During the filming of "The Cuban," Lupe lavished her darlings on Lawrence Tibbett.

"I want you should know he is the sweetest man," asserts Lupe as though some one were denying it. "Such a gentleman. So kind. So unselfish. He taught me to laugh so it didn't sound like a foghorn, so."

Here Lupe startled the company by giving us a raucous foghorn laugh.

"He placed his hand upon my diaphragm, so," confided Lupe, acting it for us. It seemed a little intimate. "So now I laugh like this," and out comes a musical trill for which Lawrence must receive due encomium. Incidentally, Lupe got out the word "diaphragm" with cautious exactitude, after she had begun to say "stom . . ."

A few more pictures with Lawrence, and Lupe will be a lady.

Of course, Hollywood was the natural Mecca for such as Lupe. Her first role of any significance was with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Gaucho."

When talking pictures came in, it was confidently expected that she would go the way of many foreign actresses. But somehow Lupe stayed and this has been an exceptionally successful year for her, with "Resurrection," "The Squaw Man," "The Cuban," and so on.

She didn't like "Resurrection" so well, but she adored her role as Naturich in "The Squaw Man."

"In that, me, I am like my leetle dog that died. I loved that leetle dog so when I am Naturich I try to be like him. Then I get mad about my babee . . . that is a fine scene, don't you think?"

Probably no girl has ever worked so hard at being vivacious as Lupe. It should be dreadfully exhausting, but outside of those sinking spells, which she blames entirely on too speedy dieting, Lupe's vivacity seems inexhaustible. It's amusing, entertaining—in brief spells. But if she keeps it up all the time at home as well, I can see where no sister of Lupe's ever has a chance to shine.

She will speak of her sense of humor. But it isn't humor. It's energy, laughter, noise, excitement, even merriment, but humor calls for a little subtlety and, minus a director, Lupe is not subtle.

She seems to feel the need of constant motion. Quietude, she feels, means that things need speeding up. Still, as a successful charmer of men, Lupe must have her soft moments. Perhaps it isn't quite nice of us to ponder on these.

In the meantime she is described as the girl who makes old men young—and young men old.

How old do you suppose Jack Gilbert is?

Music of the Sound Screen

(*Continued from page 67*)

you'll like this one, too. Parker Gibbs sings the vocal refrain. This is a Victor record.

BERT LOWN contributes the next one, "Blues in My Heart." Bert certainly sells this one, and the band clicks in great shape. The trumpet and trombone work in this number couldn't be better and Elmer Feldkamp tears the vocal chorus off in great style.

The other side by the High Hatters is "Sugar." The best part of this is the vocal by Chick Bullock. This is a Victor record.

Now we hear from a boy who may be a newcomer to a bunch of folks. Benny Goodman is his name and he and his orchestra play "Help Yourself to Happiness" from the New Ziegfeld "Follies." Benny is quite well known among musicians and has played a sax with the best bands in the country, so his own band should be pretty good. Benny and the boys do a noble job on this number and, unless I miss my guess, you can hear Benny playing his old clarinet along towards the end. This also has a vocal refrain.

The other side, also by Benny Goodman and his orchestra, is "Not That I Care" from the show "Free for All." I don't think so much of the tune, but the orchestra is O.K. This is a Columbia record.

"Now That You're Gone," played for you by Ted Black and his orchestra, is next in line and I know you'll like it. This boy, Black, is turning out some dandy records, and I haven't heard a punk number by him yet. This is a peach and the band leaves nothing to be desired. This has a vocal refrain also.

The other side, also by the same outfit, "If I Didn't Have You," is done in just as good style. Hear this record, as I can vouch for it. This is a Victor record.

"Love Letters in the Sand" is next and this time it's a vocal. Gene Austin is the artist, and I'm sure he needs no introduction. This is a beautiful tune and, combined with Gene's voice, makes a delightful vocal record.

The other side, also by Gene Austin, is Walter Donaldson's new hit, "Blue Kentucky Moon," and there is no reason why you shouldn't like this, either. This is a Victor record.

"Singin' the Blues," from the show "Singin' the Blues," is next, played for us by the High Hatters. Somehow or other, I can't get worked up over this band, and I don't care much for the tune, either. The other side, also by the High Hatters, is from the same show, "It's the Darnedest Thing." This is a Victor record.

The Victor people have a novelty here for you, "Knute Rockne Talks to His Team" and that's just what it is. If you are interested in football at all, you will enjoy this recording.

The other side is a march by the Notre Dame University band, and strangely enough, it's called "The Notre Dame Victory March." This is a Victor record.

Herb Howe writes only for NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

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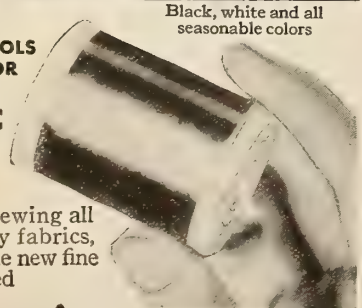
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DEXTER YARNS—"BEST SINCE 1820"

Fleeting Glimpses of Flicker Figures

(*Continued from page* 53)

mask. He joins in the senseless chorus, but it's all a pose, thanks be. His comedy is low—as low as his origins—and that's the Charlie we love to laugh at. I grin at the Rabelaisian touch of coarseness in his art. He is the superb slapstick buffoon, and all the intellectuals, and arty-artists, and high-hat personages can't take that human something from him.

Who cares whether or not he is knighted? Bosh! Let him get into his big shoes, and black derby, and baggy pants and do his stuff. Success and vast wealth have dimmed the real street gamin, and when the stray hobo goes for good Charlie will be done forever.

Give me the Charlie who trips and slides drunkenly over polished floors, who hunts for cigar butts while driving a Rolls-Royce, who is always kicked out by "nice people," who shies at cops, who survives by his wits, and who never makes the girl of his dreams. To Hell with Hamlet and Napoleon!

EVERY man who has seen the one and only Garbo has pictured himself in central character in a strictly private, flaming drama, with Greta limp in his arms. She has moved millions to dreams of conquest. She has in her long bones the furtive stealth of the leopard. She has qualified as the world's perfect instrument of love and intrigue. That is her appeal, and it is deathless.

Garbo is too beautiful to be "good." Being that way, the world prefers her to be "bad." Sex will always be in style, even though reformers man the ramparts, and Garbo, the feline personification of the tender emotions, will continue to kindle lazy imaginations and stir quiet pulses, even though her legs look like large baseball bats. Garbo is ruler of passion in her own right. La Garbo can do no wrong. She is the world's mistress. No fan ever dreams of marrying Garbo. No, it is always an affair, nothing less. Long live the queen!

I FIRST surrendered to Marlene because she reminded me so vividly and poignantly of the admirable, unmatchable Jeanne Eagels. I, like so many others, was still in mourning over the loss of that volcanic, dynamic cross between a cyclone and a clap of thunder. I'll never forget her. Marlene's face won me, that broad, clear, magnificent head and face that sent my blood surging. When I was told to admire her legs instead, I was puzzled. They hadn't impressed me.

I still don't think they are so very beautiful. But in this I take a broad, generous position. Even ordinary legs have their appeal for my taste. There is a crystal coldness in her that frightens one, and yet it seems to be a mask over a warm, passionate woman who has lived, and felt, and groped, and perhaps suffered. She is yet to prove her art, because Hollywood is reluctant about giving her a story that might bring out her powers. We know it is there, and we tireless moviegoers have learned to be patient. But there is a limit to patience. Marlene and Greta have done one splendid thing for the movies—they have driven out the simpering, doll-like, pretty-pretty girlies.

CONSTANCE BENNETT always impresses me with her brittle, surface cleverness. Shrewdness is written all over her. Knowing the language of the box-office, she is out for her killing, and already the game is in her bag. Each film is a rewrite of the one that went before—always the woman who went "wrong," who made the "fatal misstep," the "bad one" who meant to "go straight." It's smeared on thick, and the women bolt it down and yowl for more.

Every half-way attractive woman who has had her affair, or hopes to have it, looks to her for justification and verification. As an actress she always gets over, and she is by no means without ability. She does her job in a simple, direct way that hints at something akin to a full set of brains. In addition, her tussle with Gloria Swanson, and the subsequent kidnaping of the Marquis, haven't hurt her with the vast body of moviegoers.

There having been no "mess," the affair was taken quite approvingly. Which ought to mean something to a student of mob psychology. I always like to see her; I don't care for what she appears in; I'm never enthusiastic, and yet, there she stands and you can't budge her. It's nice to have such a person around.

VOLTAIRE fought his enemies with a smile. Chevalier, perhaps the better-known Frenchman of the two, also smiles, but only in the sacred cause of love. Voltaire smiled as he thought—and he surely knew how to think hard. Chevalier has never been known to furrow his handsome brow in the attempt to think. Other Frenchmen might conquer with a sword or a philosophy, but Chevalier set himself to capture women's hearts, and he knew a smile would go farther than the Encyclopedia of a Diderot, the artistry of a De Maupassant, or the human wisdom of a Montaigne.

Chevalier won. And in doing this he brought American men a lesson. Until the advent of Chevalierism, American men approached sex with a grin or a hypocritical frown. Traveling men grinned. Puritans frowned. But sex went on just the same. Then came Chevalier's smile, and all was illumined for millions who don't agree with the Puritans who consider sex "nasty" or with the gutter rowdies who look on it with a smirk and consider it a subject for smutty jokes. Chevalier's smile did this. Yes, the smile is mightier than both the pen and the sword. This charming Frenchman has brought to love qualities of laughter, ease, poise and—a smile!

Ted Cook, Hollywood's most famous humorist, is now a regular contributor to New Movie Magazine. Don't fail to make the rounds of the studios with Mr. Cook every month.



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TOWER BOOKS
INCORPORATED
55 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Constance Bennett's Week's Diet

(*Continued from page* 66)

THURSDAY
Breakfast
Sliced Bananas and Cream
Jam Muffins Coffee
Lunch
Spanish Omelette Cold Roast Beef
Heads of Lettuce French Dressing
Floating Island Pudding Coffee
Dinner
Vegetable Soup
Roast Pork and Apple Sauce
Potatoes Au Gratin
Broccoli with Hollandaise Sauce
Peach Mousse Coffee

FRIDAY
Breakfast
Stewed Apricots Buttered Toast
Coffee
Lunch
Cheese Souffle Vegetable Salad
Apple Tarts Coffee
Dinner
Creamed Mushrooms on Toast
Baked Swordfish Tartar Sauce
Spanish Rice
Artichokes Vinaigrette
Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee

SATURDAY
Breakfast
Baked Apples with Cream
Corn Muffins Coffee
Lunch
Meat Loaf Baked Noodles
Stewed Tomatoes
Sliced Peaches Cookies Coffee
Dinner
Creamed Asparagus Soup
Roast Duck Chestnut Dressing
Souffle Potatoes String Beans
Endive Salad with Sliced Oranges
Vanilla Mousse Maple Nut Sauce
Coffee

NEXT month — inimitable Elsie Janis joins the star contributors to NEW MOVIE with the engaging story of how she "discovered" Maurice Chevalier. Don't miss this!



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Send ( ) pairs of WOELFEL'S MEDICATED INSOLES, size ( ) ( ) ( ), for which I enclose ( ) cents at the special introductory price of 35c per pair.
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Thank Modern Science for this safe, pleasant, easy way to lose ugly fat—simply take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast. Many women hasten results by going a little lighter on potatoes, fatty meats and pastries.

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FEDERAL SCHOOL OF COMMERCIAL DESIGNING
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Gary Cooper's Jilting Co-Ed

(*Continued from page* 65)

spent in wild and riotous cowboy coups and Indian dances. He had from the first shown a great interest in college dramatics and when the try-outs were held for the annual spring show, Gary was among the first who trod the boards. But alas for his theatrical ambitions, Paramount's future star was judged inadequately trained for the exigencies of a real show and was given a job with the stage crew!

Of course, he was disappointed and hurt, as only youth can be hurt. And it was only the encouragement and faith of his young sweetheart that gave him the courage to go on.

Fortunately, as it turned out, he had also indicated that he might be able to design some of the sets. He was allowed to show what he could do and as a result his posters and settings won great applause and glory for their creator. A year later his posters for Booth Tarkington's "Mister Antonio" were adjudged the best of all submitted. There was an immediate demand for more of this sophomore's work.

But Gary was growing weary of college. He wanted to get out in the world and get a job, so that he and his sweetheart could be married.

In June, 1924, when he left Grinnell, it was with the decision not to return the following term. His sweetheart promised to wait for him and they planned to be married in about a year. For surely in a year, Gary would be making quite a nice salary and could support a wife.

He found work as a newspaper cartoonist in Helena and save for one visit to Grinnell to see his sweetheart when she was ill, their courtship was confined to daily correspondence. When the end of the year rolled around Gary found that his salary had not grown by the leaps and bounds that he had expected. He was still not exactly in a position to promise to cherish and protect a girl. . . .

Thus it was that his sweetheart wrote him and suggested that he try his fortunes in California, which seemed to offer unlimited opportunities to the young and eager—both of which he was.

Acting on this advice he descended upon Hollywood. But work in an advertising agency was not immediately forthcoming and it was then that he turned to the movies for sustenance.

There was always a demand in the studios for men who could ride, and Gary soon became known among casting directors as the hardest-riding cowboy of them all.

The rest is screen history!

FIRST came a part in "The Winning of Barbara Worth." Which, by the way, is spoken of in Hollywood as Samuel Goldwyn's only mistake. For this well-known Columbus of talent failed to sign Mr. Cooper on the famous dotted line and Paramount gave one look at his work in that picture and tendered him a long-term contract.

But during all these months of struggle, when food and shelter were of necessity Gary's main concern, his college sweetheart grew tired of waiting for him and one day he received an announcement of her marriage to another man.

But even with his early inspiration gone Gary's ambition had taken definite form. He was determined to remain in pictures and succeed in them!

His first part for Paramount was a bit in "Wings" and after that there was no more doubt of his future. Stardom was just around the corner.

The next few years saw Gary justify his early promise. In each succeeding picture his work showed a marked improvement and it was not long before he was rated among one of the biggest box-office stars in pictures. His name was known all over the world. He was universally admired and adored!

Thus it was that in 1929, when Grinnell University was celebrating its diamond jubilee with the opening of an elaborate new trans-continental airport, the president of the college invited its most distinguished alumnus to preside at the dedication ceremonies.

When President Main introduced Gary at this, the most important event in the entire history of the college, his words were simple and sincere.

"THIS is Gary Cooper, a Grinnell student of whom all of us are proud. He is a man who has contributed greatly to our joy of living."

And Gary, the same rather shy unaffected boy who had come to Grinnell so short a time before, unheralded and unsung, rose and faced the largest audience that had ever assembled to pay a visitor homage. Virtually the entire population was there, headed by the governor of the state, the mayor of the city and the president of the college.

And without pose or pretense, he said simply:

"I had better get the load off my mind quickly. I am not a speech-maker, never have been and I'm not so constituted. I would like to say how I feel about coming back to Grinnell. I've had many thrills and pleasures in the last few years—but never any more wonderful than the last twenty-four hours while I have been speeding toward the college where I spent my hard-earned dimes and nickels and got a little education on the side."

News-reel cameras clicked—reporters crowded about—students swarmed around him requesting autographs—fellow alumni pressed close to wring his hand!

Quite a different reception from that which he had received seven years before when he arrived at Grinnell for the first time! And in back of all the splendor, all the happiness of reunion, moved the shadowy vision of the slim blonde girl who had indirectly been responsible for it all.

The Mystery of Eugene O'Brien. After ten years of silence, Norma Talmadge's former screen lover tells why he left Hollywood. In February NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE.

Jim Tully Dissects Garbo

(*Continued from page 37*)

say it is a pose. I don't think so. I think she is naturally cynical and contemptuous, a thing the Swedish workers who came to her barbership sensed about her.

ONE class says that the girl deliberately set out to make Stiller fall in love with her in order to win his influence on her behalf. I don't think so. And I haven't come to my opinion without knowing and studying Greta Garbo.

I think she was attracted to him because he represented, in the first place, the world into which she was trying to break, and in the second place, because of his grotesque difference from all other men. She was a timid, slim, gawky creature then. He was the big master. However, there is no doubt about Stiller. He fell in love with the awkward, serious-minded and stubbornly hopeful girl. Fell in love with her as a woman and as a potentially great actress.

Louis B. Mayer of Metro-Goldwyn saw some of Stiller's work and imported him to this country. Mayer saw the girl, Garbo, and didn't think anything about her except that she had to come with Stiller the same as one of his trunks. Film magnates are accustomed to that sort of thing.

In the Hollywood circumstance the Swedish director who was a czar at home was only a new experiment. He talked in favor of the girl he'd brought along and the studio officials listened politely. They are accustomed to hearing directors talk in favor of young women. They listen and promise and forget.

Now you may begin to see the inside of Garbo.

She saw the direction the wind was blowing. She might have picked out another director, though Hollywood directors who amount to anything are cagey. She turned to an actor instead. And she chose the actor, the same as Stiller had chosen her. One who had in him potential greatness. She chose Gilbert. And calmly walked away from Stiller, who still was refusing to do great work unless they promoted Garbo too.

Stiller went back home, broken. Garbo was busy at something or other and didn't have time to go to the station and see him off.

GILBERT was instrumental in getting the girl cast in "The Torrent." Louis B. Mayer, viewing "The Torrent" in the studio projection room, looked twice at this girl, Garbo, and then had the film run over many times. From there on new cinema history began.

Other pictures followed with Gilbert. He got an eight thousand-dollar-a-week contract and Garbo got one for ten thousand dollars. People began to notice Garbo. Watch her. Study her. She made up her mind she had to be different and *was* different. But her greatest decision, while her success was being born, was really to fall in love with Stiller—whom she had let go off with a broken heart. She threw Gilbert over and settled down to dramatize the memory of a love. At a dinner one night, in full view of a crowded dining room, she caught the hand of the man sitting across the table from her and kissed it. She didn't know the man, and he was astonished. She left the table in tears, not explaining.

The man's hand was a big, beefy hand. People began to compare notes and reminiscences and it was recalled that Stiller's hand was big and beefy.

Stiller died in Sweden of a broken Garbo-torn heart. She'd kissed a hand in Hollywood that looked like his, but she hadn't written him a love letter.

Because she still is the peasant, Garbo is petulant and stubborn. She is utterly indifferent to anyone who gives her a lift upward. She has no sense of humor. She is sincerely surprised by people who ask more about herself than about her work. Opinions are, of course, divided. Some of these, which can't be published, are not complimentary. I don't believe them. She is, of course, utterly selfish. It is a pose to ignore publicity which is the very essence of her success. Ignoring it she gets it. No one is allowed on her set when she is working. She is discourteous to reporters, but reads what they say every morning.

Now, then, we must be fair to the woman. She has a quality of courage that is true. More than cynical indifference. When "Anna Christie" was being cast wise ones told her that Marie Dressler would steal the picture from her. She faced the camera with an intrepid heart. No other woman on earth or in Ireland could have held her own in that picture against the wisest old trouper ever born, Marie Dressler. The Swedish peasant did it with the unconcern and power of a primitive animal.

It is said she is too lazy to open either her mouth or her eyes. That is wrong. The girl is a tempest under control. Some say she is only "lucky." That is scandal. She is a great, a very great artist.

SHE is neither jealous nor envious, any more than afraid. They brought a new importation from Europe, a girl who was touted as a "new and better Garbo."

Garbo went on. She was utterly indifferent to this new and widely publicized find. When the newcomer failed and was going back home Garbo sent her one of her rarely autographed photographs. "From your true friend."

In "Susan Lenox," her last production, the film is opened by the appearance of a shadow on a wall. You recognize Garbo, about to appear. The shadow brings out all of her physical imperfections. Rounded shoulders, flat chest. She is no more seductive in this shadow than the policeman at the crossing.

Then she comes full into the picture.

Gone is the pitiful life-whipped woman of the shadow. In her place is Garbo of all the allure, bringing desire into the world.

The throwing of such a shadow of a lesser woman would have been the year's great film blunder. With Garbo it was different.

Someone has said that no man or woman is greater than his or her shadow.

Garbo is far greater than hers.

The Garbo we know, and the Garbo that counts, is less than a woman but —she is an actress.

She is 22 with her Gloves ON



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THE GEO. H. NOWLAND CO.
Cincinnati, Ohio



Lovely Hands ..... the Inexpensive Way

Surly to Rise

(*Continued from page* 62)

the sequences, both wearing a lackluster mien in place of the sprightliness the characters required.

"For the hundredth time," ordered Mr. Blaydes to the glassy Llewellyn, "don't peer around like that to see if the blonde in the second row got the line. There isn't any second row. Don't open your mouth before you're ready to talk—we'll take it for granted you've got teeth. And never let me catch you going through the motions of lighting a cigarette; that's the first refuge of a cheap actor. Now, once again, everybody."

"Doesn't he do *anything* correctly?" seethed Miss Carlisle at the end of the scene.

"There's one thing he's good at," said the director, "and that's keeping you out till all hours. Will you never learn that you can't be sun dodgers out here?"

"Why don't you admit you dislike me? Didn't you say I wasn't a great actress and was ugly and—oh, I don't know what!"

"I never said you weren't lovely. I couldn't."

"Well," said Coral, slightly mollified, "I won't be that way very long if I have to keep dieting. This stay-at-120 rule is starving me, but on the stage I was 130 without looking the least bit plump."

"I agree with you there," said Mr. Blaydes, suddenly unbending. "I have nothing to do with the weight limit, but I've often thought that if you had a few pounds more you'd be even more desi—ah, presentable." He felt his professional manner slipping, and in desperation he fixed his face on the ceiling.

"And if I lost my self control and turned lose on maple eclairs," the star went on, "I'd be 135 before you knew it."

THE warm light of compassion glowed in Eric's eyes as he spun around and gazed for the first time on Miss Carlisle as though she were human. "Maple eclairs," he echoed. "You mean those long, fat, bulging ones at the Stuffit Inn? Why, I eat three or four every day! What if you do go to 135—isn't that just a little more loveliness for a man to hug?"

Mr. Blaydes melted and remained in that condition for a fortnight. For the first two or three days he tried to tell himself that his interest was merely professional; he talked seriously on the technique that leads to talkie success while Miss Carlisle listened docilely and then countered with a few exhibitions that made him realize he had something to learn about the art of osculation. So Mr. Blaydes, marveling at the change in her, became a willing pupil.

By the end of the third week he decided to drop a few hints regarding the clammy embrace of a Swedish steam but before he could summon sufficient courage a frenzied command from Mr. McTurque brought both star and director scurrying into his presence. They found the vice-president frothing behind his desk, all pretense vanished, and he produced such a gesture of condemnation that Mr. Blaydes could not help but admire it.

"You!" bawled Rufus, his stubby finger shaking at Miss Carlisle. "You've done it again, but for the last time, my second hand sorceress."

"Another bloomer?" asked Eric anxiously.

"I'll say, but I absolve you from all blame. What that woman needs is a firm hand, preferably around her throat, but the trouble is to get rid of the body. All the reports complain of her sulkiness and sneering way of acting, and I've stood it for the last time."

"You're going to buy off my contract?" inquired Coral, wondering why the prospect of such a thing failed to arouse her delight.

"I may descend to that later, but what I'm going to do is throw you into a nice, juicy gangster drama. You, the never-had-a-chance Tenement Tessie, wearing a ninety-eight cent gingham *all through the picture.* How's that for revenge, hey? The sullener you are the better I'll like it, see, and if you don't scowl good enough, I'll make you get up at six bells."

"You weasel!"

EVEN before "When Graveyards Yawn" was completed it was apparent that it most decidedly would not have the same effect upon its audiences. Surrounded by a company of gifted pluguglies who barked their lines with monosyllabic viciousness, the disgruntled Coral at last found herself in the mood for picture making.

With the recording of the last retake, Mr. Blaydes became a different man. "Thank heaven that's over," he chuckled, his eyes caressing the limp and languid Coral. "And now let's be natural again and start off with a drive to Laguna."

"I'm nobody's part time playmate," flashed the star.

"But you know that if I let my heart rule my head I can't do justice to the picture—*your* picture," protested Eric.

"Mr. Mordaunt is very sympathetic."

"He ought to be. That three picture option we had on him won't be taken up, as he's shown nothing as a picture type. He's going back east after your next epic."

"And I might go with him," lied Coral, anxious to wound her admirer, and when she saw the panicky light in his eyes she felt rewarded. She passed an uneventful holiday in which Llewellyn had no part, eating and sleeping to excess, and adorning some of the tribal teas and garden parties that never seemed able to occur beyond the range of a photographer. And just about the time she was considering surrender, Eric's voice came cheerily through the telephone.

"GREAT news!" he shouted. "San Francisco reports that your work in 'Graveyards' is a masterpiece. They call it a marvelous portrayal of frustration, and I don't want a single bit of credit. Rufus is hurrying plans for the local premiere, and he'll be calling you back to work soon, but I wanted to be the first to tell you. You're over at last, d-darling, and I'm more than proud of you!"

Miss Carlisle thanked him tremulously, invited him to lunch the following day, and then indulged in the comfort of a good salty cry. Suddenly she mopped her eyes and sat up very

Surly to Rise

straight. He had called her darling! With this benediction fully realized, she cried a little more, and after singing "By My Side" considerably off key in the needle shower, she tumbled into bed at the unheard-of hour of eleven, and slept the clock around.

"You look marvelous," breathed Mr. Blaydes at a lawn luncheon next day. "You *are* marvelous. I'll have to break my rule during the next picture, honey, because I'll be asking you to marry me all the way through it."

"There's my career, you know," said Coral, half-heartedly. "Oh, I'm so happy now, Eric; I won't come to work in a bad temper any more, I promise you. I've discovered that it wasn't only the early hours that irritated me, because deep down I was worried over not being a success with the public. I *want* to make pictures now, so ask me to marry you this time next year. You needn't be afraid of the answer."

"Fair enough," smiled the director, "and now you'd better hurry with your dessert for I see Rufus in the offing."

Indeed, Mr. McTurque's visage resembled a harvest moon as he scuttled across the grass. "Here comes your doctor, baby," he burbled. "Here comes the guy who knows what's best for you, and congratulations on having followed my prescription. Am I intuitive? Am I a psychologist? Say, I haven't smiled like this in years."

"Neither have I," cooed Coral happily. "You're really quite a magician."

"I've suspected it for some time, sweetheart, and now what do I pull out of the hat but a swell, creepy haunted house melodrama all ready."

Miss Carlisle dieted with increasing reluctance for the next seven days, but reported for work such a vivid sparkling bit of enticement that Eric could scarcely restrain his proposal. And then, during the third afternoon of an enjoyable production, in catapulted the purple faced McTurque, flourishing a handful of telegrams.

"It's all off!" he panted. "Stop recording, Eric, and tell everybody they'll be paid for a full week, anyhow. Phew, am I a wreck! Between these wires and shouting over long distance I haven't had time to eat. You two follow me!"

He led the way to the deserted studio cafeteria, scooped up a bowl of soup, and collapsed at a corner table while star and director gazed at him uneasily.

"You go into that mystery drama as soon as possible," he gasped at length. "No arguments, now, with all this dynamite under my nose."

"But I don't understand," said Coral. "We're doing marvelously with 'Three's Allowed'—it's so true to society life, and everything."

"Life!" yelled Rufus wildly. "You don't know the half of it! Here's life, sweetheart, in this bunch of reaction from the head office in New York and half the principal exhibitors in the country, when they read my advance publicity. They won't have you any way but sullen, seeing that when you're in that mood you bring in the shekels. And that's life in the movies, dolling, for when you make a reputation in one role you'll have to continue it the rest of your days."

"Too devilish true," said Mr. Blaydes sadly. "Only one or two girls have ever been able to break down the barrier, and you——"

"And I can't do it," smiled Coral.

"That's a good girl," approved Mr. McTurque relievedly. "So now we'll put you into the swamps and——"

"But I can't do that, either. You see, Rufus, Eric has made me see that I'm not really a great actress because I depend too much on moods. I'm wide awake all the time now—and I've discovered that love is something bigger than the highlight of the third act. I couldn't be gloomy if I tried."

"IT'S either be sulky or kiss your career goodbye. But listen" said Rufus piteously, "I can't stand that love stuff on top of all this other grief. If I'm licked, I'm licked, but also I'm starving—go get me some roast pork and applesauce, if you love me."

Coral patted his shoulder, obediently drifted over to the counter and commenced shoving a tray along the shining metal track before she relaized that Mr. Blaydes' arm was firmly around her waist. On they went, past ripe olives, figs and radishes, past crisp, inviting hearts of lettuce, and then the director spoke with just the right shading of sympathy.

"Hollywood wants something you can't give it, honey."

"I suppose I'll *have* to try, somehow. It's my career that's vanishing." The avocadoes and artichokes were now in view.

"And what's a career exactly? You've been a ninety per cent success—do you want to hang on and on, like some of the legit stars, ending with character parts of loose women who are always tight?"

"No-o-o-, but I don't want to give up."

"Neither do I," breathed Mr. Blaydes, as the roast pork was passed unheeded, "and I'm sure of what I want. It's you. Will you marry me tomorrow?"

"You really want a failure?" asked Coral.

"I WANT a wife who weighs 135 pounds, and not an ounce less—oh, I'll see that you have enough tennis and swimming to keep from getting flabby. I want you happy and alive and singing—and you can't be like that if you insist on a career."

"I'm weakening," said Miss Carlisle gaily. "It's terribly hard to be practical when you look at me like that, but I love it."

"Very well," said Eric determinedly, as they reached the empire of jellies, "I'll be practical for you. It's a queer place to be proposing in, but I can offer you two homes, three cars, all my heart, and I've got a five year contract." Suddenly he backed her against the rail and kissed her fervently. "More than that," he said with delight, "I can give you—well, turn around!"

Coral obeyed, and her eyes fell upon a heap of eclairs dripping with a heavy, lustrous coating of maple. To her hungry gaze they appeared to be half as large as railroad ties, and she knew that each was crammed to bursting with a rich and flavory cream that lay like velvet on an overdieted palate.

"All you want of them," whispered the tempter. "Don't you see how perfect it is, both of us liking the same things?"



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KEEP YOUR CHILDREN'S KNEES COVERED

Says Walter Winchell

(*Continued from page* 35)

the Scotchman who imitated Rudy Vallee, but wouldn't use a megaphone because it was too expensive.

Instead, he starched his lips!

Fay King, the renowned cartoonist, was once a critic, you know. When she served a Denver newspaper.

That is, Miss King substituted for the regular critic one night and Miss King took the job to heart.

She covered a vaudeville show which featured a well-known movie actor who offered an obscene sketch and off-color lines.

Miss King raced back to her desk and wrote a sour writeup about the actor. It was a forceful report and she gave the actor a piece of her mind.

After the matinee the next day he stormed into the office and demanded to see the editor. The editor asked him in and the movie actor went into a rage. "I'll break your neck," he yelled, "unless you have that critic retract!"

When the editor calmed the fellow and dismissed him, he sent for Fay. "Listen," sarcastically said the editor, "review 'em, my dear—don't try to reform 'em."

Gloria Swanson has a pepigram to offer. She observes that relatives are people who wonder how you contrive to keep on fooling the world.

It was at a premiere performance of a $2 movie on Broadway. The star, who suffered from Big-Head, attended, of course!

She watched the tardy comers take their time ankling down the aisles.

"It is sad," she grumbled to her companion, "to see people walking in after things have started."

To which a flippant critic sitting behind her interrupted:

"It is sadder, my dear, when a performance has started—to see them walking out!"

"What sort of a rôle has he in his latest movie?"

"A very emotional one. All the way through it—he has to refuse a drink!"

Give some scenario writers a bright line and they write ten reels around it!

"Do you think it is true what they say about that movie chatter writer in Hollywood?"

"What are they saying?"

"That while she was entering a theater she was hissed."

"Oh, I don't know. She probably was talking about herself and didn't even hear it!"

The height of being friendless on Broadway or in Hollywood is to be broke—and look like it.

How the Stars Keep Slim and Trim

(*Continued from page* 80)

The first exercise is to bend the arm so that the fingers touch the shoulder, then bring the arm down in a curve to the side. The second is to hold the elbow stiff and swing the arms from the shoulder in a three-foot circle. Rapid motion is essential for this. Next strike the arm with the outer edge of the hand in staccato strokes from wrist to shoulder concentrating on the spots that indicate future or present plumpness.

Maybe we aren't and never could be movie stars but we can come close to the movie figure by following their exercise rules.

My ears are unusually large and stand way out from my head. I'm 17 years old. Is there anything I can do about it?

M. A., Denver.

Nothing can be done to make your ears smaller, but strapping them close to your head some years ago might have flattened them and may still help a little since you are still young. Strap them up at night for a month or two and see if it helps. There is an operation performed for the same effect but it should only be done by an expert—and it is expensive and of course involves pain and time for recovery. But there is really no reason for you to be upset about them. Hair styles are so varied. If your hair is bobbed—you didn't say in your letter—let it grow long enough so you can dress it over your ears.

What can I do with straight and stringy hair that won't keep a finger-wave and frizzes all up with a marcel. I don't look good with it straight.

A. G., Cleveland, Ohio.

Why don't you try a permanent wave? If you don't like the marceled look to your hair ask the operator for a soft large wave when you get your permanent and be careful to have it set loosely. Or if for any reason you don't want a permanent, next time you have your hair waved ask for a steam marcel—that is have your hair marceled while it is still damp. The effect will be much closer to a finger wave than an ordinary marcel—and the wave will stay in longer, too.

My face gets red blotches on it every once in a while that are annoying and disfiguring. They go away in a few hours or a day or two at the most, but I wonder if there is anything I can do about it or if I can use anything to cover it up.

Alice, Jamaica, Long Island.

My only advice would be to consult a physician immediately. Covering it up would only be doing the ostrich act when your health may be at stake. A physician can determine the causes and tell you just what to do after examination.

A Child of the Theater

(*Continued from page 79*)

in it. "It was like a fever in his blood, and he was a long time recovering."

FROM the time she was eight years old Helen appeared on the stage as a child actress. She must have been good, because she appeared in five successive Arthur Hopkins productions.

Three years later came "Richard III," and she played with Lionel Barrymore in "Macbeth."

"I was then twelve years old and in first year High School, attending a school for children of the theater, a few doors from the Plymouth, where we were rehearsing 'Macbeth'. My cue came just before algebra class. I was excused daily to go and, of course, I could hardly bear it. What causes algebra, anyway? Naturally, I was up to my ears in arithmetic trouble in practically no time. My teacher excused me with the understanding that I was to do the problems at home. One day in a stage corner, Mr. Barrymore stumbled across me, moaning over the x-minuses.

"After that, he did every one of those ghastly problems for me and it was solely through his heroic effort that I ever achieved second year High at all. . . ."

Then followed a number of highly dramatic successes in New York, playing increasingly important roles.

SHE was selected for the girl in "Daddy Long-Legs," a revival of that play which had its first great success with Ruth Chatterton. Then "Penrod and Sam." Later she did Hedwig in "The Wild Duck," a tremendous dramatic undertaking for a child of her years. Followed "First Flight," a play by Lawrence Stallings, "The Constant Nymph," and Ophelia in the modern dress "Hamlet" with Basil Sydney. Then three performances with the Theatre Guild, in "Faust," "The Silver Cord" and "Mr. Pim Passes By."

After which she played a part in the mysterious "Silent House." It was in this production that Tod Browning saw her on the opening night and immediately went about securing her services for "Dracula," which he was going to direct for Universal.

And Helen came to Hollywood.

"In 'Dracula,' I played one of those bewildered little girls who go around pale, hollow eyed and anguished, wondering about things . . . I was. Wondering about when I could get to a hospital and part with a rampant appendix without holding up the picture . . . I finally had my appendix out between 'Dracula' and 'Daybreak' (for M-G-M) and felt so much better that I'd love a whole lot of nourishing tea right this minute. How do you feel?"

So we went out in the kitchen where Helen shooed the cook away and whipped up a perfectly swell tea.

THE *pièce de résistance* consisited of grated cheese and white of egg, beaten furiously. The ingredients were then mingled and shaped into small round balls about the size of a fried scallop, then dropped into deep hot grease where they make an awful fuss for a minute, like a fuse blowing out. They are rescued when a golden brown. It is a lovely dish.

Helen found the recipe in one of her seven cook books. She adores making them because its very entertaining, and sometimes edible, too, if you're lucky and they work. She was and they did. (But it takes practice, I found out. Too much cheese and you have a rarebit, too much egg and it's a cheese omelet.)

OVER our completed tea, I discovered that Helen likes pictures but does not find them in any way comparable with the stage.

"The technique is so different that when people ask me which I like best I am completely stopped. I enjoy both, but it's like trying to decide whether you prefer beefsteak or ocean liners. I enjoy each of them, in their respective place. . . ."

She enjoys Hollywood but finds California climate monotonous, she goes to the beach every day she can get away. She loves green (it looks heavenly on her), she prefers nightdresses to pajamas, wrote several published character sketches when in school, is devoted to three alley cats that were left on her doorstep, reads enormously, possesses a roving foot but feels you must remain in one place to accomplish things, and has done nine pictures in a year free-lancing.

SHE intends to go back to New York this Winter to do "Romeo and Juliet" for a producer who has long cherished the dream of doing this play with two extremely young people who can act Shakespearean roles. I cannot imagine a more perfect choice for Juliet than Helen Chandler.

She gives her opinions unhesitantly, with the swift assurance of youth.

Looking at her, lost in the corner of a mammoth green Chesterfield, hair flung back carelessly, eyes shining, you would guess she wasn't a minute over sixteen.

Talking with her, she occasionally staggers you with a seasoned philosophy and maturity of judgment.

She wants to go on playing the widely diverse roles that she has had in Hollywood, aspiring not to be stamped as a definite character with a neat little bag of personal tricks, anticipated by her audience. "It would be an awful fate, for instance, to go around being a pale little girl in a trance with her arms outstretched as in 'Dracula,' all the rest of my screen career."

She wonders, however, if it is wise, and if people will remember her from one picture to the other if she is so different in each one.

With her youthful background of the best experience the American theater can afford, it is not surprising that Helen Chandler moves from one picture to another with scarcely a pause.

Among the pictures in which Helen Chandler has appeared are: "The Sky Hawk," "Rough Romance," "Mother's Boy," "Outward Bound," "Mothers Cry," "Salute," "Dracula," "The Last Flight," "Heart and Hand" and "Daybreak."

In "Salute," "The Last Flight," and "Heart and Hand" she has been the only girl in the cast.

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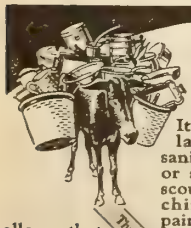


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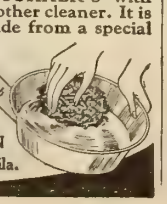
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A Hollywood Innocent Abroad

(*Continued from page* 55)

we have Ivan Lebedeff, Russian; Maureen O'Sullivan, Irish; Paul Lukas, Hungarian; Georges Metaxa, Roumanian; Leslie Howard, English; Lily Damita, French.

While Canada donated Norma Shearer and Mary Pickford, Mexico Ramon Novarro, Lupe Velez and Dolores Del Rio.

Hollywood is the real melting pot, doing more than the League of Nations to make people forget nationalism.

BLONDES went platinum just before the world slipped off the gold standard.

Smart financiers, our blondes.

PEARL WHITE, the animal tamer of old serial days, is now Cleopatra's successor in Egypt. "Engaged," it is said, to the richest of Cairo cheops. I saw her in Ciro's at lunch. She looked like the answer to where did all the money lost in Wall Street go?

THE best bet among foreign stars is Lilian Harvey.

An English actress of little distinction, she studied German, went to Berlin and made a name with UFA. Then acquired French and starred in films here. Her next step will probably be Hollywood. To me she looks like just another blonde who had seen too much of Garbo. But, then, Garbo didn't look like much in the foreign films. Say what we will against Hollywood, there's wizardry in her old magic lamps.

THE favorites of Europe are the favorites of America pretty much: Chaplin, Garbo, Lloyd, Chevalier, Will Rogers, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, Mickey Mouse.

One notable exception is Jeanette MacDonald. She's a far greater sensation here than in *Etats Unis*. You have to hand it to the French. They know their art. And their wimmin.

A TORTOISE named Peter died at Capetown at the age of 216, admitting that he was thirty-nine.

GARRET GRAHAM, co-author of "Queer People," is among the expatriates in Paris, being virtually banished from Hollywood because of *lèse majesté*.

Those who resent the book most are not the actors who were characterized, but the writers. And the writers who are the most indignant are those who take the greatest license in mauling others. Mr. Graham attributes the chief opposition to one spite scrivener. Howard Hughes has been unable to picturize the story because he can't get players to appear in it. They do not object to it themselves, but they fear the columnists who do. English producers are eager to do it. They'd like to take a crack at the Hollywood provincials who oppose foreign productions and players. It is all quite understandable. I daresay no one would like to be reproduced so faithfully that he could recognize himself. Not even Mr. Graham.

STROLLING the grand boulevardes I saw the face of Valentino at every kiosk. It formed the cover of *Pour-Vous*, the leading French pictorial. There were reminiscences of him by Beltran-Masses who painted his portrait. Señor Beltran-Masses has Rudie's dog, which has green eyes exactly like, he says, those of Pola Negri. The artist did Pola's portrait too. She refused to pay for it because she alleged he painted a ghostly likeness of Rudie in the background. Señor B-M replied that Pola ordered the ghost. Paris papers seethed with the controversy for quite a time.

Pour-Vous commemorated the fifth anniversary of Valentino's death. In London the Valentino Association held a memorial in Westminister cathedral and took tea in the Valentino children's ward which it endowed in the Italian hospital.

Valentino appears to be the first immortal of the movies.

OVER champagne cocktails at the Ritz bar Jack Campbell of the New York *Herald* and I hit upon the reason for Constance Bennett's quick rise in Hollywood.

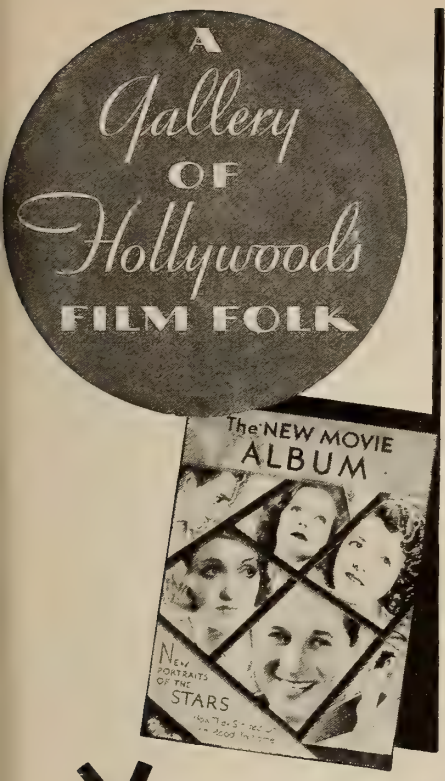
It's her boredom. She has had everything, as she has said—a notable family, the amorous attention of gentlemen thus gifted, an elegant education and a marriage climaxing in a million-dollar settlement. Pictures mean nothing to her. Hollywood is dull after Paris. But she must do something. So she is piling up another million just to prove she can make it in other ways than marriage.

There is nothing impresses Hollywood so much as indifference. And Hollywood is the world in close-up. I'm convinced that Miss Bennett's no-give-a-damn air is the quality that reduces audiences to worshipful awe. Most people care so much about so many things or think they do. Only the gods, they figure, can be indifferent to worldly joys. Ergo: Miss Bennett is sublime.

I must say I am non-conformist. Perhaps this is because I share with Miss Bennett the no-give-a-damn sentiment. For entertainment I incline to the blood-seethers, Lupe Velez or Clara Bow.

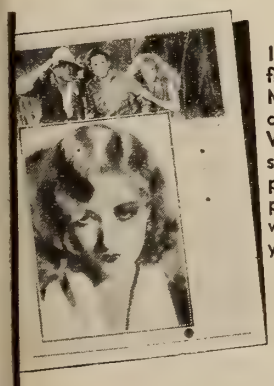
LOS ANGELES society continues to give the high sombrero to the movie folk. The Hollywood stars are *nouveaux*, whereas the L. A. society people trace their lineage back to the Forty-Niners and their dance-hall girl friends. European society, however, which traces back to much older gold-diggers, is delighted to be seen with a movie celebrity. They all crowded to get into the news pictures with Chaplin. Kings and queens crooked their fingers at Doug and Mary. When Doug royally refused to allow any publicity about the Spanish nobles he entertained at Pickfair, the Duke of Alba, I'm told, was bitterly disappointed.

He expected at least a page in the Los Angeles *Times*.



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A Hollywood Innocent Abroad

I SAW Ernest Hemingway at the Deux Magots. He has written a book about bull-fighting Spain. But his big boast is that his nine-year-old son has entered the arena and vanquished a bull. The kid was tutored by Sydney Franklin, the only American bull-fighter.

Some time ago I suggested to the Hollywood mullahs that they do a bull-fight picture using Syd instead of some handsome posy who would have to have a double. The sound effects would be great. Perhaps they will buy the Hemingway novel for a hundred thousand and go through with my idea.

P. S. And give us real bull, not the Hollywood kind.

A YOUNG Scotchman, David Jolly, has written to me suggesting that Garbo do Mary, Queen of Scots. It's a great idea. But I can hear the producers object: "Fans wouldn't want to see Garbo beheaded." Well, a lot of us who don't think her immortal wouldn't mind. And you could offer the exhibitors the choice of two endings, as you have with other pictures. To those who objected to Greta being decapitated you could give a final title reading: "Came the dawn and the discovery that it was not Garbo who was beheaded, but Marlene Dietrich impersonating her."

PROOF that you can't please every one:

Some time ago I did a story about Ramon Novarro.

Miss Marion Bligh, of Atlantic City, writes: "In the last—for me—copy of NEW MOVIE I notice two articles, one on Gary Cooper by Jim Tully, the other on Ramon Novarro by you. What a contrast! One all-fulsome adulation, the other—yours—one long sneer."

Neither Ramon nor I mind, but poor Jim Tully—fulsome adulator!

In the same mail a letter from Miss Theresa Frederick, of College Point, New York, saying:

"Since I have completed your story about Ramon Novarro I realize that it is one of the best, true-spoken articles I have ever read. . . . You already know that Ramon is my favorite actor, and now you are my favorite writer."

And my Italian girl friend, F. C. of Roxbury, Massachusetts, writes: "I'm thanking you from the bottom of my heart for the story on Ramon Novarro. It was great—quite different from any others I've read. . . . I'm a true Novarro fan."

Incidentally, of all the players I've written about the two who have brought the most letters are Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro. In teaming them Irving Thalberg again shows the strategy of genius. Says I, all fulsome adulation.

"DO you suppose," asked Mam-selle the other night in Chez Graff—"do you suppose that in their kiss-ups Greta Garbo and John Gilbert swapped voices?"

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It's Not I

(*Continued from page* 14)

"The Copperhead," Bert Lytell's son in "Silence" and when he was featured in "Kempy" and "Desire Under the Elms."

Douglass made his New York debut at eighteen in "God Loves Us" and followed with "Daisies Won't Tell," in which he appeared with Pauline Lord. Although this play was not a financial success, it was an artistic one and people began to notice him. There followed "Crime" with Chester Morris, Kay Johnson, Kay Francis and James Rennie; "Women Go On Forever," with Mary Boland and James Cagney, "Garden of Eden" and "Kidnapper." Then he joined the New York Theatre Guild and he was definitely "made" when he took over Alfred Lunt's role in "Volpone" for a summer season. "Caprice," with the Lunts, came next in both New York and London. This was followed by "Faust," "Meteor," "Many a Slip" and a season as a Baltimore stock star.

Every summer he had been wanting to go home for a visit and always something interfered—"Volpone," London, the stock engagement. Finally, two years ago, after an operation for sinus trouble, he resolved to go back to California to recuperate in the bosom of his family.

"If I thought of pictures at all," he said, "it was to imagine how hideous I'd be in them. Certainly I never dreamt that they would want me or even know of my work in the East. I was astounded when I got several offers from movie companies. I went into pictures because I was flattered and because both I and my family needed the money. Since I happened to go with M-G-M and Bob Montgomery was there ahead of me, I changed my name. I resolved to stay only a year. When I saw myself on the screen, I didn't like me. I don't yet! It's just not I. I was glad when I began to succeed, though, because then I knew that my wanting to return to the stage wasn't just sour grapes.

Having two names helps him keep his life divided and makes it simpler. Occasionally, however, it is all a bit bewildering, as on the opening night of "Nikki" when he was mobbed on his way to the stage door, for even though he was "Douglass Montgomery," again, his fans insisted upon getting a glimpse of "Kent Douglass" of the films.

"That's the first time I was stampeded during a stage opening in my life and think how accidental the Kent Douglass part of me is, while I've given all my life to being Douglass Montgomery of the stage!"

"Do you know," I remarked, "that I've heard you haven't a sense of humor!"

The fingers that were applying his make-up stopped a fraction of a moment and a slight frown appeared between his frank eyes. But the next instant it was gone. "No," he replied steadily, "I didn't know people were saying that. I think I have a sense of humor, but then," he added with a quick smile and a sincerity that made me surrender on the spot, "there are certain things we all think we have. A sense of humor is one, and then pride and sensitiveness. I suppose I've no humor about my work because I take it too seriously. That's wrong, but after all it's my whole life. Still, I know one should have perspective in everything. But it takes so much crust to be an actor," he added ruefully. And I knew he was thinking, "It's that darn inferiority complex again."

Reviews

(*Continued from page* 73)

guests and, of course no one has the least idea who did it. The police arrive in a body, keep their hats on in order to assure their identification as plain-clothes men, and, as usual, appear to be abnormally stupid. We meet all the stock characters, including Alice White as a maid and Brandon Hurst as a butler. Aileen Pringle and Hale Hamilton, also are found doing their best to solve the mystery.

Smart Woman—*RKO:*—There are two first-rate performances in this uninspiring story, that of Mary Astor as a genuinely sweet young wife and John Halliday as a titled Englishman who is refreshed by meeting an attractive woman who is genuinely and frankly in love with her husband. Miss Astor and Halliday go a long way toward giving reality to an unconvincing situation, but are not quite able to pull the picture out of the doldrums. Briefly, the story has to do with a wife who makes her husband jealous in order to regain his love. All of those concerned meet at a week-end house party from which the wife emerges triumphant.

Leftover Ladies—*Tiffany:*—According to screen credits this idea is based on an article, not a story, by Ursula Parrott. The point of the picture is that divorce instead of being "a road to freedom" may be no more than a trail to loneliness for "the leftovers." There is a lot of brittle laughter that melts into tears as Pat, played by Claudia Dell, follows her career into the land of disillusionment. She divorces a perfectly good husband in order to assure her emotional freedom. Nothing must interfere with her writing. But a number of obstacles promptly present themselves, including the inevitable men. The picture is in tune with the current interest in the Reno divorce machine.

The Road to Reno — *Paramount:* — Just another mixture of sex and alcohol punctuated by the popping of champagne corks. It may be regarded as a plug for Reno, showing how divorces are granted rapidly and painlessly if you have the cash. Probably the most engaging parts of the production are the smart clothes and the ultra-smart modernistic settings. You may look at them without bothering about the story which is confused and shallow at best, ending with an unbelievable bit of melodrama. It may be argued in defense of the film that Reno itself represents a confused state of

(*Please turn to page* 113)

Reviews

mind, thereby justifying the confusion in the picture.

The Gay Diplomat — *RKO:* — presenting Ivan Lebedeff, the latest candidate for the favor of the ladies, this romantic picture has most of the trappings of an operetta. There is plenty of gold braid, heroic gesturing and military pomp in the story of a Russian army officer who runs down a dangerous spy, thereby saving his country from something terrible. The officer's irresistible appeal to women helps him in his profession. He kisses almost constantly and never tells. Genevieve Tobin and Betty Compson, recipients of most of the kisses, afford Ivan an opportunity to display his own particular brand of lovemaking.

Taxi Troubles—*Educational:*—Mack Sennett sponsors this abbreviated farce presenting Andy Clyde and others in a sequence of ridiculous situations. Among the others is Rosemary Theby, who will be recalled by those whose memories revert to the screen of some fifteen or twenty years ago. Miss Theby was a popular favorite in those bygone days. Trick photography accounts for many of the laughs in these two reels of nonsense, with Andy in the rôle of the taxi driver who finds himself in all sorts of strange predicaments.

The Honor of the Family—*First National:*—Something in the French mood—the mood of Balzac, to be more exact. With Bebe Daniels looking very fetching in lacy costumes and Warren Williams doing nicely in her support, the picture has a few situations of interest. Probably the high spot is reached when the wily little French minx gets her lovers confused because of the darkness of her chamber along about two a.m. Had the story been handled with a bit more deftness it might have resulted in a consistently sophisticated comedy; but even as it stands the picture offers enough entertainment to compensate for some dull passages.

Fanny Foley Herself—*Warners:*—A simple story that aims to touch the heart, but falls a bit short of reaching its objective. Edna May Oliver appears as a vaudeville performer whose one ambition is to give her two pretty daughters a break in life, despite the snobbish antagonism of their millionaire grandfather. How she accomplishes her purpose is unfolded in a series of deliberate scenes free from excitement. The cast, including Hobart Bosworth and the interesting Helen Chandler, is superior to the material they have to handle. The entire picture is in Technicolor.

The Tip-Off — *RKO-Pathe:* — While this may be classed as a gangster film, it is for the most part developed in a light mood that permits of an honest laugh, though death lurks around the corner. Eddie Quillan is an engaging youngster, who innocently enough becomes involved with a couple of gangsters' molls. In escaping one, he finds himself in a worse predicament with the other and throughout the picture is on the verge of being taken for a ride. Robert Armstrong gives a capital characterization of a prize fighter. Then there is Ginger Rogers to add snap to a production that is pleasantly diverting.

Range Life—*Tiffany:*—Back to the land of the sagebrush and cactus, the land of ten-gallon hats and active firearms, the open-air home of misunderstood heroes and villains that need a bath and a shave, we find nothing changed since the days of Broncho Billy Anderson in the long, long ago. This time the handsome Ken Maynard and his splendid horse lead the chase and avert the marriage of a pretty blonde to a man certain to darken her innocent life. The story runs true to type in plot and characterization.

The Beloved Bachelor—*Paramount:*—The poise of the ever-reliable Paul Lukas and the fresh allure of Dorothy Jordan carry this picture over a number of thin spots. In fact the entire story seems to have worn pretty thin, owing to frequent repetition since the production of its parent work, a stage comedy called "The Prince Chap." It is all about an artist who adopts a little girl and falls in love with her when she grows up. Most of the action is resultant upon Dorothy's efforts to awaken her guardian to a realization of the true state of his emotions and hers.

Pre-views

(*Continued from page 73*)

natural performance. Helen Chandler does her best with a rôle of limited possibilities. A tense drama. The work of Huston makes the picture enjoyable.

Class B. Tentative title. Will be recut. January release.

"Touchdown" — *Paramount:* — Another good football picture. Cast of Richard Arlen, Regis Toomey, Jack Oakie, Peggy Shannon and J. Farrell MacDonald excellent. The story is of Arlen as coach who had to learn to take a beating on the football field.

Class A. Permanent title. Second cut. 300 feet to come out. Release date in November.

"Rich Man's Folly"—*Paramount:*—The picture was suggested by Charles Dickens' "Dombey and Son." George Bancroft plays the sweating, driving head of "Trumbull and Son," shipbuilders. He portrays the part of a man with but two objects in life: building ships and leaving his son to carry on when he is gone. Frances Dee as the daughter who married Robert Ames, Bancroft's competitor, is excellent. She has a particularly sympathetic rôle in the picture and makes the best of it by nearly walking off with all honors.

Class C. Permanent title. Second cut with about half a reel to come out. Release date in November.

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His Fourth Wife

(*Continued from page 33*)

We danced and chatted.

I saw only the surface of Paul Whiteman.

Generous? Ridiculously generous. He couldn't come to a party without bringing half the food and a jazz band. He wanted the whole world to dance and laugh, eat, drink and be merry with him.

I thought that being married to a man like that would be a good deal like living in a circus tent. My domesticity requirement would be smashed to smithereens with him.

Our paths separated.

Paul came to California to make "The King of Jazz." I was making a picture for Universal.

He began to notice me. His initial overture of friendship was twenty-seven dozen American Beauty roses.

I had roses enough for a hospital.

What manner of man is this? I thought.

I began to study him, much as an entomologist might study a strange bug.

Nobody ever gave me twenty-seven dozen roses at one fell blow before.

We were thrown together at the homes of mutual friends.

His vitality and capacity for pleasure were astonishing. He kept the guests at his own parties and parties of others in an uproar of merriment.

He had generosity and amiability plus.

I began to get better acquainted with him.

He liked to tell me little, funny incidents of his daily life. He liked to gossip. He had almost a feminine love for dainty and beautiful things. He deferred to my pleasure and desires. He remembered my likes and dislikes most scrupulously.

He was sympathetic.

He told me of some of his youthful professional adventures. He had triumphed over many obstacles. He had seen the seamy side of life.

He was ambitious.

He was intelligent.

He was sophisticated.

I began to observe that he kept his promises; that he paid his debts; that he was scrupulously faithful to appointments and obligations, both social and business.

He had character.

We were in the East, busy with our various professional activities, when he asked me to visit his family, in Colorado.

I had not yet made up my mind that I would marry him. He had asked me to in person, by telephone, by telegraph and in letters.

I was on the fence.

Two or three of my ten demandments of idealism had not yet been satisfied.

The members of the Whiteman family received me as a daughter. His mother has told me since that I convinced them I was the right woman.

Paul's love for his mother is a holy relationship. If he has a toe ache he wants her near him. He is just a big baby in her presence. Mother Whiteman is not a woman who gives advice. She inspires Paul, as she does everyone who knows her, with her wholesome maternal love and simple honesty.

Do not construe anything I write as reflecting discredit upon any of my husband's former wives. He takes the full blame for his matrimonial failures and mistakes.

There were underlying causes, however, which I do not believe exist now.

At any rate, I satisfied myself as to his complete ability to occupy the place of my ideal man and now I consider it my duty to prevent mistakes that might wreck our future happiness together.

My husband didn't know he was being subjected to my ten points of perfection. He thought the reason I was so aloof to his protestations of love was because I thought he was too fat. I did think so but I knew I could remedy that fault. He was soft from easy living and so indulgent of his appetite that I nicknamed him "Double Order" Whiteman.

When I was satisfied with him in every other respect I began to diet him down to a size to suit me. If you have an obese husband, here's how you can accomplish the same result:

Feed him grapefruit for every meal and limit his consumption of pastry and starches to a minimum. By this simple diet I reduced my husband from 269 pounds to 202 pounds in less than six months. He began to shrink immediately and is now a well-proportioned, splendid figure of a man, instead of the man mountain he was.

The beauty of this reducing process is that he has retained his round, jovial face, which is his trademark. He's the same Paul Whiteman, whom everyone knows, except for the old embonpoint.

Paul came by part of his bulk honestly. His mother is an unusually tall woman and his father is an average-sized man.

I am not even in doubt as to my ability to domesticate my husband, although he does occupy such a conspicuous place in public life.

I believe that all public men and women should have a certain amount of *abandon*, if that is the correct word, but there should be a well-defined limit to their *abandon*. I find the need of throwing restraint to the winds at times to express dramatic roles and to get the cobwebs out of my private existence and I know that my husband's artistic temperament requires the same freedom. However, I am most confident of his constancy.

Although we have been married only a few months, we have made a good start toward establishing the home of our dreams. We have purchased and furnished a house in Chicago, where our private heaven will very soon be established.

At present, it seems best for me to continue my professional work because we both are at the height of our success and earning capacities, but one word from my husband and I would drop my career to make a home. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that the man of the family should be the boss.

When our first baby comes, you will have seen the last of Margaret Livingston, Hollywood actress. Then I will be, entirely and to the best of my ability, Mrs. Paul Whiteman, wife and mother.

If old Bad Luck should overtake my husband and he should lose his money and his job, I would carry on with my own self-made bankroll until his sun began to shine again. Wouldn't you do the same?

If need be, I would work my fingers to the bone to help him. I would take care of him if he were ill, protect him if he were hurt, care for him whenever he might need me.

Not one cent for a gigolo, but every penny I possess for my ideal husband, say I.

MY TEN DEMANDMENTS OF MARRIAGE

1—Constancy. I will not share my husband with any other woman, publicly or privately. I want all of his love or none.

2—Character. As a young girl, I determined that I would never marry a man whose character was not worthy of inheritance by my children.

3—Ambition. Even if my husband were struggling to attain the unattainable I could admire his efforts.

4—Sophistication. Innocence in a man savors too much of ignorance for me.

5—Sympathy. Men who are unable to share in and appreciate the most feminine interests of women are out of place in the married state.

6—Fatherhood. I want children and I would not marry a man unable to give them to me.

7—Generosity. I would be utterly miserable with a stingy husband.

8—Amiability. Life is difficult enough without sharing it with those who have in-growing dispositions.

9—Intelligence. I can imagine no worse fate than to have a stupid husband.

10—Domesticity. Home is heaven to me and not just a place to sleep or to make whoopee. I insist upon its sanctity and privacy, even to the exclusion of friends and relatives, at times.

—Margaret Livingston Whiteman.

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VOL. V. No. 2 FEBRUARY, 1932

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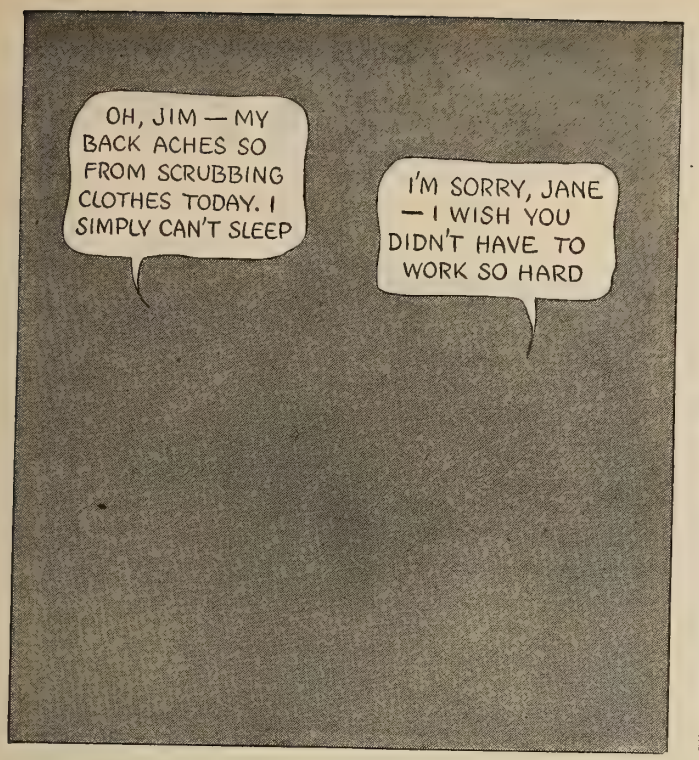
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THEN

Why rub clothes threadbare —

this new way *soaks* them whiter

MERE words can't tell you the difference between an ordinary wash . . . and clothes washed the Rinso way. You have to *see* the gleaming, snowy, sweet-smelling whiteness! You have to *see* the brightness and the freshness of clothes washed with Rinso.

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The makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Get the BIG handy household package.

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SAFE for your finest cottons and linens—white or colors



2 SIZES most women buy the large package

Millions use Rinso for whiter washes in tub or machine

Millions also use it for dishes, floors and all cleaning

The WOMAN of Tears



Miss Hayes as Madelon Claudet

TED COOK telephoned us: "I've just seen Helen Hayes' new picture. I've been crying like a baby. I've simply got to write about her—even if I don't get a cent for doing it. Will you print it?" Here it is—right from Mr. Cook's heart. And we paid him for it, too!

(Below) Ronald Colman and Miss Hayes in "Arrowsmith."





At right: Helen Hayes and her husband, Charles MacArthur, and their first-born.

SOMETHING tremendously important in the emotional lives of countless thousands of people has happened during the last few months—an experience they will not soon forget.

A woman is responsible—a small, modest, sincere woman. She has deeply stirred a hard and bitter public . . .

The woman is Helen Hayes.

Seeing her for the first time in articulate pictures, people who appear to be incapable of compassion are made sensitive to (*Please turn to page* 8)

At 39 she laughs at Birthdays

You can share the screen stars' secret

"Of course I am 39," says Frances Starr, famous stage and screen star.

"Years matter so little nowadays if a woman knows how to take care of her complexion.

"Every actress knows that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap will do wonders for her skin, and I am among the scores of the profession who use it regularly."

Countless lovely stage and screen stars agree with Frances Starr!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 613 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 605 use this fragrant white soap regularly to guard complexion beauty.

Stage stars, too, have long been insistent on Lux Toilet Soap for regular complexion care. They find this luxurious soap, for their convenience, in the dressing rooms of theatres all over the country!



Lux Toilet Soap—10¢



Hurrell

Small, modest, sincere, Helen Hayes has stirred a nation. Will she become one of our greatest screen stars?

(*Continued from page* 6)

world pain. Hard-boiled men—call them mugs—and their molls sit almost stunned after Helen Hayes casts her spell. They weep unashamed—which is healthy for their souls.

I didn't want to see Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." By accident, I knew too much about the picture—and all the worry that went into it.

Months ago I sat with Helen Hayes and her husband, Charles MacArthur, in a studio projection room. We were looking at old and obsolete Mary Pickford pictures —unbelievably awkward in light of present-day standards.

Helen was curious about motion pictures—and apparently puzzled and very uncertain about them. And herself. She wanted sometime to test herself in pictures. But she was plainly fearful of results.

One night, months later, I had dinner with the MacArthurs in their New York apartment. Helen Hayes had just read the play, "Lullaby," on which the script of "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" is based. She was skeptical about herself and the story. She might do it. Her husband had to go to Hollywood to fulfill a writing contract. She would take the baby and go to California. But she was afraid she would not screen well. And, after all, the story was sloppy. Picture audiences were different—they were fascinated by physical lure.

Finally the MacArthurs went West—and Charlie got to work on the dialogue of "Madelon Claudet" and then Helen Hayes was ready for her first talking screen venture.

She worked very hard. She has an instinct for rightness in every scene she attempts. She is never quite satisfied. At night she would fall asleep in her car, going home, from sheer exhaustion.

As the picture progressed she became discouraged—she would sit in the projection room, watching the rushes. She would shout at herself on the screen—she was first to see her own faults. In one scene, Madelon was moving toward a door. "For Heaven's sake," cried Helen, as she watched her own shadow, "sit down or get out!"

Scenes were taken over and (*Please turn to page* 83)

THE MOST DANGEROUS SPY OF ALL TIME, men worshipped her like a goddess, only to be betrayed by a kiss!

For her exotic love men sold their souls, betrayed their country, gave up their lives! Here is one of the truly great dramas that has come out of the war—based on the incredible adventures of Mata Hari—called the most dangerous woman who ever lived. Who but the supreme Greta Garbo could bring to the screen this strange, exciting personality! Who but Ramon Novarro could play so well the part of the lover who is willing to sell his honor for a kiss! See these two great stars in a picture you will never forget.



Greta GARBO IN MATA HARI Ramon NOVARRO

with
LIONEL BARRYMORE
and
LEWIS STONE

Directed by
George FITZMAURICE

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

•The Real Lowdown



When Mickey Mouse speaks in the movies it is Walt Disney's voice you hear. Here they are seen together.

By Dudley L. McClure of the Portland (Ore.) Journal

THE first drawings by Walter Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse and the Silly Symphony, to attract attention were those he painted with tar on the white barn door at his farm home in Missouri. That was when he was a little fellow. The information comes

Another Home Town Story of the STARS

on MICKEY MOUSE

Mr. and Mrs. Elias Disney, parents of Walt, and grandparents of the famous Mickey and Minnie Mouse.



At Last the Scandal Is Out—He Was Born on a Barn Door

from no less reliable source than his genial parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elias Disney of Portland, Oregon, who refer to Mickey Mouse as their mischievous grandchild.

Instead of the applause which greets Disney's screen productions today, a scolding—a rather mild one—was in order the day of the tar-drawing episode. He was about ten years old then and the grandparents-to-be of Mickey Mouse were used to his pranks, which included drawing all over the family furniture. They were patient, though, and encouraged him to develop his natural talent.

"Walt always has been a good boy," his father says, "and has worked hard for the success he has attained. We have three other sons, all older than Walt, and a daughter, and we are proud of them all."

Only the daughter, Ruth, youngest of the children, lives with the elder Disneys in Portland. All the sons are neighbors in North Hollywood. Roy, just a few years older than Walter, is business manager of his young brother's company.

"If Walter didn't have Roy with him, I don't know what he'd do," the mother said. "Walter is so busy he has little time to devote to business details."

The oldest son, Herbert, is a mail carrier and the next oldest, Raymond, is in the real estate business.



Here is the famous creator of Mickey Mouse at the age of five. It was about this time that Walt first began to draw.

Walter was born in Chicago and when five years old moved with his parents to the farm in Missouri. The family lived there five years and moved to Kansas City, where they lived six years and returned to Chicago. Three years later they again were in Kansas City, In 1921 the parents and Herbert and Ruth moved to Portland. (*Please turn to page* 82)



WE'D heard so much about Jimmy Dunn and Molly O'Day, and that Jimmy said he wouldn't think of marriage until he had enough money, that our impertinent curiosity was aroused. We fidgeted so about how much he'd need, that we wired Jimmy. And this is what he replied:

EVEN IN CALIFORNIA ONE HEARS OF RAINY DAYS STOP BELIEVE HUNDRED THOUSAND WILL BUY HAPPINESS INSURANCE IN CASE OF MATRIMONY OR RAIN OR BOTH

JAMES DUNN

AND then we got all hot and bothered about the report that Lily Damita was about to hop off. Right back she snapped by telegraph:

NOT MARRIED TO ANYONE STOP I AM BACHELOR MORE THAN EVER STOP TOODLEOO

LILY DAMITA

WITH our usual inattention to other people's business, we got to thinking about the story that was going around that Sidney Fox and Eddie Buzzell were that way. Our curiosity finally got the best of us, and we telegraphed Sidney in an impulsive moment. This is what she wired back:

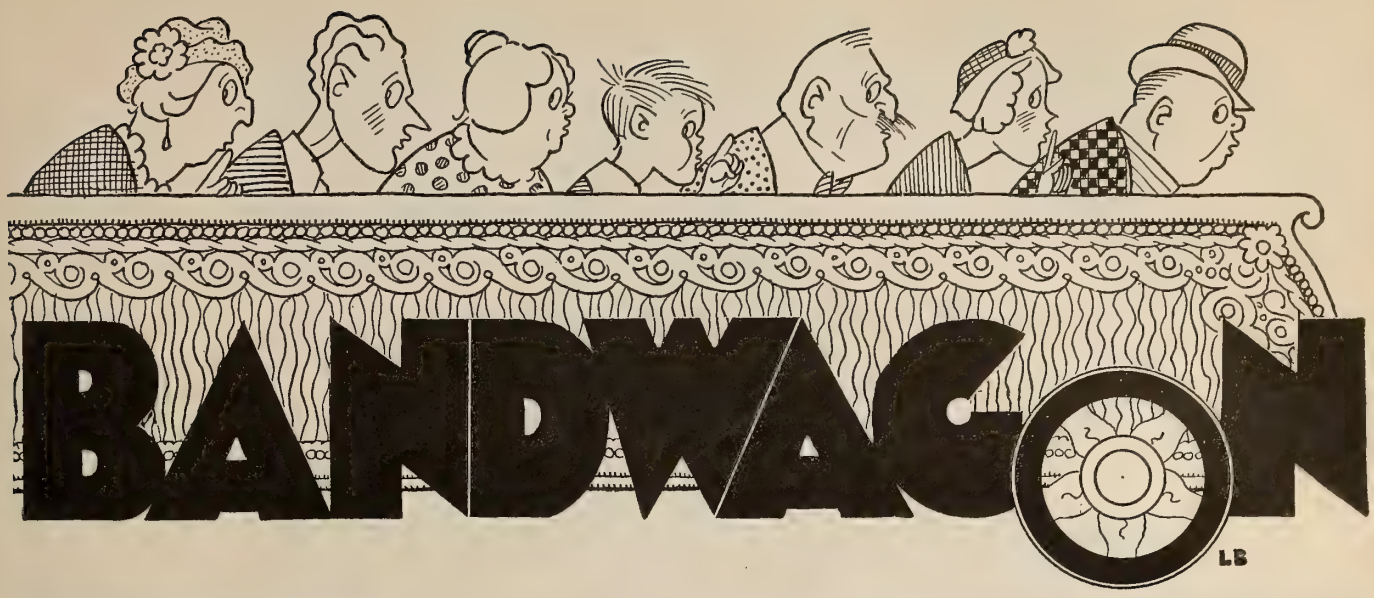
ANSWERING YOUR INQUIRY REGARDING EDDIE BUZZELL STOP THIS IS MOST EMBARRASSING AS ONLY TIME I EVER MET BUZZELL WAS AT THE EMBASSY CLUB HOLLYWOOD WHEN I DANCED LESS THAN HALF A DANCE WITH HIM STOP HE PHONED ME ONCE AFTER BUT IN SIX WEEKS HAVE NOT EVEN HEARD FROM HIM STOP STORIES ABOUT MR BUZZELL AND MYSELF ARE GOSSIP WITHOUT FOUNDATION AND MUST BE AS EMBARRASSING TO HIM AS TO MYSELF HENCE I WILL APPRECIATE YOUR EFFORTS TO BRING THEM TO AN END

SIDNEY FOX



Elmer Fryer

Lil Dagover, Germany-bound, left Hollywood mildly wondering. She and her director, Michael Curtis, exchanged many loud words during the last picture. But—and so annoying!—always in German. And no unofficial translators were handy.



NOW take the case of Maureen O'Sullivan and Eddie Quillan. We kept reading those newspaper reports of their engagement—even their secret marriage. So we called in the Western Union, and this is what she replied:

WHAT A STRANGE IDEA STOP I HAVE SEEN EDDIE ONCE SINCE WE FINISHED THE BIG SHOT IN EARLY SEPTEMBER STOP I ASK YOU DOES THAT SOUND LIKE MARRIAGE STOP SORRY ANOTHER GOOD RUMOR GONE WRONG

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

RETORT COURTEOUS: At a luncheon given by Louis B. Mayer for Vice President Curtis, his sister, Mrs. Dolly Gann, and members of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, Marie Dressler and the Vice President sat beside each other and got quite chummy.

In a brief talk Marie referred to the Vice President as "Charley," and he, in turn spoke of her as "Mary."

Correcting himself quickly, however, he turned to her and said:

"Is it Mary or Marie?"

"It makes no difference, dearie," said Marie, with a pretended soulful look in her eyes, "just so you speak to me."

ANENT GARBO RUMORS: Greta Garbo's contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has until next Summer to run, and the usual crop of rumors is rife that she's through. That she has amassed a fortune, and that she wants to go back to Sweden and live her life out away from the screen. Her fortune, by the way, is invested, with Swedish caution, in Government bonds.

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE is able to state on the best of authority that, so far as studio officials know, there is no truth in such reports. Garbo has about six months of work under her present contract, and this will mean time enough to make two or three pictures. We know that she has been particularly happy during the production of "Mata Hari." She has had no difficulty with studio executives. Some persons insinuate that these reports have been circulated as propaganda to promote a new contract before the expiration of the present one. But there seems no foundation to the belief that she will quit.



Marian Marsh, John Barrymore's "Trilby" knockout, is going great guns at Warners. Her first starring film, "Under Eighteen," builds her still further, and her next will be from the Broadway success, "A Church Mouse." She's well worth watching.

MOVIE GOSSIP



Denying he's engaged to Mabel Ward, circus aerialist, Tom Mix says Victoria, third ex, is still his dream girl.

Lola Lane has gone bankrupt so new-hubby Lew Ayres won't have to pay her girlish bills. Don't you call this love?

Gar-e-e, escorting his Countess, plopped right next to Lupe while New York night-clubbing, bowing formally.

ALL IN A DAY: **Edward Everett Horton "burned up" recently when his press agent, in quest of new business, sent out this bragging prospectus—"We handle Thor washing machines and Edward Everett Horton."**

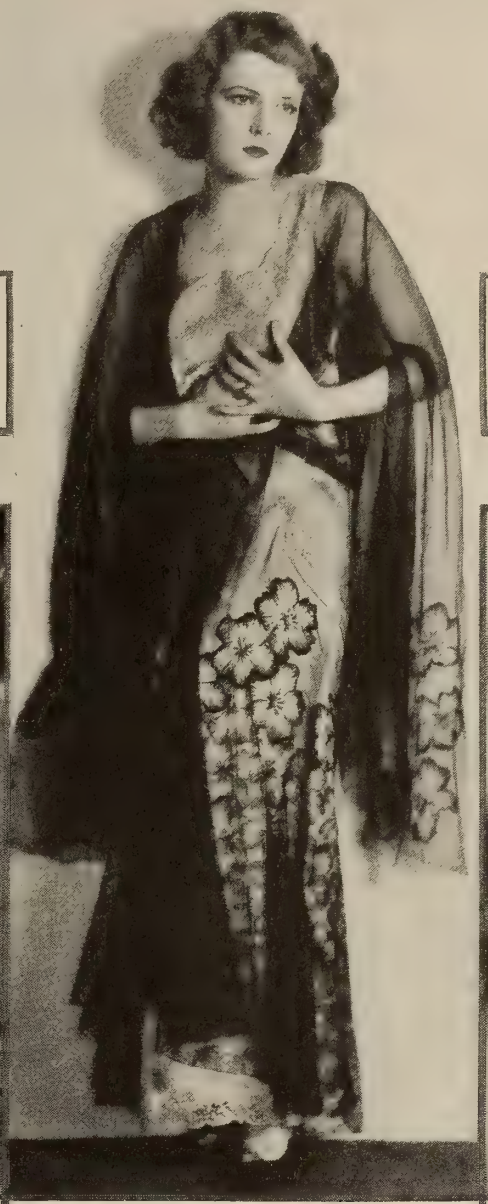
NEW YORK ROLLER-SKATING: Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Lowe, back from their European trip, lunching at New York's latest and smartest club, "The Park Avenue." Lilyan, the last word in a Paris creation, the only lady present among four men. . . . Norma Talmadge at the same place. . . . Lois Moran rehearsing her songs and dances for the lead in George Gershwin's new musical, "Of Thee I Sing"—a patriotic burlesque. Lois plays Mrs. President. . . . Joan Bennett being feted by Sister Barbara and Brother-in-law Morton Downey at a tea and getting all the attention. . . . Barbara getting ready to exit for California to be present at Sister Constance's wedding to the Marquis. . . . Mary Pickford and Lillian Gish dining with Frances Marion between the afternoon and night performances of "Mourning Becomes Electra," the new O'Neill Theater Guild opus. Lillian bewailing the fact that she can't find a play. Mary a grass widow, Doug having left for Europe. Frances Marion just back from Paris, with a brand new divorce from George Hill, the director. . . . Ernest Torrence creating a flurry in Saks Fifth Avenue, among the shoppers and salesgirls, while waiting for his wife to complete her purchases. . . . Basil Rathbone, back from six weeks' picture-making in Hollywood, signing for a new Broadway show. . . . Lawrence Gray, very handsome, causing feminine hearts to flutter as they looked and listened to his songs and dances in Ed Wynn's musical success, "The Perfect Fool". . . . Alice White seen here and there, looking much thinner. . . .

Who's Who—And What They're Doing

MOVIE GOSSIP



Janet Gaynor (Al Santell, her director, at right) is in Europe with Mama Gaynor and Hubby Peck—her first crossing.



Elissa Landi, Good Samaritan, bestowed food and lodging on a beggar youth. Whereupon he turned and robbed her house.



And now the Francis Dee orchid, specially cultivated by the California Flower Club—sponsors of the Clara Bow rose.

Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr., being photographed on their arrival at Grand Central, with their dog, Woggle. . . . Kent Douglass acting as head man in Lois Moran's life at the moment. . . . The beautiful Fay Wray making a success on Broadway in her husband's musical version of "Nikki," while across the street Ronald Colman makes love to her on the screen. . . . Jack Oakie spending a month in New York trying to persuade Ethelyn Terry to go West. . . . Miriam Hopkins keeping open house for friends on her three weeks' trip East, wedged in between pictures because she was homesick. . . . Pauline Frederick finishing a picture and rehearsing a Broadway show. . . . Helen Hayes taking nine curtain calls at the opening of her new stage success, "The Good Fairy." . . . Jackie Cooper, in "The Champ," causing blasé Broadway to go cry-baby.

WHAT'S YOUR VOTE? Bebe Daniels' friends are about to get up a petition demanding that Bebe cease being a blonde and return to her more natural and becoming coloring of brunette.

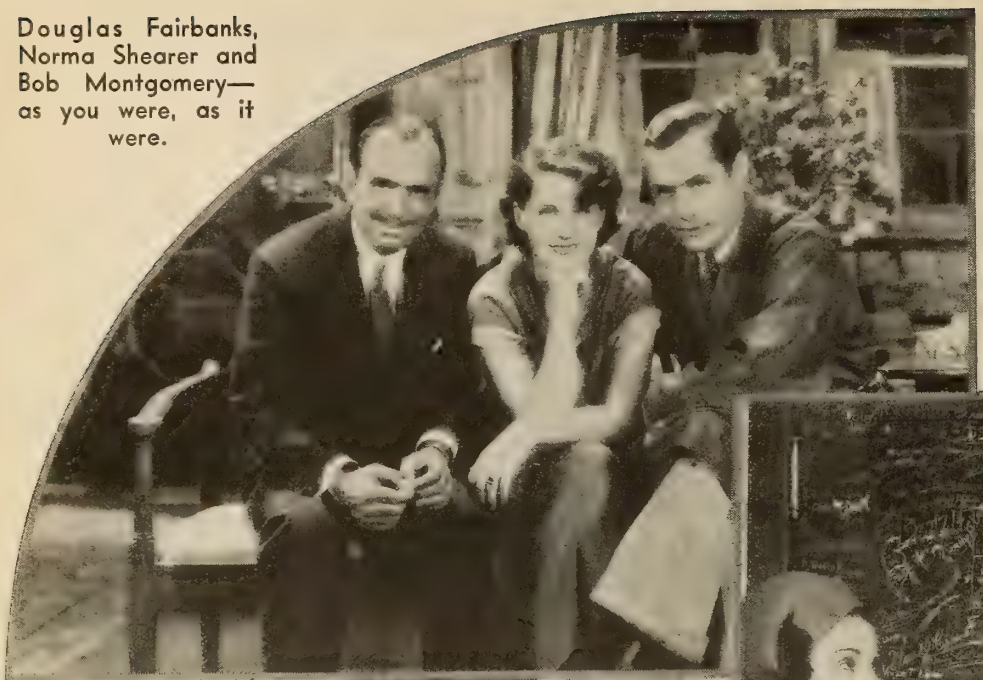
GLORIA ON THE GO: "I don't believe in elopements," said Constance Bennett, some time ago, when asked if she and the Marquis Hank were planning to fly to Yuma to be married.

Which turned out to be something of the cat's meow, for just at that moment Gloria and her Paris playboy (though he's *Irish*), Michael Farmer, were eloping to Yuma, to get married again.

Gloria's secret marriage to Farmer last August at Dudley Field Malone's home in New York state has caused her all sorts of grief—real or fancied.

For weeks she and Farmer hopped about Southern

Inside Chatter Off and On the Set



Douglas Fairbanks, Norma Shearer and Bob Montgomery—as you were, as it were.



Helen Chandler (below) signing up in Lew Cody's "guest-book"—among the hundreds of celebrities listed there.



Russell Gleason and Mama and Papa Jimmy Gleason in a homey family scene.

California, trying to elude the horde of interviewers they fancied were pursuing them.

ON the Sunday following their second wedding ceremony it was necessary for Gloria to appear at United Artists' studio for some retakes.

She slipped away from her home by way of the rear entrance in her cook's Ford. At the studio a gate which hasn't been used for years was opened to admit her.

When the retakes had been made she went to Mervyn Leroy's house for tea and slipped in by way of the servants' entrance. The rushes disclosed that another scene was needed so she returned to the studio at midnight.

One almost expected her to appear with a beard.

Three different sets of lawyers have been working on the legal aspects of the case—the eminent Mr. Malone, Milton M. Cohen, who secured her divorce from the Marquis de la Falaise, and Lloyd Wright, who handles her other business.

GLORIA and Michael were married in Paris—in the East—and in Arizona. So Gloria must mean it this time. She's never gone to all that trouble before. Also, she has never married a man of the same nationality twice. Take a day off and figure it out for yourself.

And now they're headed for Paris again.

When Gloria's new picture, "Tonight or Never," was previewed in Hollywood, the press and fans alike were startled to see Gloria, who plays the rôle of an opera singer, looking (figuratively speaking) for all the

The Marriages of Connie and Gloria



Robert Coogan, brother of Jackie, in an off-stage moment.

Jimmy ("An' I ups to him") Durante, also known as "Schnozzle," shown below, the latest wow of Hollywood.

Jackie Cooper goes in seriously for dogs since his training in "Skippy."

world like the type she was portraying. Can it be that the calorie menu has been discarded in the Swanson ménage, or is the story which Gloria gave the press about wanting a son whom she will call Michael, to be realized?

BOLD FACE: A certain Hollywood wisecracker is said to have sent the following telegram to Gloria Swanson while she was on her honeymoon: "Dear Gloria. The president wishes me to thank you for the Farmer relief."

SWEET AND LOW: "I can play anything from prissies to palookas," said Charles Burtis, when some one asked him what parts he does in Hollywood.

BEBE AND BILLIE AND JIM: Bebe Daniels and Billie Dove are in a new kind of a Hollywood triangle. This time they have gone into the cosmetic business with "Hollywood Jim."

"Jim's" famous beauty parlor, on the boulevard, will be given a $250,000 enlargement which will include manufacturing and distributing departments. Bebe and Billie are financially interested.

NOTHING MORE—WHAT? Jacqueline Logan is writing, acting and directing pictures in London for a British firm—and a large salary.

CLARA WEIGHS IN: Clara Bow, full of fight and weighing just 119, a pound heavier than when she was at her lightest, will begin (*Please turn to page* 74)

Garbo, Happy, Plans to Remain Here

DANCE TEAM



JAMES **DUNN**

SALLY **EILERS**

Just a pair of dance hall hoofers, taking the tough breaks with a smile, crashing at last the bright gate of Broadway fame. Falling in and out of love, in and out of work, gliding to success in each other's arms. Stars of "Bad Girl" in the season's smartest romance!

STEPPING SISTERS



Two step from the chorus into society—from soubrettes to lorgnettes. One keeps right on carrying a spear, and her skirts are clean because she doesn't wear any. What happens when she walks into their high-hat garden party and spills the society beans makes the merriest scandal of the year...You will laugh for a week!

LOUISE **DRESSER**

MINNA **GOMBELL**

JOBYNA **HOWLAND**

WILLIAM **COLLIER, Sr.**

Both FOX *Pictures*



Photograph by Ferene

LILLIAN BOND

The New Movie Magazine

Gallery of Famous Film Folk



Photograph by Hurrell

UNA MERKEL



Photograph by Hurrell

MYRNA LOY



Photograph by Richee

JOEL McCREA



Photograph by Ferenc

DOROTHY MACKAILL



Photograph by Richee

KAY FRANCIS



RICHARD DIX

Mary Pickford's Ten



Her Honor Roll and the Reasons Why—In Her Most Daring Interview

"I DON'T think a star is really a star until he or she has lived through two slumps. When everybody says they're finished and they come back twice—then they're stars."

This was Mary Pickford's fundamental requirement for a place on the all-American film roll of honor which she chose. It seems to me an excellent requirement, and one which might well be extended to the identification of leaders in other arts and professions.

Certainly, it must be true that the novelist or the playwright who is always successful lacks something of courage and imagination. Anybody who never fails is pretty apt to be a person who has never really taken a chance.

And here are the stars of the screen as Mary Pickford sees them:

Charlie Chaplin	Bill Hart	John Gilbert
Douglas Fairbanks	Marguerite Clark	Alla Nazimova
Greta Garbo	Gloria Swanson	Also:
Rudolph Valentino	Harold Lloyd	Mickey Mouse

Now I shall continue with the stenographic notes of our chat. Nothing could be as effective:

MISS PICKFORD: If this list is to indicate mere acting ability, I should say that Lloyd, for instance, is a marvelous producer. But as an actor I don't think he is in a class with Valentino or Chaplin. Mickey Mouse is one of the greatest box-office stars the world has ever known. Jannings should go in there. And at one time Marguerite Clark was a tremendous favorite with the children. She gave me many uncomfortable hours and she was held over my head, too, by Mr. Zukor to keep me in line. Of course, I don't think Hart was an actor.

Greatest Film STARS



By Heywood Broun — the Famous Critic and Author

IT seemed to me that Bill Hart was dealt with a little harshly by Miss Pickford, even though he made the team. For it is my impression that though he always played the same role he—and this is your correspondent commenting now—always played it well.

I am not among those who feel that versatility is essential in an actor or any other artist, for that matter. I remember it was held against John Barrymore in his stage days that whether the play was Richard III or Hamlet, the personality projected before the audience was invariably John Barrymore. Yet that is not an essential fault. Not if you like Barrymore.

Hamlet, for instance, can be ever so many men. There isn't one particular standardized interpretation, thank Heaven. And for me an interesting performance was provided even though I did see Hamlet in terms of John Barrymore rather than the other way around.

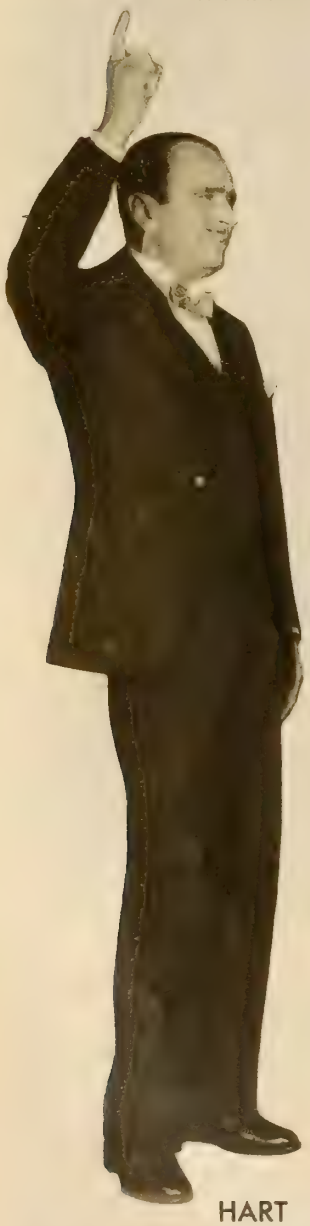
One difficulty lingered in Miss Pickford's mind. She felt that in naming the great of the screen some distinction might be necessary between those actors who are established as great box-office attractions and those who have manifested distinctly artistic proficiency. But on the screen, at least, the gap is not as wide as in the theater.

For instance, when I asked Mary Pickford to name me a few people who seemed to her highly talented and comparatively unsuccessful she could bring to mind only one name.

IT was my notion that I must be armed with all sorts of notes in order to carry on a discussion with the first lady of the pictures. I consulted friends and jotted down the names of various players who appealed to them. But as it turned



JANNINGS NAZIMOVA CHAPLIN



HART

out, I didn't have to talk very much or offer any opinions to speak of. Mary Pickford knows her own mind concerning the art in which she functions. And she is both eloquent and articulate in expressing her point of view. Only by great effort could I get a word or so in edgewise. Remember, this is not a complaint, but a confession.

After all, an interview really should concern the person who is being interrogated. The interviewer ought by every rule to be only a still, small voice casting out an occasional hint.

So we will return immediately to the testimony of the chief witness and let her comment on box-office attractions and the art of acting. I asked her about Nazimova.

MISS PICKFORD: She, I think, falls into the category of an interesting performer. . . . You see, there are two groups. There are the outstanding artists like Garbo. Out of the industry, including Jannings and excluding myself, there are five great personalities—Chaplin, Fairbanks, Garbo, Jannings and Valentino. . . . I don't think Lloyd or Bill Hart are artists.

To me the supreme artist is Chaplin.

Harold Lloyd's box-office appeal is his presentation of himself. He is a very clever producer. Someone else could probably do the same thing. Buster Keaton, for instance. Give him the gags and routine and he would be a serious competitor of Chaplin's. He has that peculiar pathetic quality, together with his artistry and knowledge of the theater and pictures, which Lloyd has always seemed to lack.

Keaton hasn't got the business ability and organization. Harold is an organizer. He can sit around a table with eight or ten men and pick and choose the best gags. He knows when and where it is wrong and has the courage to go back, throw it out and do it over again.

MR. BROUN: Now, about some of the people who haven't stood this test about not being supreme since they have not gone through a couple of slumps. How about Ruth Chatterton?

MISS PICKFORD: I haven't really considered them. Joan Crawford, for instance, is an enormous box-office attraction and shows great promise. I think this is also true of Ruth Chatterton and Norma Shearer.

MR. BROUN: Why is it more peculiarly true of the pictures than the stage that a person may be effective and then fade out of sight?

MISS PICKFORD: They have failed in getting proper vehicles. Furthermore, they may have miscast the director. Good directors are rare. They may be just as badly miscast as an actor. For instance, Louis Milestone makes "Front Page" a success. Yet he may make the most stupid picture. There are women and men directors. I mean, some are good for men, and others for women. Lubitsch is a man's director. That's why he and Jannings get along so beautifully. Griffith was always a woman's director. He never developed a man. Well, Barthelmess was one exception and he didn't stay with him. Also Bobby Harron. But I am speaking of the great stars. (*Please turn to page* 84)

Douglas Fairbanks—telling Miss Pickford and Mr. Broun they're ordered to include him in the list.



SWANSON FAIRBANKS

the SHOOTING for?"



Ann Harding and husband, Harry Bannister, in a family scene with Jane Harding Bannister.



Mary Hay Barthelmess, daughter of Richard Barthelmess.

season on Hollywood babies for more than three years.

"They're predicting a moratorium on children in Europe until the depression ends," Brown explains "That's our chance to show the world that Hollywood carries on; that we're not discouraged nor downhearted. We should be awake to our opportunities."

"A one-baby family is just no family at all," explains the comedian. "An only child hasn't half a chance. By the time he has grown big enough to throw bricks through green houses you've forgotten how sweet he was the first time he said 'Da-da' and pointed to a St. Bernard dog.

"Almost the first person I met when I came back to the Warner Brothers' lot after that tour East," Joe confided, "was Ben Lyon. His chest was out so far it impeded traffic. Right away he started to tell me—me, mind you—that he had the finest baby ever.

" 'Ben,' I says, 'after you've had a quarter dozen of 'em you'll be worth listening to. Now, Mary Elizabeth Ann has just begun to——' "

But by that time Ben was telling some one else, who *would* listen to the father of one baby brag.

"I think John Barrymore and Dolores Costello made a serious mistake in naming their yacht," Brown adds. "It should have been 'Infantae' not just 'Infanta.' What's the use of limiting yourself that way?"

As Joe E. Brown will tell you on the slightest pretext, he has three children—two boys, Don and Joe E., Jr., and a baby girl, born in August, 1930, and named Mary Elizabeth Ann. The boys are fifteen and thirteen and are enrolled in military school. The baby is enrolled in filmdom's records as the most adored infant in the colony.

"You can't appreciate them when you've only had one," he concluded.



And here are Eddie Cantor and wife, with four of the Cantor girls. Eddie looks quite happy and proud.



By Herb Howe

Jeanette Takes Paris!

PARIS, FRANCE

IT seemed appropriate that I should be seated on the edge of a bathtub sipping a champagne cocktail while learning about Jeanette. Since "The Love Parade" *la belle Mac* has been associated inveterately with baths and bubbles. The picture that fine old artist Herr Lubitsch presented of her emerging from the suds is as memorable, at least to my mind, as Botticelli's Venus arising from the waves. I love art.

On this occasion the tub is regrettably vacant. This is Paris, not Paramount. Specifically it is the *salle de bain* of Jeanette's royal apartment in the royal George V. To call it a bathroom would be *lèse majesté*. Of mirror and marble it is a room in which Nero and de Mille would have delighted to take cocktails along with the present distinguished occupants, Messrs. Ritchie and Howe. Jeanette's managing fiancé and I had been forced to evacuate the other rooms step by step before the surging crowds that came to pay homage to Jeanette or sell her something, after the matinée. Wily diplomat, Jeanette insisted on receiving each caller alone. There weren't enough rooms to go around, hence Ritchie and Howe were taking a last stand, glasses in hand, before being driven on to the fire-escape and thence to the limbs of the horse chestnut trees. It is always thus with an actress. The best friends are always having to clear out. But we didn't blame Jeanette. She had just won a battle against three nations and she was taking no chances in offending anyone. Clad in an Irish green gown designed by Jenny Dolly, which I did not think nearly as becoming as the porcelain in which Herr Lubitsch wrapped her, she trailed from room to room (omitting the bath) being nice to everyone—French interviewers, American interviewers, couturiers, jewelers, girl scouts, war veterans, fallen archdukes and the league of nations.

Jeanette had started to tell me her past, but with the



Here are three portrait studies of the beautiful whirlwind Jeanette MacDonald who the Paris newspapers declare is the greatest American sensation since Lindbergh.

Mr. Howe, our ambassador abroad, gives you the romantic story of how an American girl won out, singlehanded, overnight, with a nation arrayed against her.



diplomatic exigencies she had turned it over to Bob, who meant well but didn't know much. Why should a fiancé anyhow?

THIS I gathered: Jeanette was born poor but beautiful in Philadelphia. At the age of twelve she was in New York dancing in the ballets of the Capitol Theater. In the morning she attended school. At fourteen she was in the chorus of "The Night Boat," where she became friends with two girls who are now Mrs. Sydney Kent and Mrs. Robert Kane. After her third month she was understudying the prima donna. Hard-working, ambitious, single-minded, she studied voice intensively. When she arrived in Hollywood for her first picture she had been a musical comedy star some twelve years, and the first question the producers asked her was: "Have you had any stage experience?"

"And I had thought I was famous!" gasped Jeanette. "Now I realize that on the stage you are just a little local rumor. Only the screen can make a world ripple."

It only took one picture to ripple Jeanette to French shores. The French acclaimed her more than we did. The French know their art and their wimmin.

In Paris, in person, Jeanette achieved her crescendo. (Is that the term, Jeanette?)

If she had flown over in her bathtub she couldn't have gone bigger. (*Please turn to page* 106)



Photograph by Shalatt

NANCY CARROLL



Photograph by Irving Lippman

BANG!

Jimmy Cagney Gives a Short and Snappy Interview to Our Own War Correspondent

BY
WHAT REMAINS OF
RUSSEL CROUSE

THE door opened and fourteen blondes peered through the narrow crack.

"I want to see Jimmy Cagney," I said.

"Scram, bum," they said in chorus and tried to close the door. I was too quick for them, however, and slipped my nose into the crack.

"I've got a permit from 'Baby Killer' McGurk," I said through my nose and the crack.

The door opened and I walked in. I was greeted by a rain of machine-gun bullets. I dropped to the floor.

"He's all right," explained the head blonde to several young men who were doing the firing. "He's from 'Baby Killer' McGurk."

"O. K., kid," said one of the young men. "We just wanted to see whether he could take it."

I got up and bound up a couple of wounds with my handkerchief.

"He's in here," said the head blonde and led the way. We entered a bedroom. The bang with which the door closed wakened a figure lying on the bed in purple-and-orange pajamas. A hand reached under the pillow, came out with a gat and three shots rang out. I noticed that my left ear was missing, but I didn't have time to look for it—for I was face to face with Jimmy Cagney.

"Get out of here," said Jimmy Cagney. "I don't like your face."

"I'LL get your breakfast for you," said the blonde.

"I thought this guy was my breakfast," said Jimmy.

"No," I said, laughing. The blonde left us. I was sorry to see her go. "I've come to interview you," I went on.

He got out of bed and looked me over. "I don't like your face," he said finally.

"You've done your best to change it," I said, rubbing the place where my ear had been.

He came toward me.

"Yeah?" he said. "Well, I'm going to fix it up good for you." He took my nose between his thumb and forefinger. "I'm going to take this and put it back here." (*Please turn to page* 112)

Crowded

By

Grace Cunard

(Queen of the Serials)

A PRETTY little movie star with cute long lashes and three thousand dollars every week rode up to the railroad station in a closed car. It was snowing. The star had been brought all the way from Hollywood to the Nevada border town for only one scene in the storm. And it was a short scene. She must step out of her foreign-looking car, wrap her sables close and run into the falling flakes in desperate but futile pursuit of a disappearing train that carried away her misunderstanding sweetheart.

While director and camera waited for the passing of a real train the little star looked out into the snow and wrinkled her patrician forehead to a mighty frown.

"It is ridiculous that you should ask me to do such a scene," the star complained. "My feet will be soaked. I will have a bad cold."

The director was sympathetic, but helpless. "It is an important incident, Miss ———. It can't be omitted."

The star settled back in her cushions and her temperamental lips were firm. "You must send for my double!"

So they sent back to Hollywood for the little star's double and waited until another storm came along at the right time to be there when the limited whirled by.

That happened only the other day—the first of this Winter's snows.



I was the serial queen—Grace Cunard, in "The Broken Coin."



An old picture of Francis Ford, Grace Cunard and "Uncle" Carl Laemmle, taken when the public demand for serials was at its height.

Out of Stardom



"I want to come back, and they won't let me," says the beautiful girl whose heroic escapades in the old serials made her the favorite of millions

LET'S turn back the years and visit almost the same spot with a serial queen, the same serial queen of whose tragic secret I shall tell you so much later on.

As when the little modern star sent for her double, it was snowing, this earlier time. It had been snowing this time, however, for days on days. Mammoth plows driven by mountain-climbing engines had cleared the railroad tracks, piling the snow at either side into ridges many feet deep.

Word came down to Hollywood—I should say Universal City, instead—of that blinding storm and the white ridge flanking the tracks. "Ah!" said the Universal City powers, "we must have a snow episode in the new serial, 'The Broken Coin.'"

Late the next day the serial queen, whose dangerous predicaments were daily heralded on a million flaming billboards around the world, and her company arrived at the border town and stood in awed contemplation before those mighty white banks. While they stood there, a little way down from the station platform, the queen, her director, her cameraman and her company of actors and actresses—stood in the flaky fall with never a thought of feet that were soaked, the limited whizzed by.



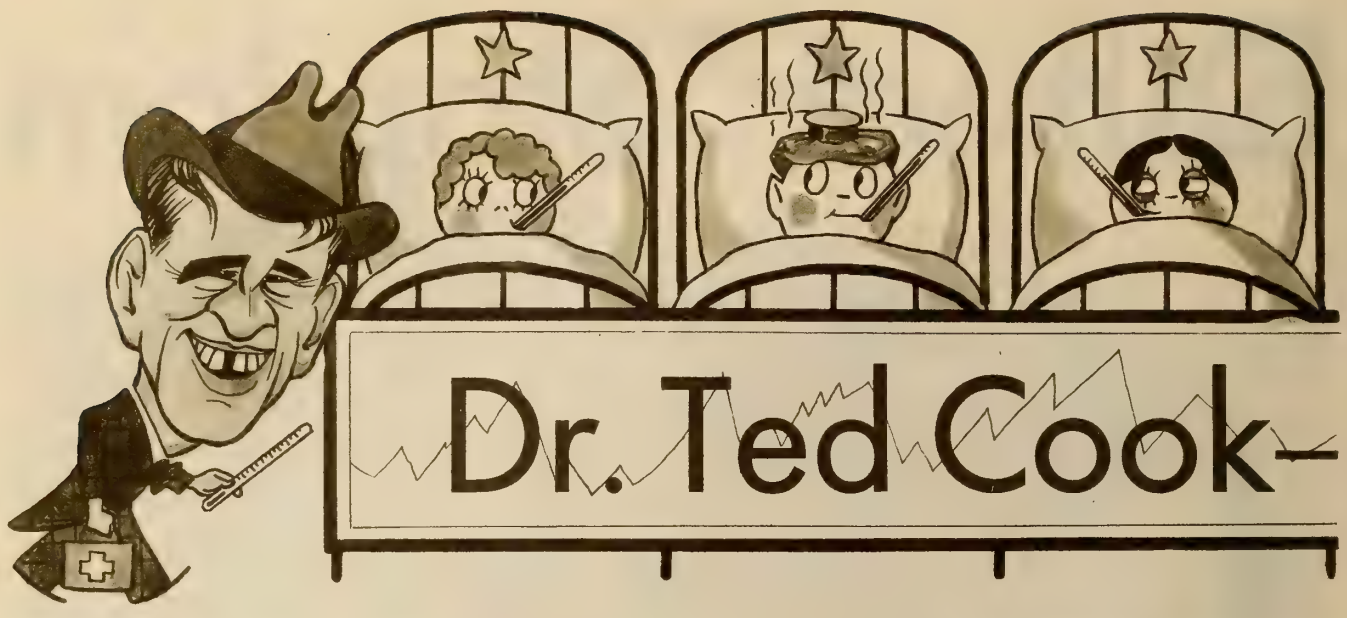
When I married Joe Moore, seven thousand letters of congratulation came to me.

"I've the whole idea," said the queen. "Tomorrow I'll go up the line to where the limited stops and——"

But I'll tell you what the serial queen, who was best known of all serial queens, did "tomorrow."

When the limited stopped at the larger town a few miles up the line, she ran out of a field, through the storm, to board the train. Her hair was flying, her thin waist was torn, showing her bare, storm-flecked throat. When she reached the train, just in time to cling to the vestibule rail of the observation car, she was wet to the skin and her dress was rapidly freezing. She hung onto the vestibule rail, the train speeding off, until a porter helped her aboard while the conductor scolded her ferociously.

At the next stop she got off and returned to the border town. A coach and an engine had been hired for the rest of the scene. They represented the real limited. The hired train sped past the deep snowbanks. The serial queen, in the same thin, torn frock, hair still flying, rode through the storm on the coach roof until the engine came (*Please turn to page* 117)



Dr. Ted Cook—



Elmer Fryer

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford—Doing nicely, thanks.

Loretta Young and Mervyn Leroy—Friendly, but Ginger Rogers is hotter.

Wide World



Ona Munson and Ernst Lubitsch—Still holding hands.

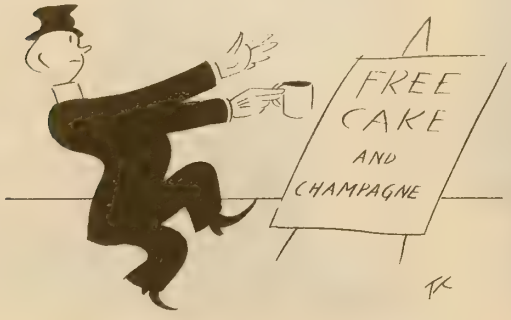




Lupe Velez and John Gilbert—Screaming at each other.

HOLLYWOOD is finally suffering from economy jitters. Dozens of top-notch writers, accustomed to scrimping along on $1500 a week, have been cut to $750.

* * *



What's worse, some of them hereafter will not be paid at all when they are not working.

There is talk of cake lines before the winter is over—or a public champagne kitchen, where the jobless picture people can stand with tin cups.

* * *

But there is no truth in the report that the Salvation Army will distribute hors d'oeuvres among the starving song writers.

WAILING Wall Street wants Hollywood to hurry back with millions and millions of dollars—millions eagerly loaned to build cinema cathedrals and make pictures. Wall Street sends out pinchpenny snoopers to tell film executives how to economize. The situation is so tense that a film executive is almost afraid to keep his grandmother on the payroll!



Heart Specialist



Howard Hughes—Likewise out and in again with Billie Dove.

Billie Dove—Out and in again with Howard Hughes.



ROMANCE blooms and withers faster in semi-tropical Hollywood than anywhere else in the world. Beautiful women and emotional men love and quarrel all day in the hot glow of the Kleig lights. After the day's work is done, these tired toilers spend their spare time much the same as the rest of the human race—they love and quarrel. Then they have to get up in the morning and go to the studio where they must—love and quarrel. They are devoted to their work.

It is difficult to keep tab on all the heart trouble in Hollywood. However, the following temperature chart may be helpful for those of us who insist on being interested in things that are none of our business:

Lothar Mendez and Lady Inverclyde—Ready for the legalities.

Lily Damita and Sidney Smith—Ardent.

Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello—On the rocks.

Judith Wood and Herman Brix (shot-putting champ)—Going places together.

Mae Clarke and John McCormick—Lunching.

Frances Marion and George Hill—He got the divorce.

"The bankers," said Will Rogers at the recent testimonial dinner for friendly Banker Giannini, "have had a great influence on the film business. In fact, when Wall Street came in, audiences went out."

* * *

Rogers took War Secretary Hurley to Fox Studios. They were watching a director who weighs less than one hundred pounds. "Since the depression," drawled Rogers, "the Fox company is cutting down on the size of directors."

* * *

And Bert Hanlon says Fox is bringing out the Singer Midgets to wait on table in the studio restaurant . . . "So the portions will look larger."

JEAN HARLOW (who wears the lowest cut gowns ever seen on land or sea) owes her career to a bit of luck—a film magnate observed her sitting at a soda fountain in Kansas City. He told her to get to Hollywood as fast as her legs would carry her . . . and her legs will carry her far.

* * *

Jean was married when she was sixteen (Charles Freemont McGraw). Divorced a year ago.

(*Please turn to page* 110)





William A. Fraker

JEAN HARLOW

Miss Harlow is shown here in a pensive mood, very different from the fiery rôles she has had in pictures. Jean first came into prominence for her part in the Howard Hughes' picture, "Hell's Angels," and won further laurels in "Platinum Blonde." Recently she has been making personal appearances throughout the country.



GEORGE ARLISS

WRITING in last month's NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, Theodore Dreiser, the famous novelist, picked as his topic, "The Six Worst Pictures of the Year."

Commenting upon films and filmfolk, Mr. Dreiser said:

"Hollywood's head is as empty as its purse is full.

"The movies are so silly I find it almost impossible to discuss them seriously.

". . . I hold this whole trashy Hollywood business to be a menace."

* * *

THE editors of this magazine telegraphed a number of famous persons, asking them for their opinions, and if they felt that the motion picture producers were living up to their responsibilities to the public as well as it was humanly possible. Herewith are the replies.

Answering Mr. Dreiser

The Great and Near Great Tell What They Think of the Films

Mr. Arliss Comments

Los Angeles, California.

I DO not think "this whole trashy Hollywood business" is really a menace to the community any more than toy pistols or cheap silk stockings have proved a menace.

The fact is that the talkies are not intended for people of Mr. Dreiser's mental stature. If the highbrows will insist upon going to the talkies, that is not the poor producer's fault.

The defunct silent picture was a primitive entertainment, but one which attracted a huge audience. The talkie, now in its infancy, is largely dependent on that same audience for its existence.

It seems to me that the producers are fairly shrewd in not frightening away this audience by too sudden a departure from the old order.

As I am responsible for certain pictures that have come out of Hollywood, it is inevitable that I should disagree with Mr. Dreiser. I feel bound to give it as my opinion that the quality of entertainment is steadily improving, even if we must admit, slowly.

I have observed that the people who have been to Hollywood and rail against it are usually those who have met reverses there, or opposition deserved or undeserved.



Hurrell

Los Angeles, Cal.; Dreiser may be right. I'll inquire.—Marie Dressler.

I gather that Mr. Dreiser's experience of Hollywood is at any rate not very recent. He says, "The Hollywood head is as empty as its purse is full." This at the present moment is a compliment, although I am sure he doesn't mean it as such.

GEORGE ARLISS.

From Governor Ritchie

Baltimore, Maryland.

I AM sorry that I cannot give you a definite opinion on your inquiry because I do not happen to possess the first-hand acquaintance with the movies which would be necessary. In fact, it is extremely rarely that I am able to attend the movies and I have no knowledge at all of conditions at Hollywood. All I can say is that the few movie productions which I have attended have all been important pictures, such, for example, as "All Quiet on the Western Front," and I consider that in these the producers did measure up to their responsibilities to the public.

ALBERT C. RITCHIE,
Governor of Maryland.

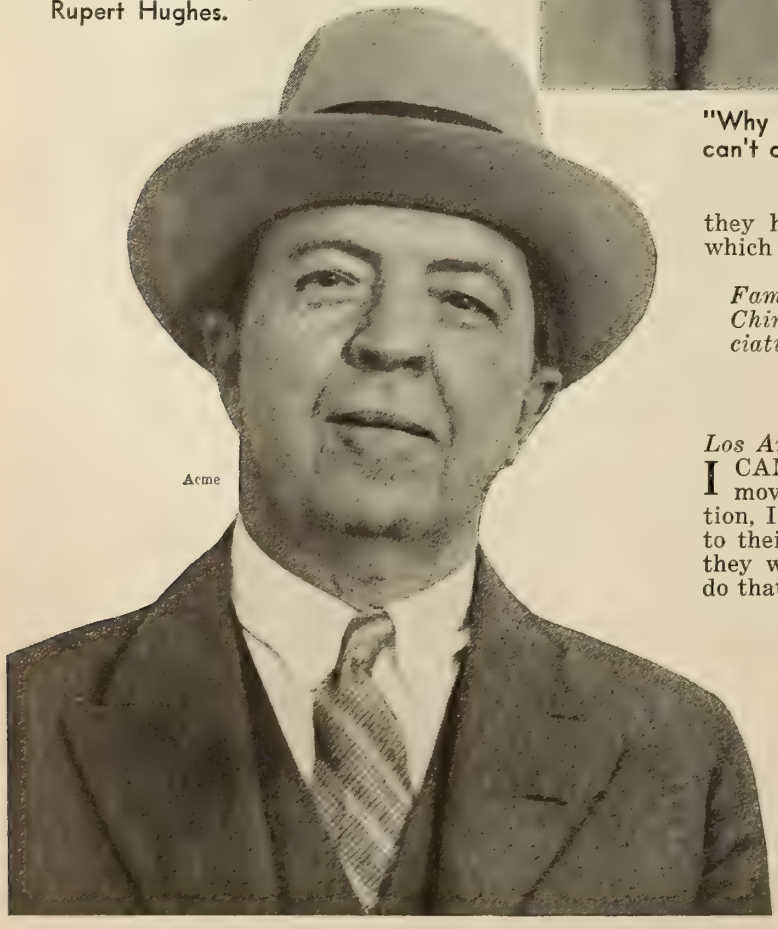
Silas Strawn Disagrees

Chicago, Illinois.

I DO not agree with Theodore Dreiser in his general criticism of Hollywood and the moving-picture industry. It seems obvious that movie producers must constantly observe the reaction of the public to their productions. That they have done so is indicated by the vast industry which movie producers have built up.

SILAS H. STRAWN,
Famous Chicago Attorney, former Ambassador to China and President of the American Bar Association.

"Mr. Dreiser's dislike is hardly news," says Rupert Hughes.



Acme



"Why does Mr. Dreiser discuss pictures at all, if he can't discuss them seriously?" asks Ruth Chatterton.

Not News

Los Angeles, California.

I CAN only reply that Mr. Dreiser's dislike of the movies is hardly news. As for your second question, I can only say that if the movie pictures lived up to their responsibilities as well as they humanly could they would be the only human beings in the world to do that thing.

RUPERT HUGHES.

Miss Chatterton's Opinion

Los Angeles, California.

IN replying to Mr. Dreiser as far as I can, item by item, I would say, first, that the majority of successful pictures have been those with little or no luxurious background, such as "Skippy," "The Champ," "Street Scene," "Waterloo Bridge," "Min and Bill," "The Millionaire" (in spite of its title), "The (*Please turn to page* 102)



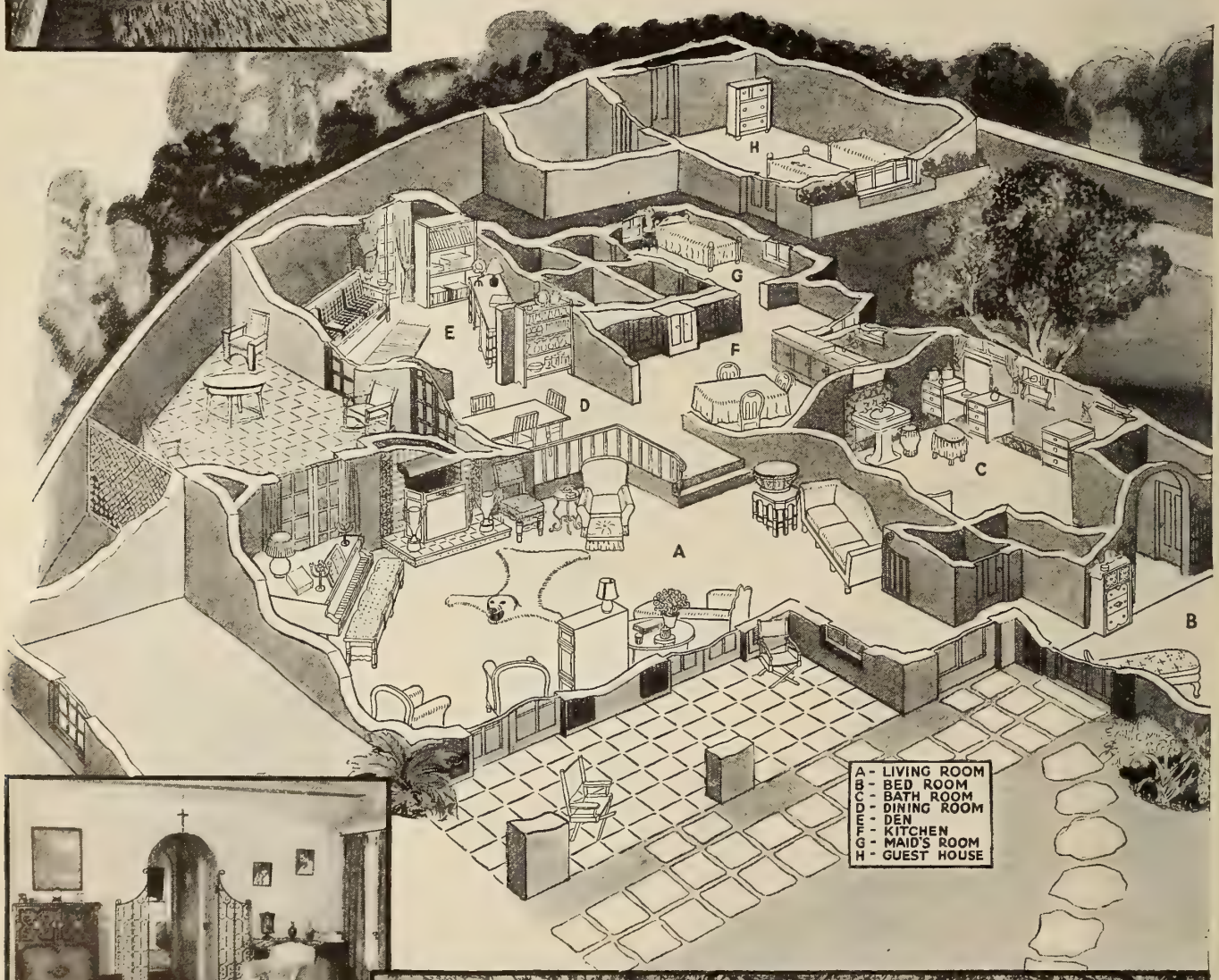
Photograph by Emmet Schrenbaum

POLA NEGRI

The exotic Polish film star, Pola Negri, whose return to pictures has been awaited with interest by her fans. In her new vehicle, "A Woman Commands," you hear her voice for the first time.

The ARLENS -and Comfort





At upper corner, Dick's den, and directly above master bedroom in the home of Richard and Jobyna Arlen.



Entrance to the Arlen home, showing tiled roof, white plaster walls and green shutters. The awnings are henna. The outdoor fireplace is at the right corner.

Dick and Jobyna seek simplicity and restfulness in their Hollywood love-nest

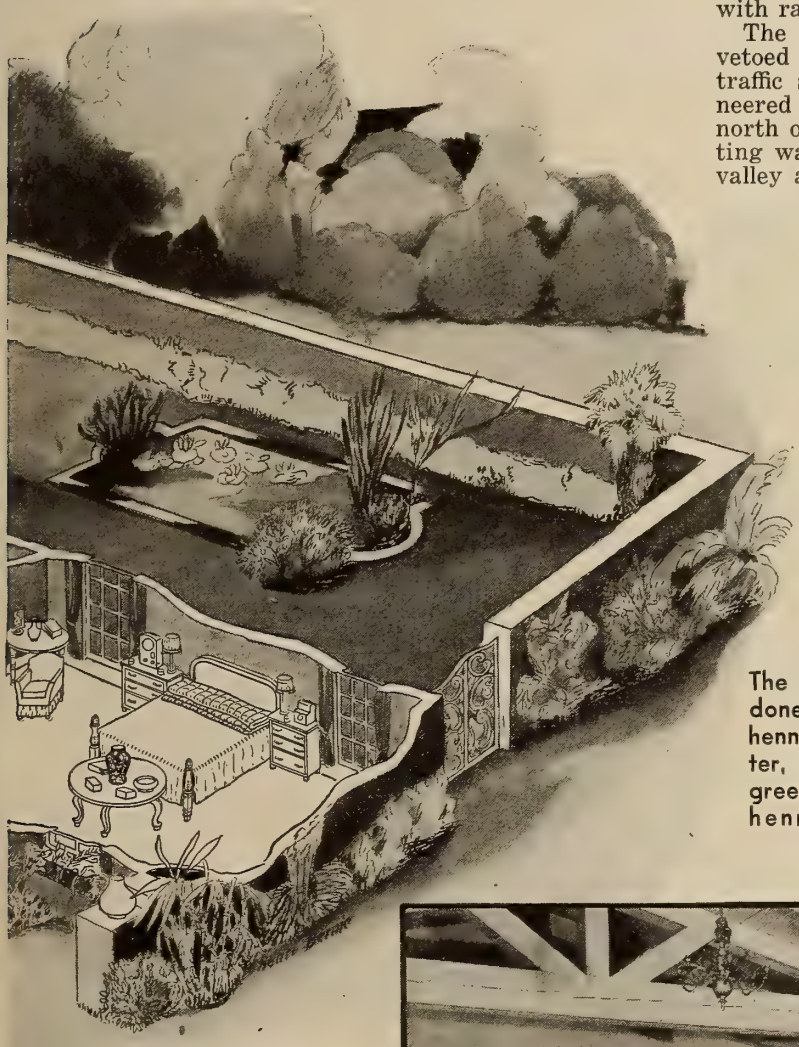
FIVE years ago, when Richard Arlen and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, decided that it was high time to go into the business of home-building, they were blessed with the complete knowledge of just what they *did* and did *not* want.

Among the things they wanted was a small home, a home where life could be lived graciously and restfully, a home that friends would find comfortable, harmonious and simple.

Among the things they did not want was a large house, cluttered with guest-rooms, ballrooms, playrooms and reception rooms—a house of formality and uncompromising period effects.

The final decision was an early California-type house, with rambling floor plan and spacious grounds.

The location of Beverly Hills and Hollywood was vetoed as too crowded and civilized. No sidewalks, traffic signals or car-lines for the Arlens. They pioneered into a beautiful little settlement seven miles north of Hollywood called Toluca Lake Park. The setting was ideal. Purple mountain ranges surround the valley and walnut groves shade the entire countryside.



IN the midst of two acres of richly bearing walnut trees, the Arlen home was built. Truckloads of cement and red tile became, through some miracle, restful patios, inviting fireplaces, shady loggias and spacious rooms.

When the house was finished, still another miracle occurred. Behind the wrought-iron fence that surrounds the two acres, a turbulent mass of flowers soon was blooming. Shrubs bearing exotic tropical flowers bordered the walks. Several tiny pools displayed water lilies and many prosperous-appearing goldfish.

The Arlens say, however, that their home has never been completed, and they doubt if it will ever reach that state.

A patio is added one year, a guest wing the next. A swimming pool is to be dug at any moment, and next summer a second story is to be built over the right wing of the house.

At the present writing, the house comprises eight rooms and three baths. Comfort is the supreme gesture through the entire

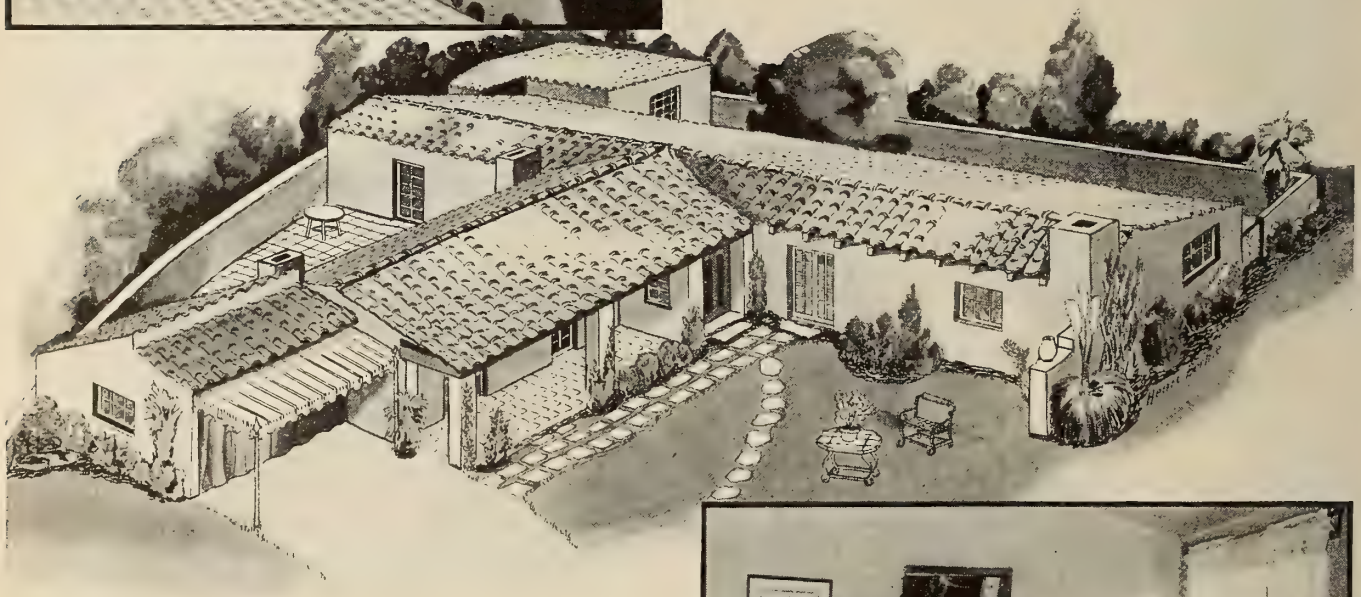
The living-room (below) done in dull green and henna, walls of buff plaster, carpets of dusty green. The drapes are in henna, the foreground chair in green.



Another Visit to the HOMES of the STARS

The provincial kitchen has yellow plastered walls, yellow and green woodwork, and the floor is of dark red tile. Tiling on the sink is dark red. Chairs yellow and green.





dwelling. The enormous living-room is dominated by a large fireplace and a rough-hewn beamed ceiling. The floor is carpeted in dull green. Before the fireplace is a white fur rug that lends warmth and informality to the room. The drapes are of provincial woven material in shades of henna and green. Five large lamps, all with fluted shades, are placed near chairs and divans, creating inviting places to read.

A large divan of henna and gold tapestry at one end of the room is balanced by a tremendous chair and ottoman of bright orange fabric. Other chairs in the room are of dull greens and hennas in brocades and fabric materials. Book-filled shelves, a large altar cover and an antique mirror make the walls interesting.

THE dining-room, which is almost a part of the living-room, separated as it is by a few steps and a wrought-iron railing, is done in the typical Spanish provincial manner. Drapes and chairs use henna and blue woven fabric.

The master bedroom is furnished more as a living-room than a chamber of rest. Only the enormous bed of green brocade and walnut designates the room as the master chamber. Two chaise longues and three large chairs with accompanying ottomans drawn about the fireplace fairly exude rich comfort. An interesting shade of dull green dominates the color scheme of the room.

A bath-dressing room, one that is unique in the film colony, connects with the master bedroom. On one side of the room is a glassed-in stall shower and a tile-decorated tub. The other side of the room is devoted to two built-in dressing tables.

The red-tiled floor is covered with a gayly colored goat-hair rug, and the curtains repeat the brilliant tones of the floor covering.

The Arlens did not forget a den for Dick. Every well-planned house should include one room dedicated to the sacred privacy of the head of the household, they say.

Dick furnished this room with furniture of his own choosing. A Monterey divan, chair, bookcase and desk in antique yellow are contrasted with upholstering of green and henna and drapes of blocked linen.

One of the favorite spots in the house is a patio just off the living-room. It includes a large fireplace which provides a roaring fire to eliminate the night chill. It is here, even during the winter months, that the Arlens serve Sunday buffet suppers to their friends. It is here, in the star-checkered California nights, that the Arlens, Jobyna and Dick, sit before the fire planning further beauties and comforts for the home they love so well.



Combination dressing-room and bathroom in the Arlen home. Buff walls, black, henna and green wall tiling, red floor tiling, and tables of antique green. Curtains are green dotted Swiss.



Here are the newly-weds, Clara Bow and Rex Bell. They became Mr. and Mrs. George F. Belham at a late evening ceremony performed at Las Vegas, Nevada, in December. After the honeymoon Clara will finish a feature talkie for Columbia Pictures. At last reports Rex was still denying the marriage.



Rex Ingram's "Baroud" is the first talkie to be made on the Riviera.

REX and ALICE

Our Hollywood Boulevardier abroad stumbles cheerily into topsy-turvyland

Nice, France.

Drawings by Chamberlain



LAST month I boasted from this soap-box that I had put Rex Ingram and Alice Terry back to work, thus accomplishing more than the League of Nations has seemed capable of.

Since "Mare Nostrum," four years ago, Rex and Alice have done nothing but rest on their laurels, as we say in polite society, planting same on the beach of Juan-les-Pins by day and in Maxim's and Le Perroquet by night.

When I wired Madame Ingram from Paris that my mission abroad was to take them back to Hollywood, she replied frightenedly that they were going to work in Nice and if I didn't believe it I could come down and see.

When a sailor grabbed a cocotte by the neck, I waited for some one to yell "Camera!" and Eddie Lowe and Victor McLaglen to walk in.

I didn't, and I'm seeing. It is as I suspected: Alice is just sitting. True, they're making a picture—but what a turvy-topsiness. Rex is acting and Alice is directing. What makes it seem turvier-topsier is that Rex recently became a Mohammedan—and I always supposed the advantage of being a Mohammedan was that hubby did the bossing.

But you should hear the things Director Alice says to her spouse. . . . Apparently with an Irishman the Mohammedan religion doesn't take.

Instead of Rex's having the harem, Alice has a Foreign Legion consisting of a Spaniard, Arab, South American, Russian, Frenchman, Hollywoodman (*moi*) and Irishman (Mussulman Ingram), who take turns



It rivals California's Gold Coast as a picture spot—in climate, at any rate.

and HERB

By Herb Howe in Person

dancing with her each evening at Le Perroquet.

When not dancing we are required to take turns holding Ignatz, the poodle. Next month I shall tell you more of Alice and her Foreign Legion in a story entitled, ALICE DIRECTS MOHAMMEDAN HUSBAND . . . or maybe a more sensational line if I can think of it by then.

(The Nice thing about being a columnist in a magazine for which you write is that you can plug your own stuff.)

(Editor's Note: Oh, yeah?)

Sheik of Sheiks:

A SHEIK is a headman or chief. That's what Ingram was to the careers of Sheiks Valentino and Novarro. Now he's giving himself a break in a burnous.

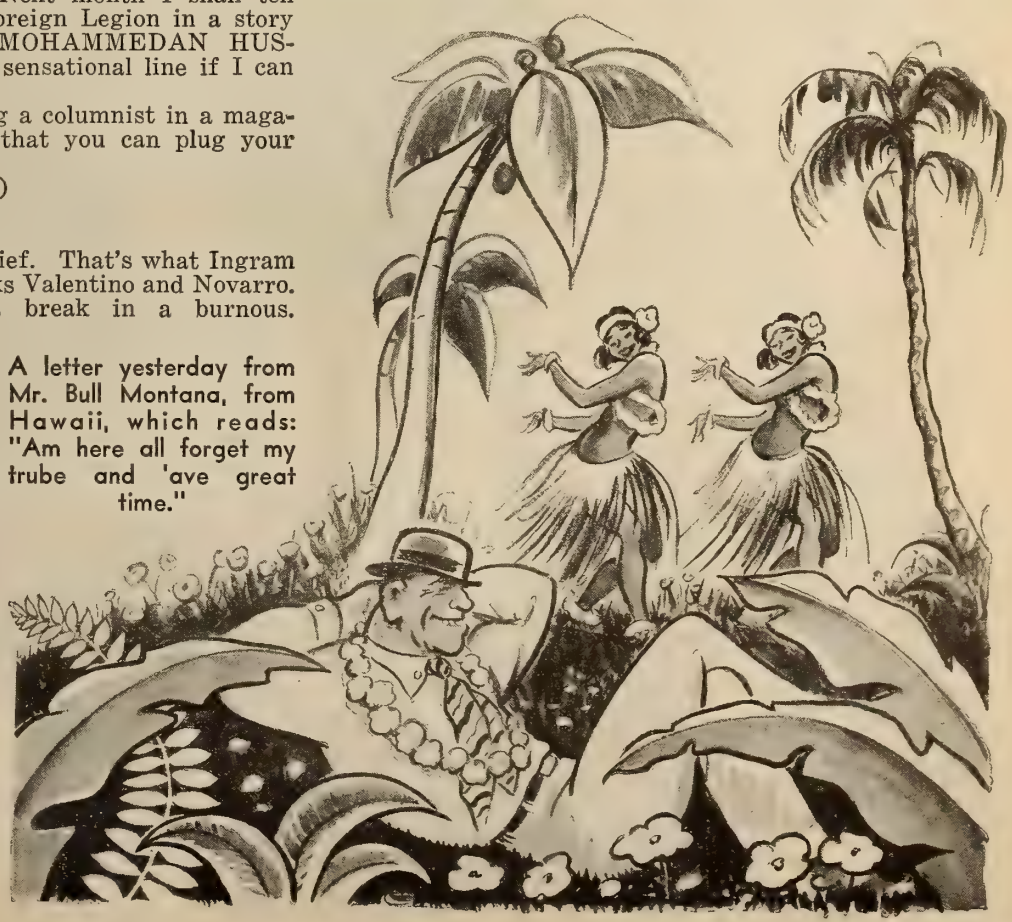
A brilliant, picturesque individual, Rex started as an actor at Vitagraph, turned to writing and finally rode to glory with his "The Four Horsemen." In the same picture Valentino tangoed to the seventh cinema heaven.

Rex had a series of violent disagreements with Rudie and declared one day he'd pick an extra from the mob and make him a greater star.

The extra he picked was Ramon Gil Samaniego from Durango, Mexico. The Samaniego name was set aside for Novarro. Ramon had no more to do with choosing this than with the original. Rex closed his eyes, jabbed a pin in a map of Spain and it stuck in the town Navarro.

Ramon objected that this name was as common with Spaniards almost as Jones with us. His real objection (*Please turn to page* 102)

A letter yesterday from Mr. Bull Montana, from Hawaii, which reads: "Am here all forget my trube and 'ave great time."



The

WHAT THEY



For evening, Genevieve Tobin, Universal player, likes this white ermine cape with its tailored vest front as a smart contrast to period frocks.



Genevieve wears a short moleskin jacket and a smart derby hat with her rose-colored frock. She carries a hand muff, too.



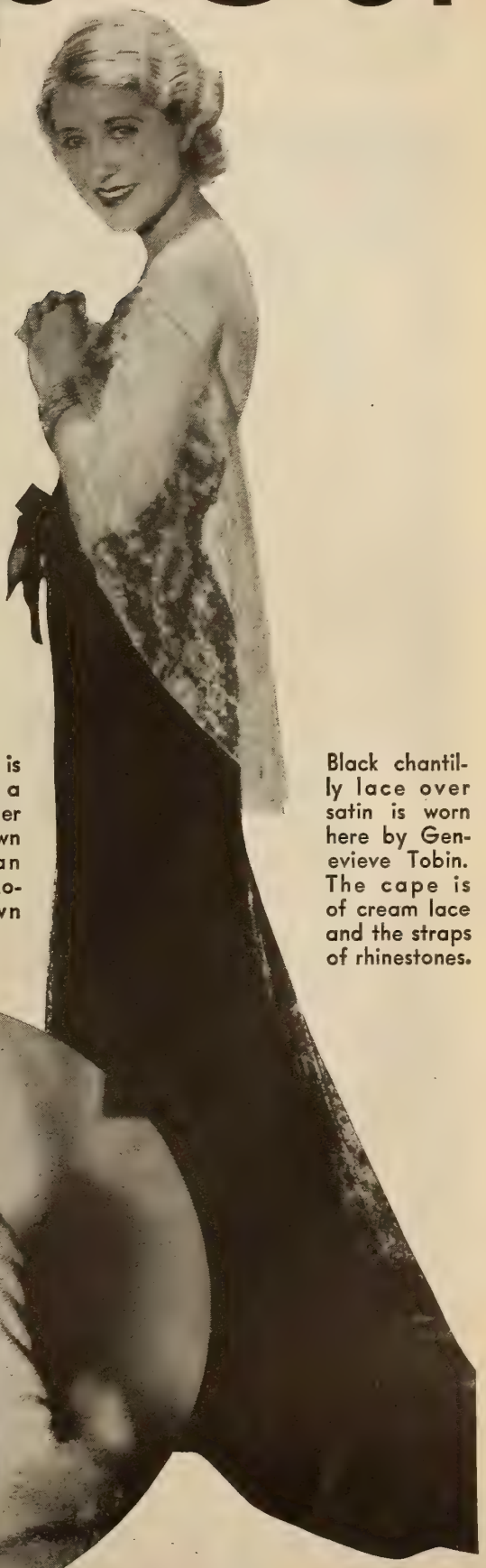
Bette Davis, Universal player, is shown above in a black chiffon suit that's all dressed up with a fur-trimmed cape, tiered skirt and white chiffon blouse.

Stars Step Out

WEAR ON PARADE . . .



Tan tweed is set off by a brown leather belt, a brown felt turban and Rose Hobart, shown below.



Black chantilly lace over satin is worn here by Genevieve Tobin. The cape is of cream lace and the straps of rhinestones.



With a blue tweed suit you'll find Mae Clarke, Universal player, wearing this luxurious double fox fur neckpiece.

Concerning—
¶Marlene and Maurice
¶Connie and Gloria



Marlene Dietrich (above) and Maurice Chevalier forgot that Mr. Vanderbilt spoke French.

All Around Hollywood with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

ALL Hollywood is buzzing over the apparent interest that Maurice Chevalier is paying to the Dietrich.

The other evening at Cocoanut Grove they sat at the next table to me. For the first time since I have known her, I noticed the eager interest Marlene paid to the handsome French playboy.

They conversed constantly in French and, on account of their proximity to me and my understanding of the language, I couldn't help but overhear what they were saying. Most of their talk was about love and the beauties of an understanding in life.

Chevalier's seeming aloofness must have had its effect upon her, as it has had from the beginning of his career upon hundreds and thousands of other feminine hearts.

Marlene was clad in a stunning black velvet gown that resembled a tea gown perhaps more than anything else. Chevalier was in his evening clothes.

For all the world it was a twosome, so it appeared, though they were accompanied by the Adolphe Menjous and Oscar Straus, the pianist.

The last time I saw Marlene in action, so to speak, was at a dinner party given by Charlie Chaplin a year or so ago. Young Baron Roth-



Gloria Swanson and her new husband, Michael Farmer. He was once rumored paying ardent attention to Constance Bennett back in 1925.

¶Mr. Menjou, Diplomat ¶Phone Calls at Midnight

childe was visiting Hollywood, together with other young Frenchmen. Marlene arrived with Von Sternberg, but spent most of the evening in a cross-table flirtation with Rothchilde.

After dinner she made a date, in her native tongue, with the young French millionaire, but—I should judge—without the knowledge of Von Sternberg. For no other reason, save that again my opened ears had caught the significance, I spoke with the two in their native tongues later on. It was amusing to see the look of sudden amazement that flashed across their faces when they understood that I, too, had been in their secret.

MAYBE that was why Marlene almost gasped when she caught sight of me at the Cocoanut Grove.

Chevalier looked around hurriedly. His face spread into a broad grin. We had met at Doug and Mary's tea in Paris at the Crillon Hotel, back in the Summer of 1926. He, the then French stage idol, had come to pay his respects to the Fairbanks and, incidentally, to discuss a proposed trip to Russia, from whence I had just returned.

Seeing his broad grin, I arose from my seat and went over to him. Adolphe Menjou jumped up hastily and intervened. Always the diplomat in real life as well as on the stage, Menjou quickly beat me to the (*Please turn to page* 104)

International



Chris Holmes and Katherine MacDonald (seen above) were recently divorced. Now he is squiring a Hawaiian princess and a magazine writer.

Constance Bennett and Phil Plant (left) took the marital vows in 1924, but the marriage was hectic and not of long standing.

Tabloid Reviews

A—Excellent
B—Good
C—Fair
D—Poor



POSSESSED—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*—Class B—Clark Gable and Joan Crawford in a dramatic, slightly sexy film where Joan begins in a box factory and ends in social heaven.





HELL DIVERS—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*—Class A—Clark Gable, Wallace Beery, Conrad Nagel, John Miljan, and Dorothy Jordan. Humor and pathos among the gobs. Excellent entertainment. Story and direction much above average.

UNDER EIGHTEEN—*Warners-First National*—Class B—Marian Marsh, Regis Toomey, Anita Page and Warren William, the latter two giving splendid performances. A story of young love on New York's East Side. Light, but entertaining.



THE CHAMP—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*—Class A—Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper in one of the best pictures of the year—that of a drink-sodden pugilist and his devoted son. Great performances by both. Masterful direction by King Vidor.



FRANKENSTEIN—*Universal*—Class B—Colin Clive, John Boles and Mae Clarke in a creepy thriller. This is no production for nervous people, or for children. Settings and photography unusually good.



OVER THE HILL—*Fox*—Class A—Mae Marsh, James Kirkwood, James Dunn and Sally Eilers excellent; Henry King's direction inspiring. Mae Marsh makes great comeback after thirteen years' retirement. Better than silent version.



CONSOLATION MARRIAGE—*RKO-Pathe*—Class B—Irene Dunn, Pat O'Brien and Myrna Loy, in a film of makeshift love that proves to be genuine. Not a great picture, but interesting.

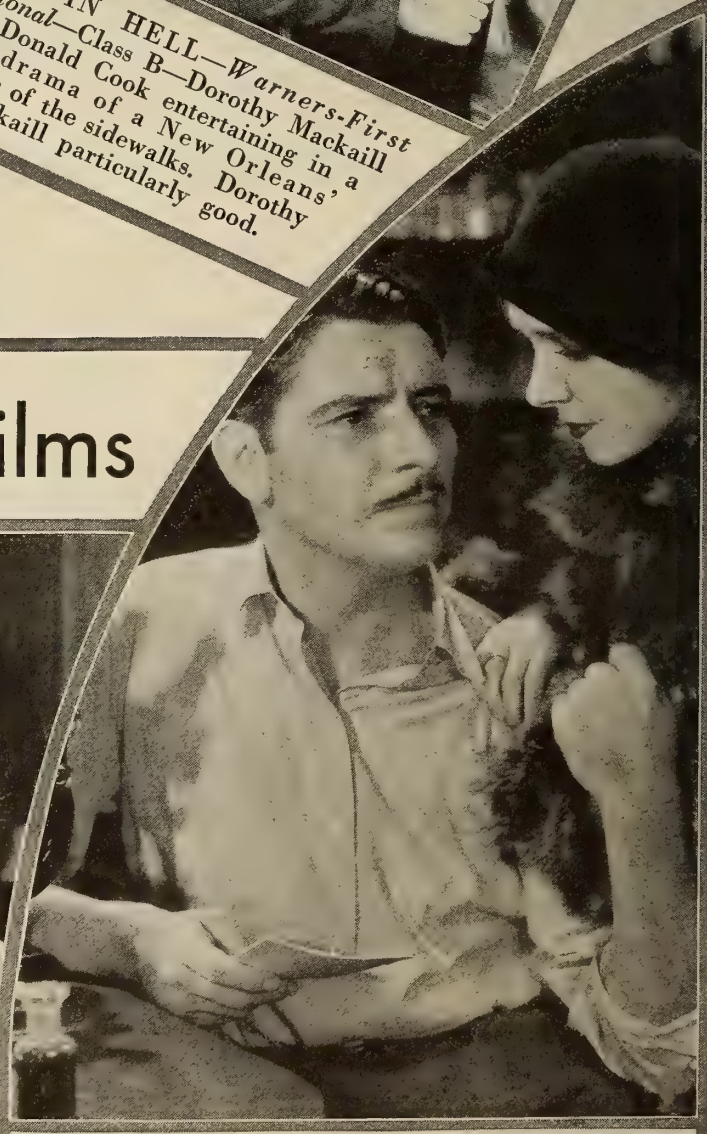


SAFE IN HELL—*Warners-First National*—Class B—Dorothy Mackaill and Donald Cook entertaining in a melodrama of a New Orleans' woman of the sidewalks. Dorothy Mackaill particularly good.

The New Films



THE RULING VOICE—*Warners-First National*—Class B—Walter Huston and Doris Kenyon in another gangster story strutting about in a high hat. Exciting incident, but occasionally lacking conviction.

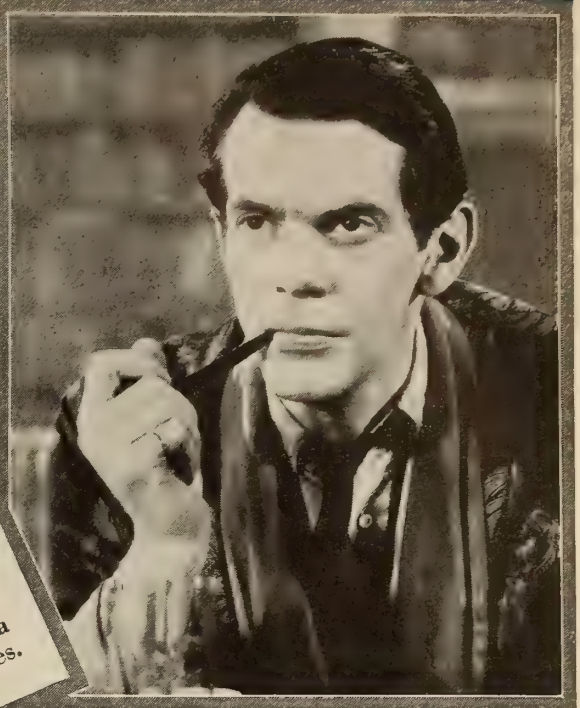


ARROWSMITH—*United Artists*—Class A—Ronald Colman, Helen Hayes, Richard Bennett, A. E. Anson, Claude King, Russell Hopton and Myrna Loy, directed by John Ford. An honest translation of Sinclair Lewis's novel. Colman and Hayes superfine.

At a Glance



FRIENDS AND LOVERS—*RKO-Radio*—Class B—Eric Von Stroheim and Lily Damita, supported by Adolphe Menjou and Laurence Olivier in a Continental drama of coincidences.



THE SPECKLED BAND—*British*—Class C—A modernized Sherlock Holmes, featuring Lynn Harding, Raymond Massey and the London fog. Of the old school of melodrama.



THE AGE OF LOVE—*United Artists*—Class B—Billie Dove is first-rate in a drama of marriage vs. career—or, would you rather wash dishes or flatter temperamental authors? Charles Starrett plays opposite Miss Dove.



ONCE A LADY—*Paramount*—Class B—Ruth Chatterton and Geoffrey Kerr in a picturization of what happens to an emotionally high-powered Russian woman married to a dull Englishman. Not Miss Chatterton's best.



Photograph by Ferenc

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

This perennial star likes steamed clams, old English prints, the smell of livery stables and burning leaves, the fun of riding in a hansom cab, old churches in Mexico and football games. He doesn't like to work in Summer. He likes to run away from Hollywood between pictures. He loves Havana because it is exciting. He gave up golf six years ago. One of the things he loves most is to hear Jascha Heifetz play Debussy's "The Girl With the Flaxen Hair." When he exhausts his vogue as a movie star, he plans to turn to motion picture direction and the production end of the screen.

DICK

An Etching of Richard Barthelmess, Who is Celebrating His Fifteenth Year in Pictures

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

ON the first day of every production Richard Barthelmess is struck with fear and trepidation. His stage fright is equal to that of an amateur on a try-out night. Living he regards as the subtlest art of all arts.

He likes the skyline of New York from Central Park. He is extremely fond of shore dinners and particularly steamed clams. As the years slip away he finds himself less attracted to the frivolities of the beau monde and more drawn to the basic and simpler aspect of life.

If he had the time he would rather go sailing than anything else in the world. The sense of complete detachment from the busy world of things—the freedom that comes with aloneness—it is this which makes sailing on the high seas such a fascination to him.

Studio executives were surprised when he consented to appear as support in the first of the Bobby Jones golfing series. His answer was in this case he was simply to play himself and not enact an acting rôle. He believes hunger and necessity the strongest factors in human progress.

Some day he intends to build himself an early American house, but it must be in the proper setting. The metallic California mountains do not answer this requirement. He favors low ceilings and Dutch doors. He believes that every obstacle in the path of an artist acts as a force to impel him forward.

In Summer he tans himself like a Bedouin, lazies in the sun and doesn't like to work. He is a collector of old English prints and etchings. He does not believe that beauty is only skin deep—if it is only skin deep then it is not beauty.

HE likes to run away from Hollywood whenever opportunity affords. It is the only way, he says, one can keep a decent perspective of one's screen efforts. He does not like squab or duck dinners. He considers pleasure as important a business as the business of busy-ness.

The only humor that appeals to him is that of Stephen Leacock and Robert Benchley. He prefers the night clubs of New York and Paris. He doesn't like Sunday papers except for the theater page and sporting events. He cannot endure professional funny men. He is particularly fond of Havana because it is mad, hectic and exciting. He is often inconsistent and self-contradictory.

He likes the smell of livery stables and burning leaves. He does not like modernistic furniture. Versailles always interests him and he never tires of visiting it. He likes to eat at the oyster bar in the Grand Central Station. He believes that no experience—no matter how bad or inconsequential it seems—is entirely lost to an intelligent man.

He likes to ride around in a hansom cab and regrets the passing of this vehicle. He does not like women who are addicted to an excess of perfume. He likes opening nights in New York and cannot stand them in Los Angeles. In the former, he says, you go to look at something and on the coast you go to be looked at. He believes mass production has done immeasurable harm to American talent.



Photograph by Ferenc

Here are some of the things Dick Barthelmess best remembers: A Christmas dinner at Childs' restaurant when he was a small boy, President Roosevelt delivering an address at the commencement exercise at Trinity College, Jack Dempsey being knocked out of the ring by Firpo, opening night of "Broken Blossoms," and his first sight of little Mary Hay Barthelmess just after she was born.

Some one once published that he did not wear socks with evening clothes. It made him furious. He is constantly in fear of being misquoted. He gave up golf six years ago. He broke eight clubs in one year and decided to call it quits. He believes meddlers and snoopers contribute more unhappiness than any other single class.

He intends to retire only when his forward march has stopped. He may then turn producer-director and thus appease his creative urge. He would like to write, but not having built for such a career he feels it is too late now.

He has definite talents for satiric expression, but the urge is not strong enough to make him endure the exacting routine for success in such work.

This year is his fifteenth anniversary in pictures. Fifteen years ago he made the transition from taking notes in the lecture hall at Trinity to facing movie cameras. He began with extra work, then came "War Brides" and then success. His favorite eating places are The Colony, Luchow's and the India House in New York; the Louisiana in New Orleans, Henri's in Lynbrook, Long Island; Prendes in Mexico City, Café de Paris in Havana, the Embassy Club in London and La Tour d'Argent in Paris.

FOR sheer quiet he prefers the Canadian woods, Havana for excitement, and for motoring the Austrian Tyrol, Switzerland, and (*Please turn to page* 99)

New Styles for the Baby

You can make any of the baby things shown on this page with the help of our New Method Circulars. Write to Miss Frances Cowles in care of this magazine, enclosing 4 cents for one, 10 cents for 3 or 20 cents for all ten circulars.



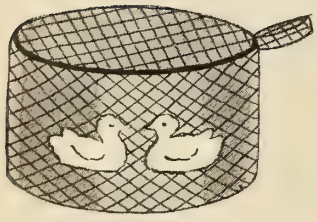
Fe86 — A baby dress of latest design, shown above (at left), is easy to make with the aid of this circular.

Fe87 — You will have no trouble making the new style sleeping bag shown above with diagram and directions given in this circular.

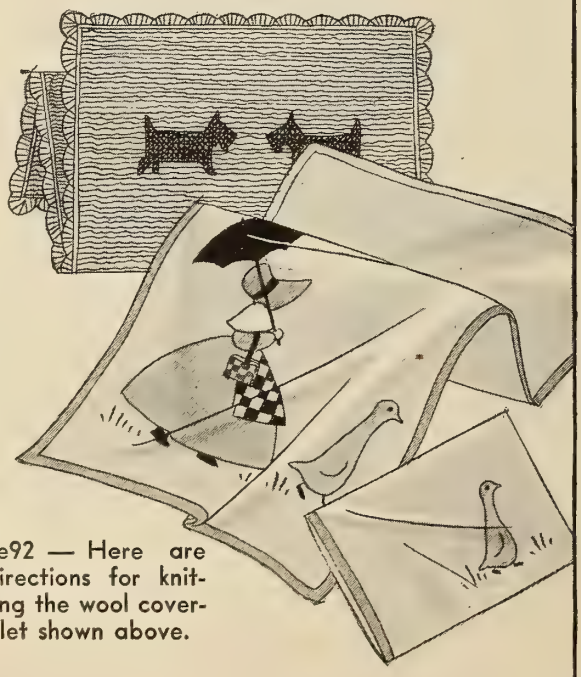
Fe88 — The slip, shirt and kimono shown above are part of the layette of six practical baby garments that you can make with the aid of this circular.



Fe89 — Easy-to-make bibs for every occasion are presented in this circular.



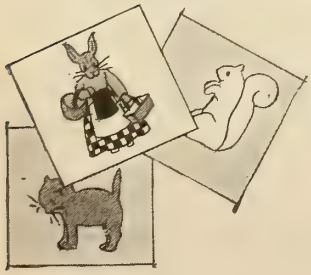
Fe90—The hassock, made with the help of this circular, has many uses.



Fe92 — Here are directions for knitting the wool coverlet shown above.

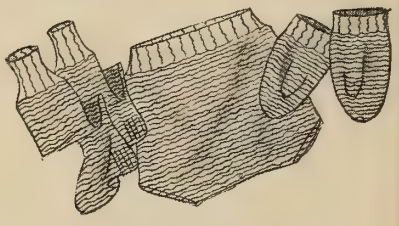


Fe93 — Bonnet, mittens and bootees of the smartest sort are featured in this circular.



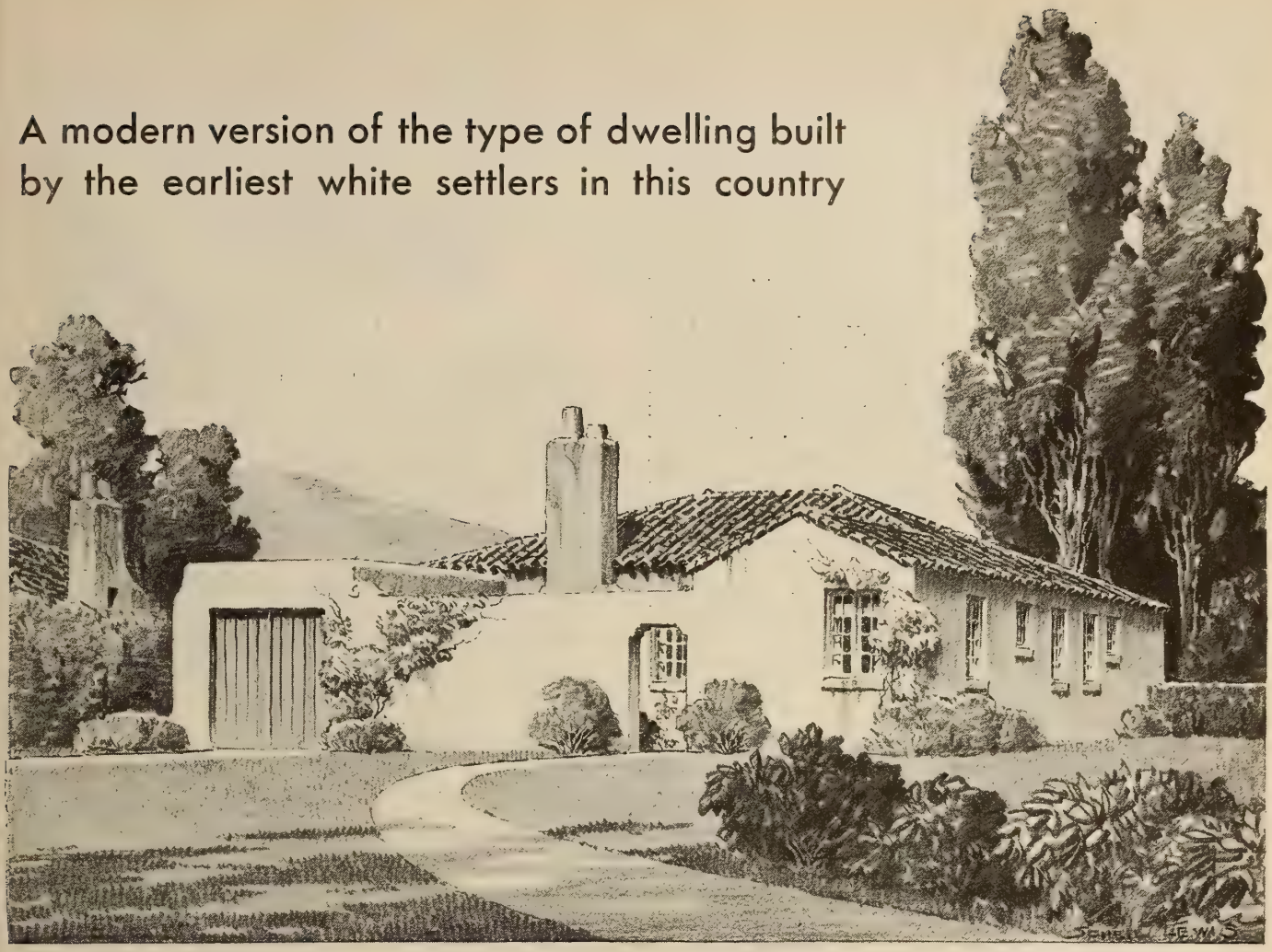
Fe91—Here are amusing appliqués for baby clothes.

Ja95—If you want your baby to have a crib spread and pillow cover of the latest fashion send for this circular.



Fe94—You can knit this three-piece wool set with the help of this circular.

A modern version of the type of dwelling built by the earliest white settlers in this country



Renderings by Schell Lewis

Would You Like to Build a Spanish House?

EVEN if the Spaniards had never had anything to do with the early development of this country, and even if they had never settled in Mexico, California and other Southern states, the type of house we are featuring this month would be worth thoughtful consideration. But the fact that, before there were any permanent English and French settlements here, courageous Spaniards had set up housekeeping in the new world, and had devised means of building their own traditional kind of dwelling, gives this ruggedly beautiful type of house a peculiar appeal. After all, it is the earliest form of Colonial architecture in the country and the adaptation of Spanish ideas and methods of building has been going on for over three centuries. So, while we still speak of houses of this sort as Spanish, they are as genuinely American as anything this side of an Indian wigwam.

Until within the past twenty or thirty years, however, the Spanish traditions in house building survived only in California and other Southern states where the early Spaniards had settled, and Northerners and Easterners visiting in these states looked upon such houses as quaint and old-world in their appeal, while their own houses adapted from English or French or Dutch designs, or put together without any design at all, seemed thoroughly American.

Within recent years, however, the Spanish-American type of house has been gaining ground in all parts of the country. Many architects recognized in its simple design, in its vivid color and in its rugged construction an idea and a method that might well be carried out in the building of moderate-sized American homes in Northern climes as well as in the South.

Ask any American to define a Spanish type of house and he will usually mention red tiles and a patio, because these are the features that are most outstanding

We Want You to Help Decide

This is one of the four houses that we have chosen from plans prepared by the Architects' Small House Service Bureau, Inc. Read this article through so that you will be ready to send in your vote next month after the fourth house has been presented.

and essential in the sunny Spanish dwelling.

In the construction of the house presented this month the roofing of variegated red tiles is indispensable. Those chosen are the old mission type laid in random lengths over a low spreading roof, which though fairly shallow still has sufficient pitch to carry off snow in colder parts of the country. The traditional old Spanish house was made of rough rubble stone, softened by numerous coats of whitewash. In the modern adaptation a similar effect is obtained from stucco laid over walls of brick, hollow tile or wood frame, often painted a soft hue to give the effect of the soft tones produced by age.

The old-world Spaniard built his house round an open patio in order to provide himself and his family a secluded outdoor living room where neither prying eyes nor rapacious strangers might intrude. Storerooms, a stable and other small buildings were grouped about this courtyard as a matter of convenience, and so in the modern Spanish-American bungalow the garage is given a definite place in the design of the house, with a small side door conveniently opening to the patio.

Entering this patio through an arch in the front wall you may pause to admire the flagstone paved paths, potted plants and colorful outdoor furniture, or to look back through the archway to catch a picturesque glimpse of the front lawn. Inside the patio, directly opposite the entrance arch, you come upon the front door which is made of dark stained oak or a vivid blue, Chinese lacquer red or some other cheerful color. Through this door you pass to a small hall, opening on the left to a living room 22 feet long and 13 feet 4 inches wide, with windows opening on two sides and a door to the porch, thus giving three-way ventilation and light.

The dining room, opening from the living room, has air and light from two windows and the glass-paned door to the porch, which may be used as an outdoor dining room in warm weather. The kitchen, carefully designed for the convenience of the modern housewife, is provided with a dining alcove, large storage pantry and cupboard space. Room for the refrigerator is allowed in the entry leading to the service entrance at the back and to the stairs that descend to the cellar.

The original Spanish house was made without a cellar, but in this adaptation there is a partial basement, large enough to provide room for laundry, storage and heating plant.

The plans for this house show a door leading from the kitchen to one of the bedrooms, a convenience to the housewife which may, of course, be omitted.

This center bedroom has two windows on one side and is provided with a spacious closet. A passageway from this back bedroom opens on the front hall and leads to the bathroom and the second bedroom which has windows on three sides and a good sized closet. This front bedroom, measuring 11 feet 4 inches by 13 feet 6 inches, has room for twin beds. A linen closet off the passageway and a coat closet opening from the front hall are features that every housewife will appreciate.

If the architect's advice has been followed in the building of this house the inside finish of the rooms is as thoroughly Spanish in suggestion as the outside. This calls for the simplest of materials, with woodwork and beams of pine stained dark or in weathered effect and the walls plastered in sand finish, colored to suit the individual taste. Hardware used on doors and windows should be of black rustless or hammered iron, and in place of door knobs bolts should be used.

A striking feature of this house is the chimney which rises boldly above the front of the patio wall, filling a decorative as well as a practical need in the construction of the house. It is a plain, sturdy sort of chimney made picturesque with clay tile chimney pots. Another detail of the house that is especially worth noting is the garage door stained or painted to match the front door within the patio. Large hinges of black rustless or hammered iron may be used to add distinction to these doors.

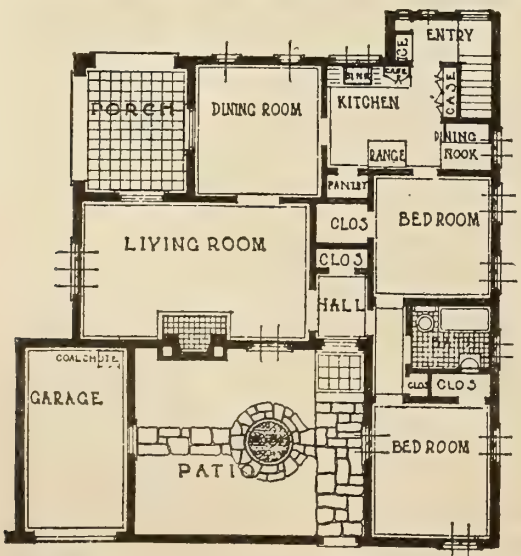
And now you have gone the rounds of the Twentieth Century Spanish bungalow, and have made a thorough inspection inside and out, what do you think about it? Possibly it does not appeal to you at all favorably. It may be the sort of house you'd like to visit occasionally to provide variety from the more usual sort of dwellings, or you may have been so taken with its old-world



The patio or court provides an open-air living room with a vista of the front lawn.

You Can Tell It Is Spanish

Because of its wide low-lying tile roof, because of its enclosed, protecting little patio, with the simple archway entrance. Because of its small-paned leaded casement windows, its stucco walls and simplicity of design. And because its charm and practicability lie in its sturdiness of construction.



The arrangement of the rooms around the patio has been thoughtfully planned. You will notice that the sleeping quarters are separated from the living rooms as they should be in the single level house, and the garage is a part of the house and yet off from it.

charm and its new-world convenience and soundness that you would like to call it your own.

But whatever your reaction, you will find it worth while to study the plans and to think the matter over, and then, to refresh your memory of the two other houses presented in the December and January issues of this magazine, glance at the plans of the French house and the English house on this page. Next month be ready to give the same critical attention to the last of the four houses that we have chosen for your consideration.

We have selected these houses from hundreds of plans that have proved most acceptable to architects, builders and home dwellers. And these three houses with the one you will read about next month represent the four finest types of architecture for the moderately priced modern home.

You could hardly find four houses that present more variety in design, construction and room arrangement than these, and yet they are all sound from the point of view of architect and builder and each may be built for approximately the same cost.

We have selected and presented these houses because we want to know definitely just what type of moderately priced house is most expressive of the taste of discriminating Americans at the present time. We want you to judge these houses in a purely personal way—just as you would if you were choosing plans for a house that you intended to build for yourself and family; and after you have made the same study of the house to be shown next month—and not till then—we want you to write and tell us which you honestly like the best.

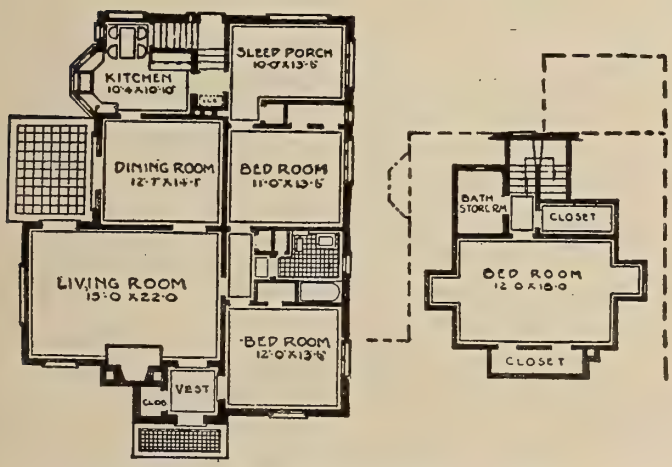
These three houses and the one to follow have been chosen from plans prepared by the Architects' Small House Service Bureau, Inc., an organization made up of leading architects from cities all over the United States.

To add to your understanding of the Spanish house presented this month we have prepared a free illustrated circular giving fuller details of its construction and answering many questions about this type of house and general house building that may occur to you. If you have not already received your circular on the English house and the French house we would be glad to send you copies. These circulars also tell you how you can buy working plans at a nominal price for any of the houses shown thus far, as developed by the Architects' Small House Service Bureau, Inc. Just send two cents postage to the Tower House Editor, for any one of the circulars you would like to receive.



The English House

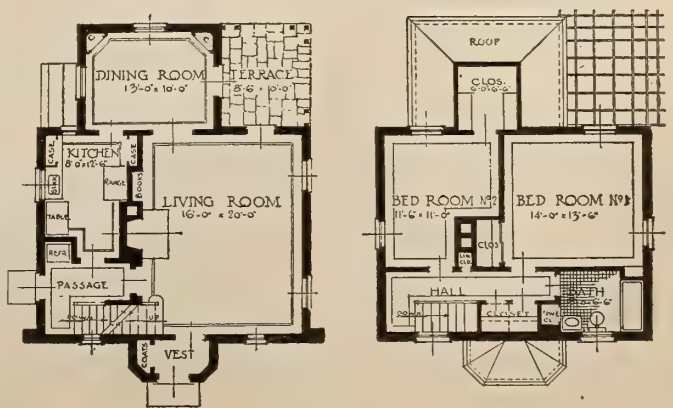
Combining old-world charm with sound construction and modern American convenience, it clings closely to the ground.





The French House

Careful balance and intrinsic excellence of design give an air to this house, with its high roof in distinct contrast to the English house.



SPANISH, French or English—which house do you prefer? We have presented each in a design which includes the best features of its type. The old English house, of solid brick and stucco construction, with its friendly chimney, low sweeping roof and casement windows, a house full of repose and dignity, replete with Old World charm and unpretentious beauty.

Or the French house, compact, artistically correct down to its last detail, a house that rises high, that gives at once the feeling of hospitality to all friends and of withdrawal to all strangers. Detail of doorway and window, of terrace and tall chimney are carefully thought out to give the house its intrinsic excellence of design.

Or will your choice rest on the cool, wide walls and warm red roof of the Spanish house shown this month? It has as much to recommend it as the two houses shown earlier and is a type just as popular—presented here in its finest manifestation.

Perhaps it will be none of these, but instead the house we will show you next month. Watch for it, compare it with the three that have gone before and then make your choice—just as you would if you were building one now yourself.

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Photo by Robert W. Coburn

Guests and players standing left to right: Leo Carrillo, Nils Asther, Mrs. Jack Black, Gilbert Roland, Norma Talmadge, Alice Joyce, Anna Q. Nilsson, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, Dolores del Rio, Cedric Gibbons, Claudette Colbert, and Norman Foster. Seated, left to right: Ben Lyon, Bebe Daniels, Vivian Duncan, Herbert Brenon, and Warner Baxter.

30-LOVE at MALIBU

By Eileen Percy

ONE of the smartest affairs of last month in the film colony was Director Herbert Brenon's third annual reception and tennis tournament at his Malibu Beach home, "Peter Pan."

The early Sunday morning sun shone on Rolls-Royces, bright-colored roadsters and town cars as guests began to arrive for what they knew would be a brilliant event. By ten o'clock the scene took on a festival appearance, with gayly striped awnings and beach umbrellas bidding for attention against the rainbow-tinted beauty of sports frocks and costumes.

Every one in the film colony who could wield a racquet had entered the matches and the games were played off swiftly so that all might be played during the day. Cameramen dashed about snapping pictures of this and that star or groups of famous spectators who were cheering the contestants. Filipino boys in white coats moved about with tempting hors d'oeuvres and more substantial food for the hard working tennis players.

Tennis may be played the year around in California, so it is natural that the film folk find the game a favorite form of recreation and exercise. Some excellent players displayed their skill on the Brenon courts.

HOW Hollywood Entertains

AMONG the players were:

Betty Williams, May Bundy, Ethel Bruce, Josephine Cruikshank, Louise Dudley, Florence Sutton, Dorothy Robinson, Cracyn Wheeler, Elizabeth Rathborne, Sue Severence, Ruby Jenks, Mrs. Doeg, Violet Doeg, Marie de Sylva, Adela Hyland, Margaret Phipps, Mildred Brook, Kitty Archainbaud.

Kay Johnson, Jimmie Schertzinger, Louise Garrett, Katherine Seaver, Dougie Winnett, Eileen Percy, Jessie Grieve, Carmen Pantages, Gwen McCormack, Cliff Hurd, Milton Cohen, Neil Cole, Richard Barthelmess, Herbert Brenon, Eric Pedley, Victor Schertzinger, Robert Leonard, William Armstrong, John Cromwell.

Clive Brook, King Vidor, Dick Hyland, Warner Baxter, Henry Hobart, William Hawks, Noll Gurney, Theodore von Eltz, Gilbert Roland, Cedric Gibbons, Ben Lyon, Oliver Garett, Bud de Sylva, David Butler, Ralph Ince and George Archainbaud.

Trophies were presented to the winners of the matches by their donors:

Dolores del Rio, Leo Carrillo, Carl Laemmle, Sr., William Powell, Richard Barthelmess, Warner Baxter and Ronald Colman.

In memory of his mother, Mrs. Esther Brenon, Mr. Brenon offered a magnificent, engraved silver bowl trophy which will have a permanent place in Mr. Brenon's home and will record the feminine winner each year.

Gilbert Roland and his partner, Bonnie Miller, captured the first prizes by defeating Ralph Ince and Elizabeth Deike in two hard-fought sets. Score: 6-2, 6-2.

Miss Miller won a necklace of white beads, connected with white gold chains, a bracelet to match and a cigarette case of white enamel and silver, presented by Dolores del Rio, and the silver bowl given by Mr. Brenon.

Roland won a gold pencil and pen combination, presented by Ronald Colman, and the bowl matching Miss Miller's given by Mr. Brenon.

Ralph Ince, as runnerup, won an Italian leather secretary box, presented by Warner Baxter, and his partner, Elizabeth Deike, won a beautiful tennis case of pigskin and racquets, a gift of Mr. and Mrs. William Powell (Carole Lombard).

In the semi-finals, Bud de Sylva and Caroline Babcock won the prizes given by Elizabeth Meehan and Warner Baxter, a black onyx vase with silver figures for Bud and a bottle of Guerlaine's perfume for Caroline.

Elizabeth Meehan and (*Please turn to page* 120)

THE LABEL SAYS IT...THE FLAVOR SHOUTS IT...

HEINZ BEANS ARE BAKED!



It's probably news to you—it is to nearly everyone—but most of the so-called baked beans aren't baked at all. They're really steamed or boiled.

Before you say "Impossible!" look on the label of the brand you use. Unless you find the word "Baked" on the label, those beans *aren't* baked!

You can tell real *baked* beans by the label—and by the flavor! Just try Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans. They're tender and light and plump—their golden-brown goodness blended with a thick, delicious sauce. Between them and steamed or boiled beans there's all the difference that there is between a crisp-skinned, flaky baked potato and a boiled potato.

Yes, Heinz Beans are baked—actually baked in ovens by the special Heinz method. This oven-baking makes beans wonderfully light and digestible—brings out the full flavor—lets the sauce permeate through and through as butter permeates a baked potato. One mouthful of Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans—and you'll never be satisfied with any other brand!

You can get Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans in four tempting styles. Two styles with tomato sauce—with pork and without. Then there is Boston Style—with pork and a rich molasses sauce. Lastly, Baked Red Kidney Beans in a savory sauce—ready to serve. Try all four styles. You can get them in convenient sizes. They'll lend variety—give a new thrill to that good old favorite—baked beans. But to be sure of getting real *baked* beans, insist upon Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans!

CORN AND KIDNEY BEANS

1 medium can Heinz Oven-Baked Kidney Beans
1 medium-size can corn
1 green pepper
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg
3 tablespoons grated cheese
Few fine buttered bread crumbs

Mix the beans, corn, green pepper, minced finely, salt and the egg, well beaten. Pour into a buttered baking dish, sprinkle top with cheese and a layer of buttered crumbs, and bake in a moderate oven for 30 to 45 minutes.

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BOSTON STYLE—WITH PORK | WITH TOMATO SAUCE—AND PORK | IN TOMATO SAUCE—WITHOUT MEAT—"VEGETARIAN" | RED KIDNEY BEANS—WITH PORK

FREE

a fascinating booklet!

Menus and recipes that will open your eyes! Main dish surprises (economical, yet unusually delicious)! New and different supper snacks! Salads! Sandwiches! Soups! Lunch box suggestions. Mail the coupon!

H. J. Heinz Company
Dept. TM2, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Please send me—FREE—your booklet of Baked Bean surprises.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



"What's this—*another* size in Crinkle Baking Cups?"



"Yes, for tea cakes. And, I ask, could anyone do a prettier job of baking than this?"



Cup cakes and muffins. Layer cakes in perfect circles. Now, those tiny tea cakes that look so pretty on the table. You can make them all in short order with Crinkle baking cases, specially treated to prevent sticking and burning. No greasing, no broken, wasted cake, no hard-to-wash pans. Crinkle Baking Dishes fit standard layer cake pans. Crinkle Cups, made in three convenient sizes, may be used to line small cake pans or by themselves, on baking trays. Save time and work. Use them all, for cakes and other good things.

SOLD AT 5-AND-10-CENT STORES

Crinkle Cups and Baking Dishes are now on sale in these sizes: No. 845, for tea cakes. No. 1045, for cup cakes. No. 1545, for muffins. Baking Dishes for layer cakes, to fit 9 in. or 10 in. pans (by top measurement). If you do not find the size you want, we will send it to you at 10¢ a package, postpaid.

OLDMILL PAPER PRODUCTS CORP.
Linden St., cor. Prospect Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CRINKLE CUPS

Radio RAMBLES

Who's Who and What's What Among the Stars You Hear But Seldom See



Belasco wanted to send Belle Baker to Europe to study drama but she preferred vaudeville.



Peter Dixon and Aline Berry (Mrs. Dixon) really like each other.



Gene and Glenn, who get up early every morning except Sunday.



This shows you. Clara, Lu 'n' Em—of broadcast fame—are all under 30.

Life is Funny: A twenty-two-year-old reporter on the Tulsa (Oklahoma) *World* becomes an actor for a week to collect material for a series of stories. He likes the ingénue in the cast. Five months later he marries her. A year later a son is born. Four years later they are talking about "Raising Junior"—six nights a week on the air. Aline Berry and Peter Dixon, of course.

1918. The armistice is signed and a group of sailors, on leave in Mexico, step into the Silver Dollar Saloon. One of them takes the fiddle from the ragged orchestra and plays it for a lark. The owner offers him a job. He takes it and organizes an orchestra. Today he is the highest paid band leader on the air—Andy Sanella.

1915. And a little boy is laboring over a violin in Calistoga, California. His teacher is unsparing, for he recognizes his talent. His father, himself a Neapolitan musician, dreams of another Heifetz. Seven years later eleven brothers and sisters thrill as the boy solos with his violin at San Francisco's Imperial Theater. Then a hotel man hears his voice and offers him seventy-five dollars a week to sing at the Mayfair in Los Angeles. Today he is a baritone idol—Russ Columbo.



Kate Smith sings to her maid. One way to keep maids—if you can sing.



Helen Dumas makes your heart throb in Love and True Story Hours.



Jean Aubert—from Broadway—is a popular guest star on the air.

Only three months ago and two show girls are out of two jobs. Tired from the rounds of the booking offices, worried about their rent, and distressed about their clothes, one of them goes to bed and the other turns on the radio. She hears a sketch about the theater. She feels she can do better. She writes twelve sketches and calls up the owners of the highest building in Chicago for an appointment. She gets an interview. She gets a contract. She goes on the air with her roommate in competition with Amos 'n' Andy to boost the sales of chewing-gum—Myrtle (Myrt) Vail and Donna (Marge) Damerel.

Ahh! Eats! Are you thinking of asking your air favorites over for dinner some night? This menu might help:

Fish cakes for Andy Sanella and coffee ice cream, but order raspberry ice, too, if Morton Downey is coming. Eddie Cantor will kiss you for a good plate of salami and hotdogs, but be sure to have a doctor handy, because they don't agree with him. Give Floyd Gibbons creamed chipped beef on toast with figs and cream on the side. Abe Lyman will be satisfied with just pears, but for Alice Joy you had better prepare a three-inch steak and cover it with onions. Don't forget the rye bread for Harry Richman, and just give Bing Crosby coddled eggs and chicken livers. Now you know what they like best.

The Name Doctor: If Shakespeare were alive today, he would not ask what's in a name. He would know that though a rose by any other name might smell as sweet, it would not bring as good a price.

Eddie Cantor could not have been topping $15,000 a week had he continued as Izzy Iskowitch. Nor could Ruggiero Columbo have won all the pining hearts that Russ does. Frances Holcomb is a good example, too. For two years the swell singer struggled to make a living on sustaining programs. Now, as Alice Joy, she has landed a daily featured spot on the million-dollar Prince Albert program.

The Boy Friend Comes Back: Buddy Rogers, who may go on the air soon, is another band leader who does not dance unless he has to. He studied journalism, took his own orchestra through thirteen states and then became America's Boy Friend in the movies. Maybe all this time he has only been practicing to do some real heartbreaking over the air. You had better harden your hearts, girls. Remember what Rudy did when he caught you off your guard. And Buddy is single, too.

What Will Become of Your Child? You can't tell a radio star by his parents—or hers, for that matter. Aline (Raising Junior) Berry has three United States Presidents on her family tree. Bing Crosby's father was a brewer and Rudy (*Please turn to page* 114)

Pretty Irene Taylor comes from Missouri but she does the showing herself.



The volatile Beatrice Lillie is flirting seriously with the microphone.



Adele Vasa, the "Dixie Nightingale," is living on Park Avenue.





HIGH-HATS or OVERALLS!



This man is the typical millionaire! He has an imported car—servants—money. Yet all his wealth can't help him if his teeth and gums are not healthy.



This man has muscles of steel. But his gums, being soft, trouble him. "Pink Tooth Brush" is no respecter of people. For all people, millionaires and workmen, eat soft, creamy food.

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" doesn't care who you are



Women especially should be concerned about the looks of their teeth and their husband's teeth. Follow the new dental developments. Use Ipana and massage. Beauty of the teeth, preservation of the gums in a healthy state will reward you.



This is Ipana Tooth Paste. Use it on your teeth. Massage it into your gums. Keep your gums firm and healthy with Ipana and massage, and you will be delighted with the fine, clean appearance of your teeth—the only teeth you will ever have.

You may live on Easy Street, or work like a slave—either way, you can have plenty of grief from soft gums. "Pink tooth brush" can happen to *anyone!*

As a child, you had good, sound gums. But now? No! Why? Because, like all the modern world, you eat soft foods. And soft foods don't give your gums enough work to keep them vigorous and firm.

Gradually your gums have become lazy, touchy, and tender. They probably leave traces of "pink" on your tooth brush. And unless you set them to work right now, gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea might follow. And why endanger the health of sound teeth?

Get after "pink tooth brush"—beginning today. Brush your teeth with Ipana

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—twice each day. But each time rub a little extra Ipana into your gums.

You'll notice more sparkle in your teeth—and your gums will be harder and healthier. Go on using Ipana with massage—and *forget* about "pink tooth brush"!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-22
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....*State*.....

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MILLIONS in a NAME

By Lynde Denig

MEN WHO MAKE THE MOVIES

ANY list of the ten men who have been most essential to the development of motion pictures must include the name of Samuel Lionel Rothafel, or just plain Roxy. Cut the list down to five names even, and this premier showman would be among the elect by reason of the far-reaching consequences of his accomplishments.

He found the motion picture flickering through the dark of tawdry theaters and dingy storerooms, only a few steps removed from the peep-show in a penny arcade.

He found a cheap novelty, crudely housed, and moved it into a congenial atmosphere where it might mature into a thing of beauty.

He gave the motion picture a rich environment, clean, luxurious, inspiring.

He treated the new art form with respect and induced others to do likewise.

He had faith in his ideals and he believed in himself so implicitly that he changed the face of the amusement world.

Now, in the full swing of his dynamic career, his electrifying energy is being thrown without reserve into the construction of the vast Radio-Rockefeller amusement center in New York—a five-ten-twenty-five year plan.

Study the portrait on this page and you will detect a resemblance to Mussolini. It is not misleading. Whether he realizes it or not, Roxy bears a temperamental kinship to the Big Boss of Italy. Of course he is egotistical: he had to be in order to arrive where he is today. He is dominant and aggressive. He is a dreamer with a dynamo at his bedside. He is a wizard at organization and is fully aware of the value of man-power when properly directed.

Nothing but the best is good enough, whether it be for the public, his associates or for himself.

RIGHTLY or wrongly, Mussolini visualizes the perfect state and directs his genius towards its realization.

In a like manner, Roxy visualizes the perfect theater and dedicates his life to its creation: not a theater of motion pictures alone, rather a harmonious blending of pictures, music, dancing, expressive colorings and architectural beauty. He has an innate feeling for all of these things, along with the ability to choose and direct men possessing a technical craftsmanship which he has not had an opportunity to master.

For example, Roxy has a keen appreciation of music, but no technical training. When he decided to install a first-class symphony orchestra in the Strand Theater, New York, in 1913, he engaged Hugo Reisenfeld, a truly fine conductor, and gave him and his baton full swing.

The result was the attracting of a new clientele and a more serious consideration for the entertainment offered on the screen. Roxy applied the same principle



Wide World

His first job was cash boy in a New York department store. Today he builds and directs the greatest film palaces of the world.

to other departments of his organization. He supplemented his own abilities with the talents of others. His first question is not, "How much does it cost?" rather, "How good is it going to be?"

PERHAPS Roxy's craving for beauty is an instinctive reaction from the drab realities of his childhood. Born in Stillwater, Minn., July 9, 1882, his parents brought him to New York in 1894 where he worked as a cash boy in a Fourteenth Street department store.

His next job was that of a book agent making a house-to-house canvass, which accustomed him to having doors slammed in his face. This hardening process lasted for three years. It was continued in a quite different way throughout another seven years as a member of the United States Marine Corps.

After his honorable discharge from the service, he located in the mining town of Forest City, Pa., where he served as waiter in a beer garden.

During off hours, the young waiter occasionally visited a hole-in-the-wall picture show, dark, poorly ventilated and odorous. When Roxy had saved a few dollars, he rented a storeroom, dickered with a local undertaker for the loan of (*Please turn to page* 108)

The name is Rothafel, but just call him Roxy

A Flirt.... with an Aching Heart



Gayest of the gay, she seemed. But when alone—the tears came! Lonely, unhappy, no lasting friendships—all because of "B. O."

"Fickle!" they said. "Never twice with the same man." But the bitter truth was . . .

Pride made her *pretend*. Smile though her heart was heavy. Laugh to keep back the tears. Flirt with each new admirer—to try to forget the ones she had lost!

But beneath her gay mask, how *empty* her life! Friendships that never lasted. Dreams that never came true . . . Tragic that she didn't realize how she was offending—or the untold harm that carelessness about "B.O." (*body odor*) can do!

A fatal barrier

If we want to make friends—and *hold* them—we dare not take chances with "B.O." Merely *thinking* we're safe isn't enough. Our sense of smell soon becomes used to an ever-present odor. But *others* notice a hint of "B.O." instantly—and promptly avoid the offender.

Take no chances. Conquer "B.O." *the right way*. Don't try to cover it up with powders and lotions. Go straight to the *cause*. Keep pores clean—*deodorized*—by frequent bathing with Lifebuoy.

A delightful toilet soap—and more! Lifebuoy's creamy, refreshing, abundant lather penetrates and *purifies*—removes every trace of odor. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy is a *real* "B.O." safeguard.

An ideal complexion soap

Lifebuoy's bland, creamy, pore-purifying lather keeps complexions lovely. Massage it well into the skin nightly, then rinse. It will gently free pores of clogged impurities—quickly bring back fresh, healthy radiance. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A product of LEVER BROTHERS CO., *Cambridge, Mass.*

New 

Lifebuoy
SHAVING CREAM

Its extra-moist lather soothes the skin—soaks wiry whiskers soft—gives quickest, smoothest, easiest shave ever. *At your druggist's*

Lifebuoy
HEALTH SOAP
—stops body odor—

Beauty Goes to the Head

By Ann Boyd

Judith Wood Tells of Hairdresses to Go with Her Pet Spring Hats



Judith Wood, featured Paramount player, has devised a flat curl coiffure to complement hats with brims upturned at the back.



For hats with downturned brims worn deeply over the right side Miss Wood coils her long hair into a bun on the left side of her head.

"HAIRDRESSES are coiffures now. No more running a comb through your tresses, if they are bobbed, or 'doing them up' with no reflection—except the mirror.

"That doesn't mean," says Judith Wood, Paramount featured player, "that we are going back to powdered wigs, puffs and fluffy curls. Quite the opposite.

"Simplicity," says Miss Wood, "is the keynote of the new hair styles. Waves are softer than ever before and curls are little flat coils kept in close harmony with the contours of the head."

Miss Wood has two special coiffures to wear with her favorite hats. For the upturned brim at the side and back she wears her long hair softly dipped at the side with the ends turned round and round into little "sculpture curls." For the hat with the downturned brim worn off one side she coils her hair into one bun on the left side of her head.

"It's most important," she insists, "that your hair, whether blond or brunette, long or short, is kept in the best of condition. It must be lustrous and glowing with health or the new coiffures don't mean a thing. Shampooing should be done at regular intervals—like clockwork—and if you don't brush your hair at any other time, at least give it a chance right before and after it's shampooed."

THE extreme short bob seems to have taken its final bow with a good grace, but that doesn't mean that long hair—of the old-fashioned type—is back with us. The movie colony started the parade back to longer locks, but they only went halfway with it and there they stay. The medium cut seems to be the cut of the moment—hair long enough to put up, or curl around, when desired and short enough to wear without pins if that fits the mood.

But fluffiness and flyaway hair is seldom to be found except on a few to whom it is particularly flattering. The turn is all to simplicity—coiffures that are molded to the head or reveal its contours.

For the girl who likes straight lines many of the new hair styles will be a surprise and a delight. Often they feature hair that is without a sign of a wave, plastered down to the head (*Please turn to page* 121)

ARE *Domestic Hands* A BADGE OF MARRIAGE ?



A photographic representation of inferiority complex caused by Domestic Hands
Interpreted by Anton Bruehl

Her poor bewildered husband simply can't understand the change that has come over Helen since her marriage last June.

She used to love to go to parties and to give them. But now she never wants to go anywhere and she hates to have people come into their home.

When old friends drop in unexpectedly she is so queer and so self-conscious. It was actually embarrassing the other night when Tom brought Ted Graham home for dinner without warning. And after he had gone there was another of those awful weepy scenes.

The real trouble with Helen of course is a bad case of Domestic Hands.

Unaccustomed to housework before her marriage, she simply has not learned that it is easily possible to have lovely, soft white hands and still get along without a maid.

A Soothing Pure-as-Milk Lotion that Keeps Hands Young

You can easily avoid the embarrassment of Domestic Hands and the inferiority complex that goes with them. All you need do is smooth Hinds Honey and Almond Cream into them two or three times each day. Within a few days' time even hands pitifully roughened by neglect grow softer, whiter and more attractive.

Don't Take Chances with Questionable Lotions

The delightful caressing texture of Hinds comes from the mildest and finest skin-softening emollients—a special secret of its half-century tested formula. Avoid imitations, many of which simulate Hinds cream-like texture by the addition of gummy thickening agents that do not benefit the skin. Don't take chances. Insist upon the original Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

Get Hinds from your druggist today. We'll gladly send a generous sample, free, if you will write the A. S. Hinds Co., Dept. B-25, Bloomfield, N. J.

© 1932, Lehn & Fink, Inc.

Does your face, too, tell of *Domestic Cares?*

TRY THESE NEW HINDS BEAUTY AIDS

Because days crowded with household cares so often leave signs of tiredness and neglect, Hinds decided to do for faces what they've always done for hands . . . make them smooth as velvet, lovely and youthful. Try this simple, amazingly inexpensive treatment:

HINDS CLEANSING CREAM—This cool, fragrant cream liquefies 2 to 7 times faster than ordinary creams, floating out dirt without stretching pores. 40c and 65c a jar.

HINDS TONING CLEANSER—This stimulating new cleanser dissolves pore residue, so pores shrink back to normal size. 65c a bottle.

HINDS TEXTURE CREAM—A *greaseless* softening cream to make the skin satin-smooth. 40c a jar.

If your druggist cannot supply you, write to A. S. Hinds Co., Dept. B-25, Bloomfield, N. J.



HINDS
honey and almond
CREAM

The Bandwagon—New Names and Fads

(*Continued from page* 17)

her comeback picture, "Get That Woman," January 15th, instead of December 15th, as formerly announced.

Clara wanted to spend the holidays at the Bow-Bell ranch in Nevada, instead of under the Kleigs.

The Brooklyn bonfire has drawn $25,000 advance money of the $75,000 she will receive for the forthcoming production, 'tis said.

We're all pulling for Clara to come back with a bang.

Even the Hillman sisters, famous Siamese twins, keep up with the movie parade.

The first question they asked, upon arriving at the M-G-M studio where they are playing in "Freaks," was:

"Where is Clark Gable?"

ET CETERA: Bebe Daniels left Ben Lyon and Mama to look after Barbara Bebe when she went to San Francisco on twenty-four hours' notice to prepare for her first stage play, "The Last of Mrs. Cheney."

The New York stage is welcoming Helen Chandler back from her two-year absence in talking pictures. She opened in Benn Levy's comedy, "The Soul of Henry Dewlip."

Ona Munson has been offered a part in a Sam Harris musical with George Gershwin tunes.

LEW CODY'S SPATS: Many jokes have been told about Lew Cody's spats, but none funnier than the one he relates about the last trip he made through San Quentin penitentiary, on personal appearance tour.

"We walked through the women's ward," said Lew, "and a pretty, blonde girl eyed me from head to foot, with a disdainful smile. When her eyes fell on the spats she 'took it big,' as we actors say, and, as we passed, I heard some one say, 'Phew-ew-ew—h!'

"Instinctively, I turned to see the little beauty still eyeing the spats. As we went on, a voice said to my back, 'Well, nevertheless, phew-ew-ew-ew-h!'"

When Robert Coogan chased a little girl off the set at Paramount, during the making of "Sooky," he said:

"I wasn't trying to be a sheik. I was just being Harpo Marx and scaring her."

NEW NAMES AND PICTURES: Leon Adams is the new name for Junior Carl Laemmle's discovery, Leon Waycoff, who is doing "Murders in the Rue Morgue." . . . Joe E. Brown's "You Said a Mouthful" was first titled "Fireman, Save My Child." . . . Olin ("Over the Hill") Howard has been re-signed by Fox for "Salomy Jane," the Bret Harte story. . . . After "Good Sport," John Boles leads in "Scotch Valley."

NEW GIRLS FOR OLD: You can't tell your Hollywood girl by the color of her hair any more. Jean ("Platinum Blonde") Harlow is toying with red dyes and Laura La Plante has gone platinum.

NOW YOU KNOW: Patou made evening gowns to Constance Bennett's measure while she was in Paris. That's where some of her $30,000 goes!

Prodigal child note: A Hollywood Boulevard shop front gives us this one: "Come back, prosperity, please! All is forgiven."

VAUDEVILLE FROM $25 UP: The famous Moran and Mack team worked for $25 a week in a Los Angeles theater recently. They had gone in for fifty per cent of the gross over $6,000, and the box-office took in only $6,050.

Vaudeville is coming back and more movie stars are daily taking a profitable fling at it. Mitzi Green started in St. Louis at $2,000. Jean Harlow opened in Philadelphia for $2,500. And James Cagney, Conrad Nagel and Joan March took off from New York.

Educational Note: If Warner Brothers wanted to become a college it would only need the classes. It already has the teams. Joe E. Brown is guiding the baseball nine,

(*Please turn to page* 76)



Photo Emmet Schoenbaum

The complete wedding party at the nuptials of Constance Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise. Back row, left to right, Neil McCarthy, Henri Didot (French Consul, who stood up with the Marquis), Hank himself, Richard Bennett, Judge Lewis R. Works (who performed the ceremony), Geo. Fitzmaurice and Gene Markey. Seated, Mrs. Geo. Fitzmaurice, Marion Davies, Eileen Percy, Miss Bennett, Joan Bennett (who stood up with her sister) and Barbara Bennett Downey.

Wave your own hair...

RESET YOUR PERMANENT THIS *SMART* WAY

WITH hats that show half your hair, your wave is more important than ever before. It must be firmly set, with hardly a hair out of place... yet it must be soft, feminine, and above all, *natural.*

Thousands of smart women are finding they can easily wave their own hair and re-set their permanents with Wildroot Wave Set. It gives a smooth, lasting, natural wave . . . and is actually *good* for your hair! Greaseless, free from gum or sugar, it does not leave the hair sticky, nor does it leave those annoying white flakes... *a pure vegetable product.* Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health.

WHY TAKE CHANCES WITH YOUR HAIR?

Try a 10 cent bottle of Wildroot Wave Set to-day. See how easy it is to give your hair a lovely, soft, natural wave.

For sale at most F. W. Woolworth Company stores. Larger bottles, 35¢ and 60¢ at drug and department stores, hairdressers, barber shops. Insist on the genuine. The Wildroot name is your protection. Wildroot Company Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.



THEY'RE TWINS! THEY'RE SMART!

And you can get just as good results with your own hair, if you use Wildroot Wave Set.

WILDROOT WAVE SET

The SAFE *wave setting fluid*

10¢

ACTUAL SIZE BOTTLE FOR SALE AT MOST F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. STORES.

The Bandwagon—Lupe and Gary

(*Continued from page* 91)

Ruth Hall captains the polo bicycle team, and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is admiral of the moleskin aggregation.

TRIAL AND DIAL: That trial separation agreed upon by Don Alvarado and his wife, Ann, is working out —toward a permanent one.

He is wearing a callous on his finger —dialing Marilyn Miller's number?

DESIGNING MALE NOTE: This time it is Mary Nolan and Hilda Deesy who are fighting over a man.

Hilda, who was once a famous actress, runs a dress shop on Wilshire Boulevard. When Mary came back to Hollywood she went to live with her and all went well until one day Mary upped and opened a rival establishment almost next door to Hilda's.

Well, thought Hilda, Mary must live, too, so she did not feel too badly about it until she walked into her store and found that Mary had also stolen her pet designer, William Brown.

Now on top of it all it turns out that there is a Mrs. Brown in the city, too.

Poor William!

Now He Wears a Veil: A traffic officer thought he saw a car driving backwards. But it wasn't a car driving backwards. It was Jimmy Durante walking with his red nose.

MANHATTAN MOON: John M. Stahl, the director, and Roxana McGowan Ray, divorced wife of Al Ray, say theirs will be a New York wedding.

At the recent annual banquet of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences—where his director, Norman Taurog, won the Academy cup for the best directed picture of the year—Jackie Cooper went to sleep on Marie Dressler's arm and slept all through Vice President Curtis' speech.

"Which qualifies him for the United States Senate when he grows up," says Harry Brand.

THE MAN WHO FOUND AYRES: Lewis Milestone will take over Sam Goldwyn's arduous duties as the new chief of United Artists. The pictures are to be made for less, but kept up to their high standard. He refused to occupy the fort until he'd had four months abroad with Douglas Fairbanks on the second of his travel pictures. At this writing they are probably taking shots of the winter sports in Switzerland.

"Millie," as he is generally known, should be a fine man for the job. He has a great directorial record behind him. He is well-liked and respected, human, and has the courage of his convictions. He started off in the business as a film cutter, and knows every phase of it.

It was "Millie" who chose Lew Ayres for the part in "All Quiet." Ayres, then an unknown boy, had been keeping body and soul together for two weeks on nothing but peanuts. He just wouldn't give up his dream of a screen career and go home beaten. Milestone put him through a pretty stiff acting test which lasted 'way into the night. He knew the boy was hungry, but he admired the way he kept his chin up.

When the test was run off next day, he sent for Ayres, and took him to the office. He told the studio heads that this was the boy for the job. All arguments were useless. Milestone stood firm. Ayres had to send for his mother to sign the contract. He was under age. . . . The rest you know, but if you don't think Lew has a warm spot in his heart for "Millie," you're crazy.

CONNIE WEDS ON LUCKY DAY: Attended by her sister, Joan, and Eileen Percy, Constance Bennett became the Marquise de la Falaise in a quiet wedding at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice. Henri Didot, Consul of France, acted as best man.

The bride wore an Alice blue lace afternoon dress, with hat to match, and carried a bouquet of white orchids.

The wedding was followed by a reception and dinner. Among the guests were Gene Markey, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. Watterson Rothacker, Marion Davies, Dr. and Mrs. Harry Martin and Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Blumenthal.

The wedding date was selected because it was the bride's birthday, the anniversary of signing her first picture contract and the anniversary of the date on which she met her husband while she was traveling in France.

LIFE LOSES ANOTHER THRILL: Death will be no novelty to Mae Clarke. She has gone through it too often. First jumping out of the "Front Page" window, then stopping a bomb in "Waterloo Bridge" and now taking poison in "Blonde Baby."

MR. HUSTON PAYS AND PAYS: Among some of the things disclosed by Bayone Whipples Huston's divorce from her famous husband, Walter, is that he used to direct a band.



Wide World

Marian smiles happily as she tacks up the sign which proclaims her ability.

Also, when they began to talk about a property settlement, he offered her $10,000, but eventually paid her $100,000 in cash, with an additional $5,000 promised, approximately $35,000 in stocks, bonds and life insurance and a promise of $5,000 a year if and when his annual income should be $100,000 a year or better.

THE LONE WOLF: Charles Butterworth is a dangerous man for the families of the other sixteen male players under contract to Warner Brothers. He is the only bachelor on the lot.

REMEMBER: Shades of our childhood days! Mary Pickford's hair is growing. There may even be curls in her next picture. And Charlie Chaplin will film a series of shorts before his next feature.

LUPE TALKS OF GARY: Either the sharp ocean breezes had somewhat chilled Lupe Velez' accustomed warmth or she had decided to adopt a new technique, but the fact remains that it was a calm and subdued Lupe who returned to New York after a lightning visit to Europe. A Lupe who gave vent to no histrionics nor in any way lived up to the fiery outbursts of affection usually attributed to her.

When we saw her in her suite at the Ambassador, she was lying drowsily in bed working a game on the order of cross-word puzzles. It was hard to find her at first because she was buried beneath a huge mound of papers which turned out to be all the editions of every newspaper in New York.

"I HAVE come back from Europe so quick because I am there only one week when I get homesick for America. Mr. Gilbert, he come back, too—but we are only good friends," she told me.

"Of course I am not thinking of marrying him—I never think of marrying anybody. Even when Gary and I we were so much in love, I never plan to marry him. Always it was just that we not look to the future. We never try to think of next day or next week or next year. We just look at each other and say, 'How much fun we have together!'

"Then, after we have gone together for three years I know that I am tired of Gary. I loved him very much—I still love him in a way and always I will love him.

"If ever Gary should get sick or need me I would go to him no matter where he might be. If I have no money, I sell everything I own to go to him. But love him again? Have a romance with him again?

"No, no!

"Have you ever cooked an egg and then not eaten it for a while? Then, how does it taste? Is it good, if you warm it up later? No! And that is the way it is with love! After love is once done, it cannot be warmed again.

"ANOTHER THING: Gary he has changed lately. I had not spoken to him for six months. When I came East on my way to Europe I saw him. . . . He was not the same Gary. He used to be so wonderful, so sweet.

(*Please turn to page* 91)

does the SOCIETY *Woman wear nail tips*

TINTED *or* NATURAL . . ?



Both! ***She varies her polish with her gown, using all colors from palest to deepest . . . says world's authority on manicure***

Natural just slightly emphasizes the soft natural pink of your nails. It goes with every one of your costumes but is best with bright colors — bright red, bright blue, bright green, the new purples, orange and yellow. Natural is the most popular tint today.

•

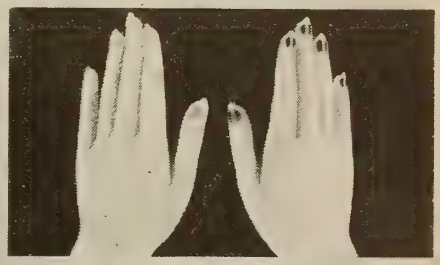
Rose is a lovely feminine shade that you can wear with any color dress, pale or vivid. Blondes often prefer it to all other shades. It is charming with pastel pinks, blues, lavender . . . with hunter green, black and brown.

•

Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, black and dark brown—either wool daytime dresses or satin evening frocks. Wear it also with deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

•

Colorless is conservatively correct at any time. Wear it with bright or difficult colors.



Wear Rose nail tips with black velvet—Natural with brocaded lamé—Coral to accent white satin . . . Gowns from Bergdorf Goodman

To TINT OR NOT TO TINT . . . any really smart society lady would sniff—smartly, of course—at such a narrow point of view.

The instant she saw the new nail shades she realized that the big idea was Variety. She decided that from now on one nail polish was just going to be the beginning!

She suited her actions to her words and now you can only guess what color nails she'll appear in if you know what color frock she's going to wear. Which she knows very well simply makes her more alluring and devastating both day and evening.

So IF YOU WANT to keep up with "Smart Society," get out your wardrobe and decide right now what nail tint you'll wear with which frock. See how much Interest the oldest rag has with new nails!

It's easy. Just think of them like jewels. You don't wear rubies with a green dress, but they'd be elegant with white—if you had any rubies. Anyway, it's all worked out for you by an expert in the chart above.

BUT DON'T BE so carried away with the new colors that you forget quality counts. Cutex Liquid Polish simply hasn't a flaw. The old coat never leaves behind the faintest stain of color. The new coat flows on in a smooth even sheen, and dries practically instantly. It's safe from all temptation to peel, crack, streak or fade. And is blessed with an ability to glitter and gleam for days on end, when you're too lazy or rushed to change it.

Pick your favorite shades today. Two shades are enough to start with, a light one and a deep one. When you see how fascinating it is to suit your polish to each gown, you'll keep all four Cutex shades in use!

Follow this easy Cutex Manicure . . .

First, scrub the nails. Then remove the old lifeless cuticle and cleanse beneath the nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Now remove the old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Finally, brush on one of the lovely shades of Cutex Liquid Polish—the shade that best suits your costume, your personality. You can choose from Natural and Colorless . . . from Rose and from Coral. End with a touch of Cutex Nail White, Pencil or Cream, under nail tips for accent. Before retiring, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

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CUTEX LIQUID POLISH

SHARPS and FLATS of the Films

Music of the Sound Screen—Eddie Cantor Signed for Five Years—Pola Negri to Sing—Paul Whiteman Again

By John Edgar Weir



HOW about a trip to Paradise with no less person than Pola Negri? Pola herself will tell you all about it in the theme song which she sings, "I'll Take You to Paradise," in her first talking picture for RKO-Pathe, tentatively called "A Woman Commands."

EDDIE CANTOR, whose hit in "Whoopee" is largely responsible for the return of musical pictures, has just been signed to a five-year contract by Samuel Goldwyn. Hollywood scouts say to get ready for a new burst of melody from the coast.

Four new George Gershwin songs will be featured in the new Fox musical with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, whose working title is "Delicious."

THE old king of jazz, Paul Whiteman, leads the list this month with a number from the new M-G-M talkie, "The Cuban Love Song." It's a waltz made from the title. As Dorothy Fields and Jimmy McHugh wrote the numbers for this picture you can rest assured the tunes are all they should be. And you'll approve of this recording for it's one of the best waltzes Whiteman has turned out in a long time. I think you'll find the first chorus of this record the best, with the muted brass taking the melody and the sax change. The vocal chorus is done for us by Jack Fulton and the Romancers. The other side is also by Paul, and this (*Please turn to page* 121)



Lawrence Tibbett and Lupe Velez in a scene from "The Cuban Love Song." In this picture Mr. Tibbett sings three songs —"Cuban Love Song," "Peanut Vendor," and "Tramps at Sea."



Now

quickly, easily, in your own home

A Complete "Beauty Parlor" Shampoo and Wave Set for 10¢

WHY pay a dollar or more for a professional wave set, when it's so simple and easy to get the same results yourself, for a fraction of the cost?

With this new Sta-Bac Combination Beauty Set (shown above in actual size), you can, in a few minutes, create a soft, lustrous wave which has all the smartness and finished look of a "beauty shoppe" wave set—and lasts just as long!

Thousands of girls, all over the United States, already wave their own hair with our famous Sta-Bac Curl Set. (Over 3 million bottles sold last year.)

The attractive Combination Set is for the purpose of introducing to these present users—and thousands of new ones—two other Sta-Bac beauty aids—Sta-Bac Shampoo and Sta-Bac Brilliantine. The generous Combination Set, as well as large size bottles of the individual Sta-Bac preparations, may be had for 10c each at many F. W. Woolworth stores.

Sta-Bac Curl Set is the perfect waving fluid for either finger waves or water waves. It produces a soft, lovely, lasting wave which is irresistible. It positively will not injure nor discolor the hair or scalp, and leaves none of those objectionable white flakes.

Sta-Bac Cocoanut Oil Shampoo thoroughly and quickly cleanses your hair and scalp. It leaves the hair soft and fluffy, and does not make it brittle.

Sta-Bac Brilliantine gives to your permanent or finger wave a beautiful sheen and lustre. Just spray a small quantity over the hair; you will be delighted with the results. Delicately perfumed.



Whether you are an old friend or a brand new user, you'll be delighted with this new Sta-Bac Combination Beauty Set. Clear and complete directions for use with each set. Get one today, at many F. W. Woolworth stores.

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Vi-Jon Creams — Cold, Vanishing, Lemon Bleaching.
Vi-Jon Lotions — Almond, Rose, Lemon.
Vi-Jon Talc ... Vi-Jon Theatrical Cleansing Cold Cream.

STA-BAC PREPARATIONS

The Secret of Lovely Lustrous Hair



JOAN Tells How She Keeps Slender



Hurrell

Joan Crawford eats no breakfast and little lunch, but her dinners are models to follow

WHEN Joan Crawford orders a dinner in her latest Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, "Possession," she does it with the right gesture—for, since her marriage, she has been in the habit of selecting all the dishes for her household.

While her picture menu includes such intricate dishes as caviar—creme de Champignons—sole Marguery—Poitrine de Pintade Truffée and a soufflé—her own menus list more simple dishes—planned with a thought of keeping the Crawford figure in trim for her picture rôles.

One of her rigid rules is in passing up all food for breakfast—excepting a large glass of water and a cup of coffee.

Her daily luncheon is restricted to one salad—these salads varying from fruits to vegetables.

On the day she outlined this weekly menu she listed some special dishes for the first day of the week—as this occasion was for a special dinner party. They follow:

Cream of asparagus soup
Triskets (a tiny wafer of shredded wheat)
Mountain trout with tartar sauce
Small cucumber sandwiches
Individual filet mignon with mushrooms
Au gratin potatoes
Peas
Salad Française with Swedish wafers
Vanilla ice cream with chocolate sauce
Angel food cake—coffee

(Of these dishes Miss Crawford assures us that the sandwiches, the potatoes, the ice cream and cake were passed up by her.)

Here is her menu for the rest of the week:

Tuesday dinner: Tomato soup—lamb chops—corn sauté—tomato ring with cottage cheese—baked apple—coffee.

Wednesday dinner: Pea soup—salad (green)—jello—coffee.

Thursday dinner: Half of cantaloupe—carrots—green salad—fruit compote—coffee.

Friday dinner: Cold consommé—fried chicken—buttered beets—pear and cream cheese salad—soufflé—coffee.

Saturday dinner: Celery—cold meat cuts—iced coffee—jello.

Sunday night supper (cook's night out): Ordered from menu, cocktail—fresh crab—salad—stuffed tomato—fried egg plant—baked apple—coffee.

IN choosing these daily menus Miss Crawford is guided by the amount of work she has scheduled—a lighter repast being selected for the days when her work is strenuous. She also knows her vitamins—recognizing the value of cheese and green vegetables in supplying the vitamin A which helps to prevent colds. Vitamin B, a preserver of nerve health, is procured in lettuce and in the Swedish and Trisket wafers which contain grains.

Oranges and grapefruit, tomatoes, watercress, spinach, turnips and green peppers contain the valuable vitamin C—which is a blood food. Green vegetables, an important item in her food schedule, also contain the vitamin G which warrants a healthful, clear skin condition.

Her breakfasts and lunches would not be sufficient for the ordinary person but Joan must keep down to the shadow-slim figure required for filming. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., of course, can pick up a bit here and there at lunch time and breakfast—but he too must keep in trim for his own movie work.



New and Different Dinners



You Will Be Proud to Serve

IN this little book, "44 Easy, Economical Dinners" you will find the answer to that perplexing question—what in the world will I serve to-day?

Every menu is a complete and delightfully different dinner. The recipes are given for the main dishes. You will find them easy to follow with perfect success.

Easy to prepare, economical, healthful and tempting, you will want to serve every menu in the book—and then serve them all over again—with variations.

If you do not find this book—"44 Easy, Economical Dinners"—in your favorite Woolworth store, send us ten cents, plus three cents postage, and we will mail it to you promptly.

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Bacon and Cheese Canapés
Broiled Fish
Asparagus with Melted Butter
Mashed Potatoes
Pear Salad with Ginger Sauce
Crackers

●

Fruit Cup
Pot Roast of Beef
Corn-on-the-Cob or Canned Corn
Mexican Tomatoes
Mashed Potatoes
Cottage Pudding Cocoa Hard Sauce



Real Lowdown on Mickey Mouse

(*Continued from page* 11)

MANY people have marveled at the way the young Walter Disney has kept his head, remaining quiet and reserved, despite his financial success through Mickey and the Silly Symphony. After one has met his parents the source of his pleasing nature becomes clear. The elder Disneys are just "ordinary" folk, who enjoy a pleasant chat with a neighbor or friend. The home is as modest as the demeanor of the couple. They are the kind of people who make you feel "at home" and make you want to go back to see them again.

One would never guess they are forebears of such a famous son and grandchild. They are proud, to be sure, but are not of the bragging kind. Ruth, who was Walter's inseparable pal in younger days, has the same quiet, unassuming disposition as her parents. She is a stenographer in the Portland office of the government Bureau of Roads. She smilingly recalls some of the pranks she and Walter engineered when they were children.

There was the time, for instance, when she helped Walter dress in his mother's clothes. Mrs. Disney, entering her home after the transformation was completed, was surprised to find a strange woman in her home with Ruth. Then she recognized her best dress.

Mickey Mouse, who is now known in every capital in the world, is really the animal version of Charlie Chaplin, according to Grandma Disney. Chaplin, by the way, is an ardent Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphony fan. Another screen admirer of Mickey is Mary Pickford, who leases each new release of Disney films for showing in her private theater. Miss Pickford once told Disney that Mickey was her favorite actor—not even barring her famous husband, Douglas Fairbanks.

"When we first lived in Kansas City our home was near a barber shop and Walter used to draw a picture a week for a haircut," Mrs. Disney said. "It was placed in the shop window and attracted much attention. When he didn't need a haircut, he would collect 25 cents."

WALTER attended art schools in Chicago and Kansas City, financing a part of his expenses from income realized from his drawings. His father advanced what other money was needed.

"While the war was on we lived in Chicago where there was a shortage of mail carriers," the father related. "Walter was 16 years old and applied for a job. When asked his age, he said he was 17. He was informed he was too young. Undaunted, he went home, changed his clothes and put on makeup to gain an older appearance. He returned and applied for the job again, giving his age as 18. He landed the position.

"A few months later he ran away with a boy chum to join the army. The chum wore glasses and could not be accepted, so neither joined. Instead they joined the Red Cross unit and left the United States the day the Armistice was signed. They served in France several months. On the trip going over, Walter drew a picture of the cap-

(*Please turn to page* 89)

Garbo's "MATA HARI" Is One of Her Greatest



Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro in a scene from "Mata Hari" (M-G-M), a story of a Javanese half-caste spy in the service of the German government whose career ends before a firing squad. Garbo immortalizes her character part and makes one of the most powerful war dramas yet produced. Her ritualistic dance before the God Kali in an early sequence is one of the beautiful episodes in the picture. Portrayals by Ramon Novarro, Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone and C. Henry Gordon are excellent. This picture, directed by George Fitzmaurice, is easily one of Garbo's best, and leaves an indelible impression that she is the screen's most sincere artist.

The Woman of Tears

(*Continued from page* 8)

over again. First the director's way. Then her way.

The picture completed, Mr. and Mrs. MacArthur did some plain talking to each other. They decided the picture was a disaster. It ought to be made over. This would cost a lot of money. Well, Helen would do it all over again. At no salary.

By now the word was being circulated that the Helen Hayes' picture was a disappointment — the report might have started from some disparaging remark of Helen or Charlie.

Helen Hayes returned to New York to start rehearsals for a stage appearance . . . and await the verdict of the public on her picture. Everyone by now knows the verdict. People stormed the theaters. They indulged in an emotional holiday. They wept their approval, and went home realizing they had seen one of the few really great performances in screen history.

But the supreme triumph was when Charlie MacArthur went to see the picture and his wife made him actually cry—MacArthur, the guy who helped write "Front Page." And has cloven hoofs. And is a minister's son. Whoever heard of anyone ever making a minister's son weep? It actually happened.

Producers, who had loaned Miss Hayes for "Arrowsmith" and held an option on her future, suddenly began pleading over long distance telephone with her—they begged her to forget the stage and hurry back to Hollywood. But she would not desert the theater which she had known since she was a child of six in Washington, D. C. She agreed to divide her time equally between studio and theater. She will return to Hollywood in the Spring.

Helen Hayes was undoubtedly born to act—just as surely as some children are born with an amazing instinct for mathematics or music.

Her voice has a timbre which affects people mysteriously just as a certain note, played on a violin, will sway a bridge.

She has strange magnetism. Pickford and Gish possessed some of this mysterious quality on the silent screen.

The danger for Miss Hayes in pictures is that she may be placed under the authority of too good a director—someone who has more confidence in his own interpretation than in the instinctively true interpretation that Helen Hayes is invariably capable of giving. Time after time she has been permitted to do a scene her way, after it has been done in the manner indicated by a director. And her way is always so sure, and simple, and true. This has been apparent almost since she was a child, doing roles in stock. Lew Fields saw her. He called on the mother.

"Wish you would bring the child to New York," he said. "I'll find a place for her." So she appeared in "Old Dutch," when Fields was soaring high in the theater.

As the child grew older she triumphed in "Dear Brutus" and "What Every Woman Knows" and "To the Ladies" and "Coquette," "The Inspector General," "Mr. Gilhooley" and "Petticoat Influence." And now, Molnar's "The Good Fairy."

LET'S TALK TRUTH!

Women out of sorts often need

Sal Hepatica



The Greeks reverenced the body as a temple. A temple must, above all, be clean. So naturally, among the Greek ideals of beauty for the body, was the ideal of cleanliness.

Bodies, today as then, must be clean. And they must be clean internally as well as externally. For only then comes the full radiance of natural beauty. Only then the full joy of health, and powers of mind.

Neglect of this internal care keeps many women "out of sorts." Not well—yet not ill—they fail to discover what their difficulty is.

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Mary Pickford's 10 Great Film Stars

(*Continued from page* 29)

DeMille is a woman's director. Vidor and Brown, Vic Fleming and Alan Dwan are men's directors. Marshall Neilan is a woman's director. Brown may be able to direct Greta Garbo and not me. I have never had anything to do with the direction of a picture. Mine is a house divided. I have to stop producing and go on and act and then get to the business end.

MR. BROUN: Why aren't there any women directors?

MISS PICKFORD: The strain is too great on a woman. I don't thing she is physically equipped to stand it.

MR. BROUN: Do you think she has less executive capacity? There are lots of women directing on the stage.

MISS PICKFORD: Yes, but the hours aren't so long. In pictures it means every day and every night. The world doesn't exist beyond those lights. Very often for two weeks they work without a day off.

MR. BROUN: Could women be as superb directors as some of the men?

MISS PICKFORD: The feminine mind, I have found in pictures, runs a little too much to detail and not the general scheme of things. A man can see the thing as a whole. I think the feminine note is necessary to a picture, however, with a man collaborating with her.

MR. BROUN: How about George Arliss?

MISS PICKFORD: He is capable and a fine actor. But it is on the shoulders of people like Chaplin and Jannings that the industry has rested. It's been because of them that it has gone on. These other people have come in and made good pictures. Miss Chatterton, at the moment, doesn't belong in the same class with Chaplin or Douglas Fairbanks. Swanson has not been consistently successful. She failed and succeeded twice. Gilbert hasn't come out of his talkie slump. I think Mickey Mouse is due for a very long and prosperous life.

MR. BROUN: But you said that until an artist has failed he cannot be great.

MISS PICKFORD: Until Minnie Mouse runs off with another mouse we won't know just what sort of a man Mickey is. It's a surprising thing to me they haven't tried to start a scandal about them before this.

MR. BROUN: Can you think of the names of one or two superb artists on the screen who have had no popular success at all?

MISS PICKFORD: There is one not considered a star. I think he's a real artist, and that's Jean Hersholt. He's never twice alike and his make-up is always different. Chic Sale once said in a talk to some school children that his make-ups are in the inside and not the outside. That to me is real artistry. And Hersholt has that. He had a part in Von Stroheim's "Greed," in "Stella Dallas" and played with Douglas in "Don Q." When I was doing "Tess of the Storm Country," I wanted a brute, someone with a heavy underlip and a dreadful face. I interviewed a lot of men, and it's very difficult for me to turn people away. One day, some one came to me and said:

"Miss Pickford, there's a man outside anxious to see you. He's been waiting all day long and won't take 'no' for an answer."

I saw him. It was Jean Hersholt. "But," I said, "you have a lovely face and kind eyes. I'm sorry, you won't do."

"Just give me a chance," he replied, "twenty minutes?"

"Why, yes. But you know what type of part this is. The man is absolutely a beast."

He went upstairs and I proceeded to forget all about him in the meantime. I was talking about the baby that we were going to use in the picture. Then suddenly this face came out of the corner and actually frightened me, it was so terrible. Of course he got the part and from that has gone on in pictures.

We Have Made Pictures More Complicated, Says Mary. We're Dealing With Two Faculties—Sight and Hearing—Where Before We Only Had One To Please

MISS PICKFORD: Well, first let me tell you the pictures which I think are the best. They are: "Seventh Heaven," "Cimarron," "Birth of a Nation," "Over the Hill," "Three Musketeers," "The Kid," "The Freshman," "Big Parade," "What Price Glory?" "Robin Hood," "Beau Geste," "All Quiet on the Western Front."

MR. BROUN: What about "Tol'able David"? I always liked that.

MISS PICKFORD: Yes, that was a good picture. But I was mad about "Three Musketeers." Also, I think "Robin Hood" one of the finest ever done.

MR. BROUN: Miss Pickford, are you thoroughly converted to the talking pictures, or have you some affection left for the silent ones?

MISS PICKFORD: I enjoy much more doing talkies, but would rather see the silent pictures.

MR. BROUN: I am completely converted to the talkies now. But I wasn't so much in the beginning. And the silent ones sometimes puzzled me.

MISS PICKFORD: I think we have distinctly lost something. Instead of simplifying things we have made them more complicated. The ultimate goal in all forms of art is directness. In the silent pictures we left more to the imagination of the audience.

MR. BROUN: You mean, I suppose, that here, for instance, is a love scene, not spoken. And if you use your imagination you can have the scene interpreted in whatever phases you like. Spoken it may not be just what your imagination dictates. If you take it in the form of a mood it may be more exciting. Two people may look at each other in a way which cannot be expressed.

MISS PICKFORD: Exactly. And now we are dealing with two faculties—sight and hearing; whereas before we had only one to please.

MR. BROUN: Why do you think the talking pictures seem at the moment to have conquered the silent pictures? Is there a chance that the silent ones will come back?

MISS PICKFORD: I am hoping we will compromise, which we haven't done as yet. First of all, Warner Bros. caught the rest of the industry napping. And they, in their hurry and excitement to get equipment in, hadn't much time to think of their stories and took many things from the theater. I invariably see the ghost, in every picture, of the proscenium arch, the footlights and the wings. Gone are the days of movement. I resent very much two people standing up for a long time and talking to me. It is poor work on the part of either the adapter or the director.

MR. BROUN: You mean that even in pictures the chief charm lies in movement and action?

MISS PICKFORD: That's our great privilege. The theater, of necessity, must crowd everything within three walls.

MR. BROUN: That's a familiar thing about the theater. The playwright tears down the fourth wall. The silent picture tore down all four walls. I think it's a mistake to take a play which has to be devised for three sets. Say, a man leaves the room, he's gone, and you know he's rushing to the hospital to see his dying mother, but you don't know what he's doing on his way, what he's thinking about.

MISS PICKFORD: That's the mistake. In writing plays haven't you noticed there are always things that remain vague? I have seen plays changed entirely and yet there will be bits of scenes that were placed in the original for some reason, of no use to the pic-

(*Please turn to page* 93)

The Bandwagon

(*Continued from page 76*)

He has work too hard—

"Now I am free! Nothing matters to me but my work. I am go into the new Ziegfeld show—I sign the contract today. I will laugh and sing and be happy. I must always be happy.

"Nothing is worth being unhappy about. It is so silly for peoples to worry about the future. The future is made out for us and we must follow the hand of Destiny. So, we must live each day, even each five minutes, just to be happy.

"That is what I do!"

And with a languorous wave of her hand, Lupe lay back further among her cushions and puffed rapidly on her cigarette. It was a changed Lupe—but an adorable one, as always.

INTERESTING BUT TOO SLOW: Don't despair. You may still see the love life of a pair of snails on the screen. The New York censors deleted the scene but the producers are appealing.

WE NOMINATE GARBO: Hollywood may not get its name on the United States postmarks but the new reapportionment gives the picture town (15th district) its own representative in Congress.

JOAN AND GENE: When Joan Bennett made her first public appearance following a three months' confinement with her broken hip in a plaster cast, she was escorted by none other than Hollywood's beau of the moment (a moment with this one and a moment with that one), Gene Markey. And it was Beau Gene who lingered longer than any of the others who were at the pier to bid farewell to the fair Joan.

And when Joan broadcast over the radio from Havana, it was Gene who listened in with "Ditty," Joan's little daughter—seldom known as Adrienne—who got a tremendous kick out of hearing her mother's voice on the air.

Joan came on to New York and spent a giddy week, starting off on the day of her arrival with a luncheon given in her honor by *his* honor, the Mayor, James J. Walker. The Mayor beau-ed her to the Mayfair dance that night.

The youngest of the Bennetts seems to have benefited by her enforced rest. She looked beautiful and very gay, and the broken hip was mended perfectly and completely.

She admitted with a downward droop of the eyelashes to finding Gene Markey, Hollywood's Casanova, the most charming man of the moment.

Joan's visit was brief for two reasons—one, her sister Constance's wedding, and the other—Fox Studios calling for her services.

SOME NECKING! That sable which Loretta Young wears in "Hon. Mr. Wong" cost $10,000.

HOMEY NOTE: A French maid, formerly in the employ of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, has joined the great army of maids at liberty.

After being snubbed by several of their neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Barthelmess began snooping around to ascertain the cause. They learned that the maid had been suspending the Barthelmess family wash from a front veranda of the star's palatial residence.

(*Please turn to page 94*)



SHAMPOOING

this way . . . gives your hair

NEW BEAUTY

Results are amazing! ***Your hair looks utterly different from hair washed with ordinary soap.*** **Costs only a few cents to use.**

FORTUNATELY, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

Its life, its lustre . . . its alluring loveliness . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A filmy coating of dust and dirt is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it hides the life and lustre and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this DINGY COATING and let the sparkle and rich, natural COLOR TONES of the hair show.

Why Ordinary Washing Fails

WHILE your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep this coating removed, the careless practice of rubbing a cake of soap over your hair . . . (something hairdressers NEVER DO) . . . invariably leaves small particles of undissolved soap on the hair, which dulls and mars its beauty.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali, common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, who value beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product not only cleanses the hair thoroughly, but is so mild and so pure that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Saves Time—Costs Only A Few Cents

TWO or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified are sufficient for a quick and truly professional shampoo at home—and it COSTS ONLY A FEW CENTS TO USE. It makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . with either hard or soft water, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will be amazed at the difference in the appearance of your hair the VERY FIRST TIME you use Mulsified, for it will be . . . so delightfully clean, soft and silky . . . and so easy to set and manage.

The next time you wash your hair, try a Mulsified shampoo. See for yourself, how it brings out all the wave and color and how . . . really beautiful, bright and fresh-looking . . . your hair will look. When you see it shimmer with "new life" and sparkle with that "gloss and lustre" which everyone admires, you will never again be content to wash your hair with ordinary soap.



You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter . . . anywhere in the world. A 4 oz. bottle should last for months.

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

When doctors approve you're perfectly safe

Your doctor has certain definite standards which he demands of a laxative before he will give it his approval.

Here are the requirements which the doctor considers important:

What the Doctor demands in a Laxative

A laxative should limit its action to the intestines.

It should not rush the food through the stomach.

It should not disturb digestion.

It should be safe—and not be absorbed by the system.

It should be mild and gentle.

It should not irritate and over-stimulate the intestines.

It should not gripe.

It should not be habit-forming.

Ex-Lax checks on every point

Ex-Lax meets every one of these specifications!

Ex-Lax is a scientific formula for the relief of constipation—pleasantly and effectively. The only medicinal ingredient of Ex-Lax is phenolphthalein—a laxative that is internationally recognized by the medical profession.

And it is the special Ex-Lax way of combining a delicious chocolated base with the scientific laxative—phenolphthalein—of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose—that accounts for the fine results millions get from Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax acts by gently stimulating the bowels to action—naturally and surely. It exercises the intestines—it does not "whip" them! It does not gripe—nor is it habit-forming.

Get Ex-Lax from your druggist in 10c, 25c, or 50c boxes. Or mail coupon for free sample.

Keep "regular" with EX-LAX —the safe laxative that tastes like chocolate

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y. B22

Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

LATE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page* 88)



COMPROMISED—*Warner Bros.*—Class C. The oft-told tale of the rich young man who marries a poor girl and takes her to his frigidaire home in Boston. Eventually, the wealthy youth cuts loose from his blue-blooded family and all is well. There are moments of genuine feeling as acted by Ben Lyon and Rose Hobart, also Claude Gillingwater.



SURRENDER—*Fox*—Class A. A picture which tells the truth about the war. A spectacle for soldiers as well as pacifists. Warner Baxter takes advantage of a splendid opportunity to display his talent in the role of an adventurous and desperate prisoner of war. Leila Hyams completely satisfying in love situations.



AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 MINUTES—*United Artists*—Class B. Douglas Fairbanks and his restless companions, Victor Fleming, Chuck Lewis and Henry Sharp, furnish entertaining and thrilling evidence of the strange and beautiful things in the world. Wisecracks by Doug and the appearance of Mickey Mouse in foreign lands increase entertainment.



TONIGHT OR NEVER—*United Artists*—Class A. From David Belasco's success by Lili Hatvany. Gloria Swanson with a faultless cast of Melvin Douglas, Alison Skipworth, Ferdinand Cotschalk and Robert Greig. Swanson as the continental prima donna gowned by Chanel of Paris will attract every clothes-conscious woman. Lovely music, charming play and excellent cast.

(*Please turn to page* **95**)

Mary Pickford's 10 Great Film Stars

(*Continued from page* 84)

ture, very often left in. That's our difficulty in taking a story written for the theater. The novel is much better for pictures. But still, even that is not ideal because it deals entirely in words.

MR. BROUN: One thing has always puzzled me. I don't see how the farce and comedy pictures get along. You can't tell for certain where your laugh is going to come in.

MISS PICKFORD: There has been a lot of controversy in Hollywood as to whether they should or shouldn't wait for laughs. The consensus of opinion is that they shouldn't.

MR. BROUN: Most people think that for a comedy a certain sense of timing is necessary; at least, let your laughs get part of the way. You do have to make those pauses. Will Rogers, for instance, on the radio would tell his gag and pause a second and put in his own little laugh.

MISS PICKFORD: Mr. Ziegfeld once said that Hollywood was ideal for plays like "Whoopee." You know where the laughs come. But they differ. For instance, I have noticed that a matinee women's audience is very different from an evening audience. Women don't laugh as much. They are more responsive to the dramatic and sympathetic and love scenes. But not to comedy.

MR. BROUN: But the tragic or pathetic scene is more universal. People will cry at the same place, but not laugh at the same place.

MISS PICKFORD: Then again, a friend of mine went to two performances of a recent comedy picture the other day. At the six o'clock performance the audience was hilarious. And at the nine o'clock show there wasn't a laugh. But then, you have to take into consideration the physical condition of the audience. At nine o'clock many people are a little tired.

MR. BROUN: And sometimes the audience is not sufficiently well rehearsed. You say that you like acting in the talking pictures better than in the silent ones?

MISS PICKFORD: Well, in the last three or four years, before talking pictures had attained the technique they now have, it was necessary to have twelve or fourteen hundred set-ups and the character had to go over and over the same scene. It required twelve to seventeen weeks to complete a picture. Now it is only necessary to have 250 set-ups as against 1400 before.

THOUGH I sat throughout the interview as a novice learning wisdom, I did go away feeling that the lady of the interview had committed one tragic and palpable blunder in choosing the stars of the screen. It is an error which even a schoolboy or an interviewer should be able to correct.

The team as picked by her is wholly incomplete. Another name must certainly be added. And I will take it upon myself to add as quarter-back and captain—Mary Pickford!

FOR YOU: FREE!



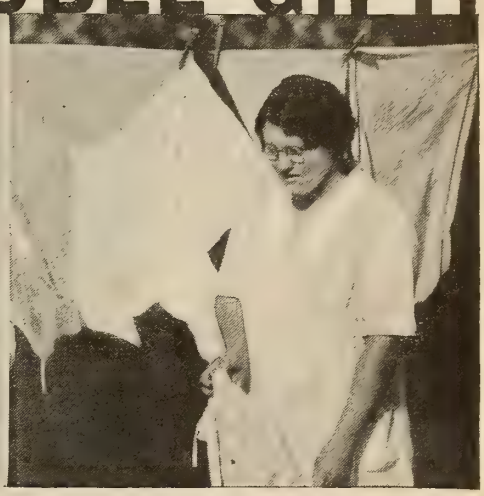
THIS DOUBLE GIFT!

MRS. ALBRIGHT WANTS TO TELL YOU

"La France certainly gets the dirt out in a hurry and blues my clothes at the same time!"

Lena S. Albright

Springfield, New Jersey



MAIL the coupon—now! Get your sample packages of La France and Satina! See how quickly La France soaks away all dirt from clothes, and how evenly La France *blues while it cleans!*

"La France has certainly been a great help to me," writes Mrs. Albright. "It certainly gets the dirt out in a hurry and blues my clothes at the same time. I like Satina, too, for it makes the starched pieces so fragrant and much easier to iron. I only wish everyone knew of these two products, and what easier washdays they make."

We want to send *you* a gift package of these two marvelous laundry helpers. We want *you* to have the joy of hanging out the whitest wash you've ever seen. Quickly, thoroughly—without hard rubbing—La France soaks away grease and dirt. And as it cleans it blues—saving you the labor of lifting clothes in and out of bluing tubs. La France will not injure the daintiest fabric or the most delicate color. It keeps white silks from yellowing.

La France is so easy to use: Just use it with your regular soap. Wash the clothes in the usual way—(many women who use a washing machine find they need run it only half the usual time).

With our gift package of La France, we'll send you also a sample of Satina—to make your iron glide; to give an exquisite finish; to keep your clothes clean longer; to give a delicate fragrance. Simple to use: Just dissolve Satina in boiling starch, and starch clothes as usual.

Clip the coupon—now! Get your double gift with its double help! What La France and Satina are doing for thousands of grateful women, they will do for you! © 1932, G. F. CORP.

MAIL COUPON TO-DAY!

General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich. T.M. 2-32

Please send me a free test package of La France—enough for a family wash. And P. S., please include a free sample of Satina.

Name

Street

City

State

(Print name and address—fill in completely)

If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario

Your grocer sells La France and Satina. Both are products of General Foods Corporation.

Nestle
SUPERSET



The Secret of
GLORIOUS WAVES

LOOK to the waving lotion. That is what most successful beauticians are most particular about whenever they give a finger wave or water wave.

It sets the hair quickly and easily. It assures a long lasting wave—a wave that is soft, fluffy and lustrous. And there is no after-deposit or sediment. Super-Set is fast drying and completely free from grease. Use it once and you will use it always.

COLORINSE

Glorify your hair with new tone color. Simply put Nestle ColoRinse in the after-shampoo wash. You will be enchanted with the glimmering sparkle and liveliness it adds to the hair. It is neither a dye or a bleach but simply harmless vegetable compound.

Combination Hot Oil Treatment and Shampoo

Restore the natural health and vitality of your hair with this famous Nestle treatment. It stops falling hair, removes dandruff, cleanses the scalp and revitalizes lifeless hair. Free from soap or alkali, it also makes the preferred shampoo.

The Nestle-Le Mur Co., New York City.

10c Small sizes at all 5c and 10c stores
large size at your beauty parlor.

The Bandwagon—Garbo—Joan—Skippy

(*Continued from page* 91)

DOWN, THEN UP: Kathryn Crawford won a six months' contract with M-G-M for reducing her weight ten pounds in one week for a part in "Flying High." Now her friends think she stepped on a bicycle pump because she has regained the lost avoirdupois with some extra chubbiness for good measure.

CUPID WAITS, BUT GETS WHAT HE WANTS: Dorothy Mackaill and Neil Miller believe in long marriage delays. They took one out in Honolulu and married in Yuma almost a year later. That was because they were waiting for Neil to land a good job first, which he had just done at the Embassy Club.

Dorothy was all packed for a trip to Havana when love sold them the bill of goods. After the ceremony they flew back to Hollywood where Neil now has something to sing about at the Embassy Roof.

DIVORCE DUE: Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello are certainly separated—and apparently no chance of a reconciliation, according to Helene's attorney, Milton M. Cohen. As we go to press they are debating over a property settlement and the divorce should be filed almost any day now.

There are tales going about—though unconfirmed—that Sherman and his brother-in-law, John Barrymore, had a falling out a few months ago and that Sherman forbade Helene to see her sister, Dolores; that Helene saw Dolores' baby for the first time only when she left Sherman.

You have to give Jackie (Skippy) Cooper credit for helping to make pictures clean.

In Paramount's new Percy Crosby picture, "Sooky," Jackie took ten baths in one day, in accordance with the demands of the script.

FAME AND MORE FAME: Fame has its advantages as well as disadvantages.

Russell Gleason, who played in Universal's "Homicide Squad," with Mary Brian, was stopped by a policeman for driving through a traffic signal in Hollywood. The cop scolded Gleason for that sin and then demanded to see his driver's license. The actor searched himself and then remembered that he had left the license in the pocket of another suit.

"How do I know you are Russell?" sneered the cop.

Gleason was stumped for a moment and began to see visions of jail. He looked about for a friendly face in the gathering crowd and finally spied a billboard which announced his latest film effort and displayed a likeness of himself.

"There! There I am," he exclaimed. "That's me! I'm me! See!"

This proof satisfied even a hard-boiled Hollywood cop.

A BOY AND HIS DOG: Every boy should have a dog. . . .

Norma Shearer is a firm believer in this homely doctrine. Now Irving Thalberg, Jr., shares his nursery with a little white bull pup.

Because of a cold, Jimmy Durante advised M-G-M officials that he could not appear at a benefit to sing because he was afraid he wouldn't be heard.

"As though that would make any difference to a guy who sings through that nose!" grumphed Al Boasberg, the erstwhile poet laureate of Malibu Beach.

REPAYING GOOD SAMARITAN: One man is in jail and a youth is in custody of the juvenile court authorities because of their attempt to rob Elissa Landi's home.

Elissa had befriended the boy, who had come to her door begging food.

She had a room furnished above her garage and told him he could remain there while she went to Europe. A friend arrived at the Landi home one night to find the boy and a man moving a huge trunk out of the house.

It contained Miss Landi's clothing and many articles the boy had purchased from shops, paying for them with forged checks.

DOROTHY GOING AHEAD: Do you remember Dorothy Ward? She was the girl who was discovered in a Hollywood five-and-ten-cent store about three years ago by Margaret Livingston, recently married to Paul Whiteman. Miss Livingston pointed the girl out to Phyllis Haver, who got her a contract with Pathe, where she was put in stock. But she only lasted six months. She was then only sixteen. Now she is beginning to come up the ladder. Hal Roach has signed her. Her first picture is "Love Pains," and she is playing with David Rollins, Mickey Daniels and Mary Kornman, the last two being graduates from Our Gang comedies, which they outgrew.

Robert Coogan's only bad film habit is his continual dancing up and down, which is not so good for his photographer's nerves.

Recently a hard scene had to be shot in Paramount's "Sooky," and speed was required. To keep Robert quiet, a cameraman ordered Robert's feet fastened to the ground. Robert didn't even blink when a stage carpenter held a huge spike over his shoe but when the hammer was raised he said:

"Mister, would you mind nailing between my toes?"

DELAYED ROMANCE: When Marjorie Rambeau was at her peak, playing in "Eyes of the World," she had a romance with Francis Gudger, a Dupont official. They became engaged; then the engagement was broken suddenly. No one—not even Marjorie Rambeau's best friends—ever knew the reason, but they have always suspected that it was her refusal to give up the stage.

Then she married, first Willard Mack.

(*Please turn to page* 96)

LATE REVIEWS



WORKING GIRLS—*Paramount*—Class D. Story of working girls in New York. Cast of Buddy Rogers, Dorothy Hall (above); Paul Lukas and Judith Wood.



HUSBAND'S HOLIDAY—*Paramount*—Class B. This is satisfying entertainment with cast giving excellent performances. Clive Brook and Juliette Compton, above.



X MARKS THE SPOT—*Tiffany*—Class B. An exceptionally well done picture of big city newspaper with Lew Cody (above) playing the managing editor.

HOLLYWOOD RECIPES



An intimate close-up of the movie stars you've always admired who get right into cooking action in their own Hollywood homes.

Alice White says that "anyone can be a good cook if she wants to." Just to prove, too, how thoroughly she believes that woman's place is in the kitchen, she shows us a picture of herself apron-clad ready to make her favorite creamed chipped beef, a recipe you'll find in this gay new book, "Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars."

You learn how to make Chile Con Carne the way Warner Baxter does and if you can only look as pretty as Mary Brian does when she makes "Orange Circles," we confidently predict a lot of heart interest in your cooking career.

Forty-seven photographs. Forty-seven recipes. Forty-seven opportunities to give someone you like delectable dishes and all for a small sum. Just ten cents plus postage is all it costs you.

Why wait any longer than today to enjoy these attractive recipes? If you can't find the book in your favorite Woolworth store, send ten cents plus three cents postage and we'll hurry it to you.

●

TOWER BOOKS
INCORPORATED
55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.



Let your eyes speak the full measure of their beauty

BY THE SIMPLE MAGIC OF THE *New* NON-SMARTING, TEAR-PROOF *Maybelline*

Gay, flashing glances! Who can resist their charm? What a world of meaning the eyes can express—but not with light, scanty eyelashes! Awake the dormant beauty of your expression—a few, simple brush strokes of the NEW Maybelline Eyelash Darkener transforms thin, scraggly lashes into the appearance of long, lustrous, dark and curling fringe.

Best of all—the NEW Maybelline is absolutely harmless, and it's actually good for the lashes; keeps them soft and pliable. You'll be amazed at the magic of the NEW Maybelline—Black or Brown, 75c at all toilet goods counters.

The NEW *Maybelline* EYELASH BEAUTIFIER

Special Purse Size obtainable at all 5 and 10 cent stores—or for dime and coupon sent direct to us.

Clip —FOR PURSE SIZE

MAYBELLINE CO.,
5908-B Ridge Ave., Chicago.
10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size of the *new* Maybelline. ☐Black ☐Brown

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

The Bandwagon

(*Continued from page 94*)

then Hugh Dillman. But Gudger never married; the actress seemed the love of his life. With a great fortune, he retired from business and settled on an estate in Florida.

Fourteen years after his blasted romance with Marjorie, he went to Hollywood on a pleasure trip. Calling on a business friend at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, he heard his former flame was working there, called her, and within twenty-four hours had proposed and had been accepted. Now Marjorie, who had not been the sensation in talking pictures that her abilities as an actress would lead one to expect, is the mistress of a great Florida estate, and the Gudgers are soon to start building a palace in Hollywood.

AND MARC: When William Wrigley and John Hertz bought into the Paramount company Arthur Caesar said:

"With taxicabs and chewing gum coming into the motion picture business there is still a chance for Caesar."

NEW BENNETT BACKGROUND: Charles Farrell is doing Fox's "After Tomorrow" supported by Donald Meek, Barbara Robbins and Josephine Hull from the original cast. . . Constance Bennett's (Pathe) film about the Russian Secret Service will be shot under the knowing eye of Maj. Herbert O. (international code expert) Yardley. Constance will look even more beautiful than usual, against that background of Russian beards and codes and ciphers.

FOREIGN NEWS DEPARTMENT: Lil Dagover, Warner-First National studio's much press-agented and widely exploited German importation to counteract the Garbo-Dietrich-Elissa Landi invasion, was a former resident of Hollywood, after all.

When Paramount imported the great German actor, Emil Jannings, to star in "The Way of All Flesh," Miss Dagover was shipped across the frantic Atlantic to play opposite him in his first picture and had a six months' contract. However, we saw Phyllis Haver in the lead when the picture came out.

Miss Dagover spent six months posing in fashion pictures at the Paramount studio and then returned to her native land. But don't hold this against her or her ability. It happens to the best.

PROUD PAPA: Noah Beery, Jr., is to make a series of Westerns. Papa is to finance. Young Beery made quite a reputation for himself in school dramatics.

MONTGOMERY AT DEATH BED: It was Robert Montgomery who was asked for and remained at the bedside of Robert Williams until he was called by death. Montgomery and Williams were friends of the stage prior to entering pictures, and had Bob Williams followed the advice of Bob Montgomery and also his physician by consenting to an operation when he was first stricken, the screen might not have lost one of its most promising young actors.

TELLING THE JUDGE: B. H. (pronounced Beeaitch) Rogers, Buddy's comparatively obscure brother whom Paramount also hopes to convert into an actor, and his brand new wife, Maragen Helen Rogers, are going to tell the judge about it.

Mrs. Rogers says Bh began staying out late at night within two months after their marriage. And he wasn't kept away from home by his work, either, she says.

In fact, he worked so little, she says, she had to support herself.

THE A'S HAVE IT: Gertrude Astor was recently awarded a $699 judgment against Vivian Duncan Asther for rent and alleged damages to her home. That, at least, is keeping the money in the profession.

OR OTHER: Because Johnny Weissmuller's automobile was back East and he was too busy working in a picture to go after it his wife, Bobby Arnst, went to New York and drove the car all the way across the continent.

She arrived in Hollywood to be confronted by a rumor that she and Johnny were separated.

"And that's the irony of something or other," said Mrs. Weissmuller.

PINAFORE NOTE: Genevieve Tobin dates her stage debut to the year 1924, but Genevieve's professional life started much earlier than that. She sang the role of Josephine in an all-children presentation of "Pinafore" at the Casino Theatre, New York, about 1913. Her brother, George, played Sir Walter Raleigh, in the same production.

POLA WITH PEN IN HAND: When a certain great star finishes her screen career there will be published some interesting and hot literature—Pola Negri is writing her memoirs.

RICHARD ARLEN FREE-LANCING: Upon completion of his contract with Paramount, Richard Arlen will free-lance. He has been with Paramount for eight years.

VISITING: James Rennie came on from Hollywood to spend the holidays in New York with his wife, Dorothy Gish. She is appearing in "Streets of New York."

RICHARD NEVER FORGETS: Only one newspaper in Hollywood got the official story of Richard Dix's engagement to Winifred Coe, because fourteen years ago Richard promised its gossip writer to give her an exclusive story the minute a woman counted ten over him. What a memory!

FOR LOVE OF THE PRESS: And what a night when all the lights of moving picture stardom moved over to the Cocoanut Grove, at the Ambassador Hotel, to entertain the visiting publishers in a party given by the Los Angeles publishers!

Frank Fay, screamingly funny, was master of ceremonies.

The Baby Wampas stars were introduced. Yes, again! (They'll be character women by the time their debuts are finally finished). Then two and one half hours of good and varied entertainment.

The Bandwagon

Maurice Chevalier sang several songs. Will Rogers talked. Jeanette MacDonald sang. The Duncan sisters presented a skit. Dot Lee and Bert Wheeler sang a song from their latest film and then did a dance.

Skeets Gallagher, Ginger Rogers, Jack Holland and June Knight, all did their best parlor tricks. Buddy Rogers led the orchestra and played almost every instrument in it. Jimmy ("Schnozzle") Durante almost succeeded in wrecking the place with his piano playing and clowning. A million dollars' worth of entertainment all in one evening.

BUDDIES TO THE END: Hollywood teams are sentimental. When Hardy burned himself with a gas heater on Wednesday, his buddy, Laurel, promptly injured his right knee while making retakes on Thursday. Laurel and Hardy then played the doctors' offices together.

Peggy as Chef: Peggy Shannon boiled some 480-minute eggs on the set the other day and served them to Charles Ruggles in a scene . . . Ruggles almost lost his sense of humor.

CONRAD IN TRADE: Conrad Nagel has gone into trade—that is, as a side-line.

The film star, who makes more pictures a year than any other actor, has opened his own market in Beverly Hills.

The opening rivalled any of Sid Grauman's famous premieres.

Cars travelling up and down the busy Wilshire Boulevard, stopped and parked for blocks around, attracted by the blaze of arc lights. Music from a radio created a gay atmosphere. A loudspeaker announced that Mr. Conrad Nagel, film star, was the owner, interspersed with listings of the amazingly low prices of the various foodstuffs.

The affair had all the charm of the old country fair. Conrad's friends turned out in a body, and with market baskets on arms—the store being a glorified "Cash and Carry"—they went busily up one aisle and down the other, getting in their winter supplies.

One wag startled a preoccupied lady by remarking, "May I have the next waltz?"

WELCOME AT FOLSOM: If Sylvia Sidney is ever sent to Folsom prison she'll find a friend there in Ernest Booth, the lifer who authored her forthcoming "Ladies of the Big House." Booth has sent Sylvia a copy of his new book, "Stealing Through Life."

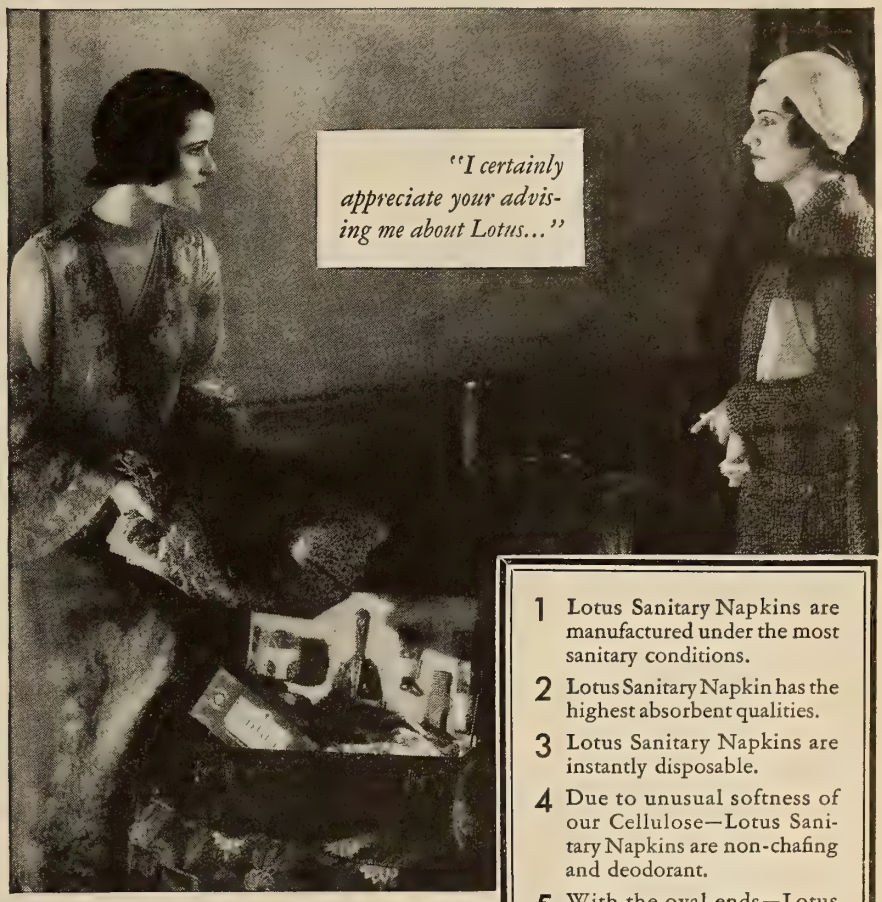
PITY THE LOT OF THE WORKINGMAN: A lot of people must have thought that extra had a soft job in "Ladies of the Big House"—sleeping on a davenport all day while everybody else was working around him. They may be surprised to learn, therefore, that the poor man actually had to go home and rest every night, after working on that picture. The lights tired him out.

TIBBETT SAYS GOOD-BY: Lawrence Tibbett sang "The Song of the Flea," "Without a Song" and finally "The Glory Song" at his farewell (Beverly Wilshire Hotel) party, before leaving for his season with the Metropolitan Opera where they don't sing those

(*Please turn to page* 98)

LOTUS SANITARY NAPKINS

WILL SAVE YOU MONEY AND EMBARRASSMENT!



1 Lotus Sanitary Napkins are manufactured under the most sanitary conditions.

2 Lotus Sanitary Napkin has the highest absorbent qualities.

3 Lotus Sanitary Napkins are instantly disposable.

4 Due to unusual softness of our Cellulose—Lotus Sanitary Napkins are non-chafing and deodorant.

5 With the oval ends—Lotus Sanitary Napkins are close-fitting, comfortable and cool.

6 Because of our large volume, we are able to produce this high quality Sanitary Napkin to sell 6 for 10c.

Be convinced as millions of other women. Go into F. W. Woolworth Stores, buy a package of Lotus Sanitary Napkins and see the quality. The last laboratory test report on Lotus Sanitary Napkins shows...equal quality...equal absorbent qualities and safer protection than any other sanitary napkins.

Because Lotus Sanitary Napkins sell 6 for 10c and you are waited on by women clerks only in F. W. Woolworth's Stores you save money and embarrassment.

6 LOTUS SANITARY NAPKINS *for* 10c *15c in the far West and Canada*



Sold exclusively at F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.



is PURITY important, girls?

HAVE you ever avoided gazing into his eyes . . . because you're afraid of close scrutiny? Ever had the disappointment of donning your favorite hat, and discovering it exposed an unlovely cheek? Do you sometimes hesitate to face the cruel, bright daylight?

Of course, heavy powdering will *cover up* the blemishes. Yet this is the very thing that aggravates your skin. And besides . . . men hate "that powdered look."

You say, "What's a girl to do?" The answer's easy: *Use powder that is pure. Impure powders cause irritations and blemishes. Only powder that is pure can protect your skin.*

And powder that is pure and fine means protection plus beauty. Luxor powder is made in scientific laboratories, of only the purest ingredients. It's sifted through tight-stretched silk to make it fine and soft. It will bring a new, smooth transparency to your skin . . . the radiance and bloom . . . of pure beauty.

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I guess purity is important. Here's ten cents for a sample of the pure face powder. (Check)—Rachel, Flesh, White.
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Name_____
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The Bandwagon

(*Continued from page* 97)

songs. Joan Crawford, Irene Purcell, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Rob Wagner and a hundred others were there to wish him good luck.

CLOSE-UP: Paul Lockwood, cameraman, and Marjorie De Haven, daughter of Carter and Flora DeHaven, have been consulting the priest at the Blessed Sacrament Church in Hollywood.

MAUREEN IS TARZAN'S SWEETIE: Only Ireland could produce the love interest for "Tarzan," thought M-G-M. That's why they picked Maureen O'Sullivan to play opposite Johnny Weissmuller in that picture. . . . The "Bad Girl" (James Dunn, Sally Eilers and Minna Gombell) conbination will be together again in "Dance Team". . . . Elissa Landi came back from Europe to start on "Disillusion," a Fox original by William Anthony McGuire. . . . Ben Lyon has been given Robert Williams' choice role in Constance Bennett's "Lady With a Past". . . . Barbara Stanwyck plays a young girl, a mother and an old woman in Columbia's "Forbidden."

ODDS AND ENDS: Sam Goldwyn is thinking of Eddie Cantor, Lily Damita and Al Jolson for his spring business clean-up, particularly the "Sons o' Guns" musical for Lily. . . . George Arliss, who selects his own players, has rounded up the cast for "The Man Who Played God". . . . Dorothy Stone has taken Universal screen tests. Is Fred Stone's musical comedy daughter going into the movies at last?. . . . John Barrymore has been signed to help RKO-Radio fight the depression, which makes it more expensive.

COOLER CONCESSION: Daisy De Voe, now serving a sentence in the Los Angeles county jail for embezzling from Clara Bow, has the ice cream concession in the women's ward, according to our trusty bastile reporter.

MR. LASKY IN PERSON: Paramount officials were giving Monsieur Chevalier a welcome-home dinner at the Astor Hotel in New York. Speech time came around. Mr. Lasky rose.

"I was at the Cafe de Paris," he said. "Mr. Chevalier was entertaining—"

At this point he branched off into something else and it took him quite some time to pick up the thread of his story. But he did. He resumed.

"I was at the Cafe de Paris. Mr. Chevalier was singing that song about—"

Again he deviated. Again he found his way back. But the third time it happened, he was completely lost. Turning to Georgie Jessel, the Master of Ceremonies, he muttered in a hoarse whisper, "Where was I?"

Jessel stood up. "You were at the Cafe de Paris. You're Jesse Lasky. This is the Astor." He sat down.

Mr. Lasky's speech finished in a howl of applause.

JOSEPH SANTLEY was in New York trying to peddle his play, "Malibu," when he received word his home at Malibu had been destroyed by fire.

THE SHOW GOES ON: Marlene Dietrich was knocked out on the set of "The Shanghai Express."

In one of those mob scenes, a door was thrown open and caught her in the middle of the back, stunning her. She was lamed for a week or more. But she refused to let them hold up production.

AND WORTH IT: Duncan Renaldo says it has cost him $35,000 to prove he was born in the United States.

His troubles started when he returned from Africa with the "Trader Horn" company and his wife, Susette, opened up her legal guns on him and Edwina Booth.

Lately, Renaldo has had to sell his marvelous collection of trophies from Africa, which he valued at $10,000, for a mere $1500.

At present he is facing extradition to New York on a charge of having abandoned his wife and child. He has just satisfied the government he is not an alien.

STUDIO STATISTICS: Hollywood film extras invariably complain about their unlucky breaks.

John Cromwell, directing "Rich Man's Folly," for Paramount, surveyed a group of one hundred atmosphere players who were on his set. Here's how they were spending their time:

Playing bridge—24.
Watching bridge game—8.
Sleeping—7.
Sitting and watching the star—2.
Studying the technique of director and players—1.

P. S.—The studio press agent forgot to tell us what the remainder of the extras were doing. Maybe they were looking for work.

FAST AND FURIOUS: Virginia Lee Corbin and her husband, Teddy Krol, broker, decided one afternoon at one o'clock they would go to Europe.

At six o'clock they were en route east—then discovered their bags and trunks were not on the train.

After considerable scurrying around and much telegraphing, Virginia's mother was able to put one of the bags upon an airplane at midnight. It was delivered to the train the next day at El Paso, Texas.

HER WORK TOO GOOD: One of the most recent yarns to edify Hollywood concerns a certain young motion picture aspirant whose female parent happens to be a typical "movie mama."

The young lady in question arrived in the cinema capital with a nice role at one of the larger studios tucked safely in her stocking, having won it by virtue of a successful season on the Great White Way.

As soon as she started work before the cameras, mamma also swung into action, but in a different medium.

With a copy of "Bradstreet and Dun" before her, mamma carefully selected the name of the most influential citizen of each and every town in the country and forthwith wrote those worthy burghers personal letters, signing darling daughter's name, asking for an honest and candid opinion of her work in her forthcoming production.

(*Please turn to page* 122)

Dick

(*Continued from page* 61)

Bavaria. He is an inveterate New Yorker and enjoys it at all seasons. He likes six-day bicycle racing and championship prize-fights. Sleeping is one of his greatest pleasures and, unless production schedules interfere, he will often sleep until noon.

He likes deep-sea fishing off the Florida coast and in the Bahamas. In all the six years he has been on the Pacific coast he has done no fishing. He likes to ride bicycles in Bermuda and horseback in the Grand Canyon. He likes old castles because they smack of mystery and romance. He believes vanity is at the bottom of most great achievements.

When he can he travels by boat rather than by train. He has a passion for football and none for major league baseball. He likes old churches in Mexico. He would rather have lived in the youth of his parents—the latter part of the nineteenth century—because he believes life at that time was attended with greater simplicity. He is, however, glad that he was born early enough to get a taste of it at the turn of the centuries.

He believes that American life was happier and more normal before prohibition. He likes bullfighting, but the spectacle always upsets him for hours afterwards. When he was born there was only one bridge across the East River, the elevated railway was pulled by steam engine, there was no subway, and Delmonico's and Sherry's were in their heyday. There was also a grand eating place called Jack's restaurant on 6th Avenue.

He believes the story to be the most important thing in a picture. Regardless of star, director or cast—the motion picture stands or falls according to the merits of the story. He prefers a four-seasonal climate to perpetual sunshine. His confidantes are few. Although he is reticent and dislikes talking about himself he does a great deal of thinking about himself.

HE likes to hear Jascha Heifetz play "The Girl With the Flaxen Hair" by Debussy. At social gatherings or at concerts he is always requesting the great violinist to play this haunting number. He is very critical of his own work and knows when he has done a fine job and when he has not. He thinks the friendliest person in the world is "Happy Pete" Econimedes at the Sazarac Bar in Havana. He thinks the worst examples of Americans are those to be found in Europe.

He was once presented to Zayas, former president of Cuba. A special appointment made by his publicity man and the entire conversation was between the press agent and the Cuban executive. To this day Zayas does not know who or what Barthelmess was. He believes the most interesting groups of people are to be seen in the casinos of Monte Carlo, Havana and Agua Caliente. He believes true sincerity is the rarest of human virtues.

In the winter of 1925 he had a thrilling solitary adventure. He slept on the deck of a rum runner with a negro crew and sailed from Santiago de Cuba to Guantanimo Bay. In the bay he boarded the *U. S. S. New York* as the guest of the Navy. At that time his

(*Please turn to page* 101)

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BOX-OFFICE CRITICS

Take a Bow, "Schnozzle"

Housatonic, Mass.

Hurray! Three cheers to M-G-M for giving us "Schnozzle"! Gee, that Durante fella sure is a dandy. Boy! I think he's a great guy. Migosh—I absolutely forgot that it was a picture I was looking at—and that I had a "young lady's" outfit on—I roared like a kid! Now please, M-G-M, don't hide Jimmy behind a Hollywood ash can, but put him in your pictures—and have him do plenty of singing!



Stella A. Gaykowski

A Punch and Some Pats

Saskatoon, Can.

You certainly have a wonderful magazine. I have never missed an issue for the last year and a half.



Now for the purpose of my letter—Jean Harlowe. Her presence has ruined two otherwise perfectly good pictures for me, namely—"Hell's Angels" and "Iron Man". The other players in these pictures portrayed their roles particularly well but "platinum blonde" spoiled everything.

Barbara Stanwyck has earned acclaim for her acting in "The Miracle Woman" opposite David Manners and in "Ten Cents a Dance" with Monroe Owsley and Ricardo Cortez.

Madge Evans deserves a big hand. She gave sterling performances in "Sporting Blood" and "Son of India."

And I can only agree with all the rest that Clark Gable is a real find.

Norah M. Kinsby,
436 Ave. I., N.

We Think So, Too

Brooklyn, N. Y.



At last! A star who can really act and at the same time is really *sincere*. After seeing "Bad Girl," I take my hat off to James Dunn, the versatile young man of Fox's excellent production. He can show up some of Hollywood's biggest stars and with plenty to spare. His performance, while maybe not letter-perfect, was a *true* portrayal.

Sally Eilers deserves a lot of praise for her role and I think that Fox has a pair of stars that will bear watching for some time.

Barnard Gartlir,
270 Ocean Parkway.

Is Yo' Sorry, Herb?

Beaumont, Texas

Mr. Herb Howe, please be duly ashamed of yo' ignorance for suggesting that Garbo is copying anyone else in filming "Mata Hari." Don't you know this story was written for her long before "Dishonored" was even thought of as an offset picture for Mar-lay-nah?



Anyway, Greta will be absolutely divine in it, and with Novarro as co-star and romantic lead!—Make it snappy, Mr. Producers—we can't wait to see it.

Zelma Smith,
759 3rd Street.

Short, But Snappy

Hartford, Conn.

She's lovely, she's talented, she's gorgeous, she's an actress—Myrna Loy. She's scored again in "Transatlantic."

Elsie Kirstine Wayland,
327 New Park Avenue.

Comparing Tallulah

Washington, D. C.

Three cheers! Tallulah Bankhead. Despite two poor stories, this talented star showed the world that she can act. She has the fire of a true artist, her voice fascinates one and she can sing, too. She is a combination of Dietrich, Garbo and Landi. I have seen "Tarnished Lady" and "My Sin," each six times and expect to see them again.



We've gone Garbo and we've gone Dietrich, come on fans let's go Tallulah.

Norma Cobb,
125 Monroe N. W.

Zasu for Depression

Canton, Ohio.

Why won't some one give winsome little Zasu Pitts something really worth while? She is in a class all by herself and far too good to portray her usual run of roles such as lady's-maid, nurse, et cetera, et cetera.

Had the pleasure of seeing

(*Please turn to page* 115)

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



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TINTS AND DYES

Dick

(*Continued from page* 99)

home was on 92nd Street, New York, and the warship deposited him almost at his door, docking at 96th St. He believes that happiness and success are not synonymous and that few (if any) persons really know what they want.

He was presented to his wife aboard the *S.S. France* while en route to Paris in 1926. It was his first trip abroad and he was accompanied by Georges Carpentier, Jascha Heifetz and the author of this tale. It was on this trip that Heifetz brought out his violin one night about four A. M. and played for us in a dark cabin while the moonlight filtered through a porthole. He believes the task of intelligent thinking the most arduous of human acts.

His most enjoyable walk was through the California redwoods at the Bohemian Grove. He prefers girls he met at college whom he used to take to the germans and cotillions to the wise-cracking, gin-drinking types of today. He likes to watch but not participate in Winter sports. He works hard, plays hard and rests "hard." He has pleasant memories of Alfredo's little restaurant in Rome where they serve fine noodles. He considers it more selfish to compel one to accede to one's wishes than to do exactly as you yourself wish.

IN Jersey City, in 1924, while riding with a friend, his companion was stopped by a motor cop for not obeying a signal. When the cop discovered the identity of Barthelmess he insisted on making a *beau geste* because his wife was an ardent Barthelmess fan. The officer's gesture was to act as a motor-cycle escort and guide the two men as his guests to a place where they were served excellent beer of the non-near variety. He believes the greatest pleasures are spontaneous and not carefully planned.

One of his happiest recollections is driving with Mrs. Barthelmess from Salzburg to Konigsee in the Tyrol through a terrific snowstorm. They had an unforgettable luncheon on the way in a small country inn. They were the only guests there and he never tires of mentioning this incident, and yet he cannot remember what he ate. In an argument he is headstrong and stubborn because he will not argue until he is sure of his point. Once he lost a big bet because he stubbornly insisted that "Cashel Byron's Profession" was not written by George Bernard Shaw. He was under the impression that the profession attributed to Mrs. Warren was the only one Mr. Shaw had in mind. He believes most human acts are governed by impulse—logic and reason being brought in only as an afterthought and as a personal justification.

He believes nothing is quite what it seems. Vastness does not influence his judgment of a thing of beauty; mere bigness is not a sufficient indication of aesthetic value. His wife and he will make friendly wagers on sporting events and he will invariably lose to her. He believes that chance and circumstance play a more important part in our destinies than our most elaborate plans. He believes the only compensation for life is children; the continuity of ourselves which makes work seem profitable; the future which makes struggle seem less futile.



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Answering Mr. Dreiser

(*Continued from page* 44)

Front Page," "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Cimarron" and many others.

I do not understand why Mr. Dreiser should object to the subject of sex, since it is the basis of almost all great literary work, including his own "American Tragedy." Sensuality is another matter entirely and is systematically more frowned upon in pictures than in any other form of entertainment or artistic expression—much to the surprise of veteran hard-boiled stage sinners like myself.

Mr. Dreiser's statement that Hollywood offers nothing but hokum is a very broad one, but in the main I must admit that it has truth behind it. Pictures, however, are not made for the discerning few but for the great majority who look for easy distraction.

When Mr. Dreiser states that Hollywood has no interest in encouraging people to think he touches upon a very vital question. Hollywood shares a very popular belief that people do not like to think, and to me the greatest weakness of pictures is that the producers are continually underestimating the intelligence of the motion picture public. Unfortunately, past financial disasters have been largely responsible for this belief.

The only menace I can see in Hollywood lies in the unscrupulous exploitation of a legendary glamor. It seems to me that the responsibility of the motion picture producers towards their public is to provide as honestly as they know how a constant stream of entertainment which shall not disappoint their patrons. No one can say that they have failed therein. And to my knowledge there do exist individuals who are aiming conscientiously at something higher than just that.

Finally, since I have to be brief, I cannot help feeling that if Mr. Dreiser finds it impossible to discuss motion pictures seriously it would surely have been better not to have discussed them at all.

RUTH CHATTERTON.

Rex and Alice and Herb

(*Continued from page* 51)

however, was that, numerologically, it did not vibrate to genius. Samaniego didn't either, but Ramon always added a final "s." By changing Navarro to Novarro he found he still vibrated with Booth, Beethoven, Shakespeare and the Hollywood producers.

Rex and Ramon didn't quarrel because Ramon wouldn't. Sculptor Rex found him more pliant clay than Valentino. Still no one could ever completely satisfy Rex's vision of a character. So now he's doing his stuff himself. He ought to be as good as Valentino and Novarro because Alice remembers all the things he used to say to them and she's handing them back to him—omitting the bad words, of course.

(Next month: STAR WREAKS VENGEANCE ON DIRECTOR.)

"Baroud":

THE title of the picture thus far is "Baroud." It is not the name of Rex's character, though it would be appropriate since it is Arabic for gunpowder. The locale is the Atlas Mountains of Morocco where the exteriors are to be filmed. Rex plays a sergeant of the Spahi. I have seen rushes, and Rex looks like matinee business. There's no costume in the world so ennobling to a man as the Spahi burnous. I know because I have one that I got in Tunis. I only wear it behind locked doors fearing to be seen outside lest I be dragged into forced labor at some studio.

Message from Garcia:

AS usual, Ingram's company is a racial cocktail. There's a Russian playing an Arab who speaks English perfectly without understanding a word of it. There is the old Arab nurse played by Mme. Arabella Fields (colored), of Memphis, who shouts Arabic curses as effectively as her old-time spirituals.

And there is a glowing little thing named Rosita Garcia from Cuba. She's a grand-daughter of the famous old rebel Garcia—subject of "The Message to Garcia."

When Grandpa Garcia was taken captive by the Spaniards he shot himself in the neck. The bullet passed up through his brain and out through his forehead. This in no way interfered with him becoming president of Cuba later.

The early Cuban postage stamps bore his likeness, with the hole in the forehead strongly marked. When Ingram made "Where the Pavement Ends" in Cuba he saw little Rosita and insisted she play a bit in the picture. She was eleven then. Every day she was escorted to the studio by her mother, her aunts and her uncles in close formation. They knew about Hollywood directors and the fate worse than death.

Rex always counted her a discovery; declared he would one day give her a big part. The part is the leading role opposite him in "Baroud."

When she completes it she expects to return to Liverpool, where her father is now consul. I wouldn't be surprised, though, if she went on to Hollywood. She no longer is escorted by the battalion of close relations. She says she is quite capable of taking care of herself. Neverthless, I warned her that Hollywood directors, unlike Mr. Ingram, are Christians and that every young actress should have at least a mother.

Pajamas and $:

THE ladies of our parish will no doubt welcome a tip on next spring's bathing fashions. Beach pajamas originated on the Lido at Venice but did not become world-voguish until worn down here at Juan-les-Pins.

The other day Alice Terry showed me the latest innovation—pajamas that

Rex and Alice and Herb

can be worn around the neck as scarves. I said I could hardly wait until next summer to see ladies wearing their pajamas on their necks. Ignoring this smartie, Alice showed me the latest ornament for beach costumes —a cute little $ sign in silver. Right away I had an idea: "Accompanying the price mark," I said, "you ought to wear your telephone number."

"I *beg* your pardon!" said Mme. Alice Terry, yachting haughtily away from me.

Male Garbo:

RONALD COLMAN arrived surreptitiously at Villefranche after nine days aboard boat from America and promptly leaped a friend's yacht for Cannes. Born sailors, these British. In passing he confided that he thought "Arrowsmith" would prove to be his best picture.

He has been with Samuel Goldwyn for seven years and recently renewed. Each of his pictures cost Samuel around $800,000.

Some of Ronald's success must be attributed to his off-screen performance. He impresses Hollywood by aloofing its society. A sort of male Garbo, he has little to say and doesn't say it.

Few people know that Mrs. Colman has been living in France for several years. When this appears she probably will not be Mrs. Colman, though, of course, I did not learn this from Mr. C. Silence remains golden even for the talkie actor.

Jolly Good Queen:

WITH the exception of Lubitsch, all Hollywood directors make kings and queens seem stiff and inhuman. I mean they make them act like Hollywood stars at a premiere.

Perhaps that is what Queen Mary had in mind when she said that Queen Marie of Rumania ought to go to Hollywood and stay there. I thought of this in reading the account of Lady May Cambridge's wedding to Captain Abel Smith. The Prince of Wales lifted his glass to the bride and said: "What I would like to say is just that we all wish them every happiness and —the best of luck."

Then somebody struck up "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows." The Queen and the bride's relatives joined in the chorus, her Majesty beating time with her glass.

Can't you see Marie Dressler in the part? Maybe that's why Marie hobnobs with Kings and Queens over here. She's as human as any queen herself.

Among the Apaches:

MARSEILLES is one town that lives up to its screen reputation. Paris has lost color but Marseilles is still a human palette. The greatest Paramount success to be filmed over here is "Marius," which has its setting in Marseilles.

Last evening I prowled the wickedest street in the world, the rue Bouterie—(during the war we soldiers gave it another name which I can't repeat here —not at the price of ten cents anyhow).

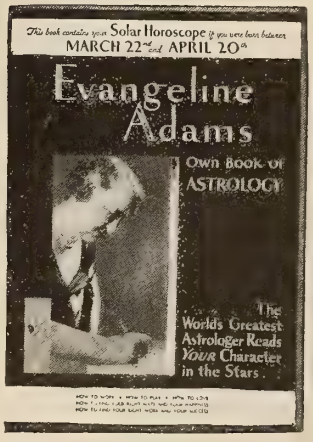
Pola Negri filmed a picture here, but

(*Please turn to page* 105)



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Concerning Marlene and Maurice

(*Continued from page* 55)

table and, instead, insisted that I sit down in my own seat once more. He talked for several minutes, put everyone back at their ease and returned to his place at the table. The spell had been broken. If Mr. Hoover only realized it, Adolphe Menjou would be the very man for the position of Warren Delano Robbins.

THE complexity in the almost simultaneous marriages of Constance Bennett and Gloria Swanson is also causing much gossip in movie-land. Michael Farmer, whom Gloria had such a time in espousing, has been for years one of the foremost cash-and-carry boys along the brightly-lighted stem. Strangely enough, he first made his appearance on Broadway as the constant companion of Philip Plant.

Plant, it will be remembered, was a husband of La Bennett. Farmer kept up his life of dalliance, flitting hither and yon wherever ladies of diaphanous gowns and expensive cars lingered.

He was in and out of more businesses than Gerard. His friendship with wealthy men stamped him in the same category as Willie Stewart. During the 1929 Wall Street debacle it was rumored Farmer had made a fortune. One of the few in the know had tipped him off. Thus, a few months after everyone had gone bankrupt, Farmer reappeared in the midst of everything well-heeled.

Phil Plant, away from Constance, was imbibing. Farmer's attentions to Phil's wife gave rise to many rumors, but close friends of the two said that Farmer was really doing his best to patch things up for them. Constance and Gloria had always been pals of a sort.

BACK in 1925, dining one evening with the Phil Payne's—he the then editor of the *Daily Mirror*—Gloria told me glowingly of her admiration for the Bennetts. And Constance, who seldom then had a truly sweet thing to say about any other woman, confided to me that Gloria was "a really great modern actress."

In a manner, the world was a bit surprised to hear of Gloria's marital difficulties, because for quite a time prior to the formal announcement of her troth with Farmer, rumor had her engaged to Waldo Logan, son of the Chicago stockbroker with whom she had been seen running around a great deal.

But evidently Gloria had to build up a smoke screen; and might still be doing so, if Constance and Gloria's ex-Marquis had not forced matters, and —who knows? piqued her to extremity. Seems a funny thing, doesn't it, that Gloria should wed, secretly, the man whom gossips said was trying to patch up the Phil Plant-Connie Bennett row a few years back? And that Connie should turn about and marry Gloria's then most perfect man.

IF De La Falaise has been able to recoup his fortune since his return from France, then Connie will certainly have not only the title she craves but a worthwhile man as well. If not, poor Connie Bennett may spend a few of her years in recouping aristocracy that died in France at the end of the Eighteenth Century.

Dudley Murphy's attention to Sydney Fox is just another one of those things that Hollywood likes to speculate about.

SINCE Chis Holmes and Katherine MacDonald have broken up, those interested enough to discuss his affairs have linked him almost continuously with the lovely Hawaiian princess who returned to this country on the same steamer with him in the fall. The other day, though, there were fireworks.

"Babe," as we know the Hawaiian hula, flew—it is gossiped—into a bit of grievous rage at the continued attentions which her big boy Chris was paying to an attractive columnist.

The magazine writer denied all of this when we confronted her at dinner the other evening; but hastened to assure us that she and Chris were merely the most platonic of friends; and that the Hawaiian "Babe" even called her on the 'phone when she grew fretful late at night.

Funny, these Hollywood late-night confidences, aren't they?



Rex and Alice and Herb

(*Continued from page* 102)

it proved as bad as the street and was only shown in Amsterdam.

The quarter being what it is all the best people in the world want to visit it. During the day you only see the slimy tracks of old debil Sin; not until around midnight does he come right out and grab your hat.

This hat-snatching is one of the oldest Apache stunts. If you attempt to pursue you may be led into a trap where you'll be as helpless as any mousey; but if you kid the lad he'll eventually toss it back to you, or it may descend mysteriously over your brow at some point down the line.

From the beginning of guide books, all strangers have been warned they are risking their lives to go into this section at night. Even the ferocious Pola had a police escort the one night she visited it. She offered to give me a letter to the *prefect* who would supply me with gendarmes, but I guess I must be an Apache myself at heart because I'm more scared of cops.

Anyhow, after drinking a couple of Pastis (a bootlegged absinthe concoction) in the rue Coutellerie, I was old Coeur de Lion himself. Before an Apache could grab my Knox I had snatched his cap and was off with it. I also picked several pockets and sniped an old lady's handbag.

I taught them they couldn't toy with a Hollywood bandit, and I'll bet there isn't an Apache who would dare venture onto Hollywood boulevard after six p. m. without six cops.

Just Like Home:

ANYONE who has visited the Hell Holes and Sinks of Iniquity of the Fox lot during the filming of a Lowe-McLaglen picture would feel at home in the rue Bouterie. Sailors of all nationalities have their own particular bars, and, as in Hollywood, you hear all languages — Armenian, Spanish, Arabic, Swedish, Russian, Chinese and even American.

In the Anglo-American bar a sailor grabbed a cocotte by the neck and she seized him by the hips to toddle off a dance, while I waited for some one to yell "Camera!" and Eddie Lowe and Victor MacLaglen to walk in.

It all seemed very homey to me. That's the nice thing about being a Hollywood boy: your home is wherever your hat is snatched.

Riviera vs. California:

INGRAM'S "Baroud" is the first talkie to be made on the Riviera. This Cote D'Azur has never succeeded in rivaling California's gold coast as a picture spot, although it has the sunshine and all the scenic features even to the For Sale signs.

There is a greater variety of setting and people within easy distance—Italy, Spain, Africa across the pond, and Paris over-night.

Rex claims it is just as easy to make pictures in Nice as in Hollywood. This I feel pardoned in doubting after hearing Rex try to fire a property man. The squeals that gentleman emitted could only be compared to sounds issuing from a slaughter house. He stood on the French Rights of Liberty, Fraternity, Equality and the law that requires a three-weeks' notice.

In order to make a picture over here with the speed of Hollywood you would have to fire a man as soon as you engaged him. Furthermore, the French laborers have something of the artistic temperament. They want to know the reason for things. If a director decides he doesn't want the pot of geraniums in the cottage window as he thought at first, the property man is liable to feel an aspersion of his handiwork and grieve, unable to remove the *fleurs* until he gets the *feeling*. He demands an explanation, with other workmen making observations.

The result is a conference over the pot of geraniums. By the time a decision is reached the sun is too far gone for any more shooting that day.

Of course, it is stimulating to see everyone take so much interest in a picture. Stimulating for everyone, that is, except the man who is putting up the money. He is liable to be turned against geraniums for the rest of his days.

Bull Recuperating:

YESTERDAY was brightened by a letter from Bull Montana. One cannot reproduce Bull's letters with justice in cold type; they should be photographed. At first glance I thought Bull was writing in Hawaiian; Mr. Ingram thought Arabic until he found his scholarly powers taxed for a translation.

However, I made this out: "Am here all forget my trube and 'ave great time. . . ."

I could read between the lines—always easier than the lines in Bull's compositions — that he was convalescing from a nervous breakdown brought on by his divorce. You will recall that Mrs. Bull alleged mental cruelty, which is the last thing in the world that Bull's friends would suspect of him. She said that after the third or fourth gallon of chianti he would make faces at her.

On hearing this, Bull collapsed and had to be led from the courtroom. His handwriting indicates that he is still very shaky.

My alarm was somewhat allayed today, however, on receiving a postcard depicting a plump Hawaiian wench, inscribed with much firmer script:

"This is my new Mama—Your old Pal, Bull."

Next month Herb Howe, special writer for the New Movie Magazine, will introduce a new Spanish star—in his story about Rex Ingram and Alice Terry.



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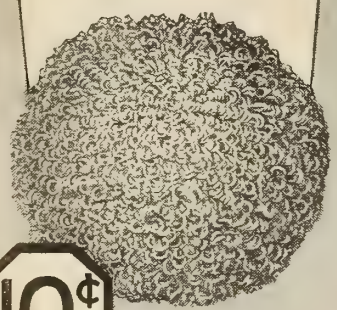
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Jeanette Takes Paris!

(*Continued from page* 35)

one Paris journal declared she was the greatest American sensation since Lindbergh.

She broke all records at the Empire Theater including that of Jackie Coogan (for which she should have been ashamed of herself) and that of her old love partner, Chevalier, the pet of Paree.

It was more than a theatrical event. It was an international affair.

YOU read about Jeanette being shot by the Crown Princess of Italy who caught her out riding with the Prince, but you don't know the half of it. According to some stories in the French papers, her Highness, who is Belgian, pulled the capone somewhere in Belgium. (Others say the Riviera). The spot doesn't matter, Jeanette was on it. Or so the European press declared.

It was vain to argue with a Parisian journalist that if Miss MacDonald had been scarred we all should have known it since she has never sought to conceal anything.

"Why, then, did she not come forward with denial at the time?" he demands witheringly.

"Because," I *explique*. "Miss MacDonald was probably in a bathtub on the set, and she's too much a lady to jump out in front of everybody even to claim her own corpse."

The journalist smiled nastily. He said the reason we saw no scars on Jeanette was that she was dead and buried; the lady we saw was her sister who had been substituted.

I met this with my customary scientific rebuttal. I said that even twins are not so alike in *tout ensemble*. Somewhere there is bound to be a betraying dimple.

To prove that she was still alive Miss MacDonald came to Paris. Of course the five thousand a week had nothing to do with it. You know us Americans. Money means nothing to us, only honor.

Now, I'm telling this story not to revive the gossip but to reveal the personality of MacDonald. She says she is no relation to Ramsay but she's certainly akin in adroitness.

Three powerful French papers were against her. They did not contend she was dead but they did assert viciously that she had planted the story for publicity. Belgium and Italy, she says, requested the French government to prevent her landing. To this the French had replied that she was an American in good standing and so was free to enter. At the same time it was reported that the French government would claim forty per cent of her earnings as income tax.

The first thing Miss MacDonald did on arriving in France was to contribute a flock of dollars to the wounded French veterans. In reply the French government gallantly refused to pinch a centime from her salary.

ON her opening night Jeanette was *distrait*. There were rumors that the Fascisti would make a demonstration against her. If the Italians thought she was capitalizing on the fiction about their Prince a resentment was quite plausible. You know how we would feel if some Italian actress hoked a story about being fired upon by Mrs. Hoover while joy-riding with Mr. Hoover. We probably wouldn't like it at all, and then again we might be charmed by the romantic appeal we never suspected. We Americans are so silly about sex attraction.

Jeanette tried to tell French reporters that she would never have inspired the story because from the American standpoint it was bad publicity. Reporters no compree. They remembered that Gaby Deslys thrived for years because she was supposed to have kicked King Manuel from his throne-spot.

"Oh dear!" wailed Jeanette on the fatal eve. "The Prince has the entire royal household to back him up but President Hoover is not standing behind me, patting me on the back and saying 'I'm right behind you, little girl.'"

"Mr. Hoover is a very busy man," I reminded. "No doubt he would like to do the right thing."

Soothed, Jeanette said: "I'm not so afraid of what the Fascisti will do to me as what I will do to them."

"Ah," I said. "Now you speak like true *Americain*."

"I don't know whether I shall shout back at them," said Jeanette, "or whether I shall burst into tears."

SHE thought of phoning the American embassy for protection. I said in that case it was only fair some one phone the Italian embassy to ask protection for the Fascists. If you have ever tried to get anyone on a French phone you know how absurd it all was. All we got was the desk and



Keystone View

Some five hundred people awaited Jeanette in the street, many of them looking for autographs.

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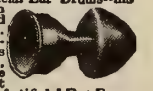
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Jeanette Takes Paris!

a couple of cocktails. I mean Bob and I did. Jeanette drank only mineral water. She hates wine, all alcohol. The champagne she drinks in pictures is ginger ale. I'm afraid it will ruin her if she keeps it up.

The old Empire Theater bulged on the opening night, accommodating several hundred more people than for Chevalier's record.

The orchestra played a melody of "Love Parade" airs. Velour curtains parted. On stepped the silver-sheathed, gold-topped Jeanette—or was it her sister? She was a bit gauche, visibly nervous . . . or was this art? asked the Paris papers next day.

There was applause. No one booed. Jeanette then pulled one of her sharp tricks. She burst into French, singing a popular chanson. As you know, the French are wildly chauvinistic. The fact that Jeanette had taken the trouble to learn French was a tribute to *la patrie*. The audience went wild. When the tumult subsided she begged them in French to permit her to go on with her program. After that there was no stopping her. She was a runaway. Mistinguett, the sixty-year-old darling of Parisian music halls, bestowed the accolade of her presence that evening.

And when Jeanette held out her arms to Chevalier, seated in a box, and he leaped the footlights to embrace her the city of Paris was hers. Morris Gest bounded down the aisle tossing his aged fedora and exuberantly declaring it was the greatest ovation any performer ever had.

During each of the first four nights of her appearance a thousand people stood, and for the first time in the history of the theater a matinee was given every day; 587,500 francs was the week's offering, and that's around 23,500 dollars.

I surged backstage after the matinee the second day just as Jeanette concluded her Grenadiers' song.

"Well, you've captivated Paris," *je dis*.

"Oh, I have, have I?" *elle dit*. "Well, come upstairs and let me capture you."

It was the work of a moment.

Several others were being captivated simultaneously in her dressing room—photographers, journalists, this-and-thats.

Jeanette agreed to act as starter for the walking race of midinettes the following day. This she did by singing the Grenadiers' march in the Place de la Republique. A hundred thousand Parisians joined in the chorus.

The simplicity and appreciativeness of the MacDonald personality took the French, who wearily resent the swagger that characterizes so many Americans abroad.

While receiving in her dressing room she went right on removing the make-up, applying the eye-cup, taking pastilles for a cold which had handicapped her from the outset. Without ceremony she tossed everyone out when it was time to dress.

Hovering in the ante-room with Bob Ritchie. I asked when the marriage would take place, or had it?

He shook his head. He wasn't sure

(*Please turn to page* 108)

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Jeanette Takes Paris!

(*Continued from page* 107)

it ever would, he said. They were good friends now. I agreed it was a pity to spoil friendship. In Hollywood you note that only after divorce do husband and wife declare themselves the best of friends. But Jeanette is unusually diplomatic. I wouldn't be surprised any day to learn that she and friend-manager Ritchie have been married some time.

Jeanette emerged wearing a dark blue suit and hat. There is never anything histrionic about her dress or manner. In grace of naturalness she reminds me of Anita Stewart who never took the trouble to change her Brooklyn accent or assume any veneer.

Some five hundred people were awaiting Jeanette in the street. Two gendarmes forced a path to the car. It took about half an hour to make it, as Jeanette scribbled her autograph for everyone. I felt I was back in the old days with Jenny Lind when enthusiasts unhitched the horses from her carriage and dragged it through the street. Jeanette's carriage being horseless the enthusiasts contented themselves with removing the headlights, mudguards and my coat tails as I oozed in after la vedette. A shabby child thrust in a small bunch of roses; another kissed her hand and presented a letter. The car moved slowly down the avenue de Ternes, Jeanette shaking hands through the window. She seemed as eager as they were. Again I felt the girl had the making of a great politician. If she ever wants to run for office she'll surely win by touring the country shaking hands and kissing babies.

"I THINK there were more people today than yesterday," said Jeanette as the car got under way. "Does it remind you of Hollywood—the crowd I mean?"

"No," I said. "There they are sheepishly curious; here they're outright adoring."

"Yes. It embarrasses me when they kiss my hands. They do so many gracious, touching little things. . . . These poor little roses, for instance. Think of her saving her centimes for them. . . . They mean real sacrifice. . . ."

I thought of Jeanette herself dancing at the age of twelve in the theater, attending school in the morning, finding time somehow for cultivating her voice. She knows sacrifice. Her life is disciplined. It moves to a rigorous schedule of periods, for work, practice, rest, business. And yet she never appears hurried.

Back in the hotel she stretched full-length on the divan for ten minutes' rest before receiving callers. The maid brought a glass of milk. Jeanette asked her to put the little bunch of roses in water. I started to go, the maid significantly repeating that people were waiting without.

"Oh don't hurry away," said Jeanette. "They are just fitters from Jenny Dolly's."

She told me that Chevalier wanted her to return to Hollywood to appear in "The Marriage Circle" with him under Lubitsch supervision.

There had been a report that Maurice had not behaved graciously toward Jeanette in Paris; had, in fact, refused to attend her opening performance.

"Absurd," said Jeanette. "Absurd as the crazy story about me and the Prince. Chevalier is and always has been a marvelous person toward me. He came several times to see me and we dined with him and his wife. I will do the picture with him, but I do not want to sign a term contract. I would rather take pictures as they come. On the whole I've been pretty fortunate . . ." she glanced about for wood on which to rap, ". . . but one or two I would not have done. I never liked 'The Vagabond King' from the first. 'Let's Go Native' was another I should not have chosen. I did like 'The Love Parade', 'Monte Carlo' and 'Annabelle's Affairs.' The latter was farce, which I'm inclined to think is not so well adapted to the screen as to the stage. It's much more difficult than straight comedy or romance. And in saying that I'm presenting myself a bouquet because I was rather successful in farce on the stage. I feel my metier for the screen is romance with high comedy. I'm more interested in stories than salary. Given good stories the salary just naturally follows. I could remain here in Europe indefinitely at a nice figure. I have an offer of fourteen thousand a week, but I like the idea of 'The Marriage Circle' with Chevalier and Lubitsch supervision, so I'm going back to Hollywood."

Before returning to the cameras Jeanette sang for a week in London. On the eve of her appearance the pound fell. I don't know whether this was a demonstration for Jeanette or whether it went off the gold standard because of the drain of Jeanette's salary.

Give the little girl a good story, a few songs, a bucket of champagne and a tub. That's my program for relieving the depression.

Millions in a Name

(*Continued from page* 70)

one hundred camp chairs, made a deal with a film agency for a projection machine, a screen and a supply of film. The good folk of Forest City paid a nickel a head to enter the first Roxy theater and at that it was the best show in town.

BY the time Roxy had an opportunity to test himself in big city competition (Minneapolis and later St. Paul), he had discovered a number of defects in the prevalent method of showing motion pictures and promptly set about rectifying them. His theater was scrupulously clean, it was well ventilated and, experimenting with daylight projection, he found that the darkness of a tomb was not essential.

Also, a close study of audiences and their response, revealed the importance of music, even if a theater could afford no more than a tinkling piano.

When Roxy returned to New York in 1912 to manage the Regent theatre in Harlem, vaudeville was still going strong. The Regent, a large house,

Millions in a Name

must face brisk competition from the vaudeville chain theaters that ran brief films as chasers at the close of the program. These pictures were the bobbed tail of the dog, so to speak. Photoplays, as we know them today, were just arriving. It was in the summer of 1912 when "Quo Vadis?" caused a sensation by running for several months in a legitimate Broadway theater; the year in which Adolph Zukor organized the Famous Players Company, marking a new era in motion picture production.

Roxy realized that pictures in their immature stage were not enough; therefore, he reinforced them with a show including orchestral music and a few acts, taking care, however, to emphasize the finest films obtainable. Also he concentrated on building on the reputation of his theater as a neighborhood institution guaranteeing entertainment of a superior quality, and courtesy—always courtesy. The success of his regime attracted such favorable attention that he was made managing director of the New York Strand, opened with acclaim in 1913. The Strand was the largest and the most luxurious picture house in the world. It became the model and the pace-setter in theater construction and showmanship for years to come.

While at the Regent, Roxy had experimented with stage prologues to pictures, brief acts in the mood of the screen story. At the Strand, with its ample stage equipment, he expanded the prologue along more elaborate lines. Presently, every first-class picture house in the land adopted the prologue embellishment as a necessary part of the program. The vogue of the prologue ran its course through a period of years; then waned and was pretty well done for prior to the advent of the talking picture.

NOWADAYS we accept the radio as a normal part of modern life. But not so long ago the show world was decidedly panicky for fear folks would lounge around the home listening to the radio instead of visiting a theater. Without waiting to find out what was going to happen, Roxy, managing director of the Capitol at that time, invited the radio into the family. One of the first and most popular features on the air was "Roxy's Gang." The Gang offered real entertainment for the stay-at-homes, and more than that, it was a marvelous advertisement for Roxy and for the Capitol Theatre. Today, the commercial value of the name, Roxy, is estimated at many hundreds of thousands of dollars. In September, 1932, it will pass from the theater it now adorns to Radio City, now in construction.

Unlike many men of vision, capable of planning for the future, Roxy is a practical showman in the immediate present, as proven by the books of the Strand, the Rialto, the Rivoli, the Capitol and the Roxy. The Capitol was losing money week after week when he was called to the helm. Within a few weeks he had steered out of the red sea into the black. His policy is not one of curtailment in order to reduce expenses. He believes, as he believed in Forest City, that if you offer the best entertainment in town you can name your own price.



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Mrs. Harold Price of Woodside, L. I. writes: "A year ago I weighed 190 lbs. I started taking Kruschen and now weigh 126 and never felt better in my life."

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Garages

$92 to $307

WE PAY FREIGHT

ALADDIN

World's Oldest and Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Readi-Cut Houses

Dr. Cook—Heart Specialist

(*Continued from page* 41)

She shampoos her platinum locks three times a week. And here's the secret to the color of her hair: She was born platinum.

* * *

Oh, well—have it your own way.

* * *

Just the same, Jean has a curl, clipped from her head when she was a child, in case any one wants to start a controversy.

* * *

And a controversy with Jean Harlow is unpleasant—she throws things.

Including dice.

* * *

And sleeps between apple-green sheets, according to documents which press agents have prepared for posterity.

* * *

And a breathless, waiting world might as well know that she is very ticklish, cries easily, and . . .

* * *

She has a thigh on her right mole . . . I mean a mole on her right thigh.

* * *

A carload of circus freaks has been brought to Hollywood by Tod Browning for his current thriller, called "Freaks." And bringing freaks to Hollywood, if you ask us, is carrying coals to Newcastle.

* * *

CHAPLIN'S "City Lights" ran thirty weeks in Paris and grossed 7,000,000 francs . . . $280,000.

* * *

Charlie returned to America with his brother, Syd—and may star him in a comedy.

* * *

Norma Shearer will be in the talkie version of "Smilin' Thru." This was one of Norma Talmadge's most successful pictures in the old 'silent' days.

* * *

Howard Hughes put $3,000,000 in "Scarface," "Age of Love," "Sky Devils" and "Cock of the Air." But he still has difficulty spending money as fast as he makes it from oil drilling patents.

* * *

London censors turned down Garbo's "Susan Lenox" and then reversed the decision.

* * *

AND here are some more Temperature Chart notes I hope you will get a thrill out of:

That affair between Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien, once hot, then cold, is sending off sparks again.

* * *

When Tom Moore's vaudeville engagement ended unexpectedly in Long Beach it was an easy matter for him and Eleanor Merry to dangle along the rest of the way down the coast and be married at Tia Juana.

* * *

Helen Mack and Billy Bakewell are lunching together and dining together and dancing together a lot these days.

* * *

Wouldn't it be funny if Lew Cody and Phyllis Crane became serious about it? They're seen about together everywhere.

* * *

Paramount has just given Chester Morris a long-term contract. Let's hope this will mean that he will be seen on the screen more often. "The Miracle Man" has been chosen as his initial picture under his new contract. Sylvia Sidney is also in the cast.

By the time you read this Ernst Lubitsch and Ona Munson will probably have gone and done it, and so, too, Clarence Brown and Mona Maris.

* * *

Lois Wilson is being beaued somewhat by Winslow B. Felix, well-known automobile dealer and poloist.

* * *

Janet Gattis McCormick, one of Hollywood's most recent Reno graduates, is seen here and there with Dean Markham. Janet was John McCormick's second choice as a helpmeet after he and Colleen Moore crashed their cupid cruiser.

* * *

Don Dillaway once again is defending Dorothy Jordan against all comers. A thin crust of ice was reported to have been formed over their stream of love on account of Dorothy's frequent appearances in public with Howard Hughes. Everything seems okay now.

* * *

MUCH whispering was occasioned at the Mayfair Club when Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell, screen sweethearts, after reported engaged and now both married, danced with each other more than they did with anyone else in their party, including friend wife and friend husband.

* * *

Philadelphia censors are cutting out all scenes showing guns—unless the toters are cops.

* * *

Australian vote places "Disraeli" as best picture of 1930.

* * *

Dill bill, in Congress, would saddle picture production with federal supervision—as though pictures aren't bad enough already.

* * *

City of Los Angeles is trying to pin a ten per cent tax on movie tickets.

* * *

Irene Rich's divorce from Realtor David Blankenhorn established some kind of a record for motion picture Houdinis.

His complaint was filed on Wednesday. She replied on Saturday with a cross complaint. The case was heard on Monday and a divorce granted to Irene.

* * *

HARRY CAREY has the best marine library in the West—and wots more he's read all his books and is continually collecting more.

* * *

Harry is back on his ranch and has arranged with the government to have Navaho Indians on the place.

They built a Navaho village on the Carey ranch five years ago. He speaks their language—and knows more about Navahos than they know about themselves.

* * *

WHEN fire destroyed the home of Frank Fay and Barbara Stanwyck at Malibu Beach, Fay ran about bemoaning the loss of a five-carat diamond.

The embers were still smouldering when private detectives, servants and paid searchers began screening sand for the missing gem.

Friends stood about feeling sorry for Frank and Barbara over the double loss of home and diamond.

"What's that in your tie?" some one suddenly exclaimed to Frank.

Yep. It was.

Dr. Cook

Extra! Stop the presses!
Kay Francis has a dog that wags its tail the wrong way—up'n'down.

* * *

Mervyn Leroy, youthful director, has a dentist work on him on the set. And will he get a bill!

* * *

Marlene Dietrich has moved into the very modern mansion built three years ago in Beverly Hills for Charlie Mack of Moran & Mack, the Two Black Crows.

* * *

This house and the very modern home occupied by Cedric Gibbons and Dolores del Rio are about the only two examples of ultra modern architecture occupied by movie people.

* * *

Clifton Webb, dancing sophisticate, made a great fuss over Dietrich while in Hollywood.

* * *

Mrs. Will Rogers gets all the money her husband receives for writing—about $3,000 a week. Sometimes more.

* * *

What's become of:
Alice Terry? Paris.
Rex Ingram? Making a picture in France.
Mitzi Green? Vaudeville—$2,500 a week.
Barbara Bennett? Dress shop.

* * *

Clark Gable drove a Ford until a few weeks ago. Traded it in on a big Chrysler.

* * *

WALLACE FORD, that good-looking boy you saw in "X Marks the Spot," has just recently celebrated his tenth wedding anniversary.

* * *

James Dunn is being very attentive to June Knight, a dancer at the Cocoanut Grove, these days.

* * *

Barbara Bebe Lyon has already paid her first visit to a motion picture studio. She visited her father, Ben Lyon, on the Pathe lot.

* * *

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell will be together again in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

* * *

Arlene Judge's first picture, since her marriage to Wesley Ruggles, will be "Girl Crazy" in which the famous team of Woolsey and Wheeler are featured.

* * *

Wallace Beery flew his own plane to New York for the opening of "The Champ."

* * *

While he was winging east, fire broke out in the den of the Beery home in Beverly and destroyed his clipping book and all his still pictures—priceless mementoes of early film days.

* * *

Garland Lincoln, piloting a plane in "Lost Squadron," hit a barn and cracked up. He was uninjured.

* * *

Overhead in the Roxy Theater used to be $85,000 a week. It has been cut to $60,000.

* * *

June MacCloy and Lupe Velez have been signed by Ziegfeld.

(*Please turn to page* 113)

Actual photograph of Miss Mona LePage after and before using VANKAI Wave Set



After the ball is over
...HOW DO YOU LOOK?

Let VANKAI Wave Set keep your hair alluring

See yourself as others see you. If dancing sends your hair all stringy-straggly, no wonder the other girls get all the partners! If you'd only use VANKAI Wave Set! Then your hair would *stay* lovely till "home-sweet-home time."

Let VANKAI be your trusty wave-aid. It makes the hair *naturally* wavy, beautifully soft and lustrous. It contains no grease or wax; leaves no discoloration or sticky white flakes; is used and praised by thirty thousand beauty shops. Use it for longer-lasting finger waves, and to keep permanents looking *new* for weeks longer. Enjoy the *convenience* of it . . . ten minutes saved on morning make-up.

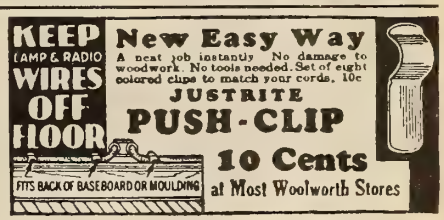
Most 5 and 10c stores sell VANKAI Wave Set (extra-large 10c bottle); 25c size at drug stores. For trial size send 10c, stamps or coin, to Briar Products Co., Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.



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Housework has no fears for the woman who knows and uses Landford PETROLIN. This superior quality white petroleum jelly protects the hands and keeps them soft, white and lovely. Just rub Petrolin into the hands before you start your housework—that's all. It's a simple, easy, economical way to prevent the hands from getting rough and red.

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PETROLIN

What's New on the Screen

"it's the first thing we turn to." That's what many readers say about New Movie's department of reviews. Follow them every month in

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE



Somewhere between 30 and 40 gray hair can't be avoided, but are you satisfied to grow grayer and grayer when FARR'S, the standard modern preparation for modern people, is so easily obtainable? Harmless as your lipstick, leaves a soft, natural, lively texture, all the hair one even shade, not the dead look from old-fashioned preparations. Any shade, $1.35. Sold everywhere.

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79 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.
Send FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

STATE ORIGINAL COLOR OF HAIR .....

Bang!

(*Continued from page* 37)

He tapped the back of my head as he finished.

"I don't think it can be done," I said.

But just then the head blonde returned.

"Your breakfast's ready," she said. She put her arm around him and tried to kiss him. So instead of taking *my* nose and putting it back there, he took *her* nose and put it back there. The demonstration was convincing. I could see now that it could be done, but it didn't look very nice.

"It doesn't look very nice," I told him.

Apparently he was not interested in the artistic angle. He pushed the blonde into a corner and strode from the room. I followed him into the dining room. There the first assistant blonde had quickly taken the place of the disabled lady.

"Get out of here," Jimmy said to her in what, I must say, wasn't a very genial tone, although he may have meant it well.

"Aw, Jimmy," she said, soothingly, "I—"

He gave her a good swift kick and she sprawled through the door. I waited for him to sit down and spread a napkin across his knees.

"AH," I said, "this is much cosier." I felt now that I had no time to lose. I could see he was a busy man. He still had twelve other blondes to mutilate and here it was almost one o'clock. And that was just his home work. There were murders waiting to be committed in his great business world. I plunged right into the interview.

"Is it true," I asked, "that you were born in New York City on July 17, 1904, the son of an Irish saloonkeeper?"

He looked at me a moment through quizzical eyes. Then he picked up half a grapefruit and pushed it into my face. I dug the seeds and the pulp out of my eye. I could see this was going to be fun. It was to be a battle of wits. That is the thrill of interviewing. It is a great game in which you pit your ingenuity against that of an adversary.

"There are some pretty ridiculous statements in circulation about you," I said with what I use for a sardonic smile. "For instance, that one about how you started life as an office boy and later became a bundle wrapper. There isn't any truth in that, of course."

* * *

I FOUND out later that what had happened was that he had thrown six pieces of buttered toast at me. At the moment I thought the boys were back with that machine gun.

Plainly, a new tack was necessary. The good interviewer always has one ready. I would play a trump card. I would shame him into talking. It is a system that never fails. For that reason I hesitated to use it. But he had brought it on himself.

"I know all about you, you big sissy," I said, with a taunt in every word. "You used to be a chorus boy and what's more, just to make it worse, if possible, it was in a show called 'Pitter Patter.'"

IT worked all right. I don't remember clearly just what did happen. I know I saw him reach for his cup and it was my impression at the time that he wanted something to brace him. But he didn't use it for a bracer. Instead he threw its entire contents into my face.

The scene that followed I didn't see because of having hot coffee in my eyes. I have the satisfaction, however, of knowing that Cagney had to have assistance. There must have been several hundred of them. I remember vaguely having a team of horses drive over my face. I heard shots, too, and I couldn't have just imagined that for later they took enough lead out of me to sink the ordinary battleship. They must have run out of ammunition for there are indications that some of the boys used meat-axes here and there.

After things had calmed down a bit, I remember someone, probably Cagney, saying:

"Get him out of here."

I realized I had to be diplomatic about the whole thing and that this was no time to force the man to be interviewed against his will, so I went, carried by four or five people. They say they found me later in a vacant lot, but I don't believe that. What would I be doing in a vacant lot.

P. S. Since getting out of the hospital I have talked to Cagney's press-agent and got the dope on him. That's what I should have done in the first place.

It seems that he *was* born in New York City, July 17,1904, the son of an Irish saloonkeeper and that he *did* start life as an office boy and later became a bundle-wrapper. What's more he *was* a chorus boy and in a show called "Pitter Patter." So you see I was on the right track all the time.

Also I found out that he was in vaudeville and played a Jewish boy in a "sket" and got $12.50 a week. It might be interesting to mention here that he spends at least that much a week now for grapefruit to push into people's faces.

He finally got onto the legitimate stage, I learned, in Maxwell Anderson's play, "Outside Looking In," in which he played a tramp. I might add something sarcastic there but I won't.

He got to Hollywood when Warner Brothers bought "Penny Arcade," a play in which he appeared. When they got the play out to the Pacific Coast they found they had Cagney, too. So he just stayed there.

Also I found out something else. You'll die laughing when you hear this. He's taking piano lessons! No kidding! He's taking piano lessons!

And they say he's tough. I don't believe it.

WATCH FOR THE NEW MOVIE KINDERGARTEN

Dr. Cook

(*Continued from page* 111)

Director George Fitzmaurice arranged a surprise party for Mrs. Fitzmaurice (Diana Kane) on their fifth wedding anniversary.

"I'm taking up my wife's option," he explained.

* * *

Adolphe Menjou wants to produce pictures . . . and that's what he started out to do before he became an actor.

* * *

M-G-M suddenly abandoned "Good Earth"—considered finest novel of 1931. Paramount is planning to do the story in China with all-Chinese cast and issue it as a synchronized silent.

* * *

"One Hour With You," with Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, and Roland Young, is really a sound version of "The Marriage Circle," which Lubitsch directed so superbly for the silents.

* * *

Pola Negri's next will be "East River," and First National has bought "Cabin in the Wood" from Ray Long for Barthelmess, and Joan Crawford is making "The Christian" and James Cagney and Joan Blondell are doing "The Roar of the Crowd," and Universal has signed James Flavin whom you may have seen in vaudeville with Blanche Sweet.

* * *

GEORGE ARLISS is treated with great respect in Hollywood. And he is always courteous, kind and respectful to directors and technicians who work with him. But he insists on complete rest as soon as fatigue overtakes him. Arliss will not conform to efficiency schedules arranged to rush production.

* * *

Arliss spent half his life playing obscure British towns. He feels that his ultimate triumph, and escape from obscurity, is due in a large measure to the recognition given him by American audiences in the theater.

* * *

Mr. Arliss is making "The Man Who Played God." A reporter from Kansas City asked him why he selected such a rôle. "I felt," replied Arliss, "that it is the only rôle that can trump the grandeur of an American Secretary of the Treasury."

* * *

"Five Star Final" ran eight weeks at the New York Winter Garden—made $249,000.

* * *

John Barrymore—now through at Warners—is playing with his brother, Lionel, in M-G-M's production of "Arsene Lupin."

* * *

Secretaries on Fox lot now draw $35 *a week top. Before recent slashes some of them got* $60.

* * *

Edmund Goulding wants to cast Buster Keaton in the serious dramatic rôle of Kringelin in "Grand Hotel" . . . and Buster is eager for a chance to work straight. Keaton as a boy did serious rôles in stock—played Little Lord Fauntleroy.

* * *

EDDIE CAREWE, the director who brought Del Rio from Mexico, was smashed up in an auto accident. Incidentally, he's in the garbage disposal business in half a dozen cities.

* * *

He ought to be able to pick up a few ideas for scenarios while poking around.

"That beautiful window shade for 10c?...*Impossible!*"

...says every woman who sees A CLOPAY SHADE for the first time...



IMPOSSIBLE . . . *but true!* A beautiful window shade . . . and a durable shade, for only 10c. Crack-proof, fade-proof, fray-proof. Made of a tough, new fibre material—CLOPAY. In solid tan, green, white and blue; and also in beautiful new patterns as illustrated. Attach to your old rollers without tacks or tools.

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OLD WAY NEW WAY



and the **NEW** CLOPAY VACUUM CLEANER BAG

When it's filled . . . *throw it away!* No more filthy, germ-laden vacuum cleaner bags to empty. CLOPAY "throw-away" bags cost only 10c each. Requires three to six weeks of constant use to fill bag. Then you throw it away, put on a new bag in a jiffy. Puts an end to a dirty, unsanitary job. Clopay Vacuum Cleaner Bags are new, and if your favorite 5 & 10c store cannot yet supply them, send 25c for one bag and metal adapter which attaches permanently to your cleaner. *Specify make of your vacuum cleaner.*

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The NEW MOVIE Magazine

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"New Wear Soles" are the same strong rubber as 30,000 Mile Guaranteed Tires. Scientific tread prevents slipping on smooth floors, wet pavements, icy walks. Rests sore, tired feet. Recommended by nurses, professional and salespeople. Keeps feet dry and comfortable.





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KANTSLIP LINGERIE CLASPS

RADIO RAMBLES—Here are intimate facts about your favorite radio star . . . the who's who of radioland. Page 67. The NEW MOVIE Magazine

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METAL SPONGE SALES CORP. 2726 Mascher Street, Philadelphia

The Little Fellow That Does the Big Job

Radio Rambles

(*Continued from page* 68)

Vallee's the village druggist. Lee Morse comes from one of the eight original Texas Rangers. Arthur Jarrett's father played third base for the Boston Red Sox. And Seth Parker is a minister's son.

Richard (Sherlock Holmes) Gordon, however, does owe his success to his grandparents. If his grandmother, who was all set to enter a convent, and his grandfather, who was about to enter a monastery, had not met and changed their minds, Gordon would not be here today to go on the air.

Can Nothing Stop Them? When Adele (she sings to sell Weed Tire Chains) Vasa appeared before her first big stage audience at New York's Rivoli in 1926, she forgot her lyrics during the last scene of "Martha." Quick thinking Vasa, however, saved the day by just repeating the same three words, "Do not leave me," throughout the song.

This laugh-clown-laugh doctrine that the show must go on is as strong in radio, however, as in her sister amusement arts. When H. V. ("Edits the News") Kaltenborn was confined to his bed by his doctors, the CBS engineers set up a microphone next to his pillow. He kept on until his operation, when Robert E. MacAlarney took his place.

When a power dredge's anchor in the Passaic River chopped WOR's power lines in two, the station's staff brought up their automobile batteries, and working by candlelight went back on the air again.

Kate Smith, realizing as she faced the microphone one night that she had forgotten to dispose of her cough drop, went right into her song, cough drop and all. On a high note, the candy slid down Kate's throat. She gulped but the song went on. The show always goes on.

Put On Smoked Glasses for Crosby: Bing Crosby did not throw his Christmas ties away. Your boy friends may have shuddered at theirs, but Bing likes colors—green, blue, red and yellow, all together, of course. Harry (he kissed Clara Bow) Richman, on the other hand, prefers dark clothes, especially —black silk dressing gowns. The Rudy (she was the daughter of a police chief who got her man) Vallees did their bedroom all in blue because it helps them sleep better. Kate Smith will wear any solid color except red, but Eddie Cantor wants purple-striped underwear.

Beware of Good Looking Men: Rudy Vallee says that he can spot the sweeties on his floor by the loving way they dance and their oblivion to all else that goes on around them. The couples who have been married a year or more, on the other hand, dance in negligible embraces and get more of a kick out of the crowd than out of their escorts.

Two years ago Rudy warned girls against good-looking men. "Most of the good-looking men I have met," he told them, "are romantic only to a small degree, and golf or an evening at cards with old cronies is more fascinating to them than the lips and the returned caresses of some beautiful woman."

How about it, girls? Haven't you some love problems you would like to ask Rudy? Let me know and I'll try to get you an answer.

Who Is Polly Moran? Is movie popularity losing its front seat to radio?

Last week Polly Moran stepped into the Chase National Bank to cash a $2,000 check. The manager demanded identification.

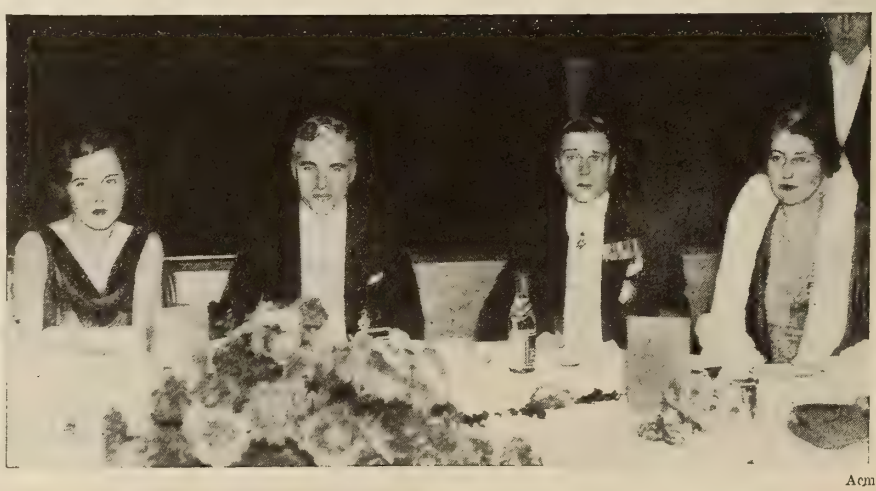
"But don't you know me?" Polly cried out, amazed.

The manager didn't. Nor had he heard of her, nor of her partner Marie Dressler. Puzzled, Polly asked if he listened to the radio.

The manager said he did. Yes, he listened to Major Bowes, too. Why, he had been listening to his program for years. But, no. He had never heard Polly on it.

However, that did not hurt Polly's pride. What she wanted was the two thousand dollars. So she called up the Major. The bank manager took the phone from her. "Yes," he beamed, "that's his voice."

Polly got the cash.



Acme

Charles Chaplin with the Prince of Wales at an ice carnival at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, London. Lady Milbanke (left) and the Duchess of Sutherland (right) are the women.

Box Office Critics

(*Continued from page* 100)

her for once in another role, that of room-mate to Thelma Todd in "Let's Do Things." Must say it gave me the best laugh of the season. These two make a very clever team and I know our film fans would enjoy seeing them together again. Here's to more joy and laughter with Zasu and less thought of depression.

Juanita W. Loper,
520 N. Walnut St.

Likes Barbara, Ben and Clark

Scranton, Pa.

Every picture in which Barbara Stanwyck appears is a guarantee of perfect entertainment. In my estimation she is the best actress on the screen, and has that rare combination of being able to act superbly and wear her costumes with equal grace. Saw her latest picture, "Night Nurse," and it sure was a honey. Not to say I wasn't just as tickled to see Ben Lyon again. Let's have more of them both. However, why ruin Clark Gable's rising popularity by giving him such parts, even though he takes them off to good advantage?

Nancy Evans,
905 Myrtle Street.

Cheers for a Newcomer

Savannah, Ga.

Here's to one of the greatest actors of the screen, Irving Pichel. He is a real actor and here's hoping he will have bigger parts in his future pictures. He was grand in "Murder By the Clock," marvelous in "An American Tragedy" and best in "The Road to Reno."

Virginia Theobald,
402 E. Victory Drive.

A South African Likes Us

Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa.

I have no doubt that you have already received many sincere congratulations on your extremely interesting magazine, but I should like to add a South African one. It is by far the best movie magazine I have read, and I have read a good number, being a most enthusiastic fan. It is not merely a collection of facts, but contains articles that interest both American and over-sea readers. I, therefore, wish you every success with your future publications and trust that the NEW MOVIE will lead all film magazines.

Ewan Macfarlane,
Carnawon Mansions,
Loveday Street.

See Stone for Etiquette

New York, N. Y.

Why buy books on etiquette when you can go to see a picture featuring Lewis Stone? I think that he is the most finished gentleman on the screen. I am never disappointed when I see a picture he is in. His acting in "The Secret Six" was perfect. More pictures for him.

Seymour Eisenberg,
11 West 42nd Street.

(*Please turn to page* 116)

CORNS BUNIONS CALLOUSES



Put one on—the pain is Gone

Pain from these foot troubles ends the minute you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! Gone, too, will be the *cause*—friction and pressure of shoes. Why take chances with caustic liquids or plasters and suffer acid burn? Use Zino-pads, as Doctors do, and be safe and sure. They are mildly medicated, antiseptic, thin, easy to apply, waterproof. Made in sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Corns between toes. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.

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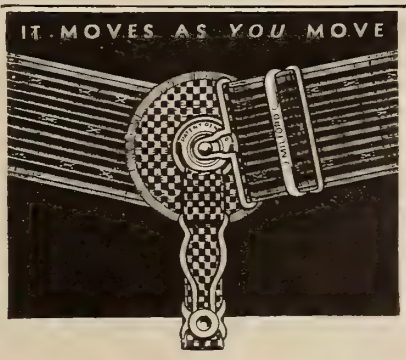


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New portraits of famous stars . . . scenes from the pictures in which the stars played their best rôles . . . and stories of the stars' lives told in a new and different way—how they started on the road to fame!

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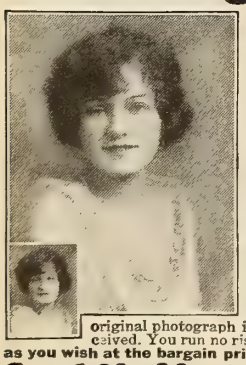
Beauty comes from within

Any doctor will tell you a system clogged by poisons from the intestines is the greatest threat to beauty. That is why Dr. Edwards made this rare compound of vegetable ingredients. For just one week, take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets before going to bed, and see how your mirror flatters you. Get a package from your druggist, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

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Box Office Critics

(*Continued from page* 115)

From Gandhi's Country

Lucknow, India.

I have just been looking through the July issue of your wonderful magazine. These NEW MOVIES have been very kindly sent to me by my American correspondent. They are the movie magazines I and all our family have fully appreciated and read with interest.

I saw Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco," and am positive that she is nowhere an equal to Greta Garbo who has been my favorite for some years now.

Miss Dietrich may act well and talk well, but her singing was just about dreadful. How Herb Howe could want to run away and join the Foreign Legion is beyond my understanding.

I have noticed that in the July issue of your magazine there was not a single photo of Greta Garbo, and this was very disappointing to me as I read every bit about this great star that I can set my eyes on.

Do not disappoint me again in your next magazine.

Miss P. Soorma,
2 Fawnbrake Avenue,
Havelock Road.

Wants Time to Read Cast

San Francisco, Calif.

Why don't the theatres give you time to read the names of the actors in pictures?

They leave on the names of cameramen, directors, etc., and who cares? But when it comes to the actors I do like to get sufficient time to see who are playing the parts.

In "Alexander Hamilton" there was a beautiful sweet blonde girl who played opposite Mr. Arliss, who I thought was about the prettiest girl I had seen in a long time and she was splendid in her part, but I haven't been able to find out what her name was. I stayed over until they showed the names a second time, and I read fairly fast, but still didn't have time to get to the bottom of the list.

In "Don't Bet on Women" there was a girl who took the part of a servant, who was the best part of the whole picture and I didn't get her name either, but in my opinion she was the whole show.

B. M. Pierce,
555 Bush St.

Wants to Star Beryl Mercer

East Orange, N. J.

Quite often recently, I have seen that delightful actress, Beryl Mercer, in pictures which did not seem to me to give her as much opportunity to shine as she really deserves.

I think she is one of the few older women who appeal to everyone in the audience. Her mother roles are so well done that you would think she was the real mother of the one acting with her. She was a dear in "The Man In Possession." Although her name did not appear with those of the stars of the piece, her work had a lot to do with the success of the picture.

How I would love to see her in pictures that have been chosen especially for her, giving her star billing. I think there are many thousands of us who would flock to see her, because we already love her through her small parts in current pictures.

Elizabeth L. Adams,
87 So. Clinton St.

They're Both Excellent

Philadelphia, Pa.

After seeing Lionel Barrymore portray his part as the drunkard lawyer in "A Free Soul," I am now firmly convinced that he is a greater dramatic actor than his brother, John.

His performance was so splendid, real, sympathetic, and so dramatic, that you stop and wonder how anyone could be more powerful than he in portraying that difficult role. Let us see more of him.

A. J. Nolan,
1830 E. Passyunk Ave.

Wants Clean Humor

Joplin, Mo.

Just recently I saw two movies that were positively "smutty," and how they got by the Censor Boards is nobody's business. Being an ex-vaudeville and musical comedy actor I can readily understand the use of a few "strong" gags sometimes to waken a "dead" audience. But it certainly has no place in the talkies today.

The pictures are indeed becoming frank, but burlesque has ever been that way and that's what we have today in some starring vehicles, except that the humor is left out.

Bernard J. Hinkle,
Station "A"

Champions the Producers

Omaha, Nebr.

Through the medium of this interesting magazine, may I ask why certain "wise-cracking" scribes now and then poke fun at some of our movie producers, who take great pains to give us the finest entertainment in the world? I've even seen one executive referred to as an ex-pants presser and cap-maker. Of course, these remarks are all made in fun, but why must this humor be directed against a man's humble beginning? Even many bank presidents have started life as office boys or messengers.

Please lets not hear any more slams at our movie men, who despite many hardships stayed with the industry and made it what it is today.

A. Edward Himelstein,
1815 N. 20th Street.

That Garbo-Gable Team!

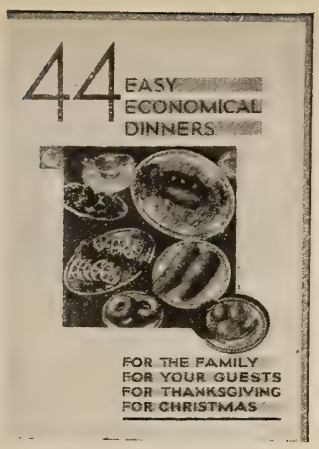
Waterloo, Iowa.

Forty cheers for the Garbo-Gable team!

We held our breath for the release of "Susan Lenox" and when it came it swept over us like a giant wave. They're marvelous! Wonderful! Those two unmatchable stars. They broke hearts and mended them in their separate pictures, but what they did together in our town can't be described.

Yours for more and more of the Garbo-Gable productions.

Marion G. Roedel,
Station "A"



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What a proud happy moment it is when the guest of honor turns to you and says: "What a perfectly delicious dinner."

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TOWER BOOKS
INCORPORATED
55 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Crowded Out of Stardom

(*Continued from page* 39)

within the camera focus. Then she leaped feet first into the deep snow pile. Her whole body disappeared. Frozen snow crystals tore her gown and buried themselves in her skin. The hero came running up and dug furiously until he brought her into camera shot.

"Cut!" the director shouted, and the camera was still. "Good work!" the director cried to the queen. "It will look swell. Change your clothes and we'll get you being taken through the storm on horseback."

I was the serial queen. Grace Cunard, in "The Broken Coin."

NO doubles for the queens of the serial world. We did all the stunts and went to the hospital regularly. They used to call the Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles, "Grace Cunard's Hotel."

There were three of us. Pearl White, Kathleen Williams—whom the animals tried to eat every day because hers were the "jungle" serials—and myself. Ours were the three names the movie world best knew—and paid the most money to.

Now, every week at least two hundred letters come to me asking what has become of me. Some weeks the postman brings me a thousand inquiries from the fans who remember Grace Cunard and her hair-raising adventures with Jack Holt, Francis Ford, Maurice Costello and the Moore boys, Owen, Tom and Mat.

MY own star days could never return, I know. I must keep my memories of the Grace Cunard that was, along with the rest of my precious things. They were days of triumphs and work well paid for, because it was said to be well done. But now, I want to came back, not as a star any more, but to do the character rôles I could fit so well. I want to do them for the love of them. Surely we serial queens learned all there is to learn of "acting." I saved from my earnings more than $800,000 and lost most of it because I didn't care very much when my adventure with Joe Moore was ended, but still there is no wolf at my door on these sunny California mornings.

I just don't want them to be saying that the serial queens of the "Perils of Pauline" days didn't have to learn how to act!

FIVE dollars a day were my first movie earnings, from D. W. Griffith. Mary Pickford was higher up the ladder than I was. She got thirty-five dollars a week. Norma Talmadge was just beginning, too. She drew three dollars a day. Pearl White was the highest paid of all the future stars. Mr. Griffith told me to study Pearl.

Serial days began with "Lucile Love." Carl Laemmle, who had founded Universal, chose me to be its star. I was to be the rival of Pearl White and to have $125 every week. I was young—that was in 1912—and happy. Pearl, I knew, was being paid the unbelievable sum of $200 a week by Pathe, and I was sure I could be as great a star as she. We were rivals all the time.

(*Please turn to page* 118)

PROTECT YOUR BABY..



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Don't let anyone give you another baby powder and tell you it is "just as good" as *Z. B. T.*! This mildly medicated compound talcum is the *one* powder made especially to counteract Urea Irritation and its attendant discomforts. Endorsed everywhere by doctors, nurses and hospitals.

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The NEW MOVIE Magazine

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POSSESS THE CHARM THAT MEN ADORE



Sidney Fox and Paul Lucas in "*Strictly Dishonorable*", a Universal Picture

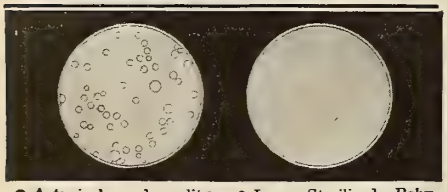
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LACO
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Crowded Out of Stardom

(*Continued from page* 117)

We went to the studio at eight o'clock in those times. And ready to work. Mr. Laemmle would have surrendered to apoplexy had any one ever suggested to him that we should have a maid. We dressed and we undressed, we made up and we took off our make-ups, with only such help and skill as our own hands afforded. I know one star today who keeps a maid outside her bedroom door all night so she won't have to put her own mules on or light her own cigarette should she waken during the night.

The majority of scenes were taken outdoors. We hardly ever made less than fifty scenes in a day—every day for ten to fifteen weeks. The average picture nowadays has less than fifty scenes altogether!

I remember Kathleen Williams coming in one night—I was staying at home because of a creak in one of my ribs. I didn't know until the next day that I had broken it. Kathleen was nervous. She was starring in one of her famous animal serials at Selig's Zoo, in Los Angeles.

"Colonel Selig has a new lion," Kathleen confided. "And he doesn't like something about me. I don't know what, or I'd change it, of course."

My side was hurting terribly—a horse had thrown me that day at a fence jump—but I was interested. A new lion meant that Kathleen had to watch out. "Colonel Selig won't put him in the serial right away," I suggested. "Not till he learns that you are to be roared at and snarled at but not eaten."

"He's a particularly ferocious lion," Kathleen explained. "He snarls beautifully. The Colonel wants me to write in a scene tonight for early tomorrow morning. Lions growl best in the morning before they get tired. The Colonel wants a scene of the lion snarling at me on a horse. The beast is to be staked for a while, then let loose to take after me. I'm to have enough start, of course, if I shape the scene properly, to slide off the horse into an iron cage with the top off and its bars hidden with vines. It is to look as if I am thrown, and am at the mercy of the lion. The Colonel wants the episode ended there, to be taken up in the next episode showing the lion trying to get at me. It will look as if he is held back only by a tangle of underbrush, the cage being camouflaged."

I tried to comfort her. "You'd be safe, as usual. He won't think to make a jump over the bars and come down through the open roof."

"That's just the trouble," Kathleen said. "He's a new lion and I just don't know what he'll think up."

She wrote the scene that night by my bedside. She did it the next day while I was having my rib plastered up.

Surely she had to "act" while she was really wondering if the new lion was a smart one or just the ordinary run of lion.

EMERSON HOUGH, who wrote the "Covered Wagon," wrote one of my serials. Or started to write it. He tired after the first seventeen episodes, but my fans were demanding more, so I wrote seven additional episodes—at night, after doing scenes all day. One day, after the serial was finished and shown, Mr. Hough arrived at Universal City from New York. He came to my dressing-room.

"I have come three thousand miles, Miss Cunard," he said, "just to have a look at you. I wanted to see the person who could jump a submarine into the Sahara Desert and make it float to sea!"

I really hadn't written quite that, but I did give our submarine some weird adventures. It was such a successful submarine that Mr. Laemmle began to pay me three hundred dollars a week.

When I killed Eddie Polo—one of my serial company—Mr. Laemmle jumped me to $750 a week!

Eddie Polo had known me back home when I was a little girl. He had come to Universal City ahead of me and did small parts in a character make-up that was Lon Chaney-like. I met him one day and for old times' sake wrote into the serial we were then doing a strong, interesting part for an ape-like character.

EDDIE exceeded my expectations. His first episode was a great success. His make-up was that of a human ape. His work and his make-up improved. In the next serial I gave him a principal part, a strong one. He was marvelous all through the first six or seven episodes. Then Eddie began to get fan letters. They went to his head. His first move was to take all his letters to "Uncle" Carl and demand more salary. He was getting seventy-five dollars a week. He wanted one hundred and fifty dollars. He threatened to quit working.

He had "Uncle" Carl in a corner, of course. It would have been ruinous for him to have stepped out of the picture—at that time! So he got the one hundred and fifty dollars. But "Uncle" Carl took a violent dislike to him.

Eddie's second move was to appear on location in a neat, handsome make-up. He greeted our dismay with the explanation that his public deplored his ape-like looks. They wanted him to be his own handsome self. From then on, Eddie declared he would be a new kind of ape-man. A good-looking one.

So I had to kill him quick.

I wrote in a new scene. A fight over me in which I was captured. Eddie, in his new make-up, rescued me but collapsed after I was safe.

"When I recover," I told him, "I'll get up from the ground where you've let me fall, but you lie still. You'll still be unconscious. Sure you keep your eyes shut. I'll weep over you and then run off for help. You keep still till I return with a bucket."

We shot the scene as I directed. When I got up Eddie played unconscious so well that he looked dead. I was supposedly only showing consternation over him and deciding to hunt a bucket of water. But what I really did was to give the camera a lot of wild grief—which I did so silently Eddie did not tumble.

The camera showed him dead and me bewailing him. And when we went on with the scene we told Eddie he could go home—he was dead for the rest of the serial and could stay dead forever so far as we cared.



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Crowded Out of Stardom

That was the end of Eddie Polo.

We had to do almost the same thing with Arnold Daly, who played the lead in one of my Craig Kennedy serials. Mr. Daly was a great actor, but temperamental. We didn't have time for temperament in serial making. All we had time for was quick and hard and constant work. So we decided to put Mr. Daly in a mask for one scene. What we really did was to rewrite the last episodes so that Mr. Daly's part was played clear through until the last love-scene under the mask. We staged that love scene making Mr. Daly believe it was part of the episode we were then working on. And then, with Mr. Daly out of his mask for the climax, we put in an extra-man to wear the mask for the rest of the episodes and told Mr. Daly he wasn't needed any more.

That was "acting," too!

THE movie public liked me. They must have liked me, for it wasn't long until my salary had jumped higher than I ever dreamed salaries could jump. I had no time to spend money—we didn't have secretaries then to add up our party bills!—because I was always working. Day and night. The theaters demanded more and more Grace Cunard serials, just as they demanded more and more of Pearl White, and Florence Lawrence, and Kathleen Williams serials. Every month I banked thousands of dollars.

And I married Joe Moore.

I loved Joe, with all the love that was in me—and I had much love in me. He loved me—as the Moore boys love! It was romance, glorious, absorbing romance; pulsing, whelming romance.

But as never happened—never in the Grace Cunard serials, it broke!

Joe went to war and I went into the Good Samaritan Hospital—this time with no broken bones, but other things broken that kept me there six months. When I was well again I learned that I had invested my money—$800,000 of it—as badly as Joe and I had invested our dreams of a romance that should endure. Most of my money was gone—not all, but the thousands left were no longer hundreds of thousands.

They wanted me back on the screen. All through my nervous collapse and convalescence the fans were kind. Their letters did not diminish—but increased. I have them still—every one of them. My souvenirs.

I did go back to the studios—serials were done for a while, but there was plenty for Grace Cunard to do. Then Joe came back from Germany and was drowned at home!

He was always my husband—my first great romance! For years after that I did not want to work, even to see films, to see anybody at all. Even old friends.

When the talkies arrived a talking serial was tried, "Blake of Scotland Yard." They sent for me and persuaded me to return to the screen again. So I made the mistake of going back again—in a serial! The serial queen's shroud wrapped closer. They can't think of me as anything but the serial star—and I want them to let me forget the serial queen days, that had to do with youth, and recklessness and romance—and take me as I am.

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If cold weather tends to make your face and hands rough as "sandpaper," Nivea Creme will make them smooth as silk. Nivea*, the only creme in the world containing Eucerite*, goes deep and works deep, prevents and heals chapping and windburn. Try it also as a night creme and as a powder base—no after-greasiness.



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RADIO RAMBLES—Here are intimate facts about your favorite radio star . . . the who's who of radioland. Page 67. The NEW MOVIE Magazine

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30-Love At Malibu

(*Continued from page 66*)

Cliff Hurd won the first consolation prize, taking Milton Cohen's award of a silver and cut-glass bottle and a silver cigarette box given by Richard Barthelmess.

Victor Schertzinger and Florence Sutton second consolation prize, carrying away Clive Brook's gift of a shaker in form of a Zeppelin, in a pigskin case, and a gold and cloisonné compact and lighter, donated by Carl Laemmle, Sr.

THE runner-up consolation prizes went to Miss Eileen Percy and George Archainbaud, who received the awards given by Mr. and Mrs. Dick Hyland and Leo Carrillo. Mr. Archainbaud became the proud possessor of two tickets to the U. S. C.-Stanford football game and Miss Percy received a beautiful suede leather purse with silver mountings.

Among the thrilled spectators were: Norma Talmadge, Dolores del Rio, Bebe Daniels, Robert Montgomery, Russell, James and Lucille Gleason, Carole Lombard, William Powell, Claudette Colbert, Norman Foster, Buster Keaton, Lew Cody, Alice Joyce, Anna Q. Nilsson, Leo Carrillo, Mary Brian and Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook.

Tired and happy, everyone went home hoping Mr. Brenon will make his tennis receptions an annual event.

* * *

MR. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice discovered something new under the sun which delighted their guests at a party in their Beverly Hills home.

Under the title of, "The Growth of Los Angeles," the Fitzmaurices surprised the proud papas and mamas assembled by showing motion pictures, in color, of the children of their guests.

The production represented a month of hard work, with Mrs. Fitzmaurice responsible for the photography and direction, and Carey Wilson authoring the scenario. Members of the cast in the two-reel sensation were:

Mary Hay Barthelmess and her little step-brother, Stuart Sargent; Sheila and Patricia Fitzmaurice, Carye Hornblow, Carl Laemmle Bergerman, Dree Sullivan, Peter Bennett, Irving Thalberg, Jr., and the ingenue, Barbara Bebe Lyon.

The affair was to celebrate the fourth wedding anniversary of the hosts. Dainty refreshments were served and the decorations were in remarkable taste. Among the guests were:

Dr. A. P. Giannini, Dr. and Mrs. Harry Martin (Louella Parsons), Marquis de la Falaise, Mrs. Alice Glazer, Henry Hobart, Michael Levee, Arthur Hornblow, Watterson Rothacker, Richard Barthelmess, Samuel Goldwyn, C. Gardiner Sullivan, Ralph Forbes, George Archainbaud, Buster Keaton, Ben Lyon, Irving Thalberg, Samuel Bergerman, Herman Mankiewicz, Fred Niblo, Bernard Fieman, Abraham Lehr, Constance Bennett, Carmelita Geraghty, Kay Francis, Lois Wilson, Kenneth McKenna, Gene Markey, Carl Laemmle, Jr., Bayard Vellier, Carey Wilson, W. Felix, James Durante.

* * *

AMONG the dinner guests of Miss Lois Wilson, in the new Blossom Room of the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel were:

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Borzage, Miss Virginia Hammond, Hazel Lindley, Gene Markey, John Wines and Winslow B. Felix.

* * *

GUESTS of Mr. and Mrs. Purnell Pratt at the Mayfair Club affair, at the Biltmore Hotel, were:

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Morgan, J. Walter Rubin, H. B. Warner and John Francis Dillon.

* * *

GUY BATES POST has joined the Hollywood winter colony, residing at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

* * *

MISS SHARON LYNN entertained a party of friends at her Malibu Beach home. Among those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon, Cedric Gibbons, Chandler Sprague, Adolphe Menjou.

Miss Renee Davies, Beatrice Norton, Barney Glazer, Willis Goldbeck, John McCormick, Don Lee and Edward Sears.

* * *

AMONG the guests at a buffet supper given in honor of S. S. McClure, of New York, by Mme. Gloria Mayne were:

D. Josef Vecsei, Signor Leon Staglioni, Miriam Nelke, Mary Drew, Mary Dale, Anne Havrilla, Florence Bateson and Messrs. and Mesdames Howard Airy and Luigi Andrini.

* * *

IN au revoir to Mr. and Mrs. Juan Reynauls, who are leaving soon for their South American estate to await the opening of the polo season, Mr. and Mrs. Daryl Zanuck were hosts at a gay buffet supper.

Among the guests were:

Mrs. Stephen Nerney, Dr. and Mrs. Harry Martin, Billie Dove, Margaret Ettinger, Ona Munson, Herb Somborn, Austin Parker, Courtenay Terrett, William Koenig, Ray Enright, Sonny Levy, Mervyn LeRoy, Sydney Grauman, Marco Hellman, Ernst Lubitsch, John Considine, Ross Shattuck, Freddie Fox.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Whyte, Lucien Hubbard, Arthur Caesar, Hal Wallis, John Adolfi, Eddie Hillman, William Powell, Neil McCarthy, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Richard Barthelmess, Joe E. Brown, Michael Curtiz, Rufus Le Maire, Charles Kenyon, Joe Jackson, Lloyd Bacon, Lionel Pedley, Al Green, Archie Mayo, William Wellman, James Starr, Ben Lyon, Charles Wrightsman, Snowy Baker, Nevin Busch, Hal Roach, Jerry Hoffman, Bill Wilkerson, Robert Z. Leonard, Chester Morris, Sidney Lanfield, Hoot Gibson, Victor Varconi.

Next month THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE will picture more of the new fashions as worn by the screen stars.

HOLLYWOOD'S OWN FAVORITE RECIPES

Irene Dunne, who contributes her very own special chicken broth recipe for Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars, says that it can be absolutely spoiled by omitting a sprinkle of nutmeg. That's only one of the flavor hints you find in this absorbing cook book published by Tower. You find forty-seven pages of new photographs published by Hollywood stars . . . Forty-seven of their favorite recipes and all this good news for ten cents.



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FITS BACK OF BASEBOARD OR MOULDING

Beauty Goes to the Head

(*Continued from page 72*)

until the neckline is reached, when the new sculpture curls put in their appearance. Or half the head will be waved and the other half straight.

A NEW "do" for the girl with a widow's peak—suggested in a show given by Antoine, who is to do the coiffures for a forthcoming movie of Paris fashions—featured a triangular part starting at the center of the forehead and swinging off at an angle toward each side.

Time-honored parts are disregarded. No longer does hair part merely on the side or in the center. A part may start over one ear and end almost any place; or it may start at the center and end at the side in the back; or in one line and suddenly break in two.

This is a time when you can show your artistry—or your hairdresser's—in coiffures. Try out every new one you see. There isn't anything more amusing to do on a slow weekday evening and you may get some startling results to use with your newest gowns.

Try the softly-waved coiffures, the one-sided effects. Try the smooth sleek coiffures with the little curls marching around from ear to ear. Perhaps Garbo's new bangs may look well on you. Or maybe a startling effect of double parts will make you into a new vision.

There is nothing that will change your appearance or your personality so much as the arrangement of your hair. You may find several different ways of doing it and you can use them all. We now have makeup to vary with the hour of the day and the type of costume. Hair styles, even more surely, should be distinct with each type of gown.

Sharps and Flats

(*Continued from page 78*)

time he is playing "Tell Me With a Love Song." You should enjoy this one, too, but it isn't quite up to the Cuban number. The vocal refrain by Jack Fulton is excellent.

(This is a Victor record.)

EVERY so often we get a song from abroad that takes the country by storm, and now we have another, "Good Night, Sweetheart," which is going over in a big way. Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians do the recording and you know it's going to be good and smooth. Brother Carman, I believe, sings the vocal refrain. By all means listen.

We hear Guy Lombardo again on the other side with "I Wouldn't Change You for the World," a little faster number by way of contrast. You'll like this one, too.

(This is a Columbia record.)

TED WEEMS is still very much alive and back with us again, bringing us "That's What I Like About You." A good tune, in good style, with the typical Weems rhythm that makes Ted so distinctive. If you feel blue put this record on. Parker Gibbs sings the vocal refrain.

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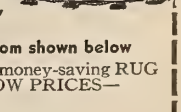
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Wide World

Coveted prizes for acting and achievement in motion pictures were awarded at the annual banquet of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore were honored for the two outstanding performances of the year. This group, taken at the speaker's table, shows, left to right: Louis B. Mayer, producer; Mrs. Dolly Gann, sister of Vice-President Curtis; Marie Dressler, William LeBaron, Vice-President Charles Curtis, Lionel Barrymore, Mabel Walker Willebrandt and Governor Rolph of California. "Cimarron" won the picture award.

The Bandwagon—Richard's Marriage

(*Continued from page* 98)

Shortly afterward, the picture was released, and lo! and behold! the studio was deluged with mail. Masculine vanity being what it is, who could resist an appeal to pass judgment on such a young and beautiful actress? To a man, the Bradstreet and Dun electees responded to their questionnaires, and even the hard-boiled studio was impressed by the hit that darling daughter had evidently made.

But mamma's work was so good that it was too good! Instead of signing the girl on a long-term contract, or at least giving her a couple of other good parts, the studio decided that one hit didn't make a star and that since she was a person of such prominence, they would have to dangle before her eyes a salary entirely incommensurate with her value to them. Other studios felt the same way.

Since then, daughter has been looking for a job!

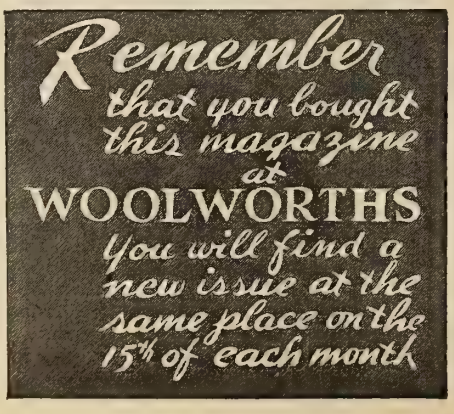
REVENGE AT LAST: Genevieve Tobin has gone literary as a contributor of Hollywood gossip to the *Manchester* (England) *Guardian.*

The publisher of this paper admired her work so much in "Mary Dugan" on the London stage last year, that he offered to make her his Hollywood representative.

Now she can tell the critics what *she* thinks of *them,* and get it printed—maybe.

VOLA VALE BACK: You can't keep the old-timers away from Hollywood.

Vola Vale, who appeared opposite William S. Hart, Charles Ray and other stars of other days, has returned to the screen to play a role with Ruth Chatterton in Paramount's "Tomorrow and Tomorrow." She was one of D. W. Griffith's first important leading women.



RETURNS TO FIRST LOVE: Monroe Owsley bids Hollywood good-bye and is returning to the New York stage.

HER MOTHER WAS NO ACTRESS: A Hollywood player who had been out of work so long that she was getting used to it was asked by a casting director if she could play a part requiring piano technique.

Contemptuously she let the casting director know that she was a finished pianist and he said that they would call for her in a few days.

She was out when the studio phoned, however, but her mother obligingly told them "Mary'll be back in an hour. She is out taking piano lessons."

BACK FROM HONEYMOON: Richard Dix began work on his latest RKO production, "The Lost Squadron," fresh from his Ventura ranch honeymoon.

The actor regaled his studio mates with the story of his successful courtship of Miss Winifred Coe, of San Francisco, and the near airplane tragedy which followed their marriage at Yuma, Arizona.

The wedding ceremony was performed at the Yuma courthouse, with only members of the families present.

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Edmund Lowe



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Who can forget **Edmund Lowe** as "Sergeant Quirt" in **"What Price Glory?"** That mighty role made Eddie famous in filmland—and he's more than held his own in a long line of talkie triumphs. We hope you saw him in the **"Spider."** And be sure to see him in the **Fox** thriller, **"The Cisco Kid."**

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You may be interested in knowing that not one cent was paid to Mr. Lowe to make the above statement. Mr. Lowe has been a smoker of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes for 6 years. We hope the publicity herewith given will be as beneficial to him and to Fox, his producers, as his endorsement of LUCKIES is to you and to us.

The NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

10¢ IN U.S. 15 CENTS IN CANADA

MARCH 1932



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But lady, consider! There may come a day when the smartest hat in the world won't hide the fact that you are no longer pretty when you smile!

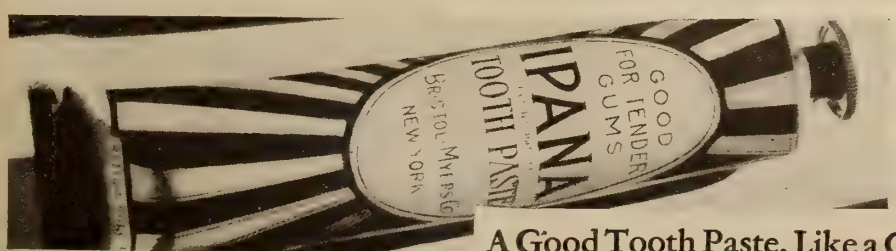
White, bright, sound teeth are most terribly important to that appealing smile of yours—and sound, sparkling teeth are dependent on firm gums. *Your* gums are *not* hard and healthy.

It's like this: Nature expects human beings to eat coarse, tough foods. And civilized human beings don't do it! And while you eat soft, creamy foods, your gums simply sit back with nothing to do. They've become lazy, flabby, weak-walled. They tend to bleed. You have "pink tooth brush". And "pink tooth brush" warns you of the advance of serious gum troubles—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even the rare, but dread pyorrhea!

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste twice every day. But each time, rub a little extra Ipana right into those soft gums of yours.

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VOL. V. No. 3 MARCH, 1932

FEATURES

Clara Bow has written her Life Story especially for New Movie. The young men pictured below have played an important part in her life. Read about her — and them — beginning in the April issue.



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GILBERT ROLAND



ROBERT W. SAVAGE



HARRY RICHMAN

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Sally of the Big Heart

BY JACK JAMISON



Hal Phyfe

Here's three cheers for the scrappy little girl who'd give up the world to stick by her kin and her friends.

JUST seven years ago—she remembers that the date was the twenty-seventh of January—there arrived in Hollywood five feet and one half inches of Ireland. Her father's name was Thomas Francis Patrick Noonan. And her mother's name was Hannah Kelly.

With this very green bit of the ould sod, on the train, were six brothers, three sisters, seven trunks, ten suitcases, and a small and incredibly unbeautiful dog named Micky because Mabel Normand had once been in a picture called that.

Micky's owner and adorer sported a skirt that ended four inches above her bony little knees, a bright sweater, and a hat called a "finale hopper," which she wore on one ear and part of her neck. She was fourteen years old, and her name was Sally O'Neil—Chotsie Noonan, really, because she didn't pick up the Sally until later, when she went into the movies and they told her that Chotsie was a ridiculous name, even if your darling old nurse *did* give it to you.

For the Noonan clan, or delegation, or army, or whatever it was, marching down upon Hollywood in force, at the moment had not the faintest idea that Chotsie ever was to become a movie star. That was to come later—not very much later.

The family was hardly settled in its new home in sunny California (on which rain had been falling steadily for weeks) before one of the brothers decided that Sally ought to be a star—"the brother that gets all the silly ideas," as Sally characterizes him for posterity. But Sally, at the moment, was not thinking of the future. She was thinking of her brief past; wondering if she would ever see the big house in Bayonne again; wondering if the kids back home in New Jersey had forgotten her.

The kids back home had not forgotten. "Gee, Chotsie's gone away," they were saying to each other. "Gee, when she was your pal she sure stuck up for you. No matter what you said or what you did, you could always count on Chotsie."

"At fourteen, Sally had left a legend of loyalty behind her: not a bad past to look back upon, whether you're fourteen or whether you're forty. There are girls who went to school with her who still tell the story of Sally and the raisins. The school was a convent. The raisins were the subject of an experiment to be made in the chemistry class. You can guess the rest of the story. Schoolgirls are notorious for their perpetual hunger.

A few hours before the experiment was to be performed, Sally discovered the raisins—two big boxes full. She called a meeting of the senior class, and in something well under two minutes there were no more raisins. This, some hours later, the chemistry teacher learned. As often occurs in schools, a mountain was made of a mole-hill. A confession was demanded. Not a girl owned up. Knowing that the entire

(*Please turn to page* 104)

Just a few of the things that have endeared Sally O'Neil to everyone



Not afraid of the Birthdays Ahead

They know the Secret of keeping Youthful Charm...

THE screen stars have no fear of growing old! Birthdays have no terror for them! They know the secret of *keeping* youthful freshness right through the years!

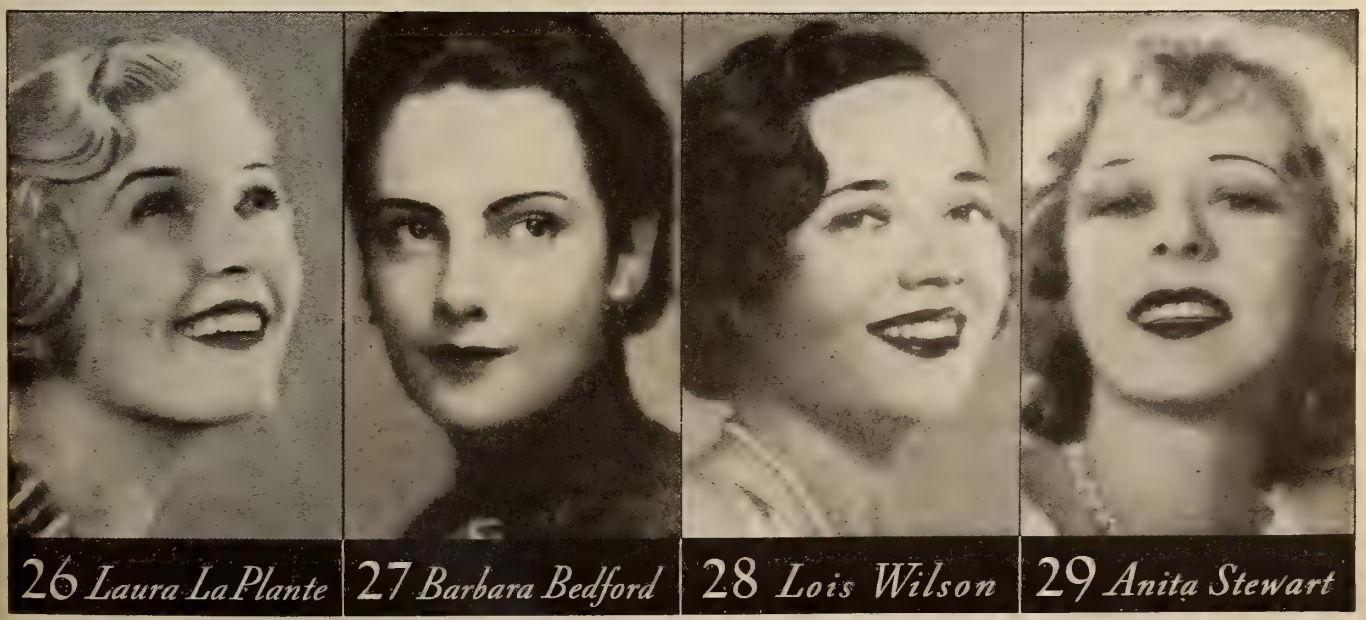
"Guard your complexion above everything else," they will advise you. And even the youngest of them give their own peach-bloom skins the most zealous *regular* care.

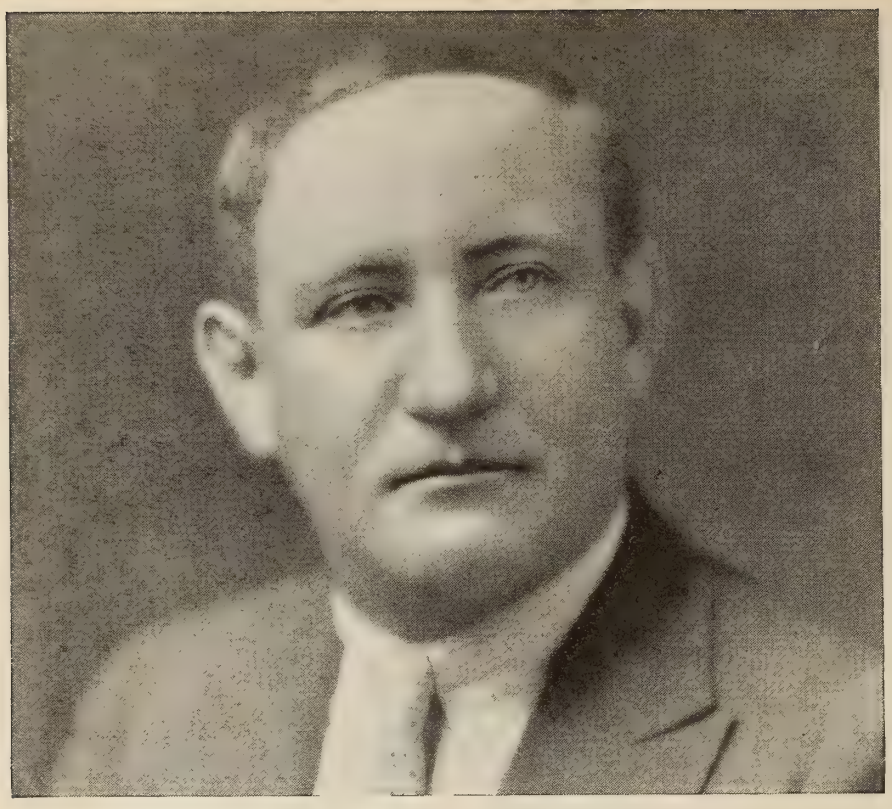
"We use Lux Toilet Soap," they confide. Those in their twenties—those in their thirties—those in their forties!—keep their skins youthfully smooth and aglow with this fragrant white soap!

Of the 613 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 605 use Lux Toilet Soap!

Surely *you* will want to guard your complexion this wise, sure way. Begin today!

Lux Toilet Soap—10¢





Joseph M. Schenck, head of United Artists, one of the great figures in the films. He began as an errand boy.

By Lynde Denig

Pioneer GOLD

MEN WHO MAKE THE MOVIES

ALTHOUGH he has but recently entered upon an active middle age, Joseph M. Schenck, president and chairman of the board of directors of the United Artists Corporation, belongs to the Old Guard.

He dates back to that interesting group of penniless young men recruited from Europe in the '90s and the early days of the century. Some had entered the fur trade; others were drawing a few dollars a week from other mercantile sources.

Most of them lived on the East side of New York below Fourteenth Street, which, socially speaking, was undesirable. They were sketchily educated, these youths from abroad; their clothes were scanty and their accents crude; but they pushed their way from Bowery basements to Park Avenue pent-houses or Hollywood estates.

The group to which Joe Schenck and his brother, Nicholas, belonged, included Adolph Zukor, Marcus Loew, William Fox, Carl Laemmle and Samuel Goldwyn, among others who started behind scratch and ended in the money.

Chinatown, the Bowery, Five Points are all invitingly picturesque to read about, but they were pretty tough places to live in, even when lager beer was selling at five cents a schooner. Precious little sentiment was expended on poor boys from Europe. They must learn to battle for their bread or go hungry.

JOE SCHENCK was born in a small town in Russia on Christmas Day, 1882. He was ten years old when his parents brought him to New York and allowed him to earn a few dollars running errands for a drug store near Chatham Square on the Bowery, the far-famed Chinatown district.

As nothing more inviting presented itself, Joe utilized his few spare moments studying to become a registered druggist and in due time was permitted to serve behind the counter of the drab little store shaded by the elevated railway structure. Lacking the dignity of a formal name, the store was known throughout the neighborhood as "Number 6."

Now it happened that one of the most notorious resorts in that morally wide-open section of the city was Salter's saloon, known for its free lunches and its singing waiters. This rendezvous of the Bowery's elite, commonly referred to as "Nigger Mike's," employed a waiter with a particularly sobby catch in his voice when he sang the tear-soaked ballads of the day. His name was Izzy Baline, and, like Joe, he was starting a career from behind scratch.

The two Bowery boys became fast friends. They took seriously the copybook maxim, "America is the land of opportunity," and decided that life in a stuffy tenement with the rattle of the elevated trains for a lullaby was not good enough for them. Izzy Baline became Irving Berlin, no less, and Joe Schenck became one of the wealthiest and most powerful motion picture producers in the world.

Izzy married into America's aristocracy; Joe married Norma Talmadge, one of the screen's best-loved and most highly respected actresses.

Izzy and Joe remain fast friends and they still believe that America is the land of opportunity.

AT about the time the singing waiter was preparing for his leap to fame to the strains of "Alexander's Rag Time Band," the Schenck brothers, Joe and Nicholas, better known as Nick, looked around for an opening through which they might enter the amusement business.

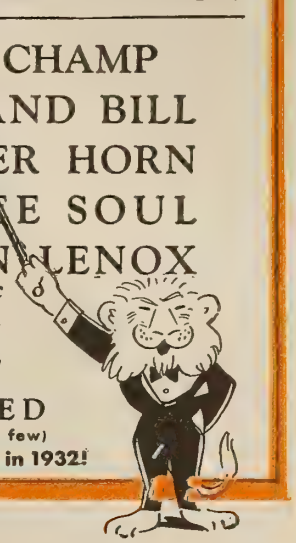
A trip to Coney Island and its Midway convinced them that a miniature Coney Island located on the fringe of Manhattan would be a (*Please turn to page* 114)

STARTING A NEW PARADE of HITS for 1932!

M-G-M BEGINS THE SEASON WITH TWO SENSATIONAL DRAMAS

WHAT A SMASHING BOX SCORE in 1931!

THE CHAMP
MIN AND BILL
TRADER HORN
A FREE SOUL
SUSAN LENOX
The SIN of MADELON CLAUDET
POSSESSED
(Just to mention a few)
And BIGGER hits in 1932!



Wallace BEERY

The old "CHAMP" himself — greater than ever!

Clark GABLE

M-G-M's sensational new star



in THE NEW MIRACLE PICTURE— The THRILL from the SKIES!

HELL DIVERS

A GEORGE HILL *Production*

with
CONRAD NAGEL
MARJORIE RAMBEAU
DOROTHY JORDAN
MARIE PREVOST

Marie DRESSLER

THE GREAT STAR WHO MAKES YOU LAUGH and MAKES YOU CRY BUT ALWAYS MAKES YOU HAPPY!





in CLARENCE BROWN'S *Production*

Emma

with
RICHARD CROMWELL
JEAN HERSHOLT
Story by FRANCES MARION
Adaptation and Dialogue by LEONARD PRASKINS
Additional Dialogue by ZELDA SEARS

directed by Clarence BROWN

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

BY JOHN EDGAR WEIR





GERSHWIN In Celluloid

Another "Rhapsody In Blue"—Bing Crosby Goes Over Big—Eddie Cantor Scores In "Palmy Days"

GEORGE GERSHWIN has done much to make himself one of the outstanding figures in modern American music. And now he gives us "The New York Rhapsody," undoubtedly the biggest contribution yet made to the music of the sound screen. It is more—much more—than just another musical offering. It is a true symphonic poem of concert calibre. And the significant fact about it is that it was written especially for motion pictures. If you have not yet heard it, by all means take the first opportunity to attend the Fox musical romance, "Delicious," starring Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. If you liked Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," you will like his "New York Rhapsody" even more.

BING CROSBY is making a hit in films, if you don't know it. Mack Sennett saw possibilities in Bing long before he became a radio star, and has just released his second two-reel picture, "One More Chance." It has gone so big that it played both the Rivoli and Rialto theatres in New York the same (*Please turn to page* 110)

George Gershwin's "New York Rhapsody," written especially for films, lends distinctiveness to the new Fox picture, "Delicious." Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor, shown above, are starred; and Virginia Cherrill, Chaplin's discovery (in panel with Farrell), has an important part.



Grimmer than that grim picture, "DRACULA," more gruesome and awe-inspiring than "FRANKENSTEIN," EDGAR ALLAN POE'S remarkable mystery story "MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE," laid in the dark caverns of Paris, will thrill you to your finger-tips. Beautifully enacted by

BELA LUGOSI and **SIDNEY FOX**

The Original "DRACULA" — Star of "STRICTLY DISHONORABLE"

Directed by ROBERT FLOREY

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

UNIVERSAL PICTURES CORPORATION — CARL LAEMMLE, President — 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY



K. O.

Hollywood Calls Barbara Weeks, New York show girl who made good, a knockout

By IVAN ST. JOHNS

Barbara Weeks got a job in the chorus when she was fourteen. Later she was glorified by Flo Ziegfeld. Sam Goldwyn brought her to Hollywood to grace "Whoopee." That led to a featured rôle in "Palmy Days."

DID you ever go to a motion-picture preview?

Previews are the first runs of new pictures before they are shown to the sophisticated audiences of the big cities. Out here in California, the Hollywood producers try out their screen masterpieces before suburban and small-town audiences before releasing them.

At many of these previews, cards are passed out which contain such questions as:

"How did you like the picture?"

"What performer did you like best?"

"Have you any suggestions?"

In this manner, audiences are invited to criticize the show.

AT a recent preview of Eddie Cantor's sensationally successful vehicle, "Palmy Days," a card was turned in on which was written:

"Who is the pretty girl in 'Palmy Days'?—and I don't mean Charlotte Greenwood, either."

This is the kind of a query that sends producers baying on a hot trail. Who, indeed, is anyone in whom the public is interested? The producers will find out if it takes the last sleuth in the studio.

In this case the answer was easy—she was beautiful Barbara Weeks—until recently a New York show girl whom Sam Goldwyn imported for "Whoopee" and nearly a year later gave the lead with Eddie Cantor. Probably you, too, would like to know more about Barbara.

There's that about Barbara Weeks.

I sat in the presence of this beautiful child and cudgeled my brain to think of a word exactly descriptive of her.



Barbara Weeks commands description—precise description.

It is inadequate to say that she is tall; that she has blue-gray eyes; that her features radiate glorious youth; that her hair has the sheen and softness of brown velvet.

I knew there was a word which would picture her exterior loveliness and which would also reveal the secret of her supremacy over other merely beautiful girls.

Noah Webster came to my rescue when I got back to my typewriter. He told me to call her a "winner."

There you have it.

A winner, said Webster, is, "One who gains by success in competition or contest."

"To win the prize in a game, to gain by labor, to win money, to win a battle, to win love," he cited as examples of the capacities and abilities of a winner. That wisdom of Webster's gets Barbara over with a bang!

There are fighters who can't fight when big stakes are involved; there are race horses that can't run their best when challenged in the stretch; there are beauties whose beauty fades when confronted by the dash and verve of a winner.

BARBARA WEEKS is beautiful—she has proved it in competition with the most exquisite beauties. But let's forget her beauty for a while; let's see what other qualities she has that have helped her to get so far out in front in the Hollywood sweepstakes. Let's see why she's entitled to be called a winner. It takes more than beauty to get where she is now and where she's going.

Barbara was born in Boston, eighteen short years ago, and when she was four years of age her mother, a former musical-comedy and dramatic artist, determined to make a dancer of her. We can skip the few years devoted to infant efforts.

One day, (*Please turn to page* 81)

SKY DEVILS

HOWARD HUGHES Presents



The SUPREME ENTERTAINMENT

With

Mystery!

SPENCER TRACY
WILLIAM BOYD
ANN DVORAK
GEORGE COOPER

An EDWARD SUTHERLAND Production



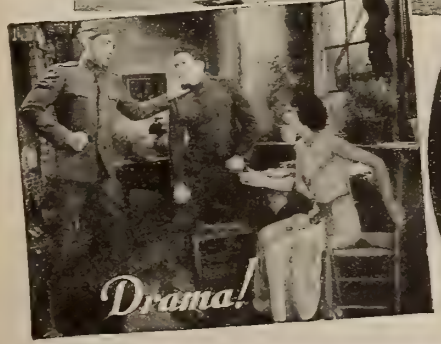






UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE









PRODUCED BY HOWARD-HUGHES

LONE Cowboy

The Romance and the Tragedy of Tom Mix and Victoria Forde—by one of Tom's closest friends, JAMES EDWARDS



Tom Mix and his former wife—principals in one of the sweetest romances and also one of the ghastliest marital dramas in Hollywood.

"IF I should ever get married again," Tom Mix said recently, "I think I would re-marry Victoria."

In that statement lies one of the sweetest romances and one of the ghastliest marital dramas of Hollywood.

The romance of Tom Mix's and Victoria Forde's marriage is the very essence from which tragedy is fashioned.

Too, the causes of the gradual withering of that romance and the eventual failure of that marriage also are peculiar to a community where reality frequently outruns fantasy.

Completely to understand why Tom Mix and Victoria Forde separated one must know something of their meeting, their early life together, and some of the things that happened when those two terrible twins, Fame and Fortune, came to abide with them.

When, after an interlocutory period of one year, Victoria's divorce from Tom became final the other day, a little more than thirteen years had intervened since their marriage.

In that time they had moved, slowly at first but with increasing speed and sureness, up the social and economic trail from a two-room shack at Newhall to one



A corner of the Mix living-room in their modest Carleton Avenue home. Note the type of decorations—as compared with the Beverly Hills living-room on the next page.

The little two-room shack where Tom Mix took Victoria Forde as his bride thirteen years ago.





of the largest and most splendid estates in Beverly Hills.

Tom had come to Hollywood from Prescott, Ariz., and was making pictures for Colonel Selig when he first met Victoria. She, also, was working in pictures, for Al and Charles Christie.

Tom was crazy about her from the start. She was so different from the girls he had been used to all his life. To this day he cannot tell you in what respect she was more charming than all the girls he had known in Texas, Oklahoma, the Pennsylvania oil fields, Cuba, the Philippines, China or during the years already passed since he first began making motion pictures.

She simply was. That's all. Victoria was the girl as far as Tom was concerned.

Christmas time came and on Christmas morning Tom mounted "Old Blue," predecessor of the now internationally famous "Tony," and set out for Hollywood.

Tied to his saddle with a slicker-string was his Christmas present for Victoria.

So presently Tom and "Old Blue" came to 1600 North Bronson Avenue.

In a convenient shed Tom hitched "Old Blue," knocked some of the dust off his clothes with his hat, pulled his pants legs out of his boots and, with his Christmas gift in his hands, stomped up to the front door of Victoria's home.

Proudly he presented his gift and bashfully he (*Please turn to page* 83)



Their palatial mansion in Beverly Hills—the scene of their marital tragedy.

At left: The ornate and spacious salon in the Mix mansion.



At right: The swimming-pool which attracted so many to the Mix's Sunday afternoon affairs.



The expensive yacht—just one of many of the extravagances that Tom showered upon his wife.

The New Movie Hollywood

Can you pick a star? Is your choice among the youngsters below?



Clarence Sinclair Bull



Ray Jones

Kathryn Crawford (above) a Wellsboro, Pa., girl who came to pictures from the musicals. You saw her in "Flying High." Will she be a star?

Hal Phyle

Weldon Heyburn, 26, was born in Washington, D.C. Broadway stage rôles helped him to arrive in Hollywood. Does he remind you of Clark Gable?

Peggy Ross, just seventeen, was born in Vancouver, B.C. She plays Will Rogers' daughter in "Business and Pleasure." Can she climb the heights?

Otto Dyar

Another starlet — Dorothy Tree, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Her first screen rôle was in "Husbands' Holiday."

Magazine's Kindergarten

Select your favorites from this month's Starlets and watch for their success



Elda Vokel (above), of Brownwood, Texas, played in stock companies and on Broadway. See her in "Charlie Chan's Chance."



Ray Jones

Arletta Duncan is only sixteen. In "Frankenstein" she lives up to many flattering things said about her.



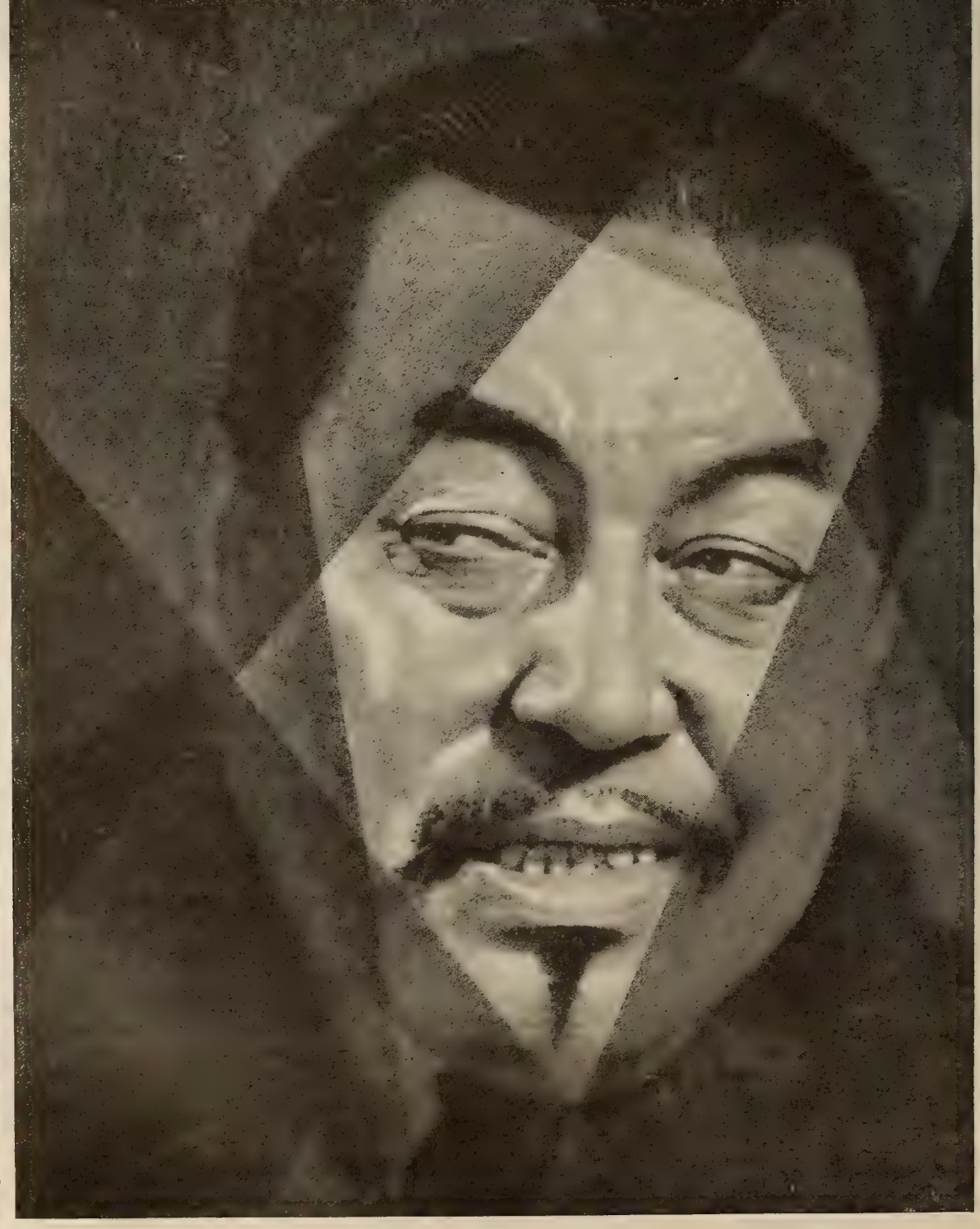
Hal Phyfe

Claire Maynard, another Brooklyn girl, modeled in a gown shop. You saw her in "Over the Hill" and "Good Sport." Is she your idea of star material?

Susan Fleming, of New York City, danced her way from the Follies to pictures. Her first short subject brought her a bigger part in "Dangerous Affairs."

Charlie Chan's Chance

WARNER OLAND in another amazing adventure of Earl Derr Biggers' master sleuth! With eyes that see all, lips that tell nothing, Charlie Chan unmasks the most sinister crime of his career. Directed by John G. Blystone, with Alexander Kirkland, H. B. Warner, Marian Nixon, Linda Watkins . . . . A mighty murder mystery!



FOX



Photograph by Otto Dyar

CAROLE LOMBARD

The New Movie Magazine

Gallery of Famous Film Folk



Photograph by Hurrell

LEILA HYAMS



Photograph by Hurrell

RAMON NOVARRO



Photograph by Otto Dyar

CLAUDETTE COLBERT



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

JOHN BARRYMORE



Photograph by Robert Richee

SYLVIA SIDNEY



CONSTANCE BENNETT

By POLA NEGRI

ALL the blunders of love are made by women. I know, because I have made my share. And that is why I have no sympathy whatever for the girl or woman who involuntarily loses her man.

Having lost the love and affection of a man, the modern woman—and the old-fashioned ones, too—will think of all manner of excuses and blame anything and anybody.

An unsuccessful woman has no alibi but herself.

Any of us, even those to whom nature has been cruel and stingy when beauty was being handed out, can sooner or later win the love of a man.

He may not be an Adonis. They generally aren't worth winning. He may not be wealthy. He may not be powerful . . . what an attraction that is!

But any of us can attract at least one man, who has enough of the man about him to be a success—in the world and at home.

If we do not hold that man—if we do not make something out of him and his love—the place to find the reason for the failure is in our own looking-glass.

And what a miserable creature such women behold when they look.

We can hold our men if we will only use our heads. Getting and keeping a man ought to be a woman's



"A woman who is unsuccessful in love has no alibi but herself," declares Pola. (At right) Pola and Basil Rathbone in her first talking picture.

Harold Dean Carsey

Beginning The Exotic Film Star's Advice on

What LIFE has Taught ME about MEN

greatest career. It is a career that *begins* on her wedding day. Most women consider that day the completion of their conquest—the finish. It generally is, under such conditions.

I have known a great many men. I have known them under all sorts of circumstances. And I never knew any man ever to win a woman who did not want to capitulate.

I wish I could also say that no woman ever won a man who did not desire to be won. But that is not true. It is the woman who picks her man—who is endowed with the weapons to fascinate him.

It may be the man who, by custom, waits at the altar, but it is the demure little bride at the back of the church who put him there—and very often without his knowing exactly how it was done.

MARRIAGE has often been called "a woman's greatest problem." It should really be a woman's pleasure. If it were so regarded we would not be hearing from every side all the attacks on marriage that we do. To-day, marriage seems to be regarded as a necessary evil—a sort of step-sister to love.

I have come to wonder if marriage is really necessary to love, to happiness. I know that marriage helps love because it appeases convention. It kills off love's deadliest enemy, secrecy.

POLA WRITES:

¶ Any of us can win the love of a man. ¶ It will be a happy day for American women when men put them in their place. ¶ The American girl is at her best when attracting a man; the European woman when holding him. ¶ When a man is out of love his pedestal is vacant. Almost any applicant can occupy it.

At first secrecy gives zest to romance; that is, a little of it, but *only* a little of it. Secrecy is to romance like water to a growing rosebush. A certain amount is a good thing, but a torrent sweeps the bush into oblivion.

So, when I say "love," I am going to mean just that. And when I say "marriage" I mean something entirely different. It is the crust of the pie. And how many lovers have hated each other because the little bride made the pie-crust too tough!

IT is most difficult to know where to begin a discussion about a man and a woman. Together they make the most fascinating, the most complex and the most fearful subject. Apart, they're nothing!

I must confess that I know men better than I do women. That is, I know men from a woman's point of view, better than I do women from a woman's point of view. Women who are attractive to men are solitary creatures as far as other women are concerned.

No woman really confides in another woman; is really honest with her. They do not dare to be. They are too suspicious, too antagonistic. (*Please turn to page* 91)



How to Win Love and How to Hold It Fast



By Gladys Hall

AROUND The Clock

Attention, All Ye Curious—and We'll Take You Through a Typical Day With This Newest Sensation In Screenland

AN enchanted clock, wouldn't you say, girls? An enchanted twelve hours, each hour a thrill, shot with excitement, fraught with glamour, stormy with adventure, *different*—different from life as other men live it. . . .

Well . . .

Clark is a regular fellow, you see. As regular as the clock we will follow him around. The stuff of life to him is man-stuff. Out-doors. Books. A pipe. A horse. The sea. The sky. The woods and hills and open, strange roads.

He never goes to the Cocoanut Grove or to other places of Hollywood's pleasuring. He never goes to parties. He never gives them. His friends, with the exceptions of Wally Beery and the late Robert Williams, are not among the picture people.

His fellow actors admire him, as a man, as an artist. Maurice Chevalier recently said to me: "It is too bad if they publicize that fellow too much as the sheik, as with the beeg sex an' appeal—he is a great actor—he has more than jus' that sex an' appeal beezness——"

Mary Pickford said to me: "He is fine. He is a *very* fine actor. People should not lose track of that genuine ability that goes deeper than the surface attraction of the man." Pat O'Brien gave him praise with one comprehensive, emphatic word—*"Tre-mendous!"*

The men on the Metro lot like him. Hard-boiled newspaper men like him. He doesn't wear slave bracelets. He doesn't give a darn about clothes. He likes 'em old and comfortable. He underdresses rather than overdresses. He is shy, not bold. He has no pose. Men who know him well say that the attempted comparison with Valentino is completely ridiculous.

The two men are utterly dissimilar. He is unimpressed by the sky-rocket of his fame. He says it never lasts with anyone and will not last for him. He

A book, a pipe, a horse and the open spaces—that's what he likes.

Photos by Hurrell



with CLARK GABLE

claims that if he cannot live in Hollywood as he wants to live, quietly, simply, unobtrusively, he will not live here at all. He worked without fame before he came to Hollywood. He can do it again. All of which may somewhat prepare you for your trip around the clock with Clark Gable—

TICK-TOCK—tick—tock—

It is somewhere between nine and ten a. m. of a Saturday morning—a non-working day in the life of Clark Gable. He is in his bedroom in his apartment at the Colonial House in Hollywood. He doesn't need an alarm clock. He wakes up when he has planned to wake up the night before. And he wakes instantly, alive, alert, sleep gone. No "one more naps" for him. No stretchings. No deferrings. He rises swiftly. He takes a cold shower. He sings under the icy spray. Songs he doesn't know the names of, nor the words. He just "makes a noise." Any Saturday morning between nine and ten when he is not working you may have this mental and vocal picture of Clark Gable before you and it will be a true one.

10:00 — "Breakfast" — the word breakfast is in quotes because Clark never eats any breakfast. *Never.* Not for dietary reasons. Just because he doesn't like the thing. He always has one cup of black coffee, no more, no less. He takes (*Please turn to page* 88)

The STARS Reveal



"I guess we did about every embarrassed thing a boy and girl can do on meeting," says Lola Lane.

Photo by Freulich

How SHE Met HIM
And then What Happened

By Lola Lane

I CANNOT say that the romance that made me Mrs. Lew Ayres was exactly love at first sight, but it comes awfully close to it. I saw Lew on the screen before I ever met him. It was in "All Quiet on the Western Front." After I saw that I was really anxious to meet him, not so much because he was such a fine actor, but because he seemed to be such a sincere and lovely boy.

Two days after I saw Lew in that picture, I went into the Brown Derby for luncheon. I was alone. At another table I saw Lew sitting with Archie Mayo, the director, with whom I was acquainted. Pretty soon Mr. Mayo came over to my table and asked me if I would object if he brought Lew over; he wanted to meet me. I guess we were both thinking the same thing.

Even now I cannot express my emotions when I met Lew. I had been on the stage and in pictures for some time and had met lots of boys without getting as excited as I was at that moment. As I look back on that meeting now, I guess I must have appeared rather giddy and silly. I must have looked a hole clear through Lew, searching in his eyes for the warmth and boyish sweetness I had seen on the screen. I can't even remember what we said after that introduction.

When Mr. Mayo and Lew started to go, I dropped my purse on the floor. Lew and I (*Please turn to page* 86)

By Dorothy Mackaill

THE first time I saw Neil Miller I didn't—well, I just saw him.

It's strange but true—in fact, I don't suppose I ought to tell it, but I didn't look a second time at Neil when I met him, and although he now declares he did, I don't believe he looked a second time at me.

He was merely a very handsome and personable young man with whom I danced at the Waialae Country Club in Hawaii. I had gone to Honolulu for a vacation—to get away from the eternal round of talk about pictures.

Hawaii was perfect. It was a place to drift and dream—a *dolce far niente* come true. I loved it. I was happy. I was welcomed as Dorothy Mackaill, the movie star, the first day, but after that I was let alone.

The third day I happened to dance with a man named Neil Miller at the Royal Hawaiian. It was just a dance. I ascertained that he was in Hawaii studying the sugar situation for one of the big New York financial houses.

But after all, there are a lot of well-educated young men doing the same thing in Hawaii. A few days later I happened to dance with him at the Oahu Country Club.

I am very fond of tennis. And one day I dressed and went out on the courts. Unfortunately I found them busy. There was a set of singles on. The people on the court were very courteous, and immedately offered to double up. They would form a doubles team with myself and the young man who was waiting to play. We agreed.

The young man happened to be Neil. We played—and lost.

How did I happen to marry? Why, because we played that game of tennis. Perhaps it was because he was such a good loser. I don't know. We (*Please turn to page* 87)

Wide World



"Why did I happen to marry?" asks Dorothy Mackaill. "Because we played tennis together one day."

Their LOVE Secrets

By June Collyer

WHEN, one morning on a movie set in Hollywood, I first met a "dumb comedian" with a violent cold and a red nose, did I ever dream that together we would sizzle an automobile trail across the desert, past plenty of wide open spaces (and towns), to Yuma—the Gretna Green of Arizona?

Did I ever think when I lunched with that same blond comic that we would be the first of the season's group of film couples to visit a tiny little Arizona town now so popular for That Certain Purpose?

I don't have to say NO . . . you just know I didn't!

I had known Stuart Erwin casually for months. He was just a "hello" acquaintance, just another actor.

Then along came "Dude Ranch." "Stu" was cast in the comedy lead and I was playing the heart-interest lead opposite Jack Oakie.

The first morning of rehearsal I saw "Stu" standing over by the the cameras, looking so forlorn I felt sorry for him.

"Good morning," I smiled.

"Good bordig," answered "Stu." "I got ad awfud code id the head!"

"I hope it's nothing serious," I remarked.

"Serious!" exclaimed "Stu." "It couldn't be serious."

But, girls! (And maybe boys, too!) This will surprise you—"Stu" never really proposed to me at all.

On those dinner nights together, we began to talk about the kind of furniture we would have in "our house;" the motor trips we would take together into faraway lands, when we were "Mr. and Mrs." Our "marriage dreams" grew to be (*Please turn to page* 87)

"When I first met the 'dumb comedian' he had a violent cold," says June Collyer.



Wide World



By Helen Twelvetrees

I GUESS it was really love at first sight. I saw this good-looking fellow standing on the set and suddenly had an intense desire to know him, whereas I am usually indifferent to strangers. He impressed me at once as having splendid qualities, and he looked as though he was very well able to take care of the woman who belonged to him. Before I knew it, we were smiling at each other.

Later, Phil Holmes introduced us and we all had lunch together in the studio commissary. I was delighted to find that Jack was not only charming but also had a marvelous sense of humor. I found it hard to tear myself away from his company and go back to work. The scene was that of a Panama cafe where the big fight takes place. In spite of the excitement, I could not keep the handsome stranger out of my mind.

Next day I was pleasantly surprised to find that Jack was again on the set, and when he asked me to lunch with him, I gladly accepted. He asked me to accompany him to the Cocoanut Grove that night and I broke a date to do so. Seems that from then on we had somewhere to go every night.

When his real estate business suddenly took him out of town for a few days I was disconsolate and arranged with one of his associates to send for him on a supposedly pressing matter of business. I guess that was when I realized how much we meant to each other. So far as I recall, there was no formal proposal. We just found ourselves saying "after we are married" so and so, as a matter of course.

Helen Twelvetrees writes: "There was no formal proposal. We just found ourselves saying, 'After we are married.'"

(*Please turn to page* 87)

JIM TULLY, the famous literary rebel, puts his microscope on the star who calls himself an—

Ugly MUG



Photo by Bert Longworth

William Powell and his wife, Carole Lombard, herself a star in the film firmament.

THOUGH an actor, William Powell has few illusions. He realizes that handsome is as handsome talks in talking pictures. For, without them, he might still be one of the numerous unknown villains of the screen.

He feels that it is the day of the "ugly mug" in films. The position occupied by such men as Beery, Bancroft, Robinson and others would seem to prove his point.

Of the changed condition, he says:

"A director, in the old days, could take a pretty face and say to the owner, 'Now, Miss What's-Your-Name, you look at that nail up there.'

"And she would look at the nail while the cameras ground and the director threw in a moonlight love scene of exquisite beauty. But not now.

"The public would never have accepted me, or any number of others, as the romantic interest in a silent picture. But they seem to now. They are even willing that I should get away with the right girl now and then."

He comments shrewdly:

"People don't see you as clearly on the talking screen as they did in silent pictures. Their

perception is divided between two senses. They are listening as well as watching, and neither sense is as sharp as the single sense of sight was in silent pictures. So some homely mugs get by.

"But for talking pictures I would probably still be a first-class villain in every silent picture in which I appeared. I was practically doomed by my face and my screen reputation to play the menace every time. I tried to make him a human menace, a character that was possible, not just a mechanical force to oppose the plot. But I couldn't have got away from the villain rôle if the screen had not learned to talk. But when the public heard my voice I had another chance."

IT will be seen that Powell has a proper appreciation of his position in the whirling cosmos.

His eyes are far apart and benign.

There is in them a touch of curiosity, as if he were seeing everything in the world for the first time. He is the kind of fellow whom you would like to accompany on a long journey. Far more sentimental than suave, though this is not generally known, he is more intelligent than most actors, and less egotistic.

He came out of the Middle West by way of Pittsburgh. His father, an accountant, was always in modest circumstances. There were even periods in which the family of three touched the edge of want. The elder Powell, a battered member of the White Collar Brigade, was worse off than the average laborer; he had, like so many in America, a position of pseudo-respectability to maintain.

Their son, an only child, was destined to go the average way. After declaiming well about something during high-school days in Kansas City, it was decided by the parents to have him enter the University of Kansas and study law. About this time Mr. Delmas made his speech to the jury that tried Harry K. Thaw, *(Please turn to page 89)*

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

"Bill" Powell in the old Harry Davis Stock Company days.

As he is today, more sentimental than suave, and with a deep appreciation of his position in this turbulent world.



Next month begins one of the most human, absorbing true revelations ever published—

CLARA BOW'S OWN STORY

—not a defense nor an apology—a wonderfully plain, frank statement from the girl who has found herself and happiness at last

Photograph by Robert Richee

CLARA BOW

Announcement: ELSIE JANIS, noted star, joins The New Movie staff, turning the spotlight on her friend, CLARA BOW—

THERE, Little Girl, DON'T CRY

A FEW weeks ago newspapers carried these headlines:

CLARA BOW MARRIES REX BELL

REDHEADED IT GIRL REFUSES TO ADMIT MARRIAGE, BUT WEARS WEDDING RING!

There you have a perfect example of the naive and almost childlike mind which struggles valiantly to function in a sophisticated fashion under its rebellious roof of henna!

Several days later the same papers were flooded with pictures of the bride and groom, complete with marriage license, Clara winking at the camera!

A wise woman would know that a camera is apt to take advantage of such familiarity, but Clara is not wise. She is a simple kid who, when she should have been saying what flavor of ice cream soda she preferred, was trying to cope with motion picture executives. She said, "I'll take vanilla!"—and they have given her everything but carbolic acid!

This is no plea for sympathy for Clara Bow. She does not need it. She



Says Miss Janis—"My weakness for Clara does not let me down far enough to ask anyone to give Clara a break, or a chance to come back or any other sobbing request. I hope she doesn't come back."



Wide World

Several days later the same papers were flooded with pictures of the bride and groom, complete with the marriage license, Clara winking at the camera.

is a great person, a great actress if given the right opportunity, and a great friend if given the right understanding! Now, after trying all sorts of stimulants, sedatives and fiancés, she has found an antidote—Clara has "rung the Bell" and its tone is one of purity and unselfishness.

Many men have loved Clara Bow, the Paradox of Paramount, but Rex Bell has married "a baby from Brooklyn," who lost her illusions in an avalanche of close-ups and has been looking for them ever since.

MY personal experience with the Blind Bow Girl (apologies to Carl Van Vechten) was illuminating and stimulating.

I had thoroughly resented her publicity and didn't care whether she had "It," that, and those, with a *quelque chose* thrown in. Being one who had really worked for my billing from the ripe old age of five, I disapproved of any one who could soar from a popularity contest in Brooklyn to a top spot in the Hollywood constellation on the wings of "It"!

Then I met her. Despite all the misdirected press-agent bunk about Clara's being the sizzling hot-shot of the screen, the truth is that she has a very definite flame, but it must be carefully fanned. Too strong a breeze, it flares and burns itself out, leaving nothing but the cold ashes of public criticism; too weak, and it dies in the depths of her heavily lashed eyes.

The steady fuel of friendship is what she needs. It is what she has found in Rex Bell and in a small way I think that is what she sensed in my feeling toward her.

When I arrived on the set at the studio in Hollywood to try and convince her that she should appear in the revue, "Paramount on Parade," which I was supervising, and in which every luminary under the Paramount banner had agreed to take part, with the exception of Clara, I was informed that Miss Bow did not like any one to watch her in her scenes.

I thought, "Well, really!—and this from Brooklyn."

I sneaked around and found a spot where I could watch without being caught, fully expecting to see a somewhat arrogant and headstrong upstart, refusing to take direction, no doubt.

I saw a discouraged child looking at the microphone as if it had been Big Bertha or any other long-range gun. I heard her falter in her lines and look at the director with an expression that would wring sympathy from an income-tax collector.

"I'm terrible!" she said as she forgot her lines and the director called "Cut!"

I wanted to cry out, "You're wonderful, because you know you're terrible."

I had been on many sets where the sound equipment of the talkies was hitching its wagon to a star whose silence had been golden. I had seen them not only forget their lines but their location and the fact that the microphone picks up bad language with the same facility with which it swallows bad dialogue.

I had never heard anyone admit that she was terrible, and I had never seen anyone whom I wanted so much to put my arms about and whisper to "There, little girl, don't cry!"

I got no chance to follow my inclination, however, for Clara had been forewarned that it was my job to convince every star on the lot that their scene would be the best one in the revue. When, during a short wait, I was introduced to her, she eyed me so coldly that I talked about the weather, murmured, "James, my sables!" and left.

"Perhaps we can get along without Bow after all," I said when I got back to the front office, still shivering from my encounter with the Ball of Fire. But to myself I said confidentially, "She has simply lost her faith in Santa Claus. I'll go without my beard next time."

MEANWHILE I entered the office each day, saying, "Good morning; what about Bow?"

"Forget about her; she won't come in," I was told.

"Perhaps she won't," I said, "but I can't forget about her." And I didn't.

Months passed. I saw her occasionally in the studio restaurant. The revue was nearing completion and Clara was nearing a breakdown. Her love affairs were being dragged through the streets of Hollywood like the football pennants of the losing side. I had written a song for her, called "There Ought to Be More Like You," but

(*Please turn to page* 101)

Next Month Clara Bow Gives Advice to Girls Who Aspire to Become Movie Stars



P. Tomatis

PRESENTING

REX INGRAM IN "BAROUD"

DIRECTED BY ALICE TERRY

A HERB HOWE Production

Nice, France

"HOW do you expect me to do anything when you talk to me like that?" wails Rex.

"How did you expect me to act *amorous* when you used to say I looked like a fish?" snaps Alice Terry, cracking the whip.

For ten years Rex directed Alice. Now she's repaying him blow for blow, directing him in "Baroud."

Even a Christian husband, who naturally expects to be henpecked, would chafe under such direction; so you can imagine how a Mohammedan feels.

Ever since he made "The Arab" in Tunis, Rex Ingram has been Mohammedan in sympathy, but he only took the vow recently in Nice. Abdul Medjid, ex-Sultan of Turkey and Caliph of all Islam, performed the initiation. Rex recited verses from the Koran and swore there was no other god but Allah. (Just how he knows is something quite beyond Alice's ken—not that she minds.)

Alice wasn't quite sure what her religious standing was when Rex turned Mohammedan. She was an American citizen when she married Irishman Ingram and now discovers she's British.

"I wasn't sure whether I was Christian or Moslem until someone wrote asking me to contribute to a club for converting people to Mohammedanism," says Alice. "Then I knew I was a Christian. If it had been the other way round, and he had sent me money, I no doubt would have felt Mohammedan."

Rex is proud of being a Musselman. He says the



"How do you expect me to do anything when you talk to me like that?" wails Rex.

P. Tomatis

only publicity that ever gave him a kick was an editorial in a Mecca newspaper extolling him. He has influential friends among the Arabs. The Nizam of Hyderabad visited the set the other day.

"He's the richest man in the world," Rex told me.

"He won't be," I said, "if he gets interested in motion picture production."

As a true believer, Rex has Arab cooperation in making "Baroud." The Glaoui, pasha of Marakeech and overlord of the Atlas mountains, is permitting him to film scenes in the Spahi strongholds of Morocco. Thus the picture will have something more than fictional interest.

REX isn't so proud of becoming an actor. He never thought much of actors—Lew Stone always excepted. Says he would never have gone in for it if he had thought he would have to wear make-up. His summer tan of the earlier scenes wore off and he had to apply goo to match it.

Alice gurgles at his discomfiture, recalls the trials to which he subjected her, Valentino, Novarro.

"It was for your own good," says Rex.

"And now it's for yours," prattles Alice.

Rex, feeling sheepish, grabs her and kisses her: "You don't love me."

"I *beg* your pardon, Mr. Ingram!" cries Director Alice.

Rex says apologetically that he turned actor because of the easy money.

Alice retorts that's why she turned director. "You can sit while directing," says she.

I recall Rex asking Alice years ago in Tunis what she would like best to do in this world.

"I'd like to get a desert island," said Alice, "and just sit."

Alice is one movie person who hasn't changed.

She told me that when she was an extra she was very ambitious. (Her best friends are pardoned in doubting.) She said she used to get knocked down fighting her way toward the camera. Soon she realized that aggressiveness got you nowhere. With this realization she selected a spot as far from the camera as possible so she could sleep through the mob scenes.

Once she awoke to find herself alone in the darkness, the whole company departed. There was no bus to take her to town and she shivered five miles afoot. After that she managed to keep awake even though not much interested.

Beholding her seated in Buddhistic calm on the set one day, young Director Ingram fell in love and cast her for the leading role in "Hearts are Trumps." Thus her taoistic philosophy proved its wisdom.

"But, of course, he had to change me all over," says Alice. "My hair was the wrong color, so I had to wear a blond wig. My teeth had to be straightened. I was too plump and had to reduce. Finally I asked him if he chose me for the part because I was so different."

Rex replied by asking her to marry him. Alice



M. Lambert, Nice

Rosita Garcia, a flaming bit from Cuba, who plays opposite Actor Ingram.



Rex's villa at Nice—in reality almost as austere as a monastery, but filled with the costliest of paintings and sculpture.



P. Tomatis



Two interior views of Alice's villa, where there are quarters for Rex if he gets tired of his own menage—just as there are quarters for Alice at Rex's villa.

thought it would be too much trouble. Rex persisted. Finally Alice said, "Oh, all right." Anything to avoid an argument.

"Everyone told me that marriage would change everything," says Alice. "But when we left the church I noticed people were going about their business as though nothing had happened. I made up my mind right then that nothing you do can alter things in the least."

NO two people have been separated so often by Hollywood gossip.

"That's probably why we've kept together," says Alice. "We've been married ten years now and they're still separating us. If they keep it up we doubtless will be photographed for the roto sections on our golden anniversary, all crippled and gnarled."

Only last year when I was in France I heard that Rex and Alice were living in separate apartments.

"We were," says Alice. "My sister Edna came over and I took an apartment for her in town because there wasn't room in Rex's villa. I stayed with Edna. Rex stayed in his villa—because he couldn't stand the apartment. He said I had furnished it with a lot of studio props. As a matter of fact, I had. Everyone started talking. That's probably why we bought that villa up there on the hill. It's a monument to our matrimony. Neither of us is living in it." Alice chortles.

Alice has her villa. Rex has his villa. Each has a room for the other but neither likes either. Alice is thinking of having the chauffeur's quarters done over for Rex so he will have more room in case he cares to stop there. At the present moment Alice is living in a hotel, Rex in his villa on the studio grounds. Both say it is a matter of convenience while filming the picture.

Alice's villa, as Rex always refers to it, is on a hill commanding a view of the mountains, the sea and the bright-colored city of Nice. The previous owner named it Binh Hoa. Alice never took the trouble to learn what Binh Hoa means; she says she thinks it is Chinese for a bad woman.

The grounds are circled by vine-traced walls. On three sides it is flanked by terraces that are shaded by plane trees, giant oaks, mimosas and palms. Water trickles over mossy rocks into a pool of goldfish.

When the long French windows are open the rooms are perfumed with roses, carnations, violets and honeysuckle.

Rex himself remodeled the interior. It has the beauty of both the modern and Grecian simplicity. Alice turned quite rural under its influence. She took an interest in the gardening, laid out a miniature golf course in the drive and placed tea tables under the wistaria. She found it an ideal sitting spot until Rex decided to make this picture. Then she moved into a hotel downtown to be closer to the studio.

"Why Alice wants to live in a hotel when she has that villa I can't understand," says Rex.

"Oh, well," says Alice, "I never was very swell."

The villa is very swell; it requires five servants, and five servants require much supervision.

"What I really want," says Alice, "is a cabin with a couple of rocking chairs."

REX wanted Alice to play in the picture. She would have had to reduce. Alice always plumpens between pictures and she has been between for quite a long time now.

"The only part I see for me," said Alice, looking over the cast, "is Mebrouka, the fat colored nurse."

"That's Alice for you," says Rex.

"Well, I turned blond for you, didn't I?" prattles Alice. "Why can't I turn (*Please turn to page* 107)

Which Leap Year

Our Own Catalogue of Hollywood's Eligible Bachelors—compiled by JAMES M. FIDLER

THIS is Leap Year. It is open season on bachelors. Girls who have not been clever enough to make men propose may now reverse the process. Will Heaven please protect the poor working men?

Investigation discloses that two powerful arguments will be advanced by very-willing-to-be-brides of 1932; to wit:

We can help end the depression. Two can live as cheaply as one. Let us marry and boost prosperity.

Every fifty years there is a terrible war. This country will have no man power for the next conflict unless people marry now and have children.

Hollywood's supply of unmarried men is plentiful this season. The city is indeed a happy hunting ground for hopeful husband-seekers, and before another twelve months have passed, many newlywed grooms will be recalling with hungry hearts the gay days of their bachelorhood.

To all outward appearances, Hollywood men sparkle with the attractiveness of worms to hungry trout, but never forget the worms are often attached to hooks. Cautious women will want to know more



Otto Dyar

BUDDY ROGERS: Doesn't drink or smoke. Plays fifteen musical instruments. Likes big automobiles. Dotes on flashy sport clothes. Constantly beseiged by women.



Otto Dyar

PHILLIPS HOLMES: Takes things seriously. Does not want to marry. Draws fine salary from Paramount. Keeps several dogs and insists they have freedom of house. Finicky about his food and likes to stay home and read.

W. E. Thomas



EDDIE QUILLAN: Little devil with the ladies. Plays golf. Greatest ambition is to win gold cup. Likely to play practical jokes on wife. Has nine brothers and sisters (count 'em), all of whom would become in-laws, you must remember.

JAMES DUNN: Fine fellow, but cross him off your list—won't marry until he has saved enough money for life's comforts. Breezy, and uninterested in matrimony. Enthused by his movie career.

Hal Phyfe



is your Valentine?

Vital statistics for several million girls who will want to marry movie stars this year

about men they propose to, and it is for these women that a *Catalogue of Eligible Hollywood Bachelors has been prepared.*

It is with some regrets that the author of this 1932 directory glances through the previous Leap Year catalogue (1928) and observes passing into a matrimonial state such charming ex-bachelors as Richard Dix, Ben Lyon, Charles Farrell, James Murray, Richard Arlen and others. Of the outstanding husband-prospects listed four years ago, only George O'Brien, Buddy Rogers, Ramon Novarro, Gary Cooper, Robert Agnew, William Haines and Buster Collier remain unattached-by-benefit-of-clergy.

IN addition to these few veterans of 1928, who have withstood feminine appeals through many romantic sieges, the 1932 catalogue presents a field of brilliant newcomers, some bona fide bachelors and others classed as secondhand wares (gentlemen who have experienced connubial bliss but are now divorced and are, therefore, fair prey). The entire catalogued group of eligibles, alpha- (*Please turn to page* 98)



GARY COOPER: Hates social gatherings; prepare to hibernate if you marry Gary. Likes to ride horseback alone. Takes hours of coaxing to get him into dinner jacket.



IVAN LEBEDEFF: How'd you like to have your husband kissing other women's hands and telling them how beautiful they are? Wears monocle and bright-colored silk pajamas. Thinks man should be master of home. Has a private income.

ARTHUR LAKE: An overgrown boy. Likes to slide down bannisters, and his wife may expect him to thus burst into any social gathering. Likes modern ha-cha-cha dances. Free with his affections and his money.





CARL LAEMMLE, JR.: About five feet, two inches, dark eyes and black hair and several millions of dollars! Er—what else matters? Often works until early morning hours. His wife can give all her friends starring contracts.



ANNA MAY WONG AND MARLENE DIETRICH

Photo by Richee

Anna May Wong, Chinese American star, and Marlene Dietrich, the German sensation, in a pose that disproves Kipling's famous saying, "East is East and West is West, and Never the Twain Shall Meet." They can be seen together in "The Shanghai Express." Clive Brook plays the male lead.

PART-TIME Wife

By LAURA BENHAM

How Claudette Colbert solves the marriage problem by making it a vacation



Norman Foster and the wife, Claudette Colbert, enjoying a rare scene together.

"IF you had to choose between your husband and your career, which would you take?"

The question wasn't new—I'd asked the same thing of hundreds of actresses before. And hundreds of times had received the same, stereotyped answer.

But not from Claudette Colbert!

"I'd choose the career," she unhesitatingly responded. "Because you can be sure of your career—and you can never be sure of any man!"

The reply was so unexpected that the barber who was busy trimming Claudette's black curls almost dropped his shears.

"But it's just this element of uncertainty that makes for happiness in marriage," Claudette went on—and Claudette should know. Her first and only marriage, to Norman Foster, is a notable success. He still sends her orchids after nearly four years of matrimony—which fact she attributes to two things:

"The most important requirements for a successful marriage are living apart and lack of jealousy," Miss Colbert volunteered.

"I do not live with my husband!

"He has his own apartment and I have mine with my mother. Except for that, we are just like other married people—though maybe we don't quarrel as often.

"To begin with, what we call jealousy is usually wounded pride. And wounded pride is really just our own ego expressing itself.

"For instance: A woman sees her husband dancing with a woman she doesn't like. She doesn't honestly think that her husband is falling in love with that woman—but she just doesn't like for other people to see him dancing and enjoying himself with her.

"So she takes him aside and gives him a firm lecture. Naturally he resents it—and a real quarrel develops.

"Now, that woman is wrong.

"For even though she is married to that man she doesn't own him body and soul. He is a free agent and surely has the right to dance with whom he pleases.

"It was wounded pride—not jealousy—that that woman felt!"

"Then what is jealousy?" I asked. I wanted to learn all I could, for it isn't every (*Please turn to page* 105)

Claudette on Marriage:

As between a husband and a career, I'd choose a career. ¶Uncertainty makes for happiness in marriage. ¶The most important requirements for a successful marriage are—living apart and lack of jealousy. ¶Remember, no woman owns a man—she holds him through his desire for her. ¶Men will always have more freedom than women. There will always be a double standard.



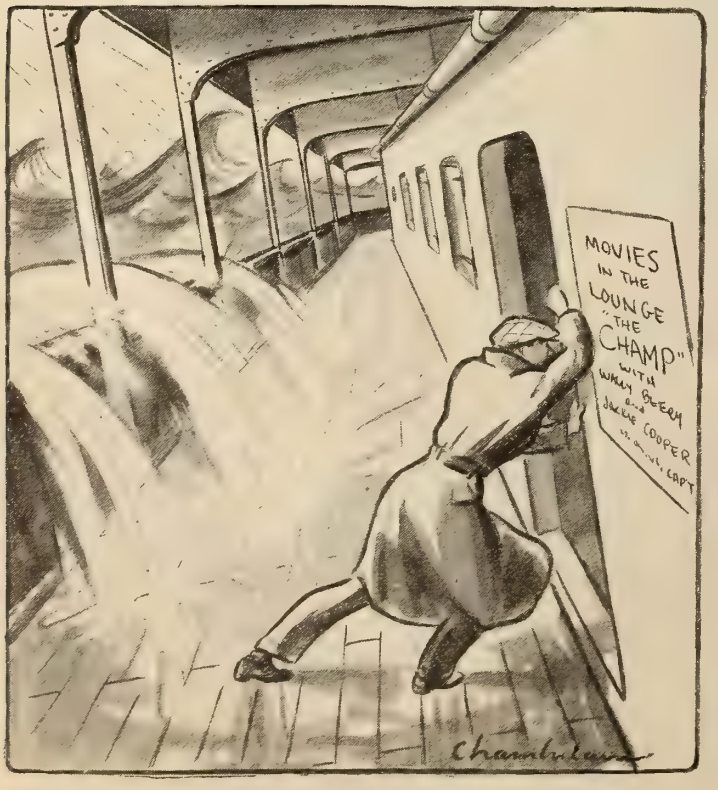
Drawings by Chamberlain

Herb Howe SPEAKING

How are we going to keep our Boulevardier in Hollywood now that he's seen Paree?

Paris-New York:

JOINVILLE, the Hollywood of France, is a bangle on the skirts of Paris, thirty taxi minutes from the Place de l'Opera and thirty francs by the meter. Her geographic relationship to the city resembles that of Hollywood to Los Angeles. Hollywood is about thirty minutes from Pershing Square, some sixty francs by the meter. In the skirty old days Hollywood was just a ruffle; today she's practically the seat of the civic pyjamas. Joinville will never be any such patch on the pants of Paris.



Wally Beery and Jackie Cooper kept us from the rails on a specially rough afternoon.

I MADE several starts for Joinville. Helas! there are so many diversions for thirty minutes and thirty francs in Paris. There's the Louvre, for instance, and— (Ed. note: This is a family magazine.)

Perhaps it was the tropic warmth from the charcoal stove, abetted by the morning *café et cognac*, on the terrasse of the Café de la Paix that flushed me with a vague nostalgia. Anyhow, on this bright, crisp morning I turned a deaf ear on sweet glances, a blind eye to the coo of *"cheri!"* and leaped one of those Cossack-driven taxis with the overhanging mustaches. Shaking and quivering, the palsied old droshky bounded over the grand boulevards, scurried through the leafless Bois de Vincennes and arrived with its precious cargo in a village of ancient houses and lurching streets such as you see on the back lots of Hollywood studios.

The gate-keeper made me feel instantly at home by giving me the old familiar glare. Admitted under suspicion to the outer office, I presented my credentials, submitted to finger-printing and told truthfully the number of times I had been in jail.

When finally I got on to the lot and found every one in conference, I confess the big velvet orbs filled with tears—it was so much like dear old Hollywood. The reason they were all in conference was that there's a bar on the lot. I found them all there forgetting depression, just as they do in Hollywood behind dressing-room doors. And,



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

LA DANSEUSE

Gone is the famed Garbo bob. In this photo Greta shows her latest coiffure, smoothed close to the head and combed back tight. The glamorous one recently had the Eastern fans agog with a surprise visit to New York. She is now at work on "Grand Hotel"—she plays the dancer.

Hollywood

Movie Gossip Off



Watch Norma Shearer's clothes —for now they're getting fittings on a life size bust of Norma

GARBO'S MISTAKE: Hollywood hears that the thing that tipped off Greta Garbo's presence in New York was her sending three dozen red roses to Katharine Cornell.

HOLLYWOOD STILL IN PAJAMAS: The pajama craze that struck Hollywood over a year ago continues in popularity for informal wear. These pajamas range from mannish flannel sport styles to elaborate chiffon and lace in very delicate pastel shades. Every party, whether it is tennis, luncheon, tea or formal dinner, is well represented by the pajama exploiters.

Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich, Mona Maris and Tallulah Bankhead favor navy blue in some heavy material for comfortable wear at home and for going to or from the studio, or for rehearsals.

Connie Bennett is one of our most persistent pajama addicts. She has gingham or colorful silk for house wear, lace and chiffon for evening. When she gave an announcement party for Sister Joan she greeted her guests in a gorgeous creation of pale blue lace and chiffon pajamas, giving the effect of an evening gown.

Joan wore black velvet ones trimmed in ermine, making her beautiful self look regal indeed. Marion Davies also favors black velvet.

Diana Fitzmaurice wore brown lace pajamas with green velvet girdle and jacket, which made a most striking ensemble with her slippers of matching green. The guest list included Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, the Hoot Gibsons, Watterson Rothackers, Reg

Warner Baxter caught at an off moment on the set, when the camera found him fast asleep.



Bandwagon

Stage and On

Denny and, of course, the groom to be, Gene Markey.
When in doubt as to what to wear in Hollywood pick out a pair of your pajamas and you'll find that you've worn just the proper thing.

Polly Moran is all burned up over a newspaper article which quoted her as saying she got her start as a cleaning woman in an eastern saloon. What she claims she really said was: "I have played so many chambermaids in pictures that I just naturally read all the want ads."

ANYWAY, IT'S A RING: That little misunderstanding, if any, between Clarence Brown and Mona Maris was fixed up just in time for Clarence to give Mona a huge diamond ring for Christmas.
Or, maybe it's an engagement ring.

JUST before we went to press we telegraphed Betty Compson if the report were true that she was to marry Irving Weinberg. She wired back:
HAVE NEVER BEEN ENGAGED TO MR. WEINBERG STOP HAVE NEVER RECEIVED FINAL DECREE OF DIVORCE FROM MR. CRUZE STOP BEST REGARDS

BETTY COMPSON

That business about Carmel Myers and her husband, Ralph Blum, going to adopt a baby is just a gag.
They are going to have one in May and it will be their own.

Edward G. Robinson taking Marilyn Miller for a ride—at Grand Central Station on their arrival in New York.

Photo by Cosmo News





Photo by Bert Longworth

Alice White goes in for a bit of exercise on the beach at Malibu



Photo by Ferenc

Loretta Young plays a Chinese girl in "The Hatchet Man." It is an excited Loretta these days, since she heard she's to make her first trip to New York when she completes "Eight to Five."

Hollywood goes in for gayer and gayer lounging pajamas at informal gatherings

Another little glimpse behind Hollywood's curtain the world seldom sees:

Marion Davies, late for a function, made all kinds of excuses for tardiness. But she didn't say anything about having dashed from the deathbed of a housekeeper whose last moments she comforted.

EVERYONE is curious to know if Ernst Lubitsch and Ona Munson are to be married and, if so, where. We asked Mr. Lubitsch by telegraph. And he wired back:

EXPECT TO BE IN NEW YORK EARLIER PART OF FEBRUARY STOP SORRY TO HAVE NO OTHER INFORMATION FOR YOU STOP HOPE TO SEE YOU IN NEW YORK STOP KINDEST REGARDS

ERNST LUBITSCH

ROD PLANS A COME-BACK: When Rod LaRocque and his wife, Vilma Banky, left Hollywood recently for New York, each had something to say about their professional future. Rod, going East to fulfill a theatrical contract with Arch Selwyn, declared he will return to make a come-back in pictures. The LaRocque fans will applaud this.

Vilma said she was completely and finally through with pictures. But the German stage has been whispering a siren song to her and she's determined to end her professional career there.

CLARK'S AMBITION: Clark Gable is giving up his favorite exercise—polo—for the less strenuous exercise of tennis. Clark is determined to master the racket as he has the mallet. Not that he has aspirations to becoming a Tilden, but just so he can beat his fourteen-year-old stepson who has taken innumerable love sets from his famous dad.

Marie Dressler and Jean Hersholt (below) in a scene from Marie's latest talkie comedy "Emma."

MERNA STAMPING: Since Jimmy Hall went away from Hollywood for a personal appearance tour, Merna Kennedy has been buying her air-mail stamps by the gross.

MARIE DRESSLER'S laundress, known as Begonia, is getting religion again, in a large way, attending revival meetings. She told Marie: "Ah'm tellin' yo, Miss Marie, dat evangelist am a sanctified man. Yes-um. When he sing dem hymns, he hollah clean to glory. And can he play dat pi-anno, what I mean play, Miss Marie? He play dem white keys and dem black keys, too!"



Rod LaRocque is planning a come-back—and Vilma may return to the stage

FROM RALPH TO RUTH: Ralph Forbes gave his wife, Ruth Chatterton, a combination radio and victrola for Christmas. It is housed in Ruth's bungalow dressing room at Warner Brothers studio, which was formerly occupied by Colleen Moore.

WE heard that Linda Watkins and Erwin Gelsey were contemplating matrimony. But Linda telegraphed us:

THERE IS NO TRUTH IN THE RUMOR STOP I HAVE NOT THE SLIGHTEST INTENTION OF MARRYING ANY ONE AT ANY TIME

LINDA WATKINS

BUT NEWS TO WALLY BEERY: It must be quite a shock to a fellow to hear over his own radio that his lifeless body has been found on his dressing-room floor.

Wallace Beery was at home when the news of his death came to him. A radio station broadcast the information without bothering to verify it.

Hysteria reached its highest mark in years.

Some one even started taking up subscriptions at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio to send flowers.

A few days before, the same station had broadcast news of Tom Mix's death and for hours afterward the corridors of the Hollywood Hospital resounded to clumping heels and rattling spurs as each and every cowpuncher for miles around rode in personally to see what could be done about it.

Out at the MGM studio during the filming of "Freaks," the Siamese twins, Violet and Daisy Hilton, faced a difficult problem. One had a terrific yen for Bob Montgomery, while the other was just crazy over Clark Gable. When the girls weren't working and wished to go and watch their separate heart-throbs an argument would arise which had to be settled by tossing a coin—heads Clark and tails Bob.



Photo by Irving Lippman

Ruth Hall, one of the baby stars of 1931, whom you saw in "Local Boy Makes Good," is now in the cast of "Mendel, Inc."

Photo by Charles E. Ballock



Ina Claire and Madame Chanel, famous French designer, get together to discuss Ina's costumes for "The Greeks Had a Word for Them."

WE telegraphed Gene Markey to ask if any date for his and Joan Bennett's wedding had been set. He replied:

I REGRET THAT I CANNOT AT THIS TIME GIVE YOU AN EXACT DATE FOR OUR MARRIAGE BUT I SHALL TELL YOU AS SOON AS IT IS DECIDED

GENE MARKEY

OLD HATS FOR NEW: Although Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., bought himself five snappy new hats when he was in New York, he showed up at the studio, when he returned, wearing



Wally Beery reported dead—Lily Damita starts a new fad in headdresses

the same old green relic, that has adorned his head since he made his first hit in pictures. Oh, no! Doug isn't the least bit superstitious.

Lily Damita started a new Hollywood fad when she appeared at Edmund Goulding's wedding with newly cropped bangs. Now Lupe Velez, Eleanor Boardman and Genevieve Tobin have gone in for the old-fashioned covering.

LONELY IS AS LONELY DOES: Mervyn LeRoy hurried home to Hollywood to keep Ginger Rogers from being lonely—and found Charles Butterworth had not let her get lonely for long.

ANOTHER RUMOR: Laura La Plante and her husband, William Seiter, are going different places at the same time and as a result are reported to have separated. It may be because Bill is working in pictures and Laura is appearing on the stage.

EXPRESSED INTENTIONS: Joan Blondell has declared herself against the Yuma and Tijuana form of wedding, so prevalent in Hollywood just now. When she leaps into matrimony, says Joan, she's going to be married in the Little Church Around the Corner, in New York.

PICKFAIR GROWING: While Douglas Fairbanks was flitting around Europe on his recent jaunt, making new friends among the royal bloods, Mary was home supervising the construction of a $15,000 addition to Pickfair. The new rooms will be furnished in regal style so, in case Doug brings any crowned heads for a visit, they will feel right at home.

Anita Page has been cast in the all-star picture "Are You Listening?" William Haines, Madge Evans, Wallace Ford and Karen Morley appear with her.

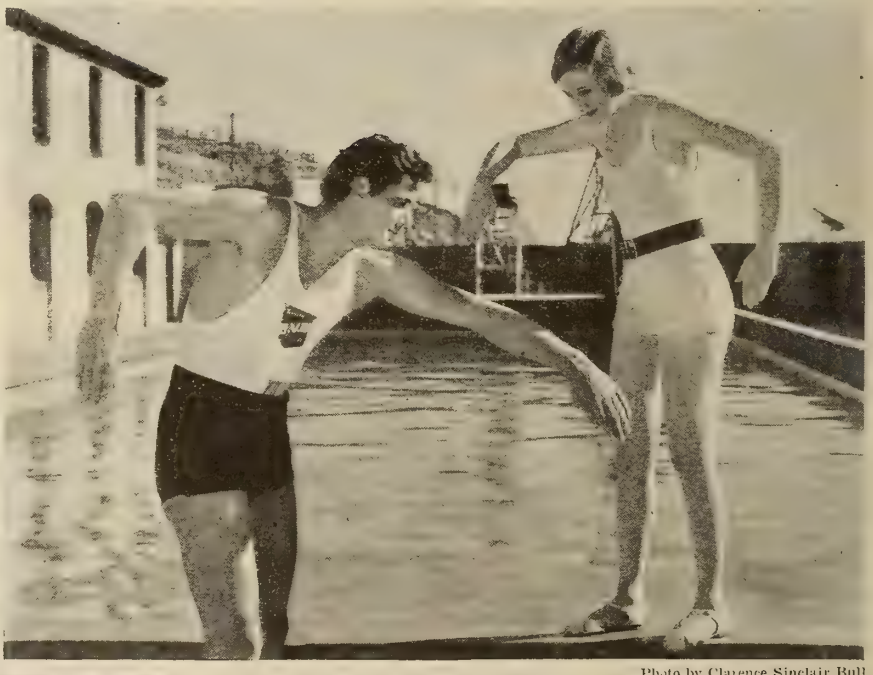


Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Johnny Weissmueller, swimming champ, who will be "Tarzan, the Ape Man," in M-G-M's picture of the same name, teaches Una Merkel a new technique.

Photo by William Grimes



Madge Evans enjoys a bit of sylvan solitude in the California hills. She will next be seen in "Are You Listening?"

Bessie Love and Carmel Myers expecting offspring—Tallulah is Hollywood Hermit

Once they get their names in electric lights, goodbye to simple childhood. Jackie Cooper was asked the other day what he wanted for Christmas. He didn't think twice before he answered:

"A chance to play opposite Greta Garbo."

A young director in Hollywood has been rather hard hit by parlous times and bad breaks. His wife knows a former star who was selling part of her extensive wardrobe at prices hard to resist. Mrs. Director was coaxing for a fur coat, going, she stated, for practically nothing.

"By all means buy it, dear," encouraged her gallant husband. "You'll be the best-dressed woman in the bread-line."

STORK BULLETIN: Bessie Love and her husband, William Hawks, are making all preparations—as we go to press—to receive what the stork will bring them some time this month.



Bobby Coogan and his pal, Maurice Chevalier, caught off-stage, just a-whittlin'. They will appear together in "Love Me Tonight."

BECAUSE of a magazine printing a report that Dick and Joby Arlen were having marital trouble, we telegraphed them an inquiry. And we were delighted to hear that:

WE DIDN'T KNOW SUCH A RUMOR EXISTED STOP I AM SO HAPPY TO TELL YOU THAT JOBY AND I ARE STILL DOING OK—THAT I AM GOING TO PAY FOR THIS WIRE MYSELF STOP BUT BETWEEN YOU AND ME HOW DID SUCH A FOOL RUMOR START? WISHING YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR

RICHARD ARLEN



TOGETHER AGAIN: Noah Beery and his wife, whose disappearance several months ago was a three-day sensation, are residing together again on the Beery ranch in the San Fernando Valley.

OR PERHAPS NOT: When Mr. Kipling wrote, "The pain of one maiden's refusal is lost in the pain of the next," he hadn't seen Jack White—possibly trying to forget Pauline Starke—basking in the presence of Loretta Sayers, Columbia's promising young leading woman.

(*Please turn to page* 115)

Richard and Joby Arlen, at left, say there's just nothing at all, at all in those silly reports of a separation.



Ernst Lubitsch says that he will retire from pictures soon and devote his time solely to producing plays

Styles set by the Stars



Miss Young has a good reason for turning her back on her audience. Consider the back and consider the gown—white satin, fashioned on Grecian lines by Ida Mae, the wide straps tying in a colorful jade green and white bow.

About face and the young First National star shows the effective diagonal lines of her favorite evening gown. A sash of jade and white ties in a knot and hangs at the side.

Miss Young in her new little short jacket of Astrakhan, simply made, with no trimming save the stand-up collar. But it is most becoming and smart as is the black satin hat clipped with rhinestones that she wears with it.

Loretta Young poses for you in her favorite frocks and coats selected from her winter and early spring wardrobe



All photographs by Elmer Fryer

Regal white ermine, regally worn by Loretta Young, in three-quarter length over a gown of white satin. The collar is deeply folded, resembling a cape at the back, and the sleeves are modified dolman type.

A trim and slim full-length street wrap of brown Russian caracul is worn by Miss Young with a knitted suit of mottled tans, collared in white piqué, brown felt hat and brown kid pumps.

A fashion scoop for Loretta is this ultra smart fur suit. Made of black galyak, it is adorned with a lei collar of black fox. The gored skirt and snug jacket are fitted like satin, and a satin hat, black kid gloves, and black patent kid pumps complete the ensemble.

Cook-Coo

Scrambled by The Famous Humorist—



Harry Langdon, film comedian, and his dog. Harry, of course, is on the left.

WHEN Clark Gable first went the rounds of the studios seeking film tests they told him his ears were too big.

They are big—big enough for him to hear a lot of things that upset him.

Just the other day the gal who opens his mail spoiled Gable's whole day. She reported that an increasing number of his devoted admirers were writing in to demand that he pluck his eyebrows.

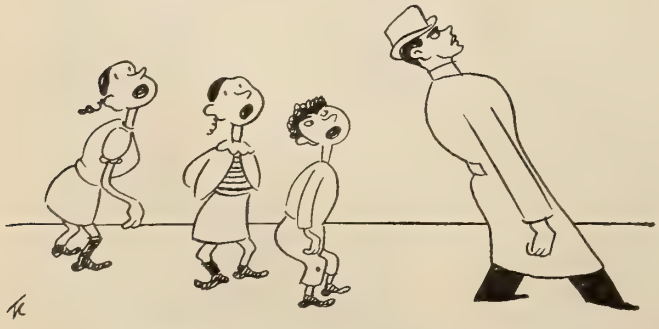
BUT what worries Gable most these days is the feeling that he is being short-changed.

He has the Pocketbook Blues.

Gable knows that his name will save almost any picture at the box-office right now.

But his stipulated salary is only $350 a week.

However, he gets an extra $500 or so bonus in his pay envelope each week—but that isn't enough for a fellow who knows that he is worth from $5,000 to $15,000 from the standpoint of box-office pull.



Clark Gable has 140,000 children (rumor)

SO, when you see an item that says Clark Gable has gone duck hunting it may mean that he has just walked out for a little while to give executives a chance to think things over—and perhaps tuck a little more bonus money into his pay envelope.

GABLE has other worries. They concern his private life—wild reports that he has been married ten thousand times and has 140,000 children—children he refuses to recognize.

As a matter of fact, Gable has been married twice and has no children of his own. The first Mrs. Gable is now an elocution teacher in Los Angeles. She married him after he had acted in stock three years—and she trained him for better work.



Wide World

Glorious Gloria and her husband, Michael Farmer, at the private bar of their very new apartment in Paris.

The first Mrs. Gable obtained a divorce after he went to New York. Gable there met his present wife, formerly Mrs. M. Franklin Langham of New York. He now has a stepdaughter, aged sixteen, and a stepson, aged twelve. They are the children of the present Mrs. Gable.

WHO CARES? DEPARTMENT

JIMMIE GLEASON and his son, Russell, pass the collection plate in a Beverly Hills church.

Helen Chandler's husband is Cyril Hume, the novelist.

Leonard Fields, now in China, writes back that the average soldier there is fifteen years of age.

Clara Bow was smart enough to put aside a $200,000 trust fund.

Helen Hayes' living-room has been redecorated in the Victorian manner.

Ben Hecht has a five-year plan for working on a bawdy narrative poem of gargantuan proportions.

GOSSIP

TED COOK

Garbo likes to walk in the rain.

Buster Keaton went home wearing the make-up for his proposed straight part in "Grand Hotel" and his children didn't know him.

Three youthful bandits held up Josef von Sternberg at the entrance of his home and took $100, his watch and overcoat.

John Barrymore wants to do a characterization of Lord Byron and of Napoleon.

Mae Marsh used to have reddish hair. Now it is platinum.

Joel McCrea received phone calls from an anonymous feminine fan. He invited her to call. She arrived in a $15,000 Rolls and was a good-looking society woman.



Photo by Cosmo News

Monsieur and Madame Chevalier pose for a moment on their arrival from France.



Photo by Elmer Fryer

Loretta Young is being escorted places by Leslie Fenton. Or, at least, so it is said.

They're wearing gold eyelashes with evening gowns.

Fifi D'Orsay lost twelve pounds trouping in vaudeville.

William Fox built up the $200,000,000 Fox Film Corporation from $1,600 original capital.

GARBO is thrifty.

* * *

She ran her household for more than a year on $150 a month.

* * *

Every night she went over the grocery bills with her two servants.

* * *

Garbo tries to live in seclusion. But Peeping Toms find out where she lives—and wait on the sidewalk for her return from the studio.

* * *

When the gawking tourists become too numerous she moves into another house.

* * *

You can blame Garbo for the Eugenie hat craze. Designers saw her wear a Eugenie in "Romance." The epidemic followed.

In "Mata Hari" she wore a snug turban—just a suggestion of Javanese. Mata, you will recall, was a Dutch gal who passed herself around as Javanese.

* * *

When Garbo thinks things are going wrong on the set, she does not argue. She merely says, "I go home." And does.

* * *

On one occasion Helen Hayes attempted to watch Garbo do a scene before the camera. Garbo refused to perform until Miss Hayes departed.

* * *

Garbo wears comfortable, mannish tweeds—and looks like anybody but Garbo.

* * *

(*Please turn to page* 94)



Lawrence Tibbett likes standing on his head.

The NEW at a



SOOKY—*Paramount*—Class B—Jackie Cooper and Robert Coogan in a continuation of "Skippy." Jackie continues to give a splendid performance equal to any of his past. If you liked "Skippy" you'll like this.



GOOD SPORT—*Fox*—Class C—This time the husband is all wrong in his marital relationship, therefore he loses an amiable and attractive wife. Likewise his mistress drops him in favor of a newly discovered oil baron. Linda Watkins, John Boles, and Greta Nissen carry the leading roles.



BLONDE CRAZY—*Warners-First National*—Class B—An amusing portrayal of an over smart bell-hop, played by James Cagney. Joan Blondell and Noel Francis (above) are also in the cast.



CORSAIR—*United Artists*—Class C—Hi-jacking on the high seas is offered as a less contemptible career than hi-jacking in Wall Street because it is more dangerous. Chester Morris (left) is the square-jawed youth who reveals the perfidy of a millionaire.

FILMS GLANCE



PRIVATE LIVES—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*—Class B—Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery (right) bring vivacity to the screen version of this stage comedy. Two divorced couples and their new mates meet on their honeymoons with disturbing results.



THE GUILTY GENERATION—*Columbia*—Class B—The sins of the gangster fathers are visited heavily on the sons and daughters of the second generation in this smart melodrama. Leo Carillo (right) plays the role of a gang leader.



COCK O' THE AIR—*United Artists*—Class B—A picture without rhyme or reason but because it makes no pretense of reason has many good laughs. Billie Dove and Chester Morris (left) have the leads.



UNION DEPOT — *Warners-First National*—Class B—Entire action takes place under roof of railroad depot which could be in any city. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. plays semi-hardboiled vagrant who gets into all sorts of trouble. (Right) The girl is Joan Blondell.

A—Excellent
B—Good
C—Fair
D—Poor



EMMA—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer* — Class A—The story of a faithful housekeeper who mothers a flock of children is unfolded with rare sympathy. Miss Dressler plays from the heart and lets the laughs take care of themselves.



A WOMAN COMMANDS—*RKO-Pathe*—Class A—Pola Negri returns from royal retreat more than ever *la femme fatale* of filmdom. Melodrama vies with romanticism in the Graustarkian motif of king, queen, and soldier, but romance triumphs. Roland Young, Basil Rathbone, and H. B. Warner give added lustre.

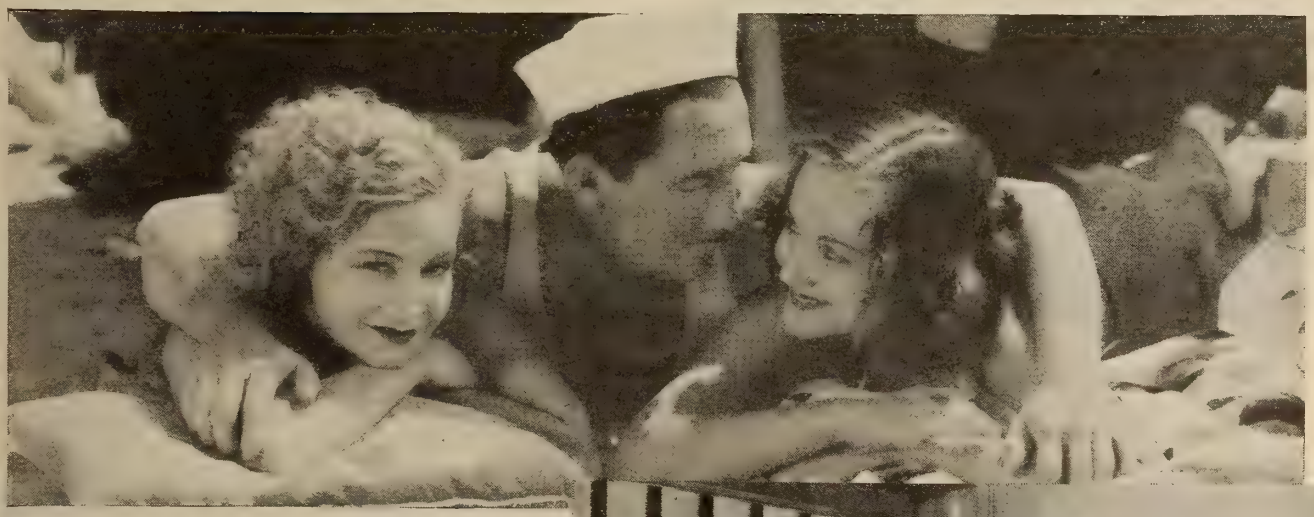


TWO KINDS OF WOMEN—*Paramount*—Class B—Miriam Hopkins and Phillips Holmes (left), in picture based on play "This is New York." Story of mid-west girl who falls in love with New York play-boy. Love works regeneration of New Yorker and after many complications all comes to a happy ending. Entire cast gives good performances. Drunk scenes by Wynne Gibson take honors.

HIGH PRESSURE — *Warner - First National*—Class B—William Powell in an entirely new type of role, that of a fast talking promoter, who gets into many involved situations. At times story runs off track of straight comedy to sheer farce bringing George Sidney into place for clever acting with Evelyn Brent and Evalyn Knapp. Sufficient romance to balance masculine angle of commercial warfare, which makes pleasing and delightful screen fare.



SKY DEVILS—*United Artists*—Class B—Potpourri of sure-fire picture situations presented in fascinating and hilarious manner. Spencer Tracey (below) and William Boyd dominate picture by their stupidity in coping with involved situations surrounding two wise tough guys who enlist in world war and think they can run the army. Yola d'Avril plays the enticing French girl.



Brief comment on the film offerings of the month

LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE—*Paramount*—Class C—Based on the play by Ernest Booth. Sylvia Sidney, Gene Raymond and Wynne Gibson are the principals in this far fetched story of prison life. Concerns young newlyweds unjustly thrown in prison for murder with a last minute reprieve for the young husband about to go to the gallows.



Rambles In Radioland



Ruth Etting spends her time running from footlights to cameras to microphones. But she doesn't run—she rides!

Intimate Glimpses into the lives of the people behind the voices on the air—their joys and their tears.

Jarrett and the Movie Stars: I talked to Art Jarrett about the eighth-grade days when he and Clara Bow were classmates, hoping to get a sweet story about young love beneath the Brooklyn moon.

But poor Art did not even get a chance to carry Clara's books home in those days. He was an infant prodigy and the other boys shut him out. Not that Art minded, though. There were so many other nice girls in Brooklyn. And anyway, he was getting tired of having future movie stars in his classes, what with Dolores Costello when he was seven, and then that blonde Jergens girl who grew up to be Helen Twelvetrees.

Incidentally, Art was one of the few people to see Clara's first movie. It was a film taken in Public School 9 which shows a shot of her in cooking class stirring a pot—yes, Mr. Rex Bell, that's where she learned. The school kids were quite thrilled with Clara, and told her to rush right over to Manhattan to see Ziegfeld. But Clara went and won a beauty contest instead.

Parlor Sofas, Snoring, Etc.: It's a habit with the Boswell Sisters. They even go on dates together. But they haven't three parlor sofas at home. . . . Phil Baker usually gives away his old accordion at the end of the season. Then he goes out and spends from $500 to $1,500 for a new one. . . . Fans have been asking the Sisters of the Skillet how to stop their wives from snoring. It can't be done, but they can try to fall asleep before they do. . . . Kate Smith doesn't drink or smoke, and her sister weighs only ninety pounds.

Broadcast Romance: Doris Janis and Edna Torrence have been helping make Wayne King an ineligible bachelor. . . . Billy (cough drop) Hillpot held hands



G. Maillard Kesslere

Arthur Jarrett watched Clara Bow cook when they were classmates.



N. B. C.

Jessica Dragonette was featured in "The Student Prince."



Arthur Studios

Russ Columbo doubled for voices in the early talkie days.

Newsy interesting gossip about the air-wave studios and the people behind the "mike"

with Jean Howard every night over the long distance phone while she was touring with the "Follies" . . . Virginia (NBC) Gardiner won't appear in George Gershwin's musical because the part calls for a bathing suit. . . . Mildred Bailey is taking Paul Whiteman's diet and is fading away ounce by ounce. If she loses seventy pounds like Paul did she will be a happy 129.

The Orchestra Is Praying for Another Son: George Olsen, who is heard regularly on the air again, married Ethel Shutta while they were both drawing salary checks from Ziegfeld in "Whoopee." The Olsens are very happy even though George can't rhyme his wife's name into a song. When George, Jr., learned how to say, "Papa," George gave every member of his orchestra a raise.

George does a lot of boxing to keep in trim—but not with strangers, any more. Once in a gym he took on a nice-looking chap. When after the first painful minutes he thought of asking him his name, George found he had been sparring with Willie Ritchie, lightweight champion.

Broadway Madness: They're a funny lot, these Broadway people. George Jessel has been married three times and always to the same girl, Florence Courtney—he loves her so much. Lou Holtz has been hanging a cream-colored robe in his dressing-room for years—not to wear but just for luck. Often when Helen Morgan feels like going out for a walk she is too impatient to dress, so she throws her $45,000 fur coat over her nightgown and saunters off just like that. And Harry Richman makes portieres out of gold-painted champagne corks.

When Belle and Eddie Were Young: When Belle Baker and Eddie Cantor appeared on the same vaudeville bill on the road they used to go to the movies between shows, each treating on alternate days. At the end of the week Belle owed Eddie $3.

Lady Peel Pulls A Boner: In private life Beatrice Lillie is a lady—Lady Peel. The difference between her and her hubby, Sir Robert, is one foot and three inches in their stocking feet. (She is the shorter.)

Once Robert made a flying (*Please turn to page* 112)



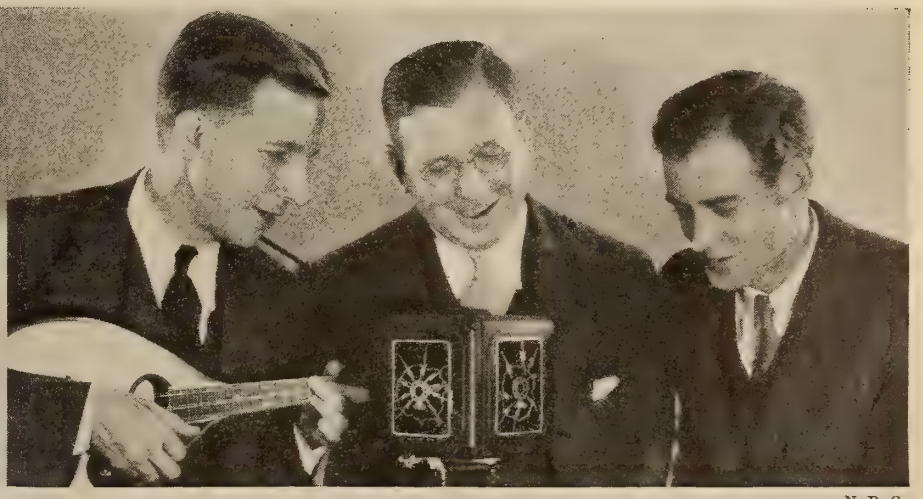
C. B. S.

Here's harmony for you! Connie, Vet and Martha, the Boswell Sisters, smile it while they sing it. Some harmony.



N. B. C.

Virginia Rae (Olive Palmer). You heard her on the old Palmolive hour.



N. B. C.

The Tastyeast Jesters, Wamp Carlson, Guy Bonham and Dwight Latham, first tried harmonizing on a drive back from a triple date.



Left to right: Anita Louise, Jean Negelesco, Sidney Fox, guest of honor; and Montagu Love.

Photo by Ray Jones

Little Sidney Fox

Has a Great Big Party

ARRIVING in Hollywood at the height of the social season, it remained for Arthur Lyons, of New York, to launch the outstanding cinema party of the month in honor of charming Sidney Fox.

Mr. Lyons' dinner dance for Miss Fox was held in the Florentine Room of the Roosevelt Hotel. More than a hundred guests responded to invitations.

The decorations gave the effect of a gay café on a Continental boulevard. At one end of the big room was a terrace arranged with gaily-colored porch furniture. Wrought-iron tables and chairs, shaded with huge umbrellas in reds, yellows and greens, conveyed a distinctly Latin atmosphere. From the terrace stretched a canopy under which the guests passed to the supper room.

The ceiling was draped with red paper moss and clusters of silver grapes. Supper tables each seating six surrounded the dance floor. The vivid color scheme was here carried out by red, yellow and green chair covers, red and blue tablecloths and napkins, and waxed brandy bottles holding varicolored candles. At the corner of each table was placed a French tole cigarette container, and French tole bowls used for centerpieces were filled with silver metal flowers and white gardenias. Later in the evening the gardenias were presented to the guests.

Music for dancing was provided by Eddie Durante's Cuban orchestra, and an excellent program of entertainment was given during the evening which included a rumba dance by Grace Poggi, tap dance by Cathleen Bessette, several songs by a quartet, and solos by the noted Hungarian cymbalum player, Julius Klein.

SIDNEY FOX was the tiniest person at the party, with the exception of little Jackie E. Merkyl, who entertained and thrilled the guests by a seemingly uncanny ability for mind reading.

At her table at the end of the room, petite Sidney Fox, the honor guest of the evening, held court. Her gown, a Chanel creation of pale pink with short ermine jaquette, was designed with a simplicity which enhanced her ethereal beauty. Seated at the right of her host, Mr. Arthur Lyons, she was the target for all eyes, during the entire evening.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Montagu Love, the latter wearing an ashes of roses gown with wrap to match; Mr. and Mrs. William A. Seiter (Laura La Plante), the blonde Laura, beautiful in a gown of robin's egg blue satin with a white ermine wrap; Mrs. Ralph Blum (Carmel Myers), accompanied by her husband, wore black velvet with an ermine wrap; Miss Ginger Rogers' gown of green velvet was distinctive with a black velvet wrap trimmed in white fox.

Mary Brian, escorted by Russell Gleason, wore an ensemble of blush rose chiffon velvet. Mr. and Mrs. Neil Miller (Dorothy Mackaill) were there, still receiving congratulations on their recent wedding. Miss Mackaill wore a beautiful gown of royal blue satin with an ermine wrap.

Little Anita Louise and her pretty mother arrived late. The youngest Wampas Baby Star was exquisite in a gown of maize velvet trimmed with ermine. Her mother wore a black velvet ensemble.

And, also, the Wampas fêtes its Baby Stars

Wampas Christmas Party

NO parent is fonder of his children than is Hollywood's Wampas—that organization of motion picture publicity writers which has won fame for its foresight in selecting an annual group of thirteen Baby Stars. And at the Wampas Christmas party for its "Babies" that or-

(*Please turn to page* 109)

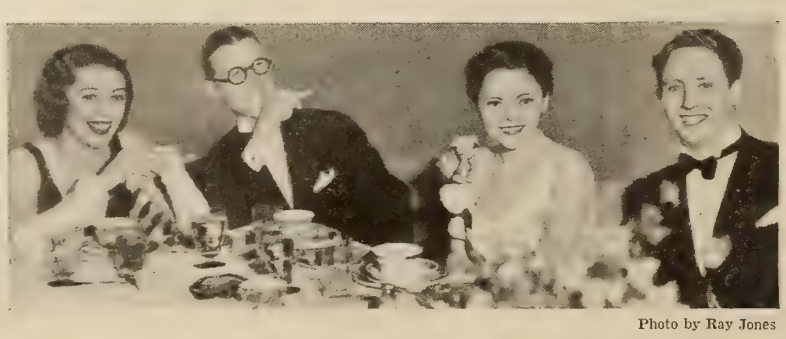


Photo by Ray Jones

Among the merrymakers at Sidney's dance were (left to right): Mrs. Robert and Robert Woolsey, Mrs. Bert and Bert Wheeler.

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AT YOUR FIVE AND TEN CENT STORE

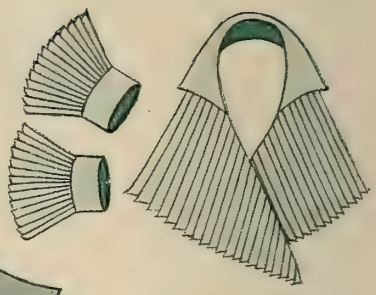


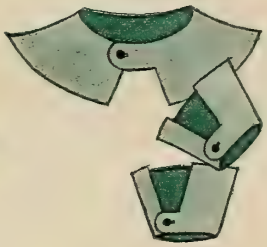
Accessories Smart and New to Make at Home

Ma101—Wear a trim little hat of the latest mode with the help of this circular.



Ma102 — Here you will find full instructions for making three scarfs to add charm to your new ensemble.

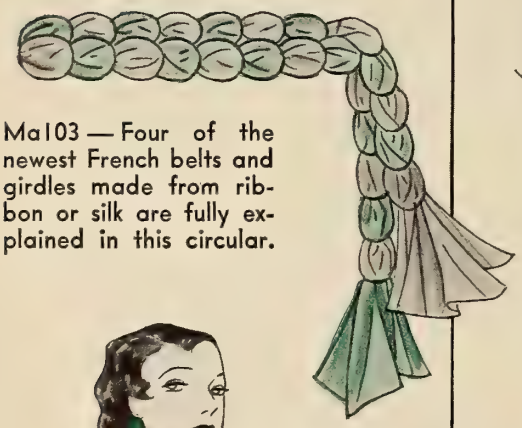




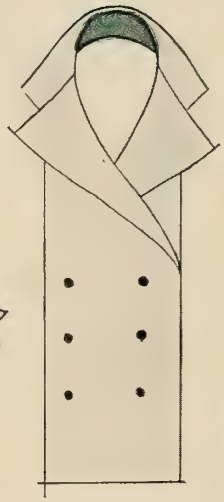
Ma96—Four of the newest style collars and cuffs may be made with the help of this circular.

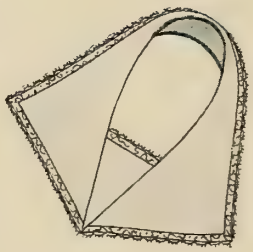


Ma97 — Here you will find diagram and directions for making three bags of the smartest sort.



Ma103 — Four of the newest French belts and girdles made from ribbon or silk are fully explained in this circular.





Ma98—Directions for making four new collars and vestee sets are given in this circular.



Ma104 — A sleeveless evening dress is cleverly transformed by this detachable cape collar.

Ma99 — A 1932 sleeveless jumper is easily made with the help of this circular.

Ma100 — Make a smocked peasant blouse with the diagram pattern and directions given here.



Write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or 20 cents for all nine. Be sure to indicate the circular you wish by number.

Renderings by Schell Lewis



Would You Like to Build a Little Colonial House?

A charming adaptation of the New England Colonial house with its traditional atmosphere of warmth and welcome

READY now for your final vote on our four favorite houses!

We have chosen them from among hundreds of possible small house designs suitable for the average American family, and the house shown this month is a thoroughly up-to-date version of the sort of dwellings built in Colonial New England two hundred odd years ago. When you have studied the designs and plans, compare them carefully with the other three types of small house, presented in the last three months' issues of this magazine, shown also in review on the following pages. Then you will be ready to write and let us know which one you like the best. We would like a word of comment, too, telling us why you have made this choice or suggesting possible improvements on the designs as we have chosen them, but if you haven't time for a letter of that sort, at least send in your vote. It is important for you to do this because the house that receives the most votes is the one we shall make use of first in going on with our house-building and home-furnishing service.

READ THESE PAGES AND CAST YOUR VOTE

Here is the last of the four houses that we have chosen from plans prepared by the Architects' Small House Service Bureau, Inc. An interesting modern version of the Colonial house is here presented with a summing up of the other three types

The Colonial type of house, we are convinced, is a monument to the common sense of the American home builder, and it stands also as a proof that the men and women who lived in the Atlantic seaboard colonies before the Revolution possessed taste and discrimination of as high an order as that of their old world contemporaries.

By the time the architects have completed the designing of a house inspired by Spanish, English or French originals, so many additions and alterations have been made to meet present-day conditions that the final product is truly American. And so when the architects have completed the design for a house inspired by Colonial influence, so much has been done to add to its convenience and comfort that the result is truly a twentieth century product.

In the Colonial house of our choice many departures have been made from the old Connecticut original by which it was inspired. But it still retains the essentials that give it the true Colonial flavor. It is picturesque in the best sense of the word without the slightest affectation. It carries with it the charm of old Colonial design by faithful adherence to certain fundamental principles of design characteristic of Colonial days rather than by ingenious tricks of a purely superficial nature.

Among the characteristic Colonial features that you will see from the outside are the following:

Chimney rising in the center of the roof.

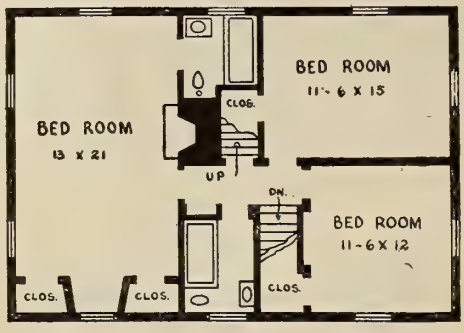
Wood frame construction finished by siding or shingles.

Shingle roof.

Central entrance doorway showing simple pilasters and other motifs of Queen Anne design. By that is meant certain designs in use among good architects in England during the reign of Queen Anne—from about 1702 to 1714—which were adapted to local house building by the British Colonial subjects in the new world.

Small-paned windows with green wooden shutters.

The interior of this house presents an interesting variation of the arrangement usually found in Colonial plans. The location of the living room on one side of the house with kitchen and dining room on the opposite side is one of the most generally acceptable space managements in the house of moderate size. A typically Colonial use of this treatment is by means of the central hall running from front to back of the house. The long central hall, however, requires greater width or else cuts too heavily into the floor space left for the other rooms to make it always desirable for the smaller house. The advantages to be gained for this conventional center hall are not proportionate to the added expense in a small house. So in the plans we have selected you will find an interesting compromise in the form of a central hall at the front with the back devoted to closets, lavatory and deep fireplace opening in the living-room.



Two bathrooms, copious closets and a dressing table alcove in the master bedroom coupled with cross ventilation in each room make this an ideal second floor plan.

Other interior characteristics showing unusual adaptation of the Colonial style to present needs are the following:

Bay window opposite the fireplace in the living room.

Deep, rounded fireplace with wood closet at one side.

A fair size porch opening on the living room.

Lavatory downstairs and two bathrooms on the second floor.

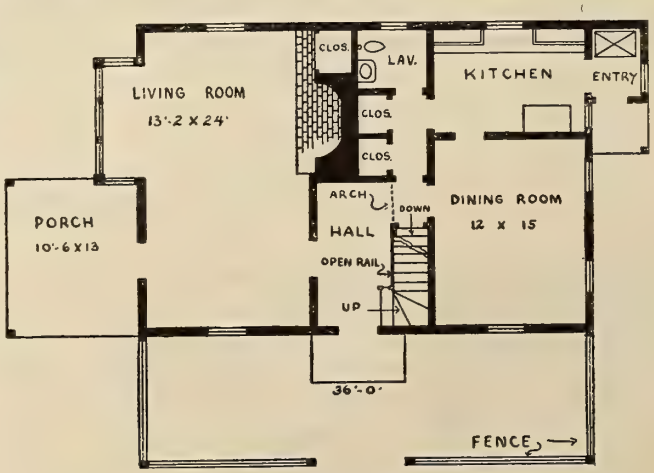
Cross ventilation in the three bedrooms.

Two good size closets on the first floor and four on the second floor.

Fireplace in master bedroom.

Alcove for dressing table in master bedroom.

The Colonial house offers a fairly wide variety of interior finish. Woodwork throughout may be painted white or ivory, with painted or papered walls. In the living room a charming background for early American furniture may be obtained at no great additional expense from natural pine woodwork and walls. In the hall the stairway may be painted white with mahogany rails and treads. Scenic wallpaper of Colonial design may be used for the walls if you wish in connection with wood-paneled dado, painted light gray or ivory. In the dining room ivory woodwork with antique finish may be combined with toile de jouy paper. In the master bedroom you may choose between ivory walls and flowered chintz paper. In one of the other bedrooms antique yellow or green woodwork with conventionally designed paper may be used and a small-patterned chintz paper in the third bedroom in combination with white or colored painted woodwork. A dado of tile in the bathrooms should be supplemented with washable scenic or small-patterned paper.



The early Colonial spirit is retained with the center hallway but modern efficiency is served with the compact use of the space behind it. You will like the irregular shape of the living room.

If you are planning to build a small or moderate size home this year, next year or at some time in the not distant future, you should consider the advantages of the Colonial type even though you have no preference for this style or actually have a predilection for some other sort of house.

Remember that no other style of house architecture has more general appeal to Americans than this. Consequently it usually has a higher resale value than houses of less usual types.

Colonial house architecture has stood the test of time in this country, and a well-planned, soundly constructed house of this description is likely to remain in favor so long as it stands.

While the present-day version of the Colonial house differs in many ways from the historic homes which served as inspiration to the architects, it is a type of house architecture that in its original form was thoroughly adapted to American conditions.

To the American of Colonial descent this type of house is bound up closely with the traditions of his ancestors. Another important thing to remember is that the Colonial house is a perfect setting for Colonial furnishings. It is the sensible selection if you have a collection of old family furniture or if you have chosen your furniture from good reproductions of Colonial originals.

It's a safe sort of house to build, and one that will meet with the conventional approval of most of your friends. You won't be called upon to make explanations or to defend your choice of house of this sort. If you honestly think you would like a little Colonial house better than any other sort, then there is no good reason why architect or prejudiced friend should try to dissuade you. And yet, after you have studied the plans of this house and have reviewed the plans and designs for the houses of the four other types, you may honestly feel that your choice would be one of the others—old English, French or Spanish—rather than the Colonial.

From the artistic side, one of the other houses may strike you as more desirable. The English house may resemble more closely the house of your dreams, the Spanish house may strike you as more distinctive or as more truly your sort of a house, or in the suave dignity of the French house you may see a better expression of the present-day mode of life. Going over the ground plans of

these houses you may find one that strikes you as more desirable. You may prefer the type of building material called for in one of the other types. The majority of readers may choose in favor of a house that is not Colonial; in fact, one of the other houses may actually be a better type for the average American family.

That is precisely what we want to discover, and when you and our other readers have cast your votes telling which of these houses you prefer, then we shall have important information about the taste in houses of the readers for whom this magazine is written.

Remember that we want to have your reasons for selecting the house as well as your vote. Tell us just why you like the house of your choice and what you like about it. Your suggested changes may be incorporated in a new house plan and in that way you might call yourself a consulting architect. That is what we want —to have you a consulting architect, a consulting builder and a consulting owner.

If your reasons for preferring one house over the others are personal rather than architectural, let us know that, too. The American family and its special needs in the way of houses are an important factor. If you have chosen one house over the others because it has more privacy, because it has the kind of windows you like, larger closets, or more bathrooms, be sure to mention that in your letter.

Then we shall be able to continue our Tower House Service in a way that is suited to your needs and your wishes.

The Little Colonial House and the three reviewed on these pages have been chosen from plans prepared by the Architects' Small House Service Bureau, Inc., an organization made up of leading architects from cities all over the United States.

To add to your understanding of the various houses presented we have prepared free illustrated booklets giving full details of their construction and answering many questions about the various styles of houses that may occur to you. If you would like a copy of the booklet on the Little Colonial House we would be glad to send you a copy. If you have not already received your booklets on the other three types of houses, we would be glad to furnish you with copies of these also. Just send your request to Tower House Editor, indicating clearly which of the booklets you would like, and enclose two cents postage for each.

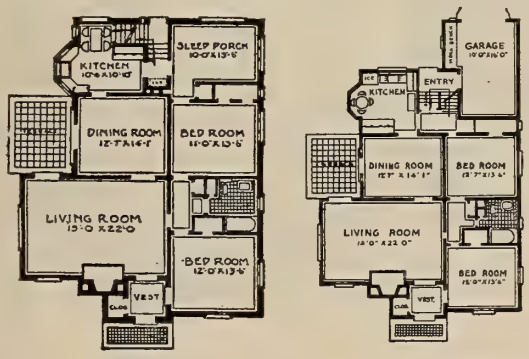
And as soon as you have decided which of the four houses you like the best, send in your vote to Tower House Editor, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

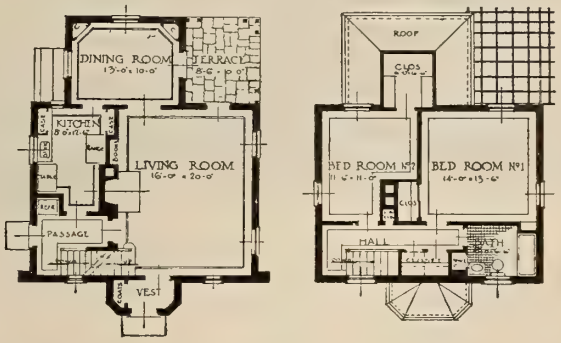




THE SPANISH HOUSE

Of foreign inspiration and yet truly American in its later traditions, it is cool and inviting, and unusually well laid out for the single floor house.







THE ENGLISH HOUSE

With the picturesqueness of the English countryside, friendly, sturdy, comfortable. The floor plans are elastic and adaptable.



THE FRENCH HOUSE

Dignified yet unpretentious, balanced in design, assuring privacy to its owner and yet friendly and hospitable withal.

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ONA MUNSON'S Orange Juice MIRACLE



She admits her reputation as a cook is based on only two recipes — and here they are

Ona Munson made her picture début after a successful musical comedy career. Her performance in "Five-Star Final" was excellent.

ONA MUNSON says the reputation she enjoys among her friends of being a good cook is based on just two recipes.

One is a salad.

The other is a method which insures a tender, delicious roast—no matter what cut of meat is used.

The salad is attractive as well as nutritious and gives the luncheon or dinner table a gay appearance. In preparing it, Ona pares and cores medium sized apples and places them in a baking pan.

A sauce is prepared of sugar and cinnamon berries, melted slowly together and poured over the apples, which are baked slowly so as not to lose their symmetrical shape. By basting occasionally during the baking, the apples acquire a uniform shade of rosy-red.

Chill apples, and stuff center with Philadelphia cream cheese in which ground pecans have been stirred. Place a mound of mayonnaise on the apple, and top with a pecan nut. Use slices of canned pears to form petals around the apple, tinting the sections with paprika. A lettuce leaf can be used as a base, or placed at the side of the dish.

"The effect is that of a lovely tropical flower," said Ona. "Because of the size of this salad, I rarely serve dessert at the same meal. So it is an excellent dish to have on the menu the maid's day off."

The secret of a good roast, à la Munson, is to use half a cup of orange juice as the basting liquid. A little salt and pepper are added to the juice and pulp, and the roast basted every ten minutes. The roast is, of course, rubbed with a little flour before it is put in the oven.

The actress says this method of preparing a roast has never failed to bring exclamations from her guests.

"It is hard to convince them that I do not have a secret process at all, but merely two oranges and a squeezer," laughed Ona.

AT a recent little dinner Miss Munson gave at her Hollywood apartment, she worked the "orange juice miracle" on a pork roast, and circled the large meat platter with yams, which she prepares in the following way:

Slice canned yams and place in a casserole dish. Sprinkle thickly with brown sugar and flecks of butter, and bake in the oven until they are well browned and sizzling.

"With this good rich sauce they taste just like fresh yams," explained Ona.

The actress says she rarely experiments with new dishes. She and her mother have lived in hotels and traveled ever since she was a tiny girl and went to New York to work out a dancing career. So a kitchen has played a very small part in Ona's life.

Ona Munson has shown her versatility in the theatrical world. Known first as a musical comedy star, she has since shown her dramatic ability on the screen in "Five-Star Final" and on the stage in "The Silver Cord."

"But in the cookery world, I am only the roast and salad girl," said Ona.

WHY ROMANCE PASSED HER BY ... by ALBERT DORNE

1.

MEN ADMIRED HER THE MOMENT THEY SAW HER



2.

BUT IT WAS THE SAME OLD STORY! THEY CALLED ONCE—THEN DRIFTED AWAY



3.

FINALLY SHE WAS THE ONLY GIRL IN HER CROWD NOT MARRIED



4.

AT LAST HER NEW SISTER-IN-LAW FRANKLY TOLD HER HOW SHE WAS OFFENDING—



—AND HOW EASILY **LIFEBUOY** WOULD CORRECT HER FAULT



5.

NOW SHE IS HAPPILY MARRIED—THANKS TO LIFEBUOY'S SURE PROTECTION "B.O." IS NO LONGER A PROBLEM



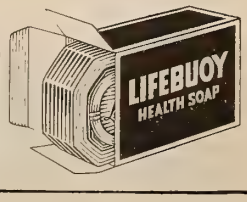
DON'T RISK "B.O."

THE merest hint of "B.O."—*body odor*—ruins a girl's charm—a man's attractiveness. Take no chances with this unforgivable fault. Wash and bathe always with Lifebuoy for *extra* protection. Its creamy, searching lather *deodorizes* pores—ends all "B.O." danger.

Lifebuoy's pleasant scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you you're safe from offending. A wonderful complexion soap. Its gentle, pore-purifying lather makes dull skins glow with healthy radiance. Helps protect health by removing germs from hands.

Try Lifebuoy Free

If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try it, send a clipping of this offer with your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 483, Cambridge, Mass. A full-sized cake will be sent you, free.



Is Your Face Your Fortune?



Photo by T. Powolny

Miss Gombel had a good head start with a soft, smooth skin, but here you see her giving herself a facial.

By Ann Boyd

Minna Gombel says it is not only the privilege but also the duty of every woman to be beautiful

ALL the world wants to be young. To look like the Minna Gombels and stay looking that way. How does Miss Gombel do it? Well, of course, to begin with she was blessed with a lovely skin. But that's not the whole of it.

"The best complexions in the world will fade," says Miss Gombel, "if they're not cared for properly. And much can be done for a poor or mediocre skin. It is not only the privilege but the duty of every woman to be as beautiful as possible whether she is before the public or not. It is a duty she owes herself, her family and her friends."

A smooth, unwrinkled, lovely skin is not an accident, she says. It can be definitely planned for and acquired.

"Nobody knows why we admire a smooth and gleaming skin so much. Perhaps we have an inner conviction that beneath such a skin dwells—Youth. Youth is like some divine bright spark that brings light and warmth. We reach out for it and for everything that seems to symbolize it. At this time of year our interest seems to be intensified in the matter of caring for our complexions."

There are many reasons, she believes, why age lines may appear prematurely. Worry, illness, improper facial care—even improper diet. Whatever the cause, one of the first requirements is to improve the circulation.

This means stimulation, and when properly stimulated, all waste material in the skin is carried away in the blood stream and new cells will result. Wrinkles, sagging muscles and other facial blemishes disappear eventually if one is faithful in keeping up the massage.

The best time to nourish the skin is at night. While we are asleep our entire system is being rebuilt. We work with nature at that time.

Good creams, lotions, fresheners are available everywhere. Having selected the cream best suited to one's individual needs, the first step in the treatment is the thorough cleansing of the skin. This should be a cream that not only carries off the surface dirt and make-up but should also flush the pores of all impurities. A very good idea is to apply the cream with a piece of cotton which previously has been squeezed out in cold water. After this the skin is receptive and ready for the nourishing treatment.

To make the skin glow, spread the fingers of each hand, wide, hold the skin firm, and massage with a slow rotary motion, always upward and outward on either cheek. Perform the massage lightly. The touch should be definite, but delicate.

Now, pat your face with your fingers. Do your patting, confident that you are stimulating the facial circulation and do it with upward strokes. Begin at the base of your throat and work upward toward the back of your neck. Pat, next, along your jaw line and at the side of your chin. Continue the patting on up your cheeks again, but be careful not to encroach upon the tender tissues around the eyes.

For your forehead, continue the patting process, and for further stimulation of the circulation, it is quite effective to use what is called the finger roll. While one finger gently rolls the forehead skin downward, the other rolls it upward, thus keeping the skin in a healthy condition.

Be careful to pat gently as thistledown about the mouth, molding it carefully, as you pat.

When you have completed your massage for the night, you will find your complexion glowing with color, coming from inside. And when your face is awakened to such a state of responsiveness, it is wise to pat in muscle oil under the eyes, around the mouth, under the chin and any other spots inclined to droop. Always remember to do this with the

(*Please turn to page* 113)

Photo by Hal Phyfe



Minna Gombel, Fox player, whose face is at least a part of her fortune, believes in giving it the best of care and attention.

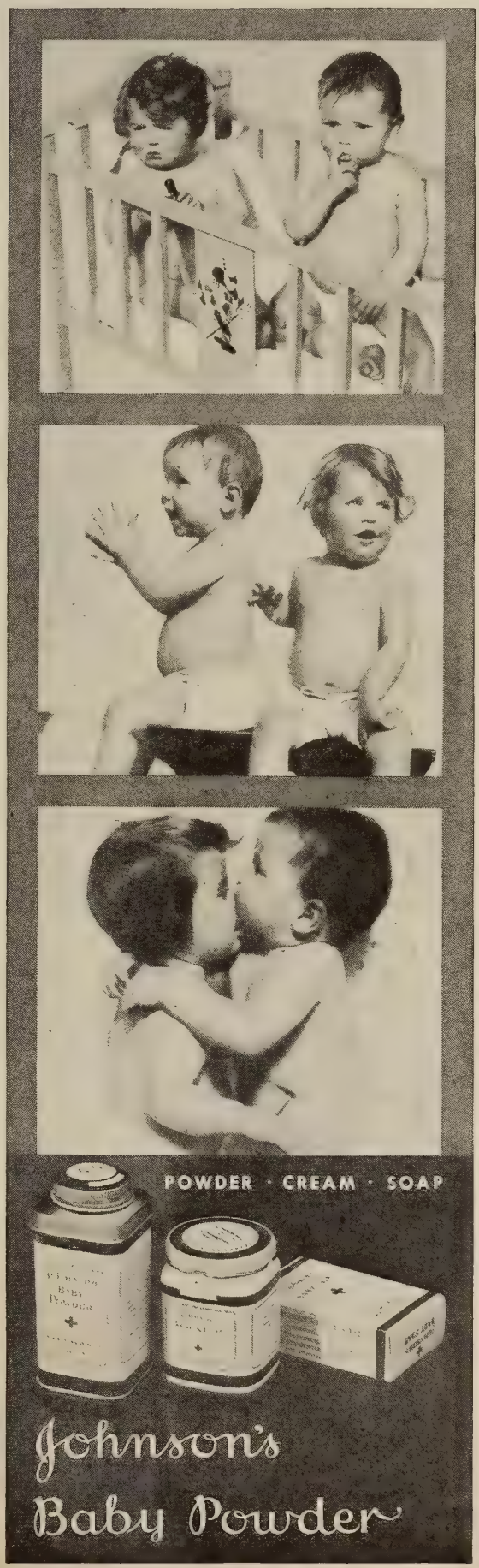
THEN *they lived happily, ever after!*

"Just my luck! They brought this girl to visit me—and all she does is cry. The baby! Still, I really can't blame her. The poor thing's all chafed. It reminds me of the time mother put the wrong powder on me. Terrible! Now I wonder if . . . ?

"Here comes mother, now! I'll just speak to her. She'll understand . . . Oooh, but look—look! Mother's bringing my powder with her! She must have found out what was wrong, all by herself! . . .

"Mmm'm . . . it's wonderful what the right kind of powder will do! She really seems quite nice, for a girl. Says she feels so comfortable, too . . . and no wonder!—with that soft, silky powder cuddling close to her! I feel pretty happy about it myself . . ."

FREE SAMPLES! *Send for our free Gift Box containing a generous sample of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream. Write to Baby Products Division, Dept. D-5, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, New Jersey.*



NOW . . . FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR BABY'S COMFORT MAKE THIS THUMB-AND-FINGER TEST!

Although many mothers don't realize it, there's an important difference in baby powders. Babies feel it, and so will you if you make this little test . . .

One at a time, rub several different kinds of baby powder between your thumb and finger. You'll find that some kinds feel harsh and gritty—unpleasant to your touch. But when you try Johnson's Baby Powder . . .

Notice how velvety soft and fine it is—how silky smooth! That's because it is made from finest Italian talc. This talc is composed of soft, tiny flakes—but the inferior talc used in some baby powders contains sharp, *needle*-like particles! You wouldn't want them next your baby's skin.

Decide wisely—and remember this important point, too: *Johnson's Baby Powder contains no stearate of zinc.*

TWO MORE WAYS
TO MAKE YOUR BABY HAPPY!

Johnson's Baby Soap is made especially for babies—from purest high-grade olive and other vegetable oils. It is just as bland and soothing as the finest Castile. It also makes a richer lather than Castile and rinses off more easily—leaving the skin soft and velvety. Try it and see.

Johnson's Baby Cream relieves chafing, chapping, "diaper rash", and other slight irritations of the skin. Rub a little on your baby's face and hands before going outdoors, to prevent painful chapping and windburn. The Cream is made from purest ingredients, and will not turn rancid.

Johnson & Johnson

World's Largest Manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, "Z O" Cartridge Spool Adhesive Plaster, etc.

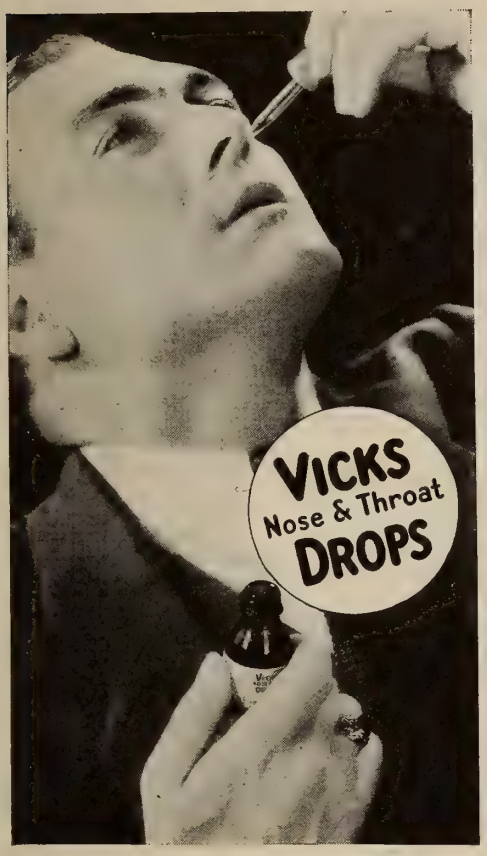


MIRIAM HOPKINS

Ever since Miriam flashed across the screen as the demure little princess in "The Smiling Lieutenant," bigger and better rôles have been coming her way. Now, after a sparkling characterization in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" she will have featured billing in "Dancers in the Dark."

MAKERS OF VICKS VAPORUB ANNOUNCE

A New Plan for better "Control-of-Colds"



Made Possible by the Development of a New Product Based on a New Idea for *Prevention* of Colds

FURTHER REDUCES FAMILY "COLDS-TAX"

A quarter of a century ago, Lunsford Richardson, Sr., a North Carolina druggist, developed a new idea in *treating* colds — and with it Vicks VapoRub. Now, after years of research, Vick chemists have developed a new idea in *preventing* colds —and with it Vicks Nose and Throat Drops. These two are companion products—they aid and supplement each other. Together, they make possible the Vick Plan for better "Control-of-Colds" in the home.



HERE, BRIEFLY, IS THE NEW VICK PLAN:

1. *Before a Cold Starts*

Watch yourself and your children when exposed to anything that you know is apt to bring on a cold, such as—

Contact with others having fresh colds—crowds, stuffy ill-ventilated rooms, public places—a night on a Pullman or a dusty automobile ride—sudden changes in temperature—inhaling smoke, dust, gases—excesses in living, such as over-eating, smoking or drinking, which reduce body resistance—after a hard day when you are over-tired.

Then—if you feel that stuffy, sneezy irritation of the nasal passages, Nature's usual signal that a cold is coming on—use Vicks Nose Drops at once—just a few drops up each nostril. Repeat every hour or so if needed. This will prevent many colds by stopping them before they get beyond the nose and throat—where most colds start.

2. *After a Cold Starts*

At night, massage the throat and chest well with Vicks VapoRub (now available in white "stainless" form, if you prefer). Spread on thick and cover with warm flannel. Leave the bed clothing loose around the neck so that the medicated vapors arising can be inhaled all night long.

If the air-passages are badly clogged with mucus, melt some VapoRub in a bowl of hot water and inhale the steaming vapors for several minutes. (If there is a cough, you will like the new Vick Cough Drop—actually medicated with ingredients of Vicks VapoRub.)

During the day—any time, any place—use Vicks Nose Drops every few hours as needed. This gives you full 24-hour treatment and without the risks of too much internal "dosing," which so often upsets digestion—especially of children.

TRIAL OFFER TO VICK USERS

We believe that these two products—used as directed in the Vick Plan for better "Control-of-Colds"—will greatly reduce your family's "Colds-Tax" in money, loss of time and health. We believe this so strongly that we have authorized all druggists to sell Vicks Drops to any user of Vicks VapoRub on trial—to refund the purchase price if you do not find the Vick Plan for "Control-of-Colds" more than satisfactory in your home.

VICK CHEMICAL COMPANY

Lunsford Richardson PRESIDENT

Yes . . but which laxative?

You complain of a headache. No pep. Just don't feel right. "Guess I'll take a laxative," you say.

But which laxative? Isn't it only common sense to take the one which most nearly duplicates Nature's own way of acting? That's Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative.

Ex-Lax meets the Doctor's requirements

A laxative, says the doctor, should limit its action to the intestines.

It should not rush food through the stomach, it should not disturb digestion.

It should be safe—and not be absorbed by the system.

It should be mild and gentle.

It should not gripe.

It should not be habit-forming.

No secret about Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax checks on every point!

Ex-Lax is a special scientific formula for the pleasant relief of constipation. Its only medicinal ingredient is phenolphthalein—a laxative universally recognized by physicians.

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BOX-OFFICE CRITICS

A Tribute to Helen

Houston, Texas.

I have just seen Helen Hayes' first screen performance, "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," and want to say that if ever there was a wonderful picture and a wonderful actress, Miss Hayes in this picture is the answer to both. For genuine entertainment I am sure I have never seen anything better.



Marie Rogers,
1111 McGowen.

Touchdown Rings the Bell

Independence, Mo.

"Touchdown" rang the school bell! This is the first football picture that makes the audience suspect the director had some knowledge of college life. The excellent story was supported by equally good acting, and Peggy Shannon certainly scored in the hearts of the fans. Give us more pictures like "Touchdown"!

A. L. Hamilton,
1823 Northern Blvd.

Barrymore Rates in Spain

Huesca, Spain.

When the world was less sophisticated John Barrymore was the idol of matinees in old foggy London. Barrymore seems to have been drinking at the legendary fountain that Ponce de Leon situated in Florida. Saw him in "Tempest" lately and all the adjectives and superlatives are insufficient to praise him.

Miss Gay,
Calle de San Vicente.

Wants Jeanette in a Musical

Lima, Ohio

Do the producers think that the intelligent movie-going public are tired of musical films? Not as long as Jeanette MacDonald is around! What a hit she'd make in the "Merry Widow." She'd make her part unforgettable! Also how about John Boles as the prince in the "Merry Widow"? He'd make a suitable co-star for my favorite!



Mary Porter,
1438 W. Market Blvd.

A Plea for More Westerns

Oakland, Cal.

Can't we have some good old Western pictures of the great open spaces, with plenty of action and good horseback riding, and less of these sordid, sexy, gangster atrocities?

If Movie producers realized what a powerful influence motion pictures have on the impressionable young moderns of today, they would make more pictures like "Daddy Longlegs," "The Millionaire," and "Touchdown," and wouldn't have to produce nor ask: "Are These Our Children?"

(Miss) L. Stephens,
42 Linda Ave.

A Bicycle Fan Writes

Brooklyn, N. Y.

We've already had stories with such background as football, track, baseball, horse racing, polo, etc. Why not inject six-day bicycle jams and give us something new? A hundred thousand yearly fans that pay the price of admission can't be wrong.

Edward E. Marx,
1748—66th St.

The One Exception

Washington, D. C.

I thought you'd like to hear from me, for here's a woman who hasn't fallen for Clark Gable—yet! He doesn't seem to belong to the screen somehow. He reminds me of an insurance salesman, or such. Perhaps I'm unjust though, for I've only seen the "flaming Gable" once, and then he was with Garbo. And after all, who could outshine the magnetic and hypnotic Garbo?



However, if the Gable should express in action the tenderness I see in his eyes, another female might succumb.

Eula Russell,
904 East Capital St.

The American Accent

East Grinstead, Sussex, England

To the English readers of "New Movie" and all who oppose the American accent in talkies—allow me to say—I think the voices of most of the American women stars are delightful. Amongst talkies I have seen are—"The Trespasser" with Gloria Swanson, "Rich People" with Constance Bennett, "Street Girl" with Betty Compson, "Condemned" with Ann Harding, "The Green Goddess" with Alice Joyce, "Sisters" with Sally O'Neil and "Once a Gentleman" with Lois Wilson — all American productions—with American actresses whose voices are undeniably good — both talking and singing. The men need no defense — their voices are virile and manly—not Oxford blah-blahs. America gives (*Please turn to page* 78)

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

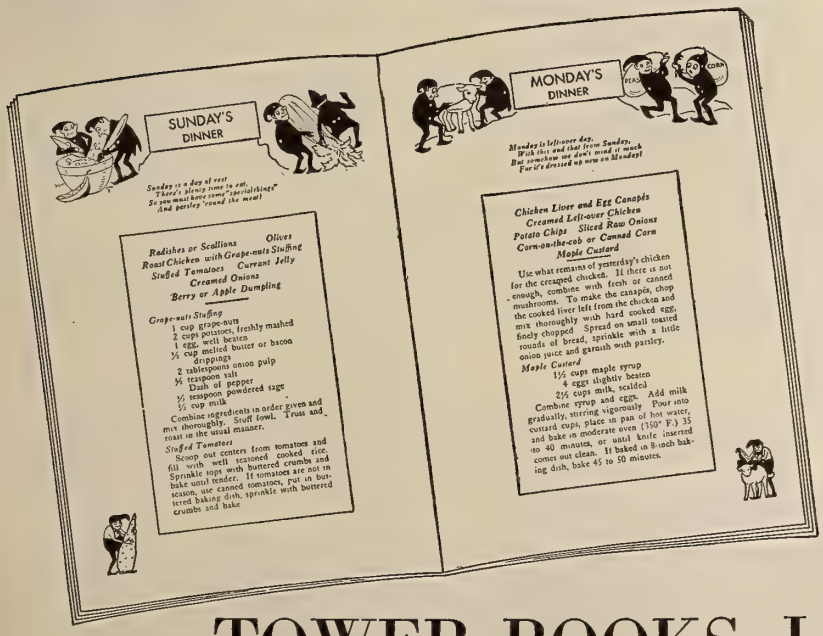
MENUS for interesting DINNERS

Easy to Prepare and Serve Economical and Delicious





If you do not find this book "Forty-Four Easy Economical Dinners" in your favorite Woolworth store, send us ten cents plus three cents postage and we will mail it promptly.



Cooking would be fun if it weren't for the continued planning, wouldn't it? Wondering what to put with what. A new way of using yesterday's roast. A new salad, healthful and appetizing. A delicate dessert satisfying but not cloying.

That's just what this new Tower Cook Book does for you. Starts out with a Sunday menu and then carries you thru every day in the week, conscientiously using up leftovers, keeping down costs, keeping up the appetite interest. Why, it makes the getting of dinner for forty-four times so simple that you'll wonder how you ever got along without it. It makes good cooking fun. It makes good cooking an economy.

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safely, simply and smoothly with the NEW *non-smarting, tear-proof Maybelline Eyelash Darkener*

You wouldn't dream of appearing with a shiny, red nose or pale lips—then why allow light, scanty eyelashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature—your eyes? A few brush strokes of the *New* Maybelline Eyelash Darkener transforms colorless lashes into the appearance of long, dark, glossy, curling fringe.

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10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size of the *new* Maybelline. ☐ Black ☐ Brown
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Town_____State_____

BOX-OFFICE CRITICS

(*Continued from page* 76)

us all that is best in talkies and "Movie Mags" too. We go to the cinemas for entertainment—and that's what America gives us. Good-bye—and good luck.

William Carey,
1 Chequer Road

The Beloved Hobo
(Charlie Chaplin)

Hamilton, Ont., Canada

People insist he's a cure for the blues! In his patched-up-pants and comic shoes—



Tippin' his derby, swingin' his cane—
Lovin' a beautiful lass in vain—
The sky for a roof; the world for a home!
Shruggin' and whistlin' and travelin' alone.
(I should have laughed, but I don't know why—
My eyes filled with tears as the clown passed by.)

Catherine Clupe,
111 Maple Avenue

Criticism from England

Durham, England

It may interest some of your readers to know what the London critics consider the best talkies sent over this year. They were: "Trader Horn," "Cimarron," "Daddy Long Legs" and "Dirigible," and at a ballot run by a prominent London cinema the most popular stars were: Ronald Colman, Maurice Chevalier, Ruth Chatterton and Norma Shearer.

Why is it that so many gangster films are sent over here from America despite the condemnation of the press, public, censors and cinema managers? I can tell you frankly that they do a great deal to lower American prestige in foreign countries although I for one cannot really believe that it is so bad as is shown.

So while our own producers over here won't do it, please send over more films like "Trader Horn," "Cimarron," etc., and, a little personal note, more Mary Brian films, for I am one of the few people who rank her above all the others.

John P. Corey,
Port Clarence

P. S.—Congratulations to the finest film magazine in the world, "The New Movie Magazine."

Censor the Censors?

Philadelphia, Pa.

Why do pictures have to be so terribly censored in Pennsylvania? Recently I saw a picture in Wilmington, Del., which I had previously seen in Philadelphia, and hardly recognized it as the same picture. The Pennsylvania censors had censored all the sense out of it.

While it may be necessary to modify a scene sometimes, it seems as though the cuts are always made so as to take some vital part out of the picture, which leaves the audience wondering why a picture like that was made.

I think it would be a good idea to let the producers alone. They wouldn't make anything unless they thought it would draw at the box office and obscenity would take care of itself. No great number of people wish to see obscene pictures, and numbers are necessary for profits.

A director is more likely to know what the people want than a bunch of censors selected on account of their political pull. If the movie goers were allowed to vote on the question—"Censors or no censors"—I think censorism would go out—"pronto."

Emily E. Rice,
2643 No. 9th St.

Congratulations

San Francisco, Calif.

To the "first lady" of the screen, I offer my sincere congratulations on winning the Academy Award.

To *you*, Marie Dressler, whose understanding heart, spontaneous humor and inimitable artistry have endeared you to us and indelibly stamped your image upon the hearts of your loyal admirers.

May the happiness you radiate envelop you always—as "happiness is a perfume you cannot give to others, without getting a few drops on yourself!"

Bee Chandler,
140 New Montgomery St., Rm. 709

Watch for "Limpy"

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

What a capable little fellow and what a REGULAR boy is Jackie Cooper. We have had many charming screen children, excellent little troupers too—such as Bennie Alexander, Jackie Coogan and another Coogan, Robert, but here is one who seems so natural, so lovable, you forget he is acting and race along with him through every scene. I'm watchfully waiting for his next picture for I believe it will be another knockout. Here's to the towhead's success.



J. R. Murray,
21 E. North St.

Lands of Mystery

Worcester, Mass.

A picture like "East of Borneo" seems like a godsend after the deluge of moronic gangster films and the monotonous round of "free soul" and "lost lady" pictures.

It transported us from a world of commonplace to a world of enchantment. The beauty and horror, the terror and wonder of the jungle—the weird and wonderful Eastern palace. They thrilled us like a couple of kids watching the unfolding of a fairy tale.

The suave and sinister Prince sent cold shivers of horror down our spine. But even as we were repelled we fought down a certain unbidden admiration. The tropic night, tragic, sinister, its scenic grandeur—the erupting volcano spreading ruin and devastation in its wake—can we ever forget them? Give us more DIFFERENT PICTURES.

Alvhild V. Holmes,
4 West St.

K. O.

(*Continued from page* 12)

when she was fourteen, in New York, a friend of her mother's heard Barbara laugh.

Is there anything more contagious than laughter—anything which arouses the generous impulses of altruistic human beings more quickly than youthful, buoyant laughter?

Barbara was looking for a job, and after hearing her laugh, the friend bundled her off to meet Gene Buck, the famous stage director.

"She's good looking enough," said Buck. "Can she dance?"

"She danced out of the cradle," replied the friend.

BUCK put her in the chorus of "Take the Air," which ran eight months on Broadway.

Flo Ziegfeld was putting on his stage presentation of "Whoopee." If there is one man who has his pick of most of the beautiful and talented girls in the universe he is Flo Ziegfeld.

He picked some pips to make "Whoopee."

Barbara stood out among them.

Webster himself couldn't call that anything but winning in a contest—a contest of skill, chance, beauty, brains and hard work, all rolled into one.

Barbara stood so far out in the stage production that she was selected as the head of the dancing chorus in the film version of "Whoopee," presented by Samuel Goldwyn.

Her charm, her talent and her astonishing gift of artistic leadership won Goldwyn's admiration.

"Here's a girl," he said to himself, "that's a winner. I must remember her. She's due for bigger things."

And he remembered her nearly a year later by signing Barbara to a long term contract. He informed her that her first important role would be with Eddie Cantor in "Palmy Days." Then he turned her over to the beautician and the couturier.

LIKE all winners, Barbara is ambitious. She wants to go as far as she possibly can in her chosen profession. She is not even satisfied to win motion picture fame, wealth and honor.

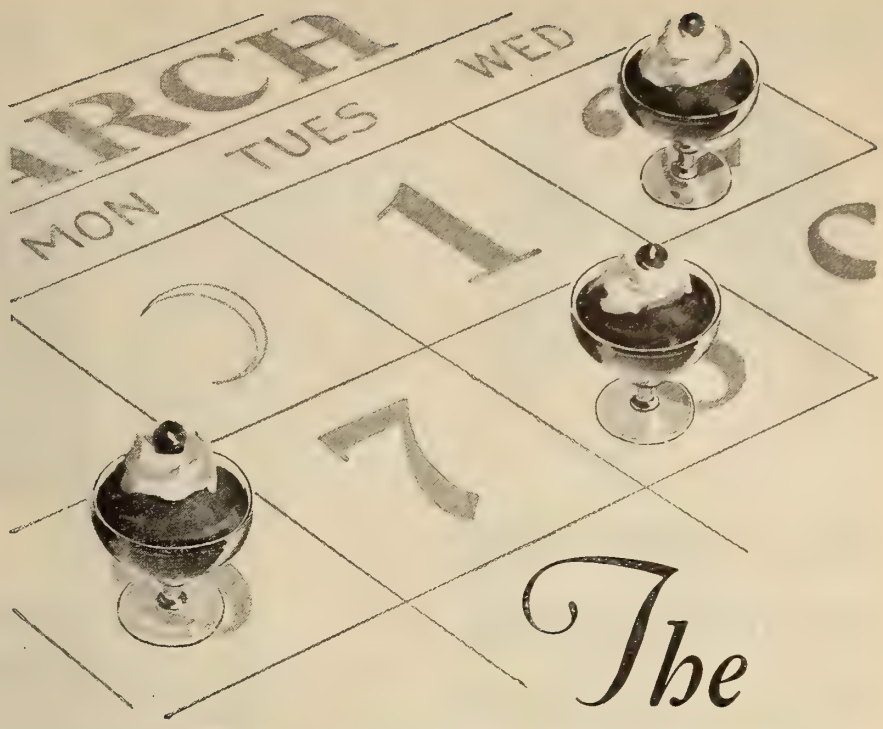
A few months ago, when she had some spare time on her hands, she changed her name, temporarily, to Sue Kingsley and secured a role in a Little Theater performance in Hollywood, called "Easy Living." Her part was an exceedingly emotional one and she played it well. The newspaper reviewers gave her fulsome praise.

"I just wanted to see if I could 'emote,'" she told me. "And I wanted to be sure that what little motion picture success I have had is based on real ability."

Recently, Goldwyn loaned her to Fox to appear in "Stepping Sisters," with Jobyna Howland, Marjorie Rambeau and Louise Dresser. Just a workout in fast company. One of these days, you'll see her perched on the top rung of the ladder.

Ah, my friend, Barbara is yet young. Give her time. Already she has the scalps of half the handsome swains in Hollywood dangling at her belt.

And besides being a winner, she is a champion—for no less an authority than Jimmy Starr says she can pop her chewing gum louder than any other girl in Hollywood.



The

TWICE-A-WEEK DESSERT

Because it's delicious and ready-to-eat in about 5 Minutes

THERE are two things to consider in your dessert. It must have a real "appetite appeal", and it must be wholesome and nutritious—not merely another "sweet".

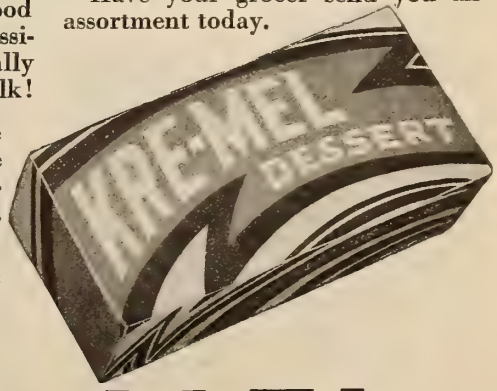
Kre-Mel is just such a dessert. For it makes the most delicious pudding, parfait, blanc mange and pie or cake filling you ever tasted. At the same time, it has perhaps the highest food and energy value you could possibly secure in a dessert—especially when served with cream or milk!

Kre-Mel is rich in Dextrose, the food element that provides the greatest amount of heat and energy you can get out of any food.

As a chilled custard, served with gelatin or fruit dishes, Kre-Mel makes a "company dessert" that any woman may be proud to serve.

Kre-Mel comes in four flavors—Chocolate, Vanillin, Caramel and Coffee. You can prepare them in less than five minutes.

Have your grocer send you an assortment today.



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PRIZE-WINNER OVER 200 OTHER BABIES IN HEALTH CONTEST!

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MRS. HANSEN'S happy experience in raising her daughter on Eagle Brand Milk will be of vital interest to every mother of a bottle baby. Her letter reads:

"My little girl Lilly has been given Eagle Brand since she was ten days old. She has never been sick a day.

"Now at the age of three years and four months, people admire her and comment upon her rosy cheeks and happy disposition. She won a prize over 200 other children in a health contest at the age of two and one-half.

"Two of my little girls were brought up on Eagle Brand, which I find the most wonderful baby food. They are perfect pictures of health. I give Eagle Brand credit for their start in life."

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If your baby is not gaining on his present food, we suggest that you and your physician consider Eagle Brand Milk.

Send for our free, helpful booklet—the new and greatly enlarged edition of "Baby's Welfare," which contains all sorts of practical feeding information. Mail the coupon to-day.

● *(Every photograph and letter published by The Borden Company is voluntarily sent us by a grateful parent or other relative.)*

FREE! **Wonderful baby booklet!**

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Please send me a free copy of the new and complete 64-page edition of "Baby's Welfare." My baby is_____months old.

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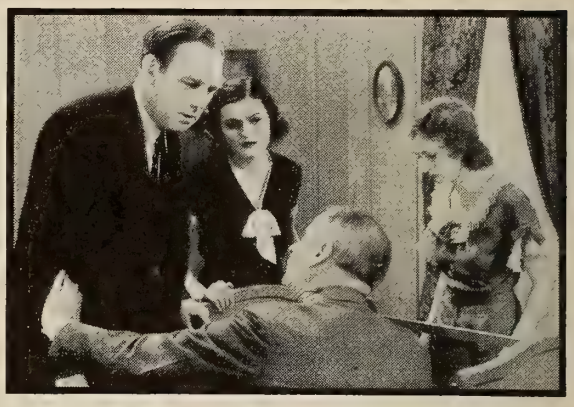
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LATE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 80)



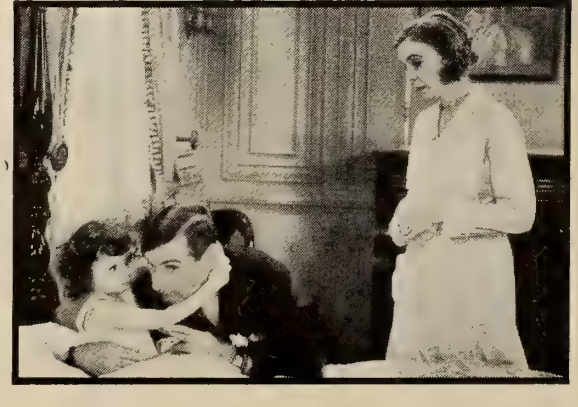
THE STRUGGLE—*United Artists*—Class C. This violent melodrama dealing with the evil of drink, sinks pretty low despite the directorial skill of D. W. Griffith. Hal Skelly, as a factory worker, drinks himself into a maniacal fury in which he tries to kill his daughter. Zita Johann is the abused wife.



HIS WOMAN—*Paramount*—Class C. Baby appeal is stressed in a story of the captain of a freighter (Gary Cooper) who falls for a reformed light lady (Claudette Colbert). The captain picks up a stray baby in a Caribbean port. Looking demure, Claudette gets the job of nurse.



THE BIG SHOT—*RKO-Pathe*—Class B. Dyed-in-wool rural comedy of old Charles Ray type. Despite threadbare situations, packed with laughs, pathos. Eddie Quillan is the small-town boy who makes good. Arthur Stone gives an outstanding performance as a "hick". Others in cast include Maureen O'Sullivan and Mary Nolan.



UNEXPECTED FATHER—*Universal*—Class C. Zasu Pitts, Slim Summerville and Cora Sue Collins in a story of adoption of parentless waif. Summerville as farmer who strikes oil and becomes fabulously wealthy. Pitts is nurse for adopted child. Summerville and Pitts finally become father and mother to Cora Sue.

Lone Cowboy

(*Continued from page* 15)

grinned as, girl like, she squealed with delight and struggled with the wrappings of the package.

Presently it lay revealed in all its holiday splendor, the gift of a young cowboy, just beginning to make a name for himself in this amazing motion picture business.

It was a celluloid comb and brush, with a nail file and manicure scissors, in a red plush case.

It cost $5.

Ten Christmasses later Tom was to give Victoria a wrist watch that cost $35,000.

STRUNG along in between were furs, jewels, automobiles, a yacht and three homes, each home larger, more spacious, more comfortable than the preceding one, until the last perched atop one of the more prominent of Beverly's hills with the estates of Buster Keaton, Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford smiling sunnily from surrounding knolls.

In a whole country-side of show places the Mix home was and is one of the showiest.

From its huge ornamental entrance gates, with the "TM" brand prominently displayed, to the garages housing a fabulous number of motor cars, the Mix home was equipped, furnished and maintained upon an unsurpassed scale.

In later years Tom often tried to purchase that little two-room house at Newhall, where he and Victoria had spent those first blissful months of their honeymoon.

He wanted to set it up in a corner of the garden as a play-house for Tomasina, their daughter.

But its owner, knowing the top-rider of all cinema cowboys wanted it, set too high a price on it.

And, so, like the little cottage on Golden Gate Avenue and the larger and more comfortable but still unpretentious home on Carleton Way, it remains merely as a place to be pointed out to tourists as a house in which Tom Mix once lived.

With the acquisition of the Beverly Hills mansion Victoria became socially ambitious.

She was clever and remarkably successful. She began by cultivating the few people already in her circle of friends who could aid her in the campaign she had laid out for herself.

The more successful of the writers she had met when they came to interview Tom were used to decoy famous editors to dinners at the Mix home.

They, in turn, brought widely read authors and other artists of national and international repute.

Bankers and other capitalists, perhaps lured by the amazing growth of the Mix fortune, were glad to accept invitations to a party at the Mix home.

A roving senator, a fashionable columnist, an ambassador en route to or from Washington, or an editor of a string of newspapers might be met at the Mix house.

As Tom became more popular with motion picture fans and made more frequent trips about the United States and Europe he met and made friends, with many worth-while people.

(*Please turn to page* 84)

FACTS *about the* LINIT BEAUTY BATH *you should know*



Here is the way women everywhere are using Linit for a soft, smooth skin: they merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in the tub and bathe as usual, using their favorite soap. Then—velvet couldn't be smoother than your skin after a Linit Beauty Bath... This soft, satiny "feel" you enjoy comes from an invisibly thin "layer" of Linit—left on the skin after the bath. The coating of Linit is evenly spread—not in spots that it may clog the pores—but thinly and evenly distributed over all parts of the body. ...And the most astonishing thing about the Linit Beauty Bath is not only its low cost, but that the results are immediate. You need not wait weeks for some sign of improvement—instantly you sense the refreshing difference in your skin.



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The bathway to a soft, smooth skin

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NOT A DYE . . . NOT A BLEACH



RESTORE
the Glowing Glory
of Your Hair

ALLURING in its sheen of natural, radiant silkiness is the hair that is washed with ColoRinse. There is a tone and tint, a soft, shimmering loveliness, that is youthful and entrancing. ColoRinse is just a harmless vegetable color.. twelve shades to choose from . . . you can use it with complete confidence. Made by Nestle, the originators of the permanent wave. Two rinses in one package for 10 cents.

SUPERSET

Lengthen the life of every finger or water wave with Nestle SuperSet. Make it more lovely, more subtle, more glamorous. It is greaseless, fast drying, and free from any sediment or deposit.

Combination Hot Oil Treatment and Shampoo

Put new vitality, new health and vigor in your hair. Use Nestle Combination Hot Oil Treatment and Shampoo. It stops falling hair, removes dandruff and cleanses the scalp. Free from soap or alkali, it makes the ideal shampoo.

The Nestle-LeMur Co., New York City.

10c Small sizes at all 5c and 10c stores
large size at your beauty parlor.

Lone Cowboy

(*Continued from page* 83)

These, too, met Victoria and were stepping stones in her rise toward social supremacy.

SO, presently, it was readily admitted that Victoria Mix was giving the "nicest" parties in Hollywood. The "biggest names" were always to be found among her lists of guests.

Victoria Mix at last was a dominant factor in cinema society. She was happy.

Tom, also, was happy in those days, for he, too, liked to have clever, interesting and successful people about him.

He enjoyed their conversation, their exchange of views and their observations regarding things rather than people.

And he, too, liked to express some of his own views. He didn't mind a bit having some internationally known author quote him in an article or in the columns of a newspaper.

He was pleased when the editor of a group of magazines or the publisher of a string of newspapers asked him to write for them.

And he was proud of Victoria; proud of her charm; proud of her ability to gather such interesting people into their home and proud of her capacity to entertain them.

But a change began to be felt in the Mix household.

The princess had become a queen and the king was now a mere prince consort.

VICTORIA FORDE, the motion picture cowgirl, was trying to erase the past and to substitute in its place something else.

There must have been moments when she shuddered as she heard Tom, sitting at the head of their table, regaling their guests with stories of their honeymoon in the humble shack at Newhall.

Tom was still a cowboy. Fabulous wealth, social prominence and artistic success had not changed his outlook upon life.

True, his boots were a bit finer in material and workmanship. He no longer wore chaps and his riding breeches were made by the best tailor. His hat was a bit whiter and a bit wider but his head wasn't any bigger.

Briefly, Tom Mix's money and success had changed his wife.

If that had been the only difference between them it might have been remedied.

But a more insidious influence was working toward the destruction of that home.

In Hollywood, perhaps more than in any other spot, success attracts sycophants.

Victoria fell victim.

In bagging the lions she had attracted to her camp an unbelievable number of jackals and vultures.

"Sunday afternoons at the Mix's" became an established institution.

There was tennis on the Mix courts, swimming in the Mix pool, cocktails and dinner. Later in the evening there were dancing and cards, highballs and still later, supper.

And all this in a community loosely known as Hollywood, but which comprises parts of Los Angeles, Beverly Hills, Burbank and Culver City, where many homes have their own private tennis courts, swimming pools and gin.

In justice to Victoria, she probably did not realize what she was letting herself in for.

One invites three acquaintances for a Sunday morning of tennis. If the weather is warm enough there may be a dip in the pool after the games. Then, perhaps there are a couple of highballs and the guests depart.

A fine time was had by all—but the following Sunday anywhere from four to a dozen people may drop in. Some will nonchalantly bring tennis rackets or bathing suits. Some will bring only a thirst. And, if one is not wary, "Sunday afternoons at the So-and-So's" become another old Hollywood custom.

PRESENTLY an astonishing number of people gathered regularly at the Mix home every Sunday.

There were splay-footed men adept at no game more athletic than hand kissing.

There were amorous young ladies who never permitted water to touch their bathing suits or their necks.

Preparing and serving food to such an army of camp followers kept a full staff of servants busy throughout the day and night.

In a short time the little dinner parties, so cleverly arranged and charmingly directed by Victoria Mix, when she was striving, were given no more.

The mob ruled.

Where once the guest list might have numbered ten, perhaps a hundred now sprawled about the place.

To be sure, in all the house there were a few who genuinely loved tennis and who worked hard to improve their game and to entertain their hostess and her friends.

But these usually left early.

Victoria was caught upon a wheel.

Tom observed the change that had come over the relationship between him and his wife with increasing uneasiness.

Talking did little or no good.

Tom became more and more open in his resentment of conditions.

Perhaps the very numbers of these intruders baffled him. In any event, he took to absenting himself from the house on Sundays. "I used to go over to the ranch and rope goats," said Tom. "Because I preferred the goats to my wife's guests."

Tom is naturally a forthright individual but he hesitated to forbid these people to come to his home. He tried other ways to indicate they were not welcome.

But his appearance among them upon the tennis courts, about the swimming-pool or in the drawing room was received with indifference or scarcely concealed annoyance.

Tom Mix was no longer welcome in his own home.

Finally, he could bear it no longer and he burst forth with a blast of righteous rage that sent the entire pack scampering.

He was unmerciful in his denunciation of the men and scarcely less restrained in his remarks about some of the women.

The Sunday afternoon gatherings at

Lone Cowboy

the Mix home were broken up—and so was the home.

TOM blames himself for much of what has occurred and is ready with excuses for whatever errors of judgment Victoria may have made.

"I thought so much of Victoria," he said, "that I wanted her to have everything.

"Clothes, furs, jewelry, cars, a home, a yacht—I simply could not give her enough.

"I was busy with my work and perhaps I didn't have enough time to spend with her in the way she would have liked to have me spend it. I tried to make it up to her by giving her things.

"One of the greatest kicks I ever had in my life was when I gave her a wrist watch that cost $35,000, but it went pretty flat with her.

"I wish she could have got the thrill from it that the little old $5 toilette set in the red plush case gave her.

"You see, by that time she had already had everything. It was just another trinket to her.

"Victoria occupied a fine position in society here but she got in with a bad crowd. There's no doubt she changed a lot.

"She got the idea that if a fellow was a finished dancer and could juggle words that nobody knew the meaning of he was a perfect gentleman.

"And, you know, I can smell one of those 'gentlemen' before I can see him."

Unconsciously, when Tom begins to talk about some of the men that made his home, "the only roadhouse in the world without a cover charge," his upper lip curls back like a wolf's.

"Lots of nights," he said, "I've come home, sore and bruised and skinned up and changed into a dinner suit and sat around 'til morning at somebody's party, bored to death with a bunch of people who perhaps were just as bored with me. And my pants leg was sticking to my skinned knee and me thinking that the next day I was going to have to knock six head of horses and a stage coach off a cliff.

"And I never was any good at dancing. In boxing I could always take care of myself and manage to wind up each round close to my own corner, but in dancing I always found myself in the farthest corner of the room when the music stopped. And socially they've always counted ten before I could get on my feet.

"Dancing always seemed so futile to me, anyway. You go round and round and round and eventually come back to where you started but you haven't got any place.

"You know, if you take this business seriously and try to get somewhere in it you can't just lay down your work at night and pick it up again in the morning like it was a carpenter's saw."

WHEN Victoria went to Paris the first time, Tom did not believe she intended to divorce him. He thought she simply was going for the trip. It was not until he had had unmistakable word from Victoria herself that he realized she was in earnest.

A property settlement had been effected some time before. Victoria had wanted it and Tom gave it to her.

According to Tom he signed over to

(*Please turn to page* 86)

FROM *Wind Swept Street*

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SPECIAL CARE *in Winter*

Use these marvelous Olive Oil preparations for 5 minutes a day and see how quickly they re-condition your skin!

● WINTER . . . the season of danger to every girl's complexion! Not alone from biting winds and tingling cold. Not alone from over-heated homes and offices. But in the *sudden changes* from one to the other.

No ordinary beauty care suffices during the cold months. No ordinary cosmetics give your skin the *double* protection it needs. But OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products . . . because of their unique base of pure Olive Oil . . . will help even the most sensitive complexion safely through the winter.

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You'll be amazed to see how effective these simple preparations are in protecting your skin from the elements and in helping it retain its softness and suppleness.

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COLOR REMOVER

Lone Cowboy

(*Continued from page* 85)

her exactly one half of everything he owned and her share was approximately $700,000 in addition to about $250,000 in furs, jewels and clothes that had been given her from time to time.

Then the government stepped in and collected approximately $500,000 from Tom in back income taxes.

"And all that stuff," said Tom, "had not been earned without the loss of a lot of hide and an occasional broken bone."

When Victoria returned from Paris after her unsuccessful attempt to get a divorce over there, Tom thought a reconciliation could be accomplished.

But after a brief visit with him on his circus tour she returned to France.

Subsequently she came back to the United States and Hollywood.

A few weeks later Tom was in New York to arrange for another season with a circus.

This time it was to be with the Ringling Brothers outfit and on the day the contract was signed he was notified Victoria had divorced him.

He wired her: "Today I have had some of the best luck and at the same time the worst misfortune of my whole life."

TOM still loves Victoria in spite of the fact she used to tell him he was uncouth.

Perhaps his frequent lapses into the vernacular of the cow camps and the horse ranches did irk her a bit.

But at least he was honest and forthright in what he had to say.

He knows she was wrong in trying to make her cowboy wear a two-quart hat but he hopes that was merely a phase through which she ultimately will pass.

Tom looks at the future with one eye turned toward the past and the home of his boyhood.

His father and mother lived to celebrate their fifty-seventh wedding anniversary.

"And I never heard my mother say an unkind thing about my father and I never heard my father say an unkind thing to my mother," he declared.

"They always loved and respected each other and were always kind and thoughtful and sympathetic.

"They simply went along together, trying to make each other and their home happy.

"That, I reckon, is true love."

Whether or no Victoria will, like Tom, realize she has "been round and round but gone nowhere," time alone can tell.

Undoubtedly, she must long for Tomasina, in school in Los Angeles and in the custody of her dad.

Tom hopes Victoria will eventually realize the futility of trying to catch the brass ring on the merry-go-round or, having caught it, discover after all it is only brass, and that time may bring them together again.

Stars Reveal Their Secrets

LOLA LANE

(*Continued from page* 30)

reached for it at the same moment. We bumped our heads. Then we apologized and did about every embarrassed, kiddish thing a boy and girl can do on their first meeting, especially when something has happened to their hearts.

AS they were leaving the table, Lew came back and whispered to me: "May I invite you to dinner tomorrow night?" I responded with a most decided "Yes" and then cancelled another engagement I had. We dined at the Roosevelt Hotel, where they have excellent dance music. But we only danced a few times. It seemed there were so many, many things we had to talk about. And then, all of a sudden, we realized that everybody else had gone home.

The next time we went out was to an opening. Lew tried to avoid the radio announcer because he said he didn't like people to make a fuss over him and ask him to talk into the microphone. That suited me, too, because I didn't want him away from me for a moment.

After that we met frequently. Although our work kept us pretty busy most all of the time, we managed to go to the theaters and dine together pretty often. Since neither of us cared much about Hollywood parties, the cinema social columns did not print much about our going together for almost a year.

Then Lew went to Sacramento on location. He was gone about eight weeks. We wrote to each other every day and almost every night I had a telephone call from him.

Then one night, after midnight, the phone in my bedroom rang. It was Lew, up in Sacramento. Generally before his voice had been very clear and our talks light and full of laughter. But that night he seemed at a loss for words. I wondered what was the matter with him, but I felt I knew—a little, at least. Then, with the simple shyness of a school-boy, he proposed to me. There are only two people in the world who are ever going to know what he said—Lew and myself. Romeo and Juliet may have looked more romantic than we two did at each end of a telephone wire, but Juliet never knew any greater thrill than I did at that moment.

When Lew returned we began planning for the wedding. But we were both so busy at the studios that we never seemed able to get a date that might not have to be postponed. Then one day Lew said:

"Let's go to Las Vegas." And so we started at sun-up the next morning in his automobile. At noon we went to the court house in Las Vegas to be married.

Stars Reveal Their Secrets

DOROTHY MACKAILL

(*Continued from page* 30)

left the court together. I don't know how it happened. But we knew then that we were meant for each other.

We were going to get married in Honolulu, but my mother was there. Being an older woman, she wanted us to be cautious. She didn't want us to be married in Hawaii, under the influence of the Honolulu moon.

"Wait," she said. "See if it is really love." I came back to the mainland, and then I went back to Honolulu. I returned to make a picture, and Neil followed me. My mother knew then that we were meant for each other.

How does a man propose to a movie star? Do you really want to know?

I'll tell you. Neil knew my mother knew that we both loved each other—that it was a love match. One day he said to me, "Listen, Dorothy, we've waited long enough. Why the h—— don't we get married?"

And I said, "Neil, why the heck don't we?"—and we did!

JUNE COLLYER

(*Continued from page* 31)

a part of our conversation together. That we would one day be married was an understood fact between us. I don't know just when—but it was.

Then in July, we both had ten days when we weren't working in pictures. We realized that this was the time we had been waiting for.

"Let's go to Yuma" said "Stu"—"tonight."

We rushed to my home in Beverly Hills, piled my two brothers into the car, and one hour later we were on our way to Yuma. You know the rest of the story . . . it was published in every newspaper from Hollywood to New York and back again.

And today, after several months of marriage, I think I am the happiest bride in Hollywood—because a luncheon with a blond "dumb (but awfully smart, really!) comedian" turned, as though I had rubbed Aladdin's lamp, into the wedding of my dreams!

HELEN TWELVETREES

(*Continued from page* 31)

Upon the completion of "Her Man," Pathe decided that I must go on location to make "The Painted Desert." The location spot was terribly lonely and I was the only white woman in the whole party of over a hundred men, with the exception of my maid. There I was, living in a tent, with the sand in everything, over three hundred miles away from Jack. After a particularly trying day, I phoned him long distance and poured out my troubles. He immediately packed and joined me. Dorothy Sebastian wife of Bill Boyd who had the male lead in the picture, also came along.

I know that our love is the real thing, for it has survived all tests. There on the desert we found that we could enjoy ourselves without the aid of night clubs and shows and that simply to be together meant complete happiness. We spent our honeymoon in the high Sierras and had a perfectly grand time.



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Around the Clock with Gable

(*Continued from page* 29)

it sitting on the edge of his bed, talking to his wife, or to his small step-son and best pal.

10:30—Still in dressing gown and pajamas Clark takes his favorite bedroom chair and has a look at the two morning papers, the *Times* and the *Examiner*. He does NOT read the stock quotations. Because he has no stocks. He does not read the local news, not even the Hollywood section. He reads the telegraphed news first and reads it thoroughly. *Things that do not concern him personally.* A rare trait in an actor.

He finishes the papers and reads his mail. NOT his fan mail. His secretary attends to that, saving for him letters of importance, and these he takes care of at the studio. Personal letters from old friends he reads—and answers. Clark never forgets and never neglects the friends of other and less fortunate days. He is never interrupted in the reading of his mail or at any other time by the telephone, because *he never answers the telephone.* If he is forced to talk business for some reason he confines himself to brief yesses and nos. He dislikes the intrusive instrument.

11—11:30—He dresses in knickers, sweater and scarf—all old and well worn. And he takes his two dogs for their daily walk. A chow christened Wu and a Scotty named Laddie. Sometimes they walk round and round the block at a brisk clip. Sometimes they strike into the Hollywoodland hills. Almost always Clark's young step-son accompanies them. The boy goes to a military school but always comes home week-ends at Clark's especial request.

12:30—Home again. And then, for fifteen minutes to half an hour or as long as he has before luncheon is served he reads. He doesn't read to improve his mind or to astonish with learned quotations. He reads as a lover of books always reads—for the sheer pleasure of it. He never reads modern novels, seldom reads fiction. Mostly he reads poetry. Not the pretty Valentine poetry of lovers knots and moonlight and roses, but the more virile poets: Masefield, Robert Frost, Robinson Jeffers. And as he reads he marks the passages that especially appeal to him so that he may go back to them again when leisure comes his way. He reads biographies and histories and philosophies. He reads whatever he feels like reading at the moment and never what anyone tells him to.

1—1:30—"Luncheon"—and again I use the quotes because, when he is not working, Clark never eats lunch. He sits at table with his family in order to be sociable and for no other reason. Occasionally he will have another cup of coffee or some fruit and that is all. Very seldom is the family talk of the studio or of anything connected with Hollywood. They talk of the boy's school and of the daughter's activities. They talk about polo and the books they are reading and flying and Bridge. They talk about guns and hunting and dogs and horses. A listener-in—as you are now — and you — and you — would never believe that they were listening in to the table talk of an actor.

2:00—This hour of the clock is always reserved for one of four things. Clark plays polo. He plays tennis or golf. Or he takes the boy and the dogs, piles into the roadster, boy and dogs in the rumble, and they are off. They ride. They speed. They make the wind a laggard thing vainly trying to keep up with them. They never talk. The glory of wind and speed is sufficient for them. He is utterly content when he is at the wheel.

5:00—5:30 — Clark is home again. Sometimes with Mrs. Gable and sometimes alone he rambles up and down Hollywood Boulevard, poking into bookshops, turning the pages of volumes that interest him, buying one here and there, at random, to add to his library at home. He likes to watch the faces of the people they pass. He tries to avoid being recognized. When he is, the hour is spoiled for him.

6:00—6:30—He is home again, and this time, before dinner, he gives to reading. When he is at home he smokes a pipe. He does not dress for dinner other than to make the concession of removing the old, worn sweater and adding a coat.

7:00—Dinner hour. It is always a strictly family dinner. Rarely if ever are there guests. And always Mrs. Gable plans to have Clark's favorite dishes. Soup first. A thick cream soup, cream of tomato or cream of mushroom. A steak, also thick, *onions.* A green salad. One or two vegetables. Pie and coffee for dessert. A large substantial dinner for a man who is, by this time, ravenously hungry.

8:30—There are two guests — for bridge. They play contract for a tenth of a cent a point. Clark loves bridge. The guests who play with them are not professional people. They have one or two high-balls as the evening progresses. They play until midnight or shortly thereafter. That is as late as Clark can manage to stay happily awake. They have sandwiches and coffee, and so to bed.

Midnight—Clark is in bed at this hour or soon thereafter. When he is working he is always in bed at nine. He reads before he switches off the light. He may read one paragraph or half a book through, but he always reads something for a short space of time. He closes the book, the lights are out and the clock has ticked off the waking hours of a day at home with Clark Gable.

CLARK is a regular fellow, you see. This is what he actually does with his time, what he really does, without fictionizing it, without elaboration, exactly and almost word for word as he told it to me.

Pola Negri continues her colorful story, "What Life Has Taught Me About Men," in the April NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

Ugly Mug

(*Continued from page* 33)

in which he invented the term "brain storm" and inoculated the future actor with the virus of the law, the profession at which so many young men rightfully starve.

Then he was given a part in a high school production of "The Rivals." He received so much praise that he decided that there already were too many men in the so-called learned and oft-times shady profession of the law. He decided to be an actor.

He had heard, by this time, of the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York. The tuition was four hundred a year. An additional amount would be required for his upkeep.

How would he obtain this sum?

His father, after a lifetime of accounting for the funds of others, had none for himself.

William, the accountant's son, readily accounted for his own predicament by deciding to go to work. He got a job with the telephone company in Kansas City at fifty dollars a month. By this time, as bad luck would have it, he had a sweetheart. It is difficult to entertain a girl in Kansas City without money. And William, even then, was ever gallant with the ladies.

He dreaded his work with the telephone company. Month followed month as months will, however, and he found himself unable to save any money toward the fulfillment of his cherished ambition.

NOW there comes into the tale an old woman riding the broom-stick of hate. She was William Powell's aunt, a woman of extreme intelligence. She had no earthly use for the accidental appendages known as relatives. She was also wealthy enough to be fortified against intimate association with them.

The young Powell knew all these things. But what has an aunt's attitude to do with a young man's ambition? He hugged his secret as if it were a leading lady. He would write to his aunt, who lived, secure from relatives, in a Pennsylvania town. He would tell her that he was a *different* relative. That he came not on an errand of hate—*but to borrow money.*

The days merged into weeks. He divided his spare time between ushering at the Grand Opera House, his sweetheart, and writing the letter to his aunt.

It was not a simple matter. The logic of Lincoln and the acumen of Disraeli would be needed to inveigle an old lady, immersed in generations of hate, into sending money to a young relative who wished to embark on so preposterous a journey.

The letter was finally finished. It was twenty-three pages long. It traced the sources of hate. It was tactful, pleading, and proud. No young man with such a burning desire to get on in the world should stand convicted of the hate caused by others. A silver, sentimental thread ran through the letter. In it the mood of Lincoln was invoked when he spoke of "the mystic chords of memory stretching from every hearthstone." Wondering, "What mystic chords of memory?" he nevertheless mailed the letter.

A month passed. No answer came. Chagrin, disappointment, humilia-

(*Please turn to page* 90)

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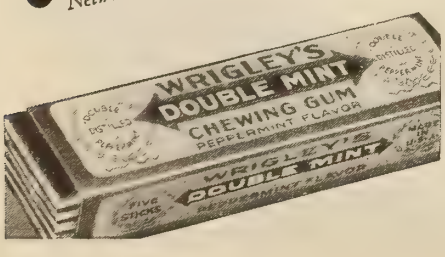


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M-32



Ugly Mug

(*Continued from page* 89)

tion followed on the heels of wounded pride.

"Oh, well," Powell said to himself, "I was like the fellow who died praying and woke up in Hades and said, 'Just as I expected.'"

He had told his aunt in the letter that seven hundred dollars would see him through a year at the Academy. He might as well have asked her for a million, he thought.

He had even offered to pay it back at any illegal rate of interest.

Another week passed. His work at a telephone company desk grew more monotonous and dreadful. He decided at last to get to New York in some manner and work his way through the Academy.

THEN one day, after weeds were high grown on the grave of hope, a letter came. It was postmarked from the town in Pennsylvania where his aunt lived with her hate.

She had long considered her nephew's letter. Paragraph followed paragraph in a cramped and ancient female hand. She thought the letter was well written, even intelligent. Her nephew's ambition, though dubious, was perhaps worthy. She had instructed her attorney to advance him seven hundred dollars.

One brought back to life from the gate of the grave could have been no more elated than was the young telephone clerk. He walked, in imagination, over the roofs of buildings.

The world was now his oyster, even though he had no knife with which to open it. That he was thirteen years in repaying the loan is mute evidence of the struggle through which he went.

He left the academy when his money was gone, and took a job—just what he does not say. It paid fifteen dollars a week and had nothing to do with the theater.

At this time another young fellow came on from Kansas City. He had done some drawing in high school and had come to the same conclusion as his young fellow townsman, that he would make a career in New York. He went far among the masters of his craft, and died a suicide pursuing the twin shadows of futility and beauty. His name was Ralph Barton.

The two young fellows rented a cheap room together. They walked the streets in destitution, looking for work.

They pawned their belongings until everything had seemingly disappeared. In the lowest depths of despair young Barton discovered a small air rifle and several boxes of tiny bullets. Simultaneously they started for the pawnbroker's. Then a thought came to them. They might as well shoot the cockroaches before the gun was sold. Before the sun went down more cockroaches died than in any one year in the history of New York.

The landlady rushed to the door, thinking that war had been declared. Whether in pity for the cockroaches, or irritated because the walls and floor of her room were perforated with bullets, history does not record. It does record, however, that a future cinema actor and famous illustrator were ejected from their room.

Disconsolate, they walked to the pawnbroker's with their cockroach exterminator. They were given a dollar and a half for the instrument. They existed on this sum for three days. Then a humorous weekly gave Barton thirty-three dollars for a drawing—and food again.

Powell was soon given work in "The Ne'er-Do-Well" at forty dollars a week. This was in 1912. He appeared in three different small roles in this play. It died early and Powell was soon destitute again. From the Fall of 1912 until the following Spring he was often hungry.

Then the clouds of misery parted. He was given a fairly important role in "Within the Law." The play ran two years. When it closed he "went into stock" and acted in plays in Pittsburgh, Boston, Detroit and Buffalo.

In 1920, after the closing of another play, he was seated disconsolate at a table in the Lambs Club. A director, name now unknown to fame, sat down beside him.

After glancing casually at Powell's profile for some time, the director asked, "How would you like to work in a picture?"

Powell's answer was, "When do we start?"

"Right away," said the director.

And thus the master detective of the screen made his bow to an indifferent world as a "heavy" opposite John Barrymore. The play was, ironically enough, "Sherlock Holmes." That the heavy was later to surpass Barrymore in the portrayal of such roles was not yet written in the faraway cinema sky.

B. P. Schulberg, the associate producer at Paramount, was the first to see big possibilities in the former telephone clerk. He brought him to Hollywood, where he became world famous.

POWELL has definitely studied his career. In "Sea Horses," with Florence Vidor, he changed from heavy to lover. The enormous fan mail indicated that he was popular in the latter role. In "Philo Vance" he reached another pinnacle of popularity.

No longer a featured player, he has since signed a two-year contract with Warner Brothers as a star. His salary is more than a thousand dollars a day.

His father and mother are with him in Hollywood. His sweetheart of the early Kansas City days is now married —to another man. She sends the suave ex-telephone clerk a Christmas card each year. And Powell, remembering, his wide-apart eyes tender, says, "She was a fine girl."

The aunt is long since, I hope, in heaven. She learned to love one relative. Proudly she watched her brilliant nephew become an honor to her name. To those who would say that all success is accidental, I might repeat that William Powell was thirteen years in repaying the seven hundred dollars to his aunt.

She gave him a receipt for the money and promptly expired.

"Did the shock kill her?" I asked.

"No—" he paused, "but it nearly did me." He said nothing for a moment, then slowly and distinctly, "She was a great woman."

We looked out of the window at a frayed gathering of extras.

"Why?" I finally asked.

The answer was; "She had faith."

I said no more.

Pola Negri Tells

(*Continued from page* 27)

And the more attractive a woman is the more apart she finds herself. But she has her intuitions and her ability to detect sham, which give her the power to see through her sisters.

I have studied men. American women do that very seldom. That is why they are always having so much trouble in their love affairs; always afraid of losing their lover. Foreign women, and by that I mean European and Asiatic women, are taught to study men. It is not their business, as I so often hear people say. It is their keenest delight and a most profitable occupation, considered from any angle you please.

So I learned, partially by instinct and partially by the example of other women, to study men; and then I learned another and greater lesson—to apply the knowledge I had gained.

I will tell you this about the foreign man, the Frenchman, the Englishman, the Russian, the German, even the Oriental: he has studied women. The men of Europe have been living with women for centuries longer than American males. They have not, for the past five hundred years, been forced to exert all their brain force and physical power to fashion their civilization. Their cities were built centuries before. Their social positions were determined almost as early. Their knowledge had been assembled for them by hard working ancestors and their wealth, too, was amassed for them.

All they have had to do is to keep their civilization intact and live with their women. The latter was a terrific problem. They put their minds to it. They studied women consciously and unconsciously. Oh, they didn't do it in the way a scientist investigates microbes, but they were very careful to note their blunders.

Out of all these centuries of investigation, the men of Europe and the Orient have come to the conclusion that a woman is a woman. They have come to know her strength and her weaknesses. They honor women for their womanly strength and are the quickest to acknowledge it. *But they will not tolerate her weaknesses.* They expect her to be a woman, to be feminine, to be the recipient of countless small devotions. They know how important these minute admirations are and the great value a woman sets upon such homage. They know how to keep romance alive with a caress. They know how a woman feeds on affection and they are clever in its bestowal.

BY the same token, they recognize false pride the moment it rears its ugly head, and will not tolerate it. They can detect ambition when it is selfish and will have none of it. Their intolerance of these weaknesses is cloaked in a graceful garment of chivalrousness. A woman doesn't mind being ruled, if her master rules her gently and with an air.

In short, these men are only too anxious to acknowledge publicly their pride in a woman for being a woman. They will kill her if she tries to wear the trousers. And nobody, even other women, blames them.

The period of courtship for a foreign man is like a game. He knows all the

(*Please turn to page* 92)

WHY NOT GIVE A ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARTY?



IT CAN BE SUCH A JOLLY PARTY—and SO EASY TO PLAN—and SO INEXPENSIVE

You can make your table look so pretty with these green party tablecloths, napkins, favors and decorations! Your guests will be so merry in their green-paper hats—and with these gay noisemakers. Notice the fascinating St. Patrick's Day nut-cups, hats, horns, snapping bonbons, paper napkins, paper plates, table-covers, as well as crêpe paper for decorating. These are only a few examples of what you can buy for such tiny prices from the big selection at WOOLWORTH'S and other 5-and-10-cent stores.

Remember, too, that the most delightful selections of other holiday and birthday party favors and decorations can always be found at convenient counters in leading department, stationery and 5-and-10-cent stores.



C. A. REED COMPANY
CREPE PAPER SPECIALTIES
Williamsport, Pennsylvania

THIS IS 1932

"time to go modern"

say a million smart women



"and make quick work of the *perspiration odor problem*"

There's no denying it . . . modern women face facts as their mid-Victorian forbears never did. They *face* a fact . . . and then they *do* something about it.

This disagreeable business of underarm perspiration odor, for instance.

"We all have it. We all admit it. We all must do something about it," they say. "Something more than merely be scrupulously clean."

"But why fuss about it?" they add. "Why make hard work of it? Let's dispose of it the simplest, quickest way."

And that is just the way more than a million of them are handling this bothersome problem. With Mum!

Mum, you know, is a fragrant, snow-white cream which instantly destroys every trace of unpleasant perspiration odor or any other body odor.

The thing about Mum that so appeals to these smart, busy women is that it takes only an instant when dressing to make perspiration odor *impossible* on their persons.

Just a quick fingertipful to each underarm. That's all there is to it! No time lost. No bother. You can slip into your dress *immediately*, and be on your way.

For that matter, you can use Mum any time during the day or evening—even after you're dressed. For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing.

And it is soothing to the skin—even a sensitive skin. You can use Mum right after shaving. Surely a test of its harmlessness!

Another thing—Mum doesn't interfere in any way with the natural processes of perspiration. It simply takes away every trace of its hateful odor.

You can't find a drug or department store that doesn't have Mum . . . because modern women everywhere demand it. 35c and 60c a jar.





MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

AND WOMEN DEPEND ON MUM FOR *THIS*, TOO—Mum is such a comfort to women in another way, too. Used on the sanitary napkin it relieves them of that fear of offending which at times haunts every woman.

Pola Negri Tells

(*Continued from page* 91)

moves of the girl before the game starts . . . and he plays according to the rules and allows the game to continue as long as the girl desires. When they have become one the game ceases and each gets down to the seriousness of keeping the flame of their romance and love burning brightly. Before that they have been the charming antagonists in the fascinating and intricate game of love.

Afterward, they are partners in the game of life.

WHAT shall I say about the American man? American women complain bitterly about him. He is charged with lacking finesse, with complete ignorance of the technique of love. He is accused of riding rough-shod over romance—in short, he is classified as a crude person, fit only to foot the bills, to be the good provider.

I would like to choke the woman who thus libels American men. The only trouble with them is that they haven't lived with women for enough centuries. They have been too busy building their country, pioneering and fighting for their fortunes. Pretty soon all this will change. They will have enough money to enjoy leisure and to get down to a serious study of their women. They will learn to measure feminine foibles and cope with them.

It will be a happy day for the American women, when they are put in their place.

BE he European or American, every man has a double personality. He shows one personality to the world at large. He keeps the other for his beloved. The worldly personality may be anything. He may be regarded as a great man, a tremendous personality, capable of building a railroad or discovering a new planet, able to write a symphony or sway a nation. He may be a complete failure, a bust, without a semblance of ability. Women are really not so much interested in this side of their man—at first.

It is the private side of his personality that fascinates them—that makes them set out to win him. It is this side to which they make their appeal. This is not the most original observation about men, but it is the truest; as far as their beloved is concerned, they never grow up; they are always small boys. And the woman, who has decided that in a certain man she can find happiness, must never forget this.

The American girl is at her best when she is attracting her man, the European woman when holding her lover.

No one can say whence springs the first attraction between a man and a woman. The cynics will tell you it is passion. Perhaps they are right. At least, that seems to be the emotion first stirred and often soonest satisfied.

Passion can make or break love. A man's passion lies closer to the surface of his character. It is more easily appealed to than a woman's. It is more easily killed. Right now I will not digress to say anything about what happens to passion after it has flared to its first utter fulfillment. That plays a more important role in a woman's task of holding her man's love. In the first awakening of interest between a

Pola Negri Tells

man and a woman it is the man's passion that stimulates his interest.

I do not mean that it is the woman's body he first admires.

IMAGINATION is the one characteristic I envy men. Give a man the opportunity to clothe you in his dreams and he is yours. It is true that a man puts his woman on a pedestal. A man out of love is a man utterly lost in loneliness. He is a groping creature . . . a stray puppy, ready and willing to place his confidence and trust in the first woman who is kind to him. His pedestal is vacant. Almost any applicant can occupy it. How long she can maintain her difficult position depends upon her intelligence.

Men will know this is the truth.

To the girl who does not believe me, let her try an experiment:

The next time she goes to a party, or any place where there are several young men, let her look about her and pick out the youth who seems to be the most by himself.

There is always such a man at a party. He may be better looking than the others; he may not be. He may be amounting to something in the world, or he may seem to be destined to failure. Those things make no difference.

So long as he is out of love—or unhappy in his love—he is lonely and such a state of mind is written all over him. I do not have to describe the symptoms. They are well known to every girl who deserves the name. Her maternal instincts will guide her correctly.

Go to him. Be just a little kind to him, as you would to a puppy. Be a little patient with him. Ask him about himself and when he begins to tell you, let him talk. It will not be so very long before you will be hearing all about him. His hopes, his fears, his ambitions, his dreams, all will come tumbling out, hesitatingly at first, but pretty soon in a perfect torrent. His gratitude for half an hour of such attention will be almost pitiful.

Already you have become something to him; something he has missed since the days a patient lady, whom he called "Mother", listened to the tragic tales of little boy-hood, and patted his head and sympathized for all the hurts and told him she loved him. If such a man has been poisoned by cynicism, if he has told some other girl just such a story and she has laughed at him, it may take a little longer for his soul-loneliness to overcome him. But it will overcome him and forthwith his gratitude will flow about you like a mantle.

His imagination has been stirred. You have become something desirable to him. You may be desirable only as one who sympathizes with him—but you are desirable. Once stirred, a man's imagination is like the sunrise. At first everything is murky; only the dim outlines of the world can be detected. Presently faint tinges of rosy color begin to illumine the clouds. As the colors grow to a richer crimson, so does passion seep into a man's imagination, tinting all he sees with a glamorous riot of red that is wonderful and terrible.

So passion dawns in a man's imagination. So far, in his regard for the woman, matters are like a kaleidoscope—there is no rhyme or reason to the

(*Please turn to page* 94)

You are in a BEAUTY CONTEST every day of your life!

Buy a dozen cakes of Camay—the world's finest soap. Use it—to the exclusion of all other soaps, on your face, your hands, your body. Long before the dozen is gone, you'll see a new texture to your skin, an unsuspected *natural* loveliness!



The girl above, like every other woman in the world, is in the Great Beauty Contest of Life! Everywhere—eyes looking at her, judging her! How wonderful to have a clean, natural lovliness that draws a sincere tribute from everyone.



Natural loveliness begins with immaculate cleanliness. But be sure you use only the most delicate, the safest, of beauty soaps on your precious skin!



Delicate Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Resolve to begin its use today and open up a new era of beauty for yourself and your precious skin!

A light lather of Camay on the cheek—a brief minute with a soft cloth and warm water—and a quick rinsing with cold water! ☆Your cheek glows because it is clean. It is soft and feathery to the touch because Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is so soft, so *douce*. ☆Your skin is freed from the invisible dirt that clogs pores and ruins beauty. ☆Cherish your skin. Guard it only with Camay! . . . the one soap praised by 73 leading skin doctors. ☆You *are* in a Beauty Contest, every day of your life. Get all the help that Camay can give you. Don't trust your skin to a lesser soap.

CAMAY

© 1932, P. & G. Co.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



Giant 10¢ tube gives More and Better *shaves*

The new-formula Lavender Shaving Cream combines greater economy with greater shaving satisfaction. Its microscopic-bubble lather softens the beard more completely and in less time than any other. The bristles come off as easily as the lather itself, offering so little dulling resistance that you get 1 to 3 more shaves to the blade.

Lavender Shaving Cream saves you money when you buy it, as well as when you use it. You get a giant tube of this better shaving cream for only 10c. Try it! See for yourself the greater satisfaction that this 10c-in-price but giant size tube of new-formula shaving cream can give.

Lavender
SHAVING CREAM

10¢

Sold Exclusively at
F. W. WOOLWORTH COMPANY
5c and 10c Stores

50¢ Quality
50¢ Quantity

Pola Negri Tells

(*Continued from page* 93)

pattern of giddy color. All he knows is that he has found someone to put on his pedestal. He wants to put you there; you have been kind to him. Already he regards you in a different light. You have listened to the cry of his loneliness and haven't laughed.

His love is like a genii, emerging from its hiding place in his heart. At first, this strange little creature just peeps out, is timorous and afraid, fearful of being made ridiculous. If he is not sent scurrying back to his hiding place by being made fun of, he emerges and grows to the proportions of a giant. A terrible giant, if you, who coaxed him out, do not know how to cope with him. The fortunate woman is she who gives life to this giant and, having done so, keeps him under control. Remember, at any time he can be sent back to his hiding place by ridicule. But that, as Mr. Kipling said, is another story.

THE touch of a hand is sufficient to crystallize this love. It is then yours to do with what you will. You can let it turn this no-longer-lonesome man into a beast, if that is what you want. Or it will make him a poet. Not a very good one perhaps, but I have yet to see the man, able to read and write, who did not at least attempt a rhyme extolling his beloved one's virtues, or, if she didn't have any, her beauties. And if she had neither virtue nor beauty, he invented some for her.

There are men in whom passion springs unbidden but by the mere sight of what they consider a physically attractive woman. If a woman wants that sort of thing, she can recognize such a man. I have said before that women get what they want. Such people are for the psychologists and the medical gentlemen to examine and describe. They are not for the girl or woman who seeks a man to love and by whom to be loved.

Our lonely man has now lifted himself, almost by the bootstraps of his own imagination, into the role of a lover. He has taken that woman who has been sympathetic and willing to listen and elevated her to a high place.

It is for her to maintain her precarious position throughout the preliminaries to love that are to follow. Now she has attracted her man. If she desires to claim him for her own, she becomes his opponent in the game of love, the game in which foreign men know all the rules and tricks; the game in which the American must be allowed, by his feminine antagonist, to win certain points, whether he knows how or not.

How shall a woman get her man? That is a cold-blooded sounding question. But I have never seen the answer successfully worked out with anything but warmth.

You will not want to miss this vivid woman's further advice to women—and to men, too. You'll find this one of the frankest and at the same time most illuminating discussions of the subject of love you have ever read. Don't fail to get the next instalment in the April issue of this magazine, on sale in Woolworth stores, March 12th.

Cook-Coo Gossip

(*Continued from page* 59)

Garbo is too impatient to submit to the long, tiresome ordeal of having clothes fitted. She has a woman, whose measurements are identical with her own, attend to this important routine.

* * *

Garbo chilled—and may not thaw out—when she was cast for the rôle of the dancer in "Grand Hotel." The character is an aging woman—and Garbo does not want to age for her audiences.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD TEMPERATURE CHART

(NOTE: *We employ scores of transom and keyhole peepers to attend to other people's business. We have a vast staff of nosey operatives, who lend an ear to things that do not concern them. Sometimes our snoopers get all mixed up and make ridiculous mistakes. So if we happen to say that Clara Bow is dancing with tears in her eyes for Ex-President Fillmore, do not believe a word of it.*)

Miriam Hopkins & Dudley Murphy, No front page news.

John Considine & Carmen Pantages. Much in the spotlight.

Greta Garbo & Ramon Novarro. He thinks she's wunnerful.

Maurice Chevalier & Madame Chevalier. Rumors of separation are absolutely untrue.

Linda Watkins & Erwin Gelsey. Dancing.

Sally Blane & Richard Cromwell. Going places.

Ronald Colman & Thelma. Separated since 1926. May get Paris divorce soon.

Peggy Shannon & Allen Davis. Secretly married two years ago.

Ginger Rogers insists she's nobody's sweetheart.

Rin Tin Tin & Winnie the Pooh. Mad—simply mad.

Merna Kennedy & James Hall. Keep the mailman busy.

Aileen Pringle & Matt Moore. No change.

Dorothy Jordon & Don Dilloway. Out together.

Loretta Young & Leslie Fenton. Fluttery.

Clarence Brown & Mona Maris. He gave her a ring.

Allan Vincent & Tallulah Bankhead. He met her at the train.

Thelma Todd & Abe Lyman. He got the ring back. (She's seen with Ivan Lebedeff now and then.)

Don Alvarado & Molly O'Day & John Wayne. Merry-go-Round.

* * *

IN the old days almost any tourist could find someone who knew how to crash studio gates and arrange to see a star at work. There are now fifty-two bouncers employed at Metro-Goldwyn studios.

Cook-Coo Gossip

(*Continued from page* 94)

Sixteen of the men who patrol Metro studios are armed. Their task is to run curious sightseers off the lot.

* * *

WHAT'S BECOME OF—

Marguerite Clark? She's happy with her husband, Harry Williams, wealthy Louisiania plantation man. They live in the picturesque Teche country. He has owned thirty airplanes.

* * *

Douglas MacLean? Now resigned as a producer with Radio. Cruises West Coast in his yacht. Hopes to make a talking version of "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave," the Mary Roberts Rinehart story which made him a popular star. MacLean owns the rights.

Ray Griffiths? Film supervisor for Warners.

Mary Philbin? Studying oil painting under William Hiller.

Alice Joyce? Vaudeville.

Tom Moore? Teamed with Alice—his ex.

Laura La Plante? Playing on the stage.

* * *

Somebody started the myth that Jackie Cooper is a midget—and the story persists because it is a good story. But it isn't true. Jackie was born in Los Angeles, September 15, 1923. *He has been acting in pictures since* 1928.

* * *

ROBERT WOOLSEY will play a henpecked prison warden in an all-star comedy inspired by Sing Sing's football activities. The name of the picture will be "Hold 'Em, Jail."

* * *

MR. MA SHIH TSIANG has arrived in Hollywood—and though you never heard of him, he has the women of China swooning in their seats. His income is $100,000 a year in gold from Chinese film producers. Now he is going to make pictures in Hollywood—instead of depending on gramaphone records, as he does at home. An attempt will be made to do a picture with Ma talking English—just to see what it does to the pulse-beat of the Western World.

* * *

JEANETTE MACDONALD, having sung her way through another picture with Chevalier ("One Hour With You"), is getting ready to pack her twelve dozen trunks, and get to Paris where she will appear in opera. Besides a charming Philadelphia millionaire fiancé, Jeanette carries a voice teacher, a secretary, a hair-dresser, a couple of personal maids and a sheep dog.

* * *

"English pictures are terrible," says Edgar Wallace, now in Hollywood writing thrillers. "And," he adds, "American pictures are no better."

* * *

Wallace told reporters that any newspaper man could write successful mystery stories if it were not for one unfortunate circumstance! All newspaper men are born tired.

Ted Cook, famous humorist, writes regularly for The New Movie Magazine.



SHAMPOOING

this way . . . gives your hair

NEW BEAUTY

Results are amazing! ***Your hair looks utterly different from hair washed with ordinary soap.*** **Costs only a few cents to use.**

FORTUNATELY, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

Its life, its lustre . . . its alluring loveliness . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A filmy coating of dust and dirt is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it hides the life and lustre and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this DINGY COATING and let the sparkle and rich, natural COLOR TONES of the hair show.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep this coating removed, the careless practice of rubbing a cake of soap over your hair . . . (something hairdressers NEVER DO) . . . invariably leaves small particles of undissolved soap on the hair, which dulls and mars its beauty.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali, common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, who value beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product not only cleanses the hair thoroughly, but is so mild and so pure that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified are sufficient for a quick and truly professional shampoo at home—and it COSTS ONLY A FEW CENTS TO USE. It makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . with either hard or soft water, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will be amazed at the difference in the appearance of your hair the VERY FIRST TIME you use Mulsified, for it will be . . . so delightfully clean, soft and silky . . . and so easy to set and manage.

The next time you wash your hair, try a Mulsified shampoo. See for yourself, how it brings out all the wave and color and how . . . really beautiful, bright and fresh-looking . . . your hair will look. When you see it shimmer with "new life" and sparkle with that "gloss and lustre" which everyone admires, you will never again be content to wash your hair with ordinary soap.



You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter . . . anywhere in the world. A 4 oz. bottle should last for months.

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Herb Howe Speaking of Ladies

(*Continued from page* 45)

THE Russians will eventually command world interest with their films. Russia has always been rich in dramatic talent. Just now she is guilty of propaganda. That is, she concentrates on the struggles of working people instead of on street walkers and gangsters as we do.

ANYTHING may happen to a boulevardier in Paris. I'm not getting autobiographic now. It is a French camarade I'm thinking of.

During cocktail hour in the Scribe bar Rex Ingram and I were joined by Jimmy Sloane, Rex's production manager. After a couple of spots of Irish whiskey, Jimmy declared he had "discovered" the Marquis de la Falaise in a Paris bar. Jimmy was production manager for "Madame Sans Gene," which was filmed in Paris with Gloria Swanson. One of his tasks was to find an interpreter to serve between Gloria and her French colleagues. Happening into a bar, as one so often happens in Paris, he noted a personable gentleman speaking English with a slight French accent. Approaching, Jimmy asked the gentleman how he would like to be interpreter for Gloria Swanson. Being a boulevardier with the well-known savoir faire, the Frenchman did not bat a lash. "I think I might like it," he said.

Having had social experience with American actresses, the Marquis was so adept that in no time at all he had translated Gloria Swanson into La Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye. Now he has further cemented Franco-American relations by making a marquise of Constance Bennett.

I don't know what this proves unless it is that if you have talent it is sure to be discovered or that the Reds are wrong and there really *is* a Cupid.

JIMMY also told—after a third spot—how he met Adolph Zukor at the station when the president of Paramount arrived in Paris for the first time. Jimmy was not looking for an interpreter this time, which was just as well, since Mr. Zukor is a happily wedded man. They took a taxi up the avenue des Champs Elysées to the Claridge Hotel. Mr. Zukor could see the street had possibilities. (If he had strolled it he would have felt this even more.) As he stepped from the car in front of the hotel he noted some vacant property adjacent. "Who owns that?" he asked. Jimmy said he didn't know. "Find out in the morning," said Mr. Zukor. "I will buy it."

Few people know that Adolph Zukor owns the building which houses the Lido, swank dance-and-swim place, one of the most profitable resorts in Paris. Evidently business men have their inspiring muse as well as artists.

MADAME CHANEL, the fashion tzaritza, is paying heavily for that trip to Hollywood. Her Paris trade has slumped, and I'm told her business has been taken over by the Galeries Lafayette, a bourgeois department store. The Parisian smarts feel that Madame became commercial in accepting Hollywood gold. It would seem that selling stuff in Paris is an art but in Hollywood just a sordid business.

EUROPE reeks with national prejudices. Whereas we welcome foreign stars and resent their going American, the French are opposed to all foreigners unless they show signs of going French.

Jeanette MacDonald won them by signing a French song and acknowledging applause in the language. Chevalier has lost prestige by taking Hollywood coin. The size of his salary brought envious squawks in the press.

Still the concierges and the midinettes continue to lay down their francs to see him.

Chevalier supports a French hospital, contributes enormously to charity. But money from an American source appears to be tainted. Americans, despite their philanthropy in France, are not popular with the chauvenistic element.

Don't condemn the latter too hastily. The behavior of some of our war-rich tourists and bootleg aristocrats is hard to forgive. Personally I have found in the little hotels of Paris and in the countryside a courtesy and kindness that we might emulate.

"What . . my LIPS Look PAINTED!"

"I COULD have killed Tom for saying a thing like that . . . but afterward . . . I saw just what he meant . . ."

Don't be too sure that you yourself don't offend by over make-up! Colors that look pretty by themselves may be cheap—garish—tawdry on *your* lips. And that painted look is one thing no man can overlook.

Be safe. Stop using ordinary lipstick—begin now to *Tangee* your lips. Tangee can't make you look painted. It isn't paint. It changes color on your lips—matches your own individual complexion.

Tangee is permanent—won't smear off. Its cold cream base soothes and heals your lips.

Don't waste another minute. Try Tangee at once—if possible before you make up again. At all druggists or cosmetic counters.

TRY TANGEE LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

Miracle Make-up Set for 10c

TG1-3

George W. Luft Co.
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen: I enclose 10c: Please send your miracle make-up set to:

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____



Tangee Lipstick and Tangee Rouge. Special sizes at 5¢ and 10¢ stores.

Cheeks Mustn't Look Painted, Either

Tangee rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee Lipstick changes on your lips. It gives the color most becoming to you.

Tangee rouge keeps your cheeks from looking painted. And it makes the color on your cheeks match the color on your lips.

When you get Tangee Lipstick, ask for Tangee rouge.

Speaking of Ladies

New York:

WITH a drizzle of rain and depression in Paris, I suddenly decided to return to the home bread-lines. I had solemnly sworn to take an Italian boat because no matter how bad the times and the weather the Italians can always enliven things with a fight or an aria.

But no Italian joy-boat was available so I took an English one. The English may be as good sailors as the Italians, but they certainly are not as good cooks. The spaghetti was terrible, the *vino* exorbitant and the salad without garlic, so I lived on *frutta*.

However, they were right up to date on their talkies. Wally Beery and Jackie Cooper in "The Champ" kept us from the rails on a rough afternoon.

BACK on the pavement of New York I felt hurt when pretty girls passed without so much as a "cheri" or "darleeng" in my direction. In our pure land the cocottes are confined to the screen.

At the Capitol Miss Crawford was demonstrating how a girl with looks and determination can get a swell apartment, jewels and an education in wines by picking up a rich man.

At the Roxy little Miss Velez was boisterously mixing with a marine, with you know what result.

At the Strand Miss Blondell was finding that a man who did right by her wasn't nearly as much fun as a crook who didn't.

The only picture without a *poule* on the entire street was "Ben Hur," and the critics described that as hopelessly old-fashioned. They said the screen has advanced a lot since audiences first were shaken by "Ben Hur."

The screen text of today seems to be that if a girl quits work and becomes adventurous she may have some unpleasant moments but she'll get furs, diamonds and even Clark Gable in the end.

IN "Possessed" Miss Crawford says that Clark Gable transformed her from an uncouth factory girl into a lady of culture in three years. (Not by a correspondence course.)

I didn't think Joan uncouth as a factory girl. Indeed, her deportment and language were such that if I had a daughter I'd send her to that factory instead of to Vassar. I certainly wouldn't send her to Professor Gable, for all Joan's endorsement.

The only gain in elegance I noted on Joan's part was when she gurgled, "You wouldn't fool me, wouldcha, mister?" All elegant screen ladies use that line.

I HAVE never been a votary of Venus Crawford, but in "Possessed" her beauty had a nobility that affected me strongly. The girl herself is a dramatic figure. I do not think she's a great actress yet. She's a little too studied. And I don't like those artificially contorted eyebrows. If Joan quits admiring the pattern of other actresses and pays more attention to her

(*Please turn to page* 98)

Your appeal becomes irresistible when you wear April Showers Perfume. This fragrance of attraction which scents a complete line of toiletries is also to be found in a Talcum, Face Powder and Toilet Water at 10c — obtainable at all "5c and 10c" Stores.



April Showers
EAU de COLOGNE
From 25c an ounce to $3.75 the flacon of thirty-two ounces.



April Showers
PERFUME
From $1. to $4. the flacon

April Showers
TALCUM
25c

April Showers
FACE POWDER
50c

April Showers
CHERAMY
PARIS



Wherever the Itching Whatever the Cause...

Resinol Ointment will relieve it. Don't take chances with soreness or irritation from *any* source. Use Resinol. Soothing and delicate, safe and delightful for infants, yet strong and effective enough for severest cases of eczema. Prevents slight infections or inflammations from becoming serious. Resinol Soap, also, you will find an invaluable aid in all kinds of skin disorders.

Do You Have These Complexion Defects?

Enlarged coarse pores? Blackheads? Dryness? Roughness? Resinol Ointment will clear away the irritations. Resinol Soap will cleanse and refine. This simple soothing treatment has transformed many an ugly skin into a smooth, soft, velvety complexion.

No More Pimples

Study your face closely with a bright light. If your looking glass reveals even the tiniest blotch or blemish, start the Resinol Treatment today. Watch your complexion improve constantly in color and texture. Don't delay. Your druggist sells Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. Buy — and try for yourself — today.

For a free trial sample of Resinol Soap with your copy of the new booklet on "Skin Treatment for Health and Beauty", write Dept. TM2, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol

Speaking of Ladies

(*Continued from page* 97)

own intuition she may achieve the sincerity she so earnestly seeks.

MY sweetie this month is Señorita Lupe Peanuts Velez in "The Cuban Love Song." Her spontaneity is as natural as Old Faithful's. There's nothing studied about Lupe.

I wondered how she ever memorized all that torrent of Mexican she let loose. Maybe she didn't.

While other critics may admire actresses who drag around sluggishly as though in need of a pill, I'm for this bunch of Mexican fire-crackers. She always gives me the illusion of being just what she's supposed to be.

She told Alma Whittaker in a recent interview in NEW MOVIE that she didn't want to be a lady. I hope she never gets the ambition. The screen right now is afflicted with too many actresses who want to be thought ladies while playing bums.

Lupe's unleashed pagan spirit might be wearing off-screen, but it certainly is refreshing in the theater after one has viewed those "technicians" of the Del Sarte school. Lupe is one actress whom Hollywood has not been able to subdue.

BEN LYON, Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson and Bessie Love ask a deduction in their income tax because, they say, their picture popularity has declined. If they tell that to the producers they'll get a deduction without argument.

I READ that M-G-M is to produce a picture of Soviet Russia. This should be the comedy we are longing for. Can't you see the Hollywood girls with their plucked eyebrows and silk undies playing peasants who handle shovels as easily as the Hollywood exquisites do their cigarette holders?

Personally, I object to this Bolshevist propaganda. It is contrary to all our screen ideals to show a country in which a blonde can't make a living by sacrificing all.

Leap Year Valentine

(*Continued from page* 41)

betically arranged, follows:

Robert Agnew
Hardie Albright
John Arledge
Billy Bakewell
Walter Byron
Paul Cavanagh
Buster Collier
Gary Cooper
Richard Cromwell
John Darrow
Donald Dilloway
Kent Douglass
James Dunn
Cliff Edwards*
John Gilbert*
Russell Gleason
William Haines
James Hall*
John Holland*
Phillips Holmes
Matty Kemp
Alexander Kirkland
Carl Laemmle, Jr.**
Arthur Lake
Ivan Lebedeff
Eric Linden
Joel McCrea
Charles Morton
Ramon Novarro
Barry Norton
Jack Oakie
George O'Brien
Eddie Quillan
Buddy Rogers
David Rollins
Hugh Trevor
Grant Withers*

**Formerly married.*
***Not an actor, but eligible.*

Doubtless the average lady with a marital turn of mind would relish the opportunity to wed any one of the gentlemen listed among the 1932 eligibles. The mere fact that they are, with but one exception, fanciful screen figures living amidst the aura that surrounds all film stars, makes them attractive. But if more facts were learned *before* marriage, fewer disappointments would occur *afterwards*. Matrimonially ambitious young ladies will act wisely if they preserve this *Hollywood Bachelors Catalogue*. If opportunities to wed screen stars present themselves during the year, this directory may prevent fatal weddings.

So here are a few more inside facts for your consideration:

ROBERT AGNEW: Dark hair, blue eyes, average height, in early thirties. Said to have a broken heart, due to former hopeless love for May McAvoy. Plays bridge at club and will be late for dinners as a result. Washes teeth six or more times daily and invariably leaves brush on washstand. Does occasional vaudeville acts, but little picture work.

HARDIE ALBRIGHT: Medium blonde, slightly under six feet tall. Smokes a pipe, and the older and stronger the pipe, the happier is Hardie. His wife may expect the house curtains to reek with tobacco smoke odor. Under contract to Fox Film Company; able to provide.

JOHN ARLEDGE: Very young and very unsophisticated blonde. Speaks broad Southern dialect and talks incessantly about home country south of Mason-Dixon line. Plays the piano at odd hours; likely to give concerts at three a.m. Very superstitious, and wife may receive frightful shock when she searches his pockets for money and feels rabbit's foot.

(*Please turn to page* 99)

Leap Year Valentine

BILLY BAKEWELL: Skinny and rather tall. Loves to play pranks. His wife might find snakes in her bed. Makes bad puns, such as: "Billy, do you like to ride horseback?" "Yes, if I ride him away, I like to ride horse back." Likes parties; his wife may discover she's delegated to be the constant hostess. Makes fine salary as M-G-M actor.

WALTER BYRON: Tall, dark and good looking. He likes to look like what the well-dressed man will wear. Possesses an English accent. Likes to pretend he is sophisticated.

PAUL CAVANAGH: Tall, dark eyes and black hair. Wears English-cut clothes and likes them pressed. Very precise; never leave a chair out of place if you marry Paul. Proud of his gentlemanly bearing. Under contract to Fox.

BUSTER COLLIER: Medium height, dark brown eyes, black hair. Likes to wear sweat shirt. Plays golf; his wife may become a golf widow. Plays an atrocious game of bridge, but doesn't think so; likely to trump wife's aces. Very rich, but gets fun out of working, so will probably work to the very end.

RICHARD CROMWELL: Medium dark, medium height. Likes brunettes. Paints; his wife may be expected to pose for him, possibly in the nude (horrors!). Stops strangers to tell them they'd make good portrait studies. Earns moderate salary and is frugal. No fur coats for his wife until the coal bill is paid.

JOHN DARROW: Good looking, brown hair and eyes. Very indiscreet; makes such breaks as saying to his pretty girl escort, "There is one of the prettiest girls I've ever seen," indicating another. Wife may expect him to say, abruptly, "You're getting fat and it isn't becoming." Rather stubborn in own ideas. Likes poker and will demand his nights out if married. Can't stand opposition; if you're bull-headed, don't go for Johnny.

DONALD DILLOWAY: Good looking young man of average height, blue eyes and medium brown hair. Girls are constantly sending him notes; marriage won't stop them. Keeps hair back with oil, which is hard on parlor pillows. Sleeps on couch with shoes on. Drops cigarette ashes on carpet.

KENT DOUGLASS: Rugged, average in build, medium brunette. Has played screen brothers until he owns brother complex. Likely to answer proposal with, "I'll be a little brother to you." Likes to gamble; the girl who marries Kent will be wise to appoint herself family treasurer.

CLIFF EDWARDS: His kiddies may be ukulele players, God forbid! He will probably croon the baby to sleep, accompanying himself on the uke. Talks in his sleep. Previously married and divorced. Will be hard to get because of past experience.

(*Please turn to page* 100)

do 1932 Débutantes choose TINTED *nails or* NATURAL?



Gowns from Mary Walls, New York

Every popular deb has at least two shades, and varies them with her gown . . . says world's authority on manicure

THE POPULAR GIRL OF 1932 is way past losing sleep over whether to wear her nails bright or pale.

The deep question that every smart young thing today (and every smart old thing, too, for that matter!) is pondering . . . is which of four shades of nail polish is best to wear with which dress.

Will she lure more men from the stag-line if she wears the white satin dress with Coral nails, or with Rose nails? Or the red crêpe de chine with delicate Natural finger tips?

If you're not bright enough to work out your own finger tip color scheme yourself, you can look it up in the chart on the right.

But, whatever you do, don't be seen with the same color nails 7 nights in a row!

In other words, one nail polish is no longer enough. To be smart in any kind of youthful way, you've got to have at least two shades . . . a lighter one and a deeper one.

And, with color making your nails so much more important, you've also got to make a definite point of using a really flawless polish. These are the known facts . . . that Cutex Liquid Polish goes on with grand lustre and dries in no time at all. Lasts for days, and positively does not crack, peel or turn white, streak or fade!

Go pick your favorite shades today!

All Colors!

Natural just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes—is best with bright colors—red, blue, green, purple and orange.

•

Rose is a lovely feminine shade, good with any dress, pale or vivid. Charming with pastel pink, blue, lavender . . . smart with dark green, black and brown.

•

Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues" . . . black and dark brown. Wear it also with deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

•

Colorless is conservatively correct at any time. Choose it for "difficult" colors!

FOLLOW THIS EASY CUTEX MANICURE . .

Scrub the nails. Then remove old lifeless cuticle and cleanse beneath nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover and brush on the shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that best suits your costume. End with Cutex Nail White, Pencil or Cream, under tips for accent. Before retiring, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, London, Paris

CUTEX LIQUID POLISH

THE VERY MOMENT THAT HE MET HER

He Fell for Her Eyes!

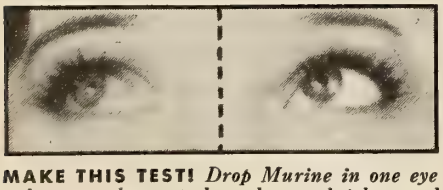


Your eyes, too, may capture love at first sight if kept clear and sparkling this way

First impressions are so important that no woman can afford to neglect the one thing strangers invariably notice first . . . her eyes! Always, before your eyes meet others intimately, make sure they possess the clearness and brilliance nature intended them to have.

To make yourself bright-eyed when going to a party, nothing equals time-tried *Murine*. It dissolves the dust-laden film of mucus that causes eyes to look dull, and by its gentle astringent action reduces bloodshot veins. You can use *Murine* freely as it contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

No eye cup, which may transmit infection, is needed to use *Murine*. It is hygienically and conveniently applied with its combination eye dropper and bottle stopper. 150 applications cost but 60c at drug and department stores. Ask for a bottle *today!* For free Eye Beauty and Eye Care booklets, write Murine Co., Dept. B, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago.



MAKE THIS TEST! *Drop Murine in one eye only . . . . then note how clearer, brighter and larger in appearance it very shortly becomes. And also how refreshed and invigorated it feels!*

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

Leap Year Valentine

(*Continued from page 99*)

JOHN GILBERT: A used husband, but promises well. Likes to talk big words such as "colossal." To get on his good side, give him unabridged dictionary. Lost fortune on Wall Street and yearns to get it back from Wall Street; therefore, his wife may anticipate being financially ruined any old day.

RUSSELL GLEASON: Young, undeveloped, but promising. Wants to be business man and usually loses money in such ventures. Likes to take week-end trips, dresses for dinner and hates onions, so cut them off your menu or you'll lose Russell. Overgrown kid and does such things as riding bicycle full tilt into ballroom. Dances well and likes it. The girl Russell marries must be a good dancer—or else.

WILLIAM HAINES: Likes women older than himself. Enjoys playing jokes and wife must learn to enjoy them—at her own expense. Gives big parties. Likes antiques (not referring to his women companions). Clever bridge player and dislikes unclever partners.

JAMES HALL: In middle thirties, average height, cheerful. A cinch for any pretty girl. Loans money without provocation. Very careless about spending. Will buy anything a good salesman wants to sell him.

JOHN HOLLAND: Tall, has blue-gray eyes and black hair. Inherited money and need not work. Plays poor game of golf, nearly always alone.

MATTY KEMP: Having tough time. Must marry money; others not wanted. Fickle; has never gone long with one girl. Has done little picture work and threatens to quit for another business, such as stock broker or bond salesman. Inclined to gain weight around the middle. Good fellow among men and inclined to be late for dates. His wife will wait for him on street corners.

ALEXANDER KIRKLAND: Earning good salary with Fox. Paints on canvas, using pretty girls for models —oh! or! Vagabond by nature, and goes off on unexpected hikes. His wife must get used to this wanderlust and accustom herself to living without him for days at a time—ahem, perhaps convenient.

ERIC LINDEN: Very young and deludes himself he is sophisticated. Fickle. If you marry Eric, your struggles will commence; you'll have to hold him. Admits he is a genius and excuses his own temperamental outbreaks with the admission. Has bright prospects. Any woman marrying Eric now and mastering him may raise him to suit herself.

JOEL McCREA: Catch of the season because he doesn't want to be married. Hates dress clothes; likes to pretend he is young Will Rogers. Careless about his appearance. Extremely independent. Earning good salary under contract. He is tall, ungainly.

CHARLES MORTON: A reckless boy; marry him if you wish to reform a man. Once was chased by lady with a pistol. Good looking, curly-headed, medium blonde, about five feet, ten inches tall.

RAMON NOVARRO: Sings grand opera at home and has pleasant voice. Wants to be a priest. Ramon is a student and likes intelligent women. Are you intelligent? Likes to prepare Spanish dinners and would probably make life miserable for family cook. Dislikes large parties and theater openings. Is very sensitive; Novarro's wife must exercise care in talking to him.

BARRY NORTON: Pretty, rather than handsome. Soft brown eyes, wavy hair and baby skin. Wants to return to native Buenos Aires to live. Is earning nice salary as star in foreign version pictures. Recommended to masculine mannered women.

JACK OAKIE: Likes to appear at formal affairs in white sweater and flannel pants. Smart cracks constantly and doesn't care who; therefore, likely to offend your maiden aunt. Likes automobiles painted with flashy colors. Always late for appointments. Likes to sleep mornings and stay up nights. Attends every prize fight and wrestling match within reasonable traveling distance. Will expect wife to go with him. Steer clear of Jack, ladies, unless you're red blooded.

GEORGE O'BRIEN: Six feet of brawn. Hugs like a bear. Has gypsy nature and wanders away alone and without warning. Dislikes frail girls. Earns huge salary and is very wealthy. Has eluded feminine lures for ten years; hard to get. Wants several children and expects wife to have them. Interested in politics and may follow that profession when screen career ends.

DAVID ROLLINS: Five feet, eight inches tall. Dislikes noisy parties or people and very bashful. Blushes easily and abhors naughty jokes. Ladies, if you are inclined to be broadminded, beware of this one.

HUGH TREVOR: No longer an actor; just a six-foot stock broker with blue eyes and sandy hair. Handles his drinks well and is popular among men. Slices consistently at golf and curses like a sailor's parrot on occasions. Recommended highly for romantic appeal by Betty Compson.

GRANT WITHERS: Doesn't pay the grocery bill (according to ex-wife's divorce complaint) but if you can take care of that little item, this six-foot, two-inch, blue-eyed young semi-brunette is a likely prospect. Hot headed, but soft hearted. Is fond of Grant Withers and wife can get anything she wants by catering to him.

There they are, the bachelors of Hollywood. You takes your choice, or you leaves 'em alone. Pick yourself a man, ladies.

HERB HOWE WRITES ONLY FOR NEW MOVIE



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TOWER BOOKS
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There, Little Girl, Don't Cry

(*Continued from page* 36)

from the way everyone was picking on her it seemed that I must be wrong.

Still, I would not give up the idea that the revue without Clara Bow would be like a mint julep without mint.

She made a couple of pictures which the studio experts said were fairly good, and Clara said were no good. The public who saw them spent its time and ink writing letters to fan magazines, saying either "Bow is finished," or "Give Clara better stories."

Between the preview of a fair picture and an unfortunate love affair, Clara became really ill and retired to her modest little house in Bedford Drive, Beverly Hills, the same street that I live in. I did not give up hope. There was still room in the revue for her and I was concentrating.

Sundays, on my way to the Catholic Church, at which I was an admiring visitor, I had to pass Clara's bungalow. I would stop, only to be met by a trained nurse who accepted my messages through a crack in the door. During mass I thought a lot about her and wondered if any of the many friendly saints would be at all interested. I'm afraid that I was inclined to concentrate on Saint Anthony whom I had heard could be depended upon to restore precious things that were lost.

I was wrong, of course; Clara was far from lost—she had not quite found herself!

At last, when my powers of concentration were worn to a frazzle and the revue was in the cutting room I gave in, up and out, definitely deciding that I would have to worry along without the dash of Brooklyn. We had every other locale!

ONE night at the beach house of Edmund Goulding I met and had a chance to study Clara for the first time out of the studio.

She had recovered from one well-earned nervous breakdown and was accompanied by her secretary, Miss Daisy Devoe, who was the cause of the next one. I discovered several things during the hour that she was there—namely, that in her little knitted sport suit, her face innocent of makeup, she looked about fifteen; that she is extraordinarily shy; that she has an extremely pretty soprano voice; and that she is one of the few really natural people I have ever met!

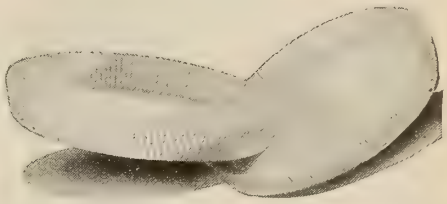
The latter quality is the cause of a lot of her trouble. Studied naturalness is valuable and disarming, but the real thing is what makes a person say the wrong thing to newspaper reporters, directors and, most of all, to the people who sit in power and who want to be bowed to and prefer to listen to what they want to hear!

Clara says and does what she feels, not realizing that several very good kings lost their crowns and what was under them for taking the same liberty! Combine with this freedom of action and emotions an inferiority complex, and you find yourself in the wrong place at the wrong time. Unfortunately, there is always some one

(*Please turn to page* 102)

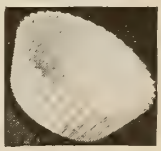


"This is How MY Baking's Done"

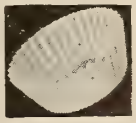


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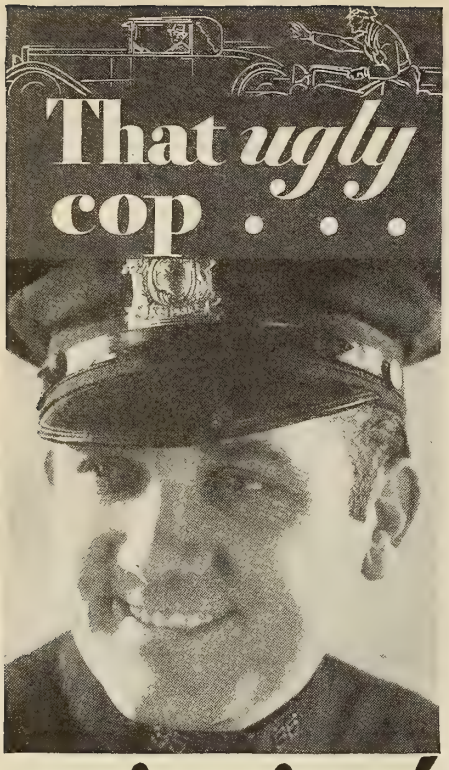
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I enclose 10c for which please send me introductory package of Crinkle Baking Dishes for layer cakes. To fit ☐ 9 in. or ☐ 10 in. pans, (by top measurement).

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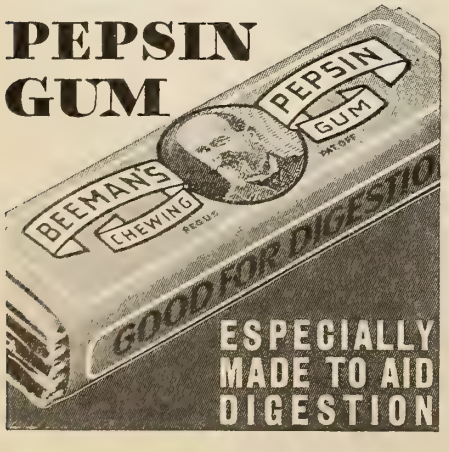


grinning!

Bawling out everyone . . . giving tickets left and right. Everyone in town said that cop was unfair . . . and then he found a way to end his indigestion.

Are you sometimes a bit irritable? It takes so little to make the difference between a smiling healthy person and one who is out of sorts. Beeman's Pepsin Gum is often a help in relieving digestive troubles. Dr. Beeman had a great idea when he invented this excellent gum. A real aid to digestion and a most delicious flavor. Chew Beeman's every day.

Chew
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN
GUM



There, Little Girl, Don't Cry

(*Continued from page* 101)

around to print, quote or exaggerate what you say and do!

We were a very small party that night and, when Clara came in, Jack King (with whom I have written many songs) was at the piano. We were singing some of our latest efforts. The Flame of Brooklyn sat in the corner of a large divan, looking very much like a little girl who has been told to behave herself at the party, until Jack played "How Am I To Know?" At that moment he struck a definitely responsive chord on the somewhat strained heart-strings.

Clara walked over and leaned on the piano. Her eyes like two enormous brown pansies were dewy as we sang, "Oh, how am I to know that it is really love that has found its way here!"

She started to hum softly and I never heard a more seductive sound. Having listened to her sing in a rather husky voice in one of her pictures, I was startled by the viola-like quality of her tones.

"Why, my dear," I said (and sincerely), "you've got a voice!" If my memory is as good as I claim, Clara said, "Nuts!" If it is not, that was probably the first time she ever refrained from saying what she thought. Anyway, inside of ten minutes Jack and I had her singing the scales. Up and up she went, like a plane gaining speed and strength as it acquired altitude.

"Atta girl!" Jack would say as she went a note higher.

"Breath deeply. Push here," I said with my hand on the seven-thousand-dollar-a-week diaphragm. "Bravo!" Eddie Goulding cried, "She must do a musical version of Nell Gwyn!"

WHEN we parted that night I felt that contact was established. Clara knows I am for her, I thought, and suddenly realized that my own diaphragm was sympathetically sore.

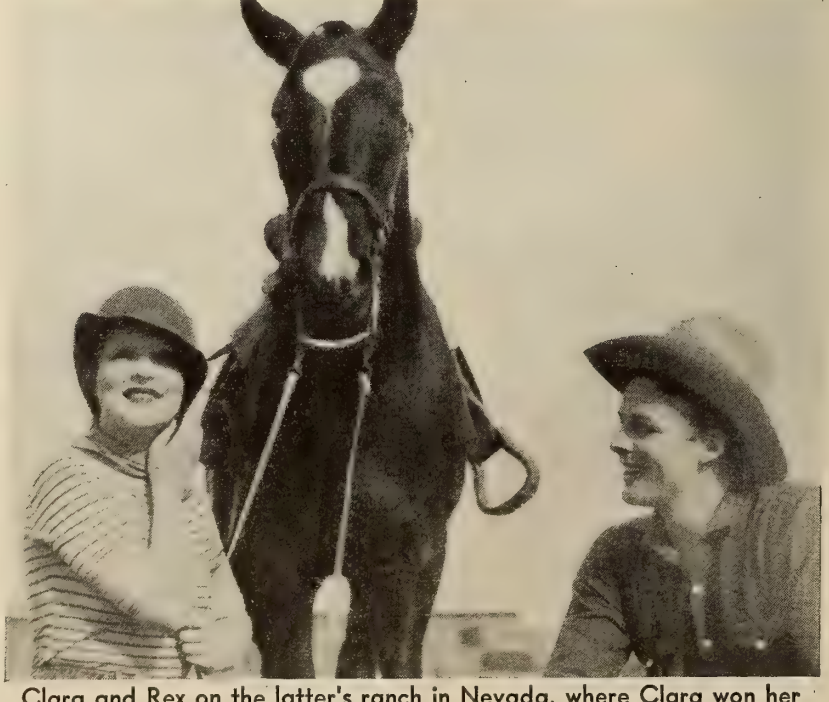
One night I came home from work somewhat tired. The phone rang and I was told that Bow was going into the revue and they wanted Something About the Navy! Well, I knew a lot more about the Army. I literally ran to the piano, however, and taking "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" as a basis, wrote the song she finally sang, "I'm True to the Navy Now."

A few days later I was told that Clara liked the song and the idea, and asked if, quite unofficially, I would run through the song for her and give her any suggestions that I might have. Would I?—having longed for over a year to direct her, write a song for her, or a story—in fact, do anything to help fan that flame of genius which seemed to be smouldering in resentment!

She came to dinner and between each course, (Am I bragging? There were only four) she said, "Do you really think I can do the song?" After dinner I sang it for her. She sang it for me. I sang it again with suggestions. She listened and, with all the quickness of a cat and none of the other characteristics, accepted and followed the suggestions!

The night that they shot the scene I gave up a party to be there. She was still saying she couldn't do it, but I thought she was swell and so did every stage hand, chorus man, and electrician. That is one reward for being yourself no matter what you are—the people who do the real work in any walk of life admire the person who can afford a high hat and who chooses to go bare-headed!

SEVERAL months passed. Clara made two or three pictures that were considered good. I was still with Mr. de Mille, but I heard from my pals at Paramount that Bow was back, slim, full of pep and "rarin' to go." Every effort was being made to secure a really fine story for her.



Clara and Rex on the latter's ranch in Nevada, where Clara won her way back to health.



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Approved by Good Housekeeping

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There, Little Girl, Don't Cry

Again the ever-changing tide of public opinion rose, surged and snapped at the lurid details published in the newspapers anent Miss Bow and her home life as given out by Miss Devoe, who did not hesitate to try to distract attention from the strength of her own misdemeanors, to the weakness of Clara's mistakes!

Once more the little Bow was broken, but this time she had an arrow, swift, sure and sane. Rex it was who made accusations and answered them with the same cowboy smile. He gave up all thought of his own work. He placed himself between Clara and the mob who had misquoted, misunderstood and misinterpreted her for so long that it was a habit! "Clara Bow!" they murmured. "Hot copy!"

"Clara Bow!" Rex answered—"the girl I happen to love; and if you get near enough to her to put her in wrong it will be over my body, horse, spurs, lariat and sense of justice!"

IT was over them all that I finally, after a month of indecision, got to talk to Clara. Will she resent sympathy, I thought, or does she need it? I then realized that no matter what she wanted or needed, I wanted to be in on what was happening. I picked up the phone. . . .

"Miss Bow is too ill to talk over the phone," said a very pleasing voice.

"Who is this?" I answered.

"Rex Bell!" And there was a challenge in his tone.

"You tell Clara that Elsie Janis wants to talk to her!" I answered the challenge!

Clara's voice was weak, tearful, and her cough racked my ear.

"You and Rex," I said (never having seen the lad), "are coming over here to dinner. I want to see you both!"

There was a long conference, or it may have been a kiss, but they came to dinner. The rest of that evening they remained my guests and I cannot write about it, but I learned that the young man's head is as long as his hips are slim; his mind is fairly one track, but if it had twenty tracks they would lead to Clara! Which is as it should be.

If you are very observing you may have realized that I have a weakness for Clara Bow. I admit it, but my weakness does not let me down far enough to ask anyone to give Clara a break, or a chance to come back or any other sobbing request!

I hope she doesn't come back, though I know she can.

I hope she will grasp the happiness that they gypped her out of when they grabbed her from the peace and security of poverty in Brooklyn and threw her onto a throne made out of executive minds and public opinion, which can be pulled out from under anyone who sits upon it, for any reason, such as holding the sceptre upside down or putting a few extra pounds on the place where even kings and queens sit!

Be sure to begin Clara Bow's own, authentic, signed story, in which she tells the truth never before published, starting in next month's NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, on sale in Woolworth stores, March 12th.



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VI-JON LABORATORIES, ST. LOUIS
P2

Sally of the Big Heart

(*Continued from page 6*)

class would be punished unless some one took the blame, Sally, loyal to her classmates, stood up and said she had eaten every one of the raisins herself. How one small girl could shovel down five pounds of them the nuns did not stop to enquire. Sally was kept in for six weeks.

BUT now the Noonans were in Hollywood, and the brother with all the silly ideas was pacing the rug excitedly and saying, "Gee, kid, as long as we're out here you might as well be a movie star."

The kid sister was not to start at the bottom of the ladder. No. She was to *begin* as a star. So said the brother with the ideas. "All right," agreed Sally. She loved her brothers dearly. To them also she was loyal. Whatever they wanted her to do, she would do.

And the strange thing is, the kids brought it off! The brother took Sally to every agent in Hollywood. They all said the same thing. "She looks like Mabel Normand. She's a cute little trick. Sure, we'll sign her." But this wouldn't do at all. "No, sir!" said Big Brother. "She doesn't sign any contracts until you guarantee she'll be a star in her first picture." This went on until there were no more agents.

"You know," said Sally gently, one day, to her brother, "I'd like to sign a contract with that man that was sitting in that last office we went to."

"Him? He wasn't even an agent. He was just a friend of that other fellow."

"He had a sad face," said Sally. "I'd sign a contract for him."

The man with the sad face knew Marshall Neilan, at that time the most important director in the industry. He took Sally to Neilan. And Neilan took her to Louis B. Mayer. They asked her what kind of parts she wanted to play, and she said "ones where I can wear old raggedy clothes." They put old raggedy clothes on her, took one look at her, and gave her a contract without even making a screen test. And that is the tale behind "Mike," one of Neilan's greatest pictures. . . . "And was I an actress!" exclaims Sally, her eyes big.

"They told me to cry and I got embarrassed. They told me to laugh and I cried. They took me outside of town and walked me up and down railroad tracks for an hour every day, stepping on the ties to teach me to walk without falling over my feet."

But she tried. How she tried! For Marshall Neilan had given her a chance and she wanted to be loyal to him. "Sally, Irene, and Mary," followed "Mike." Then came, "The Mad Hour," which taught Sally how to act. ("Gee, in that one I had a baby and went to prison and everything," she says.) Then came her first talkie, "On With the Show."

And then came the smash!

The newspapers appeared with screaming headlines: "Movie Star's Brother Accused of Theft. Fur Coats Stolen From Ted Lewis, Jazz King, Traced to Apartment of Sally O'Neil." Sally's best-loved brother, "Hutch," who looks so much like James Cagney that Sally herself has mistaken one for the other, is the wildest one of the family.

EVERYONE believed the newspapers —everyone but Sally. When they were babies together, she had sworn she would marry Hutch when she grew up. Once when he went away from home on a trip without kissing her goodbye, she was sick for three weeks; so sick that Hutch had to be called home by telegram. When she ran a needle through her finger, she would not let a doctor touch her, and waited for Hutch to pull it out. Hutch had protected her as a little girl. Now, it was her turn to be loyal to him.

"Tell me what happened," she said. Hutch told her. Two boys he knew had come to him saying that the prop department of a studio had a couple of old fur coats for sale; if Hutch would help sell the coats they would give him a percentage. The coats were stolen. The boys, to get themselves out of trouble, turned State's evidence and blamed the theft on Hutch.

"That's all I need to know," said Sally.

There was a police shake-up on at the time in Los Angeles. If Sally got her name into the papers over such a scandal, the producers would be scared to give her jobs in pictures. She knew it. She was offered a choice. She could think of herself, and of her career. Or she could be loyal to her brother. Without hesitation she chose loyalty.

For two years she did not work in a picture. She almost lived at the jail with Hutch. And she fought the case in court until she didn't have a dime in the world.

She had to go to New York. She went down to the jail to say goodbye to Hutch, who sat in his cell sick and broken from his long confinement. Sally was all the hope he had left. When she left, that day, he slashed his throat and wrists with a razor.

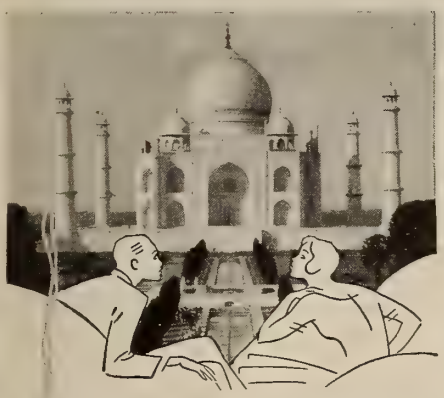
Sally heard that something had happened to him—what, no one would tell her. They refused to let her into the jail hospital, where the boy lay with his throat and wrists bandaged. Sobbing, frantic, she begged the police sergeants, the lawyers, to let her go to Hutch. They would not, as they thought the shock would be too great.

After hours of despairing appeal, a newspaper reporter drew her aside. "You've stuck by your brother, kid," he said. "I'll get you in to see him. And listen. Us guys have to print a lot of rotten stuff, and you've had your share of it. But this is one time you'll be able to say anything you want, and not a line of it will get into the papers!" The reporter stayed true to his promise. Sally saw her brother. . . . When you're as loyal as Sally, you see, you inspire loyalty in others.

SALLY has inspired loyalty in more than one man. There is Ivan Kahn, "the man with the sad face," now her agent. "She won't pay any attention to what I tell her to do, and she spends her money as fast as she makes it, and she drives me crazy—but, God, how she sticks by you when you need her!" Ivan had said.

With Hutch out of jail at last, Sally

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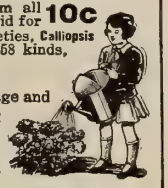
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Sally of the Big Heart

was penniless. Now it was Ivan's turn to help Sally. Fox wanted a girl to play the lead in, "The Brat," a part made for Sally if ever one was. Ivan, almost on his knees, begged the director to give her a chance at it. So did another friend, a kindly priest, who knew of Sally's loyalty to her brother, her loyalty to out-of-work extras, her loyalty to Marshall Neilan, who had started her on the road to fame only to sink into undeserved obscurity himself. A test was made. Ivan and Sally waited in the office for a phone call from the casting director. An hour, two hours passed. The phone rang.

Ivan's hands were shaking so he could hardly pick up the receiver. So much depended on the words that would come over the wire! Two years of hopelessness had taken the heart out of Sally, game as she was. If she didn't get this part, she was going to quit pictures, Ivan knew. "Hello? Hello? Tell us—"

The answer was Yes. Sally had the part. Ivan yelled, dropped the phone, hugged Sally, and then buried his face in his hands and wept.

You've seen "The Brat." Sally, brave scrapper and most loyal of friends, is back with us again.

Part-Time Wife

(*Continued from page* 43)

day that one can take lessons on love from an expert like Claudette.

"Jealousy is the actual fear that someone is stealing *something that belongs to you!* Your hat—or your dress—or your money or your man. Which brings us again to the feeling of possessiveness.

"Remember, no woman owns a man—she holds him only through his love and affection for her—his desire for her. And he must never be made to feel captured."

"But Miss Colbert, a man always tries to dictate to his wife. He won't allow her as much freedom as he demands."

"That's because he is a man—and you can't change nature," she replied with true French submissiveness. "Men will always have more freedom than women—*there will always be a double standard.* And we might as well accept life and love on that basis."

RIGHT now Miss Colbert's theories on life, love and marriage have been put to their severest test. For nearly a year, she and Mr. Foster have been three thousand miles apart. They have seen each other only twice, and then for just a few days, during all that time.

"It's awful, being so far away from each other," Claudette admitted. "But we feel that we have to sacrifice some of our personal happiness for our careers."

(*Please turn to page* 106)



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Part-Time Wife

(*Continued from page* 105)

Sane, clear-headed, this girl Claudette Colbert, despite her gay, carefree manner.

But she was not always so.

It is generally thought that because she was born with at least a silver spoon in her mouth that all the best things of life were handed to her on golden salvers. That she never knew struggle nor suffering.

But that's just one of those fond illusions that the dear old public gathers from heaven knows where. For Miss Colbert has never tried to create that impression.

It's true that Claudette's early morning slumbers were never rudely disturbed by the howling of the wolf before her door. No irate landlord ever threatened her with eviction into the cold, cold night. And no bill-collector ever came after her grand piano.

But she had her worries, anyway.

Her first job was offered to her—but she had to fight for the next one, and the next one, and the next.

It was when Anne Morrison was casting "The Wild Westcotts" that she met Miss Colbert at a party and suggested that she take a small part in the production.

Claudette accepted immediately, though she had never thought of a career on the stage—nor of any career at all, for that matter. Her parents were well-off and there was no necessity for their only daughter to earn her daily cake. But the girl doesn't live who, at some time in her life, hasn't cherished the secret ambition to become an actress. And Claudette was a strictly normal, though exceptionally beautiful girl.

AND the moment she stepped behind the footlights, her fate was sealed. She realized that for better or for worse, for richer or poorer, from that day on, the stage would be part and parcel of her life.

Thus her troubles began.

For when "The Wild Westcotts" closed, she began to look for another job.

"Though you may not believe it, I'm really terribly shy," Miss Colbert explained. "It's very hard for me to meet strangers. I always have to brace myself before entering a roomful of people I don't know.

"And it was awful, looking for a job. Having to go around to managers' offices, and wait, and wait, and wait. And half the time not getting to see them at all.

"Or getting to see them, and having to hear them say, 'I'm sorry, but I don't think you're the type for the role.'"

Finally, after some months of looking for work, Claudette landed the feminine lead in "The Fake," which Al Woods was just putting into production. And as a result of this seeming good "break," she suffered the greatest disappointment, the severest heartbreak of her life.

"My role was that of a young wife, the mother of an eight-year-old child. I was far too young for it, but it was assigned to me. I rehearsed it for the usual three weeks and was ready to open on a Monday.

"And on the Friday beforehand, three days before the opening, Mr. Woods sent for me and told me they had decided I was too young for the part. I was fired!

"I almost had a nervous breakdown then," Claudette went on. "I went home and cried for days. I even thought of committing suicide. Which I shall never consider again.

"For when once you face suicide and decide that you can't go through with it, you never think of it again. I didn't want to live at that time—but I didn't have the courage to die."

"For I think it is courage — not cowardice—to be able intentionally to leave this life that we know, and go into we know not what."

At last the storm clouds lightened, though. Claudette got another job, and as the feminine pièce de resistance in "The Barker," she swept everything before her into the Colbert camp. Press, public and pulpit capitulated and as soon as the noise of the shouts of praise reached the well-known Lasky and Zukor ears, she was tendered a nice, fat movie contract.

"The Hole in the Wall," and "The Lady Lies" were the results, and audiences all over the country gave one look and shouted for more.

So, Claudette has been emoting before cameras and microphones ever since.

"I SHALL never stop working," is her idea. "I shall act as long as I can—and as long as the public will let me.

"Thank goodness, I've never played ingenues—so I have no blond curls to outgrow. And I hope to be able to slip gracefully from straight leads to character parts, as old age creeps upon me.

"Then, if the public turns thumbs down on me, I shall direct or produce.

"That is the wonderful thing about a career—it is you, yourself—and nothing can take it away from you.

"All human contracts are envanescent. No matter how happy we are, when that happiness is a result of our relations with another person, it is liable to end as quickly as it began.

"And that's why my career will always come before my marriage. Because it is something that nothing can take away from me."

Next month NEW MOVIE will present Jim Tully, Herb Howe, Elsie Janis and Ted Cook in new and entertaining stories and gossip about the movie stars



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Rex Ingram

(*Continued from page* 39)

brunette? Didn't Ethel Barrymore go black-face for 'Scarlet Sister Mary'?"

Alice is a born comedienne. The Terry you have seen in pictures is not Alice at all. She's an Ingram version. Alice always followed Rex's direction without question because it was the easiest way. Off-screen, however, Alice is her own director—and Rex's too, though he hasn't fully realized it until now.

He says she has the best judgment of anyone he has known. That is why he is having her direct him in his scenes. The rest of the production he directs. When he was called to London on business for a few days he even turned over the production to her. Alarmed occasionally by rumors of their separation, Rex says, "Alice, if you ever divorce me you must still work for me."

"Well, there's no point in divorcing you, then," says Alice.

DURING all her career as blond Venus of the screen, Alice always wore a wig over her henna-hued tresses. Now that she is no longer compelled she has turned blond voluntarily—not platinum but a rich gold. (Alice sticks to the gold basis along with France and America.)

Alice never made a great salary, and was always frugal. When she lost a diamond bracelet Rex gave her she took the insurance money and invested it in a bond. She has the distinction of being one person who lost nothing in the depression. Every one of her bonds, which she herself picked, is earning interest. She never worries about her investments, which probably amount to half a million.

"I always figure I can go to a poorhouse," she says, "providing they don't run out of poorhouses by then."

On second thoughts she had a momentary twinge: "Do you have to work in a poorhouse?" she asks.

"I suppose you have to take care of your room."

"Oh, well," says Alice. "I could just let mine go—unless they had inspection."

"Alice is the laziest woman in the world," says Rex.

"And she has everything she wants," I reply.

"I guess she's right, at that," Rex agrees. "She never worries, always laughs. . . . I don't know anyone who has the poise of Alice."

POISE, not laziness, is the word for Alice. Rex talks Oriental philosophy—but Alice has it. She's a buddha for non-attachment. Even in human relationships she is not possessive. That is the secret of her marital continuity.

Rex is one of those ivory-tower dwellers. He craves companionship but must have independence. His villa is actually a studio. After quitting work in pictures he devoted himself to sculpture, his first love. He has some remarkable works, notably a Buddha holding Christ across his knees.

In a room illumined by old Italian windows there are paintings by Delacroix, Fromentin, Decamps, Dinet,

(*Please turn to page* 108)

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Rex Ingram

(*Continued from page* 107)

Vernet, Fortuny, Marilhat, Guillaumet. . . . It is furnished with antiques which Rex has collected in his travels through the world.

Here he meditates like a monk—I mean a Mohammedan — sketches, models and writes. At the present moment he is celebrating the acquisition of a Dehodencq gypsy painting which he has added to his Oriental collection, insured for $150,000.

Though he never refers to himself as an artist, it is the denomination that suits him best. He would rather think of himself as a hard, what-the-hell? guy. Actually a romantic, an aesthete and something of an ascetic, he is chiefly engrossed with his inner visions.

At a dinner table, with everyone chattering, Rex will fall to sketching on the back of the menu or on the tablecloth, oblivious of the party. Even those who enjoy his confidence—and they are not many—find him remote of contact. His brilliant grey eyes under the intense black brows have a ruminative expression. Only occasionally does he seem to be looking outwardly, yet he is a sure observer.

With all his exactitude as an artist, his quarrelsome Celtic spirit, he is constant, almost reverential, in his admiration for other artists.

He always declared D. W. Griffith the master director and, unlike many others, he still does. Von Stroheim, both as actor and director, is another who is permanently niched in the Ingram gallery. "And the funny thing is I detested him," he says, "because he got a job away from me when I first got back from the war. . . . Then I went to see 'Blind Husbands'. What a picture that was! It has never been surpassed."

Pauline Stark has long been his favorite among actresses. "And she would never send me a photograph," he laments. "If you see her tell her I'm still waiting for it."

A hard task-master, exacting of others as of himself, he has found little appreciation among those he has advanced. There are just three, he says, who have made him feel sentimental by their appreciation. They are Ramon Novarro, Willis Goldbeck, his scenarist, and Johnny Seitz, who faithfully realized Rex's visions with his superb camera work.

REX just missed being a Griffith "find." He had been playing bits at Vitagraph when some one told him that D. W. was making tests for a leading role. Rex borrowed fifteen dollars, walked up a flight and bought one of those suits, then went to the Griffith offices. While he was sitting in the anteroom a man engaged him in conversation for a few minutes before passing on. "That man you were talking to was D. W.," Rex was told afterward.

Christy Cabanne made a test of young Ingram on Griffith's orders. Hearing nothing as to the result, Rex, after a week, went off on another job. Griffith sent scouts to look for him but they failed to find him. Years later he learned of this from D. W., himself.

"Well, even though I did not get the job from you," Rex replied, "I am indebted to you for a great deal, as you must realize if you have seen my pictures."

D. W. protested that only once did he observe any copying of Griffith method.

"Don't tell me," laughed Rex. "We have all copied you. I'm honest enough to admit it, and I shall always admit it."

Nevertheless, Ingram contributed his own screen style to "The Four Horsemen" and developed it with succeeding pictures. In my opinion, "Where the Pavement Ends" was Ingram at his best. In this Rex agrees with me but gives credit to John Russell for a perfect screen story. John Russell is another for whom Rex holds an unswerving regard.

I do not know how successful Rex will be in translating his personality to the screen. He's a glittering, picturesque individual, one of the most absorbing characters I have encountered. Adventurous, both mentally and physically, he has sought drama in life.

Born Rex Hitchock, the son of a clergyman, in Tipperary, he flunked a course at Trinity College in Dublin, absconded to America to make his way as a railroad clerk, finally entered Yale, became a student of sculpture under Lawrie, served with the Royal Air squadron in the war, made his way upward in pictures as actor, scenario writer and director, and after achieving fame and fortune, quit Hollywood for Africa and the French Riviera.

WHILE making "The Arab" in Tunis, Rex suffered ill-health. He felt he could no longer stand the grind of Hollywood. Furthermore, the Arabs had gripped his imagination. He gained a new viewpoint on life. For several years he just loafed on the Riviera, doing a little modelling, collecting works of art and sunning himself into health. Always a good boxer, he engaged Tommy Cola, the young champion of Spain, as his trainer. Today he is a bronzed athlete, looking as young as when he made "The Four Horsemen."

After "Baroud" he may make an Irish picture in Ireland.

He would like to make pictures were it not for the business complications. He chafes under the financial supervision. Money is no longer an ideal with him, if it ever was. Today he informs me that he is seriously thinking of plunging off into Africa.

"If it were not for Alice I would have gone to Senegal long ago," he says.

But Alice is also tiring of the good-time Riviera. She tells me she would like a very simple home on the seacoast of Africa, possibly near Tangier. She has no ambition for pictures. But she is ambitious for Rex, providing he feels the urge.

Last night I sat in the projection room with her viewing some of the rushes in which Rex appears.

"You have to admit he's awfully good-looking," she said, "and there's no one like him on the screen."

"But has he sex-attraction, Alice?" I asked.

"Well, haven't I stuck with him for ten years?" chirped Alice.



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raising Rex rabbits for us. Send 25c. for full information and contract, everything explained. Send at once and find out about this big proposition we have to offer you.

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SOFT COLLAR LAYRITE

Invisible gold-plated device keeps soft collars tidy and free of wrinkles. Eliminates starching. Saves collars. Every man needs the Layrite for that smart appearance which women admire.

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Sold in ALL 10¢ STORES

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That

George P. Way made himself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with Artificial Ear Drums—his own invention. He wore them day and night. They stopped head noises and ringing ears. They are invisible and perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write for his true story, "How I Got Deaf and Made Myself Hear". Also booklet on Deafness. Address





Artificial Ear Drum

GEORGE P. WAY, INC.
718 Hofmann Building Detroit, Michigan



Little Sidney Fox

(*Continued from page* 66)

ganization did itself proud. Last August the Wampas presented its thirteen Baby Stars of 1931 to a radio audience of 50,000,000 over an 82-station radio broadcast and to an audience of 115,000 at the Olympic stadium. And just before Christmas the Wampas members and their wives played host to all of the available Baby Stars at the Writers' Club.

Under the chairmanship of Sam W. B. Cohn the party was arranged and staged replete in pre-Christmas features from cranberry sauce and turkey to Christmas stockings and a Santa Claus—in the flesh. Bob Bonesteel, Wampas secretary, assumed the role of Kris Kringle and, arriving to the tunes of "Jingle Bells" and muted "aws" and "ohs," proceeded to the silvery tree where he distributed the gifts.

There were stockings in bright colors for the "Babies," filled with candy, nuts, apples, cakes and exquisite souvenirs as well as comedy presents. One Baby Star found the perfume bottle which made her eyes sparkle with enthusiasm, spilled its contents on her dress when she lifted the cork from the neck; another found a tiny camera which shot a springy snake into the air instead of making pictures; and another found a glove box labelled "undressed black kid" really contained a tiny negro doll sans clothing.

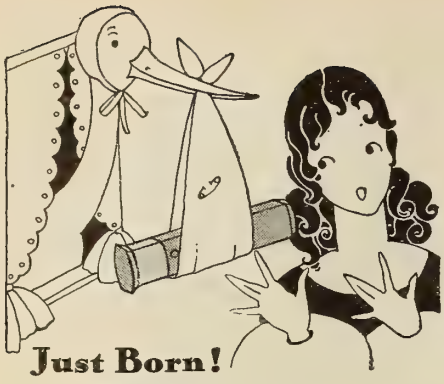
EACH of the Baby Stars went to the Christmas tree in response to her name. Three of the starlets—Anita Louise, Barbara Weeks and Rochelle Hudson—found notices in their stockings from their respective studios stating that their contract options had been exercised and that nice salary raises would be theirs as Christmas presents.

Anita Louise found a tiny lambkin in her stocking, also a tiny toy wirehaired terrier. Marion Shilling received a be-whiskered Scotch terrier and a doll with a pair of roller skates over her arm. Karen Morley drew a puffy toy dog, a tiny miniature movie theatre with comic pictures and a jack-in-the-box. Being from Oklahoma, someone told Santa Claus to give Rochelle Hudson a toy horse—which seemed to please the Claremore brunette more than just a little. Constance Cummings received a dainty Patsyette doll and a toy revolver for use in gangster pictures. The pistol shot a long springy wooden pellet into the air instead of a bullet and the Columbia player gave imitations of Edward Robinson and Noah Beery. Barbara Weeks found a doll and a toy poodle in her stocking and her escort, William Bakewell, said that the arrival of the toys killed the evening so far as he was concerned.

Word came to the party that Marian Marsh's first independent starring vehicle was opening at a local theatre and Joan Marsh, playing in vaudeville in New York, wired her greetings. Sidney Fox phoned in from Universal where she was working in "Murders in the Rue Morgue," doing a chilling murder sequence, and said she felt too murderous to dance after midnight. Joan Blondell and Frances Dee also were forced to absent themselves because of night work at the studio and Frances Dade and Judith Wood were en route East for holidays at home.

(*Please turn to page* 110)





Just Born!

Po-Go's LIPSTICK!

A permanent companion for the perfect rouge!

If you use Po-Go—that imported, French-made, handmade Rouge—you'll want Po-Go's new modern Lipstick, too. It lends your lips the same Parisian smartness—goes on smoothly—never looks greasy—and remains for *hours!*

Po-Go Lipstick costs (surprise!) only 50c! Its colorful case is smart as the most expensive. Nearly all drug and department stores already have Po-Go Lipstick. But it's so new that if you can't get it, write direct to us.

Just name your shade (see list below) and send 50c to Guy T. Gibson, Inc., Importers, 565 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Dept. 33.

Po-Go

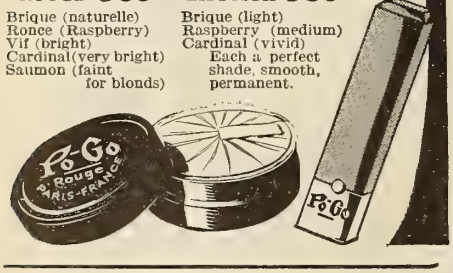
ROUGE & LIPSTICK

ROUGE **50c**

Brique (naturelle)
Ronce (Raspberry)
Vif (bright)
Cardinal (very bright)
Saumon (faint for blonds)

LIPSTICK **50c**

Brique (light)
Raspberry (medium)
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Each a perfect shade, smooth, permanent.



Over 8000 Sold

Over 8000 mothers have wanted their children to read Tower's merry, wholesome children's books.

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Work for "Uncle Sam"
Short Hours
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Sirs: Rush to me without charge (1) 32-page book with list of U. S. Government steady Jobs obtainable; (2) Tell me how to get one of these jobs.

Name .....

Address .....

Little Sidney Fox

(*Continued from page* 109)

Constance Cummings wore a black velvet evening gown with train, with gardenias over her left shoulder. Karen Morley's dress was of green canton crepe with square-cut decolletage, while Rochelle Hudson's dress was of hand-painted black chiffon with cuffs of black fox fur.

Marion Schilling's gown was of robin's egg blue taffeta trimmed in pink and her necklace was of crystal and moonstones. Anita Louise, the baby of the Baby Star group, wore a tight fitting old-fashioned dress of brocaded taffeta in silver and Nile green with silver shoulder straps, and Barbara Weeks' dress was of white satin with an extremely long train, and over her left shoulder she wore gardenias. Tom Brown, eighteen-year-old New York stage actor, who was given a long-term Universal contract two days after he arrived in Hollywood, escorted Anita Louise, this party being the first the elfin Anita ever attended with a boy.

At the Mayfair Dance

Winter has done its share to enliven the Mayfair Club dances at the Biltmore hotel. At the last affair the Who's Who in Cinemaland turned out en masse. Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer) had as their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, Miss Marion Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Selwyn, Aileen Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Goulding, Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Gibbons (Dolores del Rio), and Mr. William Randolph Hearst.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Denny entertained Joan Bennett, Gene Markey, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hillman (Marian Nixon) and Mr. and Mrs. Hoot Gibson (Sally Eilers). Accompanied by the ever-present Joseph von Sternberg was Marlene Dietrich, who wore a low cut black velvet gown. Richard Dix and his bride were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Hawks (Bessie Love).

Ginger Rogers was in Evelyn Brent's party, and Sally O'Neil was with Marion Davies' nephew, Charles Lederer.

Marion Davies Gives Party

One of the lovliest parties of the season was the one Marion Davies gave at her home in honor of Eleanor Patterson. The house was decorated throughout with orchard plants grown in Marion's own greenhouse. Dance music was furnished by Gus Arnheim's orchestra and everything was most festive.

Among the guests were William S. Hart, handsome in his evening attire, Norma Shearer with her house guest, Lady Maureen Stanley. Ina Claire and Fredric March danced divinely together. Billie Dove danced only with Howard Hughes. Mary Brian came escorted by Stu Irwin and his bride, June Collyer. Jack Mulhall was working so Evelyn Mulhall came with Mona Maris and Lily Damita.

Gershwin in Celluloid

(*Continued from page* 10)

theme song with all of his characteristic fervency.

HAVE YOU HEARD the Perfect records yet? I can honestly tell you that they're good. I have just listened to one of their new releases, "Love Goes On Just the Same," a fox trot, played by Louis Katzman and his orchestra. It has everything a good dance number should have. The other side, "Why Did It Have to Be Me?" also by Louis and his boys, is just as good. All in all a record you'll be glad to find.

THE MONTH'S BIGGEST HITS

"Freddy the Freshman," fox trot, played by Gene Kardos and his orchestra (Victor).

"Home," fox trot, played by Peter Van Steeden and his orchestra (Victor).

"Love Goes on Just the Same," fox trot, played by Louis Katzman and his orchestra (Perfect).

"Now's the Time to Fall in Love," fox trot, played by Ben Selvin and his orchestra (Columbia).

"You Try Somebody Else," vocal, Russ Columbo (Victor).

HERE'S A RECORD that should go over with almost everyone. It's one of those rollicking collegiates we hear every season in some form or other. "Freddy the Freshman" is the title, and if you believe the vocalist, Freddy is anything but stale. And we hear from a band that seems to be right up and coming—Gene Kardos and his orchestra. The record features a vocal by Dick Robertson, who seems to be doing plenty of recording these days. Gene and his boys inject plenty of rhythm and come right down on the beat. The other side, also by Gene Kardos and his orchestra, is the hit tune from Eddie Cantor's picture, "Palmy Days." You can take it for granted that this is good, too. Again we hear Dick Robertson in the vocal. (This is a Victor record.)

NOW we'll hear from that genial young gentleman who has been enjoying such popularity the last few seasons. I refer to Peter Van Steeden and his orchestra, who played for us, "Home," written by none other than Peter himself. I believe it is his signature over the air. It is a very sweet tune, and although it isn't at any point identical, it somehow reminds me of "My Blue Heaven." It certainly is being plugged enough, and I think we are safe in predicting it will be one of the hits of the season. And again we hear the voice of Dick Robertson in the vocal. The other side, also by Peter Van Steeden, is the popular "I Promise You," which is little Jack Little's tune, as you probably know. Peter does an equally good job on this one. Dick Robertson is still with us in the vocal. (This is a Victor record.)

SOON LOST 24 POUNDS OF **FAT**

SAFE EASY



SANE QUICK

Depicting the captivating charm and physical attractiveness which chic slenderness brings.

Thousands upon thousands of fashionable women are increasingly placing their faith in a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts every morning before breakfast to safely lose excess fat and give them a beguilingly slender, trim figure—glorious health, new energy, strength and great body activity.

Mrs. C. La Follette of Shepardsville, Ky. writes: "I take Kruschen and find it fine. Reduced 24 lbs. Ate all I wanted, 3 meals a day. Feel like a new person."

An 85c bottle lasts 4 weeks and leading drugstores the world over heartily recommend this pleasant, effective treatment. Many folks hasten results by going lighter on potatoes, pastries and fatty meats.

Remember Kruschen is more than just a laxative salt—it's a marvelous blend of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—then just watch excess fat gradually disappear!

KRUSCHEN SALTS

Spencerian PENS

SILVERINE PENS
WITH THE VELVET TOUCH

NEW WEAR SOLES

ADD MONTHS OF WEAR TO EVERY PAIR

10¢ EACH WITH SOLE GRIP CEMENT

1 SCRAPE SOLE

2 APPLY CEMENT

3 PUT ON NEW SOLE

Save money! Cut the family's shoe bills in half. NEW WEAR SOLES make old shoes like new again. Just 1-2-3 and the new long-wear, tough-tread soles are on to stay.

BROWN RUBBER CO.
Lafayette, Indiana

Get The GENUINE Ask For NEW WEAR SOLES

AT 5 AND 10¢ STORES

FITS ALL SHOES. . .
MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Gershwin in Celluloid

"NOW'S THE TIME to Fall in Love," from Eddie Cantor's success, "Palmy Days" is next, played for us by Ben Selvin and his orchestra. Ben is an old favorite and seems to be rather a fixture around the Columbia place, so I guess you all know him by this time. As usual, he does a nice piece of work—a snappy number with plenty of vocal choruses. (The lyric writers never give up.) The other side also by the same orchestra, is another number from "Palmy Days," "Bend Down, Sister." This is the same type as the preceding, and if you like one, you'll like the other. (This is a Columbia record.)

"RIVER STAY 'WAY From My Door" is next, and this time we hear from another newcomer, the Lofner-Harris St. Francis Hotel orchestra, which is too much if you ask me. However, the boys do their work right well, and we can't complain. I think you'll like the novel introduction on this number and the vocal by Phil Harris. The other side is also by Lofner-Harris, "Was It Wrong?" a very pretty tune, and in the handling of it the boys do very good work again. (This is a Victor.)

HERE'S ONE BY a band I'm always glad to listen to. "Lies," played for us by Gus Arnheim and his Cocoanut Grove Orchestra. Gus is always sure to turn out a good tune, and this is no exception. This is everything a record should be, and if you don't like it, I miss my guess. The vocal refrain is by Dave Marshal. The other side is also by Gus, "Put Your Little Arms Around Me," and this is up to par, too. You'll like the vocal which is given by Loyce Whiteman. (This is a Victor record.)

"TELL ME WITH a Love Song" is next, and this time a vocal. Kate Smith does the recording honors and needs no introduction. This is a very smooth number, and as usual, Miss Smith is right up at the top. You'll like it. The other side is also by Miss Smith, from the current George White's "Scandals." "That's Why Darkies Were Born" is the title, and it sounds something like a re-hash of the old stand-by, "Birth of the Blues." The recording on this can only be described as very bad. (This is a Columbia record.)

Remember that you bought this magazine at WOOLWORTH'S you will find a new issue at the same place on the 15th of each month

THE FINEST FACE POWDER 10¢



IN THE GREEN VELOUR AND SILVER BOX

No better face powder can be made at any price. Positively made from the finest and most expensive ingredients obtainable. Exquisitely packaged in handsome green velour and silver box. Nothing cheap but the price. Unless you are unwisely extravagant you will choose and regularly use Vivani Face Powder. All the good shades. Larger sizes 1 and 2 dollars.

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Vivani Cream Rouge—most natural of all rouges—lasts all day. Absolutely new beetle-ware green container—4 shades

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Sewing machine "draggy"? It needs some 3-in-One! Oil every part liberally — then run the machine a few seconds. Watch how 3-in-One works-out sticky gum, dirt and lint! Wipe away excess oil, and you are ready to sew on a machine that runs like new again.

Three-in-One is blended from three oils to do three things at one time. As it oils it cleans and prevents rust and tarnish. Handy cans and bottles; sold everywhere.

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3-IN-ONE OIL

CLEANS - OILS - PROTECTS

End GRAY HAIR



Instantly, Effectively, Safely

"I tried your hair dye the first time this morning and found it much better than anything I have used before. It is perfectly natural and cannot be detected from the natural color."
—Mrs. C. A.; Ohio



Damschinsky's Liquid Hair Dye has been recommended and sold by leading druggists for over 40 years. Only one application needed. Color will not wash out. Large size bottle 75c.

Guaranteed safe, no harmful ingredients

Test Bottle Only 10c

Use the coupon. Test bottle to try on a lock of hair will be sent promptly. Send only 10c to cover postage and packing costs. Plain package used.

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142 East 34th Street, New York, N. Y.
Enclosed find 10c for trial package.

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City_____ State_____
Color: ☐ Blond; ☐ Lt. Brown; ☐ Med. Brown; ☐ Brown; ☐ Dark Brown; ☐ Black

Rambles in Radioland

(*Continued from page 65*)

trip to Chicago to see her. They talked away a fortune on the transatlantic phone arranging to meet at the station. Then at the last minute Beatrice took a nap to look prettier for Robert and did not wake up until he was beside her bed, shaking her.

Beatrice saved the day by telling Robert what a swell saxophone she'd bought for him because next to Lady Peel he likes a saxophone best. Then she had to sneak out and buy one just like it.

These Musical People: Toscha Seidel buys and throws away twenty pipes a month before he finds one he likes. . . . Freddie Rich stamps his feet so hard during rehearsals that they have to put felt on the stand to preserve it. . . . If Nat Shildkret had 72 hands he could be his own orchestra, because he can play all the instruments. . . . Every member of Guy Lombardo's band is married. . . . John Mills, of the brothers by that name, once got a job playing the trumpet in a boys' band. He could not afford to buy the instrument, though, and offered to imitate it instead, for half pay. The leader couldn't see it, but John's brothers did and it turned out to be a swell idea.

B. A. Rolfe did not touch tobacco until he was twenty-five. Now he smokes fifteen cigars a day.

You Can't Keep a Good Singer Quiet! Alexander (Chesterfield Cigarettes) Gray whom you saw in "No, No, Nanette" and "Sally," must believe that the longest way around is the shortest way home. At least, that's the way he went about becoming a singer.

After his graduation, he went to Europe where he meant to work in the daytime and study music at night. He worked his way across by scrubbing decks, but when he landed he found that the people over there did not speak his college languages the same way that he did, so he came back on a yacht, shoveling coal.

Back in America he became technical editor of "Iron Age" and after that a grammar-school teacher. Then Fate took a hand and won him a singing contest with a cash prize and a trip to California. But Al still would not trust his voice to provide room and board for him, so he took one last fling to become advertising manager of the Diamond Truck Company in Chicago, before finally coming to New York to be Marilyn Miller's sweetie in "Sally."

Tonsils and Expensive Hats: Colds don't stop Ruth Etting from singing. Even when she had her tonsils burned out she did not miss a single performance. . . . Lew Conrad is insured for $250,000. . . . Jimmy Wallington wears a wedding ring. Before he fell in love with his wife she was called Stanislewa Butkrewicz. He married her because her name was too hard to pronounce. . . . Television has taken to broadcasting fashion shows with $35,000 hats and gowns with prices to match. Fathers and husbands will have a hard time talking down Easter expenses if this sort of thing keeps up.

The Boy Nobody Wanted: With Russ Columbo starting on the Listerine program and moving his orchestra into the Waldorf-Astoria all within one week, his song writing manager, Con Conrad, may well pat himself on the back and admit that he can pick them.

Conrad brought Russ East even though most of his friends said he was all wrong.

He had the boy sing "You Call It Madness, I Call It Love," for Harry Richman on his first night in town and Harry didn't think he was so hot.

The next day Ziegfeld listened and turned down the song without even noticing Russ's voice.

Next NBC gave him an audition and then let him wait.

Then Earl Carrol thought he liked him and asked Rudy Vallee to let Russ sing over his mike. Vallee did and Earl was sold on the broadcast, but he was too late. For the next morning the radio offers began to come in.

A Chat with My Correspondents: Blue Boy: Ailen Clark is married to a former Washington and Jefferson football player. There is a little John Robinson Clark IV, aged three. Sorry.

John: The stars could listen in on their own broadcasts by earphones, but they find it much better for their nerves to go home and listen to their records instead.

Nee: The Boswell Sisters were born in New Orleans. When they started they also played a saxophone and a banjo. But now the orchestra does that for them.

How the Other Half Lives: Ruth Etting refused to take the unemployment situation seriously and turned down a $75,000 offer to go on the air. She signed up instead for a series of $4,500 weeks in vaudeville to tide her over until some station gave her that $150,000 yearly guarantee she wanted.

Al Jolson and Will Rogers weren't as hard as that with the broadcasters. They were willing to take $10,000 a week and let the year take care of itself.

In the meantime Phillips (Seth Parker) Lord was collecting in the weekly neighborhood of $10,000 for his personal appearances, alone.

All in a Wife's Day: Harold Whalen was touched, of course, when his wife called on him back stage at the New York Paramount—and gave him a summons for back alimony. But what really moved him was the way she turned around to Bing Crosby after that, and asked for an autograph.

New Members of Hollywood's Kindergarten will appear in next month's NEW MOVIE

Is Your Face Your Fortune?

(*Continued from page 72*)

utmost care and as lightly as possible. Do not drag the sensitive muscles.

The process of the daily evening massage is very simple. Any girl may do it for herself at home. The only requirements are infinite patience and a fixed purpose—which are part and parcel of every phase of beautification. Behind it all must be the sincere wish to be lovely and the stamina to persist in the process.

If a certain cream does not do the work you expect of it, do not blame the preparation. It may not be one suitable to your skin. Always read the booklets accompanying creams, lotions and other preparations carefully. Talk it over with the attendant from whom you make your purchase.

Every woman knows, once she stops to analyze, that her skin is not in the least like that of any of her friends. Its texture is different, its reaction under heat and cold, wind and sun is by no means the same as that of the people she knows. How, then, can she expect to retain its soft perfection unless she has the right tissue cream to nourish it?

Home treatments, such as are outlined here, will strengthen certain facial muscles that, when weakened, result in flabbiness, in lines and wrinkles. However, it is well to remember that nothing is really accomplished with one treatment. The first one merely shows you what you *can* accomplish through consistency.

One reason why movie stars can hold the spotlight as long as they do and keep young, fresh complexions in spite of the continual strain they are under is that they never allow their complexions to get to the point where some radical cure must be resorted to.

Prevention in facial difficulties is always best. Constant care and watchfulness will bring its rewards. And not to the skin alone. The time you spend on facial massage and care is a period of enforced relaxation from both mental and physical strain and is worthwhile from that point of view if no other.

Give your face the best care and attention, day in and day out, and you will be rewarded far out of proportion to your labors.

It is daily care alone that will bring you these rewards. Few women in this modern age of smoke and dust and grime can depend on nature alone to keep their skins soft and smooth and clean. No, we have to keep our powder dry and a great deal more besides if we are to be lovely to look at and charming.

Three Weeks to Lose

If you have ten or fifteen pounds you'd like to part with, send for our 21-day diet chart which is easy to follow and sure to bring good results. Send stamped addressed envelope to Ann Boyd, care of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"10c for that window shade? ...It seems incredible!"



...said LAURA LaPLANTE when she saw a CLOPAY Window Shade for the first time.



"I DON'T see how they do it," continued this charming moving picture star, examining the shade closely. "It looks like ten times that much money."

The low price of CLOPAY Shades is possible because of the development of CLOPAY, a tough, durable but inexpensive fibre material. Discovery of this fabric gave to the world a shade that is not only handsome in appearance, but is also fray-proof, crack-proof and sun-proof . . . and costs only 10c!

CLOPAY Shades come in solid colors—tan, green, blue and white—also in charming chintz patterns. Attach in a jiffy to your old rollers, without tacks or tools. 10c each; in Canada and Far West 15c.

See them at your favorite 5c and 10c store. Judge their appearance for yourself; their durability has been proved.

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

...and the NEW CLOPAY Vacuum Cleaner Bag

No more filthy, germ-laden vacuum cleaner bags to empty. Attach a CLOPAY bag, and when it's filled . . . *throw it away!* Cost only 10c each; and it requires four to six weeks of constant use to fill bag. Safeguard health and get rid of a nasty job for a few cents. If your favorite 5c and 10c store cannot yet supply them, send 25c for one bag and metal adapter which attaches permanently to your electric cleaner. *Be sure to specify the make of your vacuum cleaner.*

10c



CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1236 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

A clever homemaker we know is making a valuable note book from the new recipes which appear each month in The TOWER MAGAZINES. She says they evidently are tried and true, because she has a "non-fail" record with them.

How Beautiful You Look!

She makes-up just once a day this way!

INSTEAD of rouging your lips and cheeks every hour or so, try this new make-up ensemble that lasts right around the clock—for 12 full hours! It costs but a mere fraction of what you are used to paying for cosmetics.

You'll find this smart, all-day make-up right there on the 10-cent counter . . . Heather Rouge and Heather Lipstick in a wide variety of shades—both as pure and fine as you could possibly want—both having rare permanency that weathers even kisses and caresses. Then for those who make up their eyes, Heather Cosmetiko, Eyeshadow and Eyebrow Pencil. Now keep your lips and cheeks perfectly made up without forever daubing them . . . Use this new Heather All-Day Make-Up.



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Woman Uses
BETTY LOU
powder puffs

BETTY LOU Powder Puffs are as soft as eider down and as smooth as rose petals. They will apply your face powder caressingly, with the utmost smoothness. Expressly sterilized for your own skin protection, BETTY LOU Powder Puffs are made in seven enchanting pastel shades.

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BETTY LOU
JUNIOR 5c



Sold Exclusively at
F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10¢ STORE

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY, Limited
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Sample this wonderful
New
Perfume



You have never seen anything like this before! Riegers' Flower Drops, made from *the essence of flowers, without alcohol.* The most exquisite and refined of all perfumes. Sells at $12.00 an ounce (bottle of 30 drops, $2.50) yet *economical*—a single drop lasts a week!

Write for Sample

Send 20c (silver or stamps) for trial bottle of Romanza, an exquisite, new Flower Drops odor. Write now.
Paul Rieger & Co., (*Since 1872*) 174-1st St., San Francisco, Cal.

Pioneer Gold

(*Continued from page 8*)

likely investment. At this time, 1908, Fort George, Amsterdam Avenue, at 191st Street, was almost a suburb, yet fairly accessible via a car ride costing a nickel.

For an investment of $600 the brothers leased a small tract of land, dolled it up a bit, installed hot dogs, popcorn and peanuts, rented certain concessions and opened the gates to the public under the ambitious name of Paradise Park.

The Schencks were just about set for their new venture, the gates to Paradise were about to be thrown open, when an unassuming little man made application for space in which to show motion pictures. He convinced the brothers that a penny arcade, similar to those operating on Fourteenth Street, would net a tidy sum.

The signature attached to the contract was "Marcus Loew."

This marked the beginning of a close business and personal relationship that lasted until the death of Loew, a sagacious showman whose theaters dotted the land. Paradise Park did well for several seasons before it was swept by fire.

Instead of rebuilding, the Schencks, encouraged by their success in the resort business, looked about for a more favorable location. Directly across the Hudson River at Fort Lee, N. J., they found a small park, owned and operated by a Mr. Dexter. Because patronage had been poor during an unusually rainy Summer, he sold out at a moderate figure. By this time Joe and Nick were well enough established to borrow money for improvements, which they proceeded to make with impressive results.

Joe concedes credit to Nick for installing the steepest, fastest, most breath-taking roller-coaster this side of Coney Island. The original Scenic, built in 1911, gave place two years ago to the yet more perilous Cyclone. Nick, it seems, always had a peculiar fondness for coasters.

Joe also credits the surf-bathing to his brother. The pool on the Palisades, two blocks long by one block wide, is equipped with a machine which stirs a sequence of waves in a fair imitation of the surf rolling on the sands of Coney Island. The brothers agreed that above all else the park must be a wholesome place for women and children, hence the refusal of large sums of money for a concession to sell hard drinks. This, of course, was before the days of prohibition.

HELPING to run the amusement resort with his left hand, so to speak, Joe's right hand was occupied in rapidly spreading motion picture projects directed by his friend, Marcus, under the general head of Marcus Loew Theatrical Enterprises. He made a close study of the pictures being turned out weekly by the Edison, Biograph, Vitagraph and other studios and decided to do a little producing on his own account. With the making of longer, so-called feature films, new companies were being formed and entertainment on the screen was coming to replace vaudeville in many of the larger theaters.

Joe read a magazine story that impressed him as being likely picture material and purchased the screen rights for a few hundred dollars. In looking about for a star whose name would attract vaudeville and stage audiences, he found Josie Collins, an old-time musical comedy favorite. With Roland West as the director, a five-reel feature film was made at a cost of $20,000 for release on the Fox program. This marked Joe's début as a motion picture producer. It was followed by two films starring Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, who frequently figured on the front pages of newspapers some fifteen years ago.

Roscoe Arbuckle comedies were his next venture, and very good comedies they were. But meanwhile Joe had bigger projects in mind. In 1917 he wooed, won and married Norma Talmadge, whose popularity in Vitagraph pictures placed her, along with Mary Pickford and Anita Stewart, among the favorites of the day.

A new distributing company had been organized under the name of Select, and its promoters considered themselves fortunate in announcing Norma as their brightest star in a series of productions. The first of these, "Panthea," was released in 1918.

"Panthea" and subsequent pictures did so well that Joe considered it wise to take on the other members of the talented Talmadge family in the order of their coming. Constance, a bewitching comédienne, if there ever was one, came next; then Buster Keaton, who belonged to the Talmadge clan by right of marriage, and finally Natalie. The largest distributing companies, including First National and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, vied with each other for the profitable privilege of releasing Joseph M. Schenck productions. Joe was an independent by right of quality. His pictures were in demand.

In the scramble for preferred positions in the palatial motion picture houses erected in the larger cities an alliance of the big shots became a logical development, hence the incorporation of United Artists, including such renowned names as Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and D. W. Griffith.

It was determined in 1924 to expand the organization, with Schenck as chairman of the board of directors. The executive ability which Schenck had revealed in the development of his own enterprises was allowed fuller scope as more of the accepted leaders signed under the United Artists trademark. Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, John Barrymore, Samuel Goldwyn joined the prospering fold, guided by a man whose judgment and foresight have been tested and found reliable.

Although Joe spends most of the year at the West Coast studios, he makes frequent trips to New York and for a holiday he and Brother Nick, now president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, may take a dip in the pool at Palisades Park. They still own the place.

"Homes of the Stars" is a regular feature in the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

The Bandwagon

(*Continued from page* 55)

MARY AND POLO: When Laddie Sanford, one of those hard-riding polo players from Santa Barbara, comes to Hollywood it's Mary Duncan whom he phones first.

DANCING PARTNERS: Virginia Cherrill is making the rounds of the dance places with Andy Goodman.

SO IT SEEMS: Irene Rich, whose divorce from David Blankenhorn will not become final for many more months, seems more than interested in Harold Elliot.

Then there's the one about the girl who finally got a break. She was given a part and several pages of lines to learn.

At the last moment the script was taken away from her and given to another girl.

"What did you say to that?" demanded an indignant friend.

"What could I say?" replied the unlucky girl. "I was left speechless."

WHITEMANS EXPECTANT: Before Margaret Livingston went back to Chicago to spend Christmas with her husband, Paul Whiteman, she is said to have whispered to one or two close friends that there will be a new—and much smaller—band leader—or leaderess—in their home in the Spring.

JACKIE AT PLAY: There are people who would give a pretty penny to be interviewed by a celebrated writer and to have their pictures printed in a leading magazine—but not Jackie Cooper.

One of the most facile typewriter pounders among Hollywood's intelligentsia called at the juvenile star's home the other evening, stated her business and—Jackie burst into tears.

Jackie's mother explained. It was Wallace Beery's boy pal's night to go to the movies and he thought he was going to miss his weekly treat. When the writer volunteered to take Jackie to any show in town, tears were dried and Jackie was interviewed, painlessly, while he watched one of his fellow stars do his stuff on the screen.

THE STAGE, MAYHAP: Ina Claire has recovered from the shock of Robert Ames' tragic death, to the extent of writing to friends in Hollywood, that she is looking for a good stage play. In case she does not find one that will be suitable for a Broadway production, she declares she will return to Hollywood.

MAYBE IT'S A MYTH: Shout about the depression all you like, some of them in Hollywood don't believe it—not when they see a well-known Hollywood florist using a Rolls Royce for deliveries.

RIFT NOW CHASM: The Bert Wheelers are at it again. They separated about a year ago and then decided they couldn't live without each other, or themselves, or something.

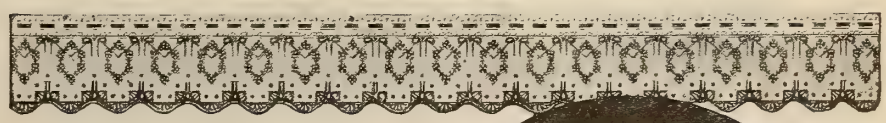
This time the rift in the lute looks like the Grand Canyon.

(*Please turn to page* 116)



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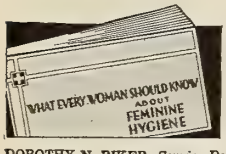
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The Bandwagon

(*Continued from page* 115)

RUTH AND THE DOCTOR: Ruth Hall is stepping outside the cinema circle for social diversion. She usually has by her side Dr. James Daly, a fortunate dentist.

JULANNE JOHNSTON and Roy Bradley have called off their proposed trip to London, where they hoped to do ballroom dancing. Lately Bradley has been dancing with another girl.

DANCE REGULARS: Doris Hill and Lew Schrieber are among the regulars at the dance places these nights.

Film salesmen are keeping up with the times, too. During the holiday season a lot of them, after trying vainly to sell their pictures, showed the exhibitors their line of Christmas cards.

ANOTHER RIFT: George K. Arthur and his wife have finally decided they cannot go on that way.

They took time out about five years ago. She went back to England but finally returned to the United States and George.

COOLING ROMANCE REPORT: Tom Gallery's trip east at Christmas time, when Zasu Pitts remained at home with the children, has sharpened the report that their romance is cooling. We can say definitely there is no likelihood of a divorce.

FORBES BECOMES CAMERAMAN: Ralph Forbes has a new hobby—indoor photography with a pocket-sized camera. His principal subject is his wife, Ruth Chatterton. Let's hope we get a look at these intimate glimpses of the famous Ruth puttering around the house.

ANOTHER GAY COUPLE: Eddie Silton and Claudia Dell are companions at many of the gay places now.

PERHAPS THEY LIKE EACH—OTHER: Paul Page and Collette Merton are frequently seen together.

And Fritz Tidden, Clarence Brown's Boswell, says times are so tough the studio efficiency expert wanted the Thousand Island dressing to take a cut.

BUST OF MARIE: Jean Hersholt, besides being one of our finest character actors, is also a portrait painter and sculptor of note. He has just completed a life-size bust of Marie Dressler which he presented to the star as a token of his appreciation of her fine performance in "Emma."

Loretta Young was trying to describe a famous costume designer at one of the leading studios.

"He's sort of . . . uh . . ."

"Sort of what?" insisted her friend.

"Well, I'll tell you," described Loretta, desperately. "He comes up to you like a salad."

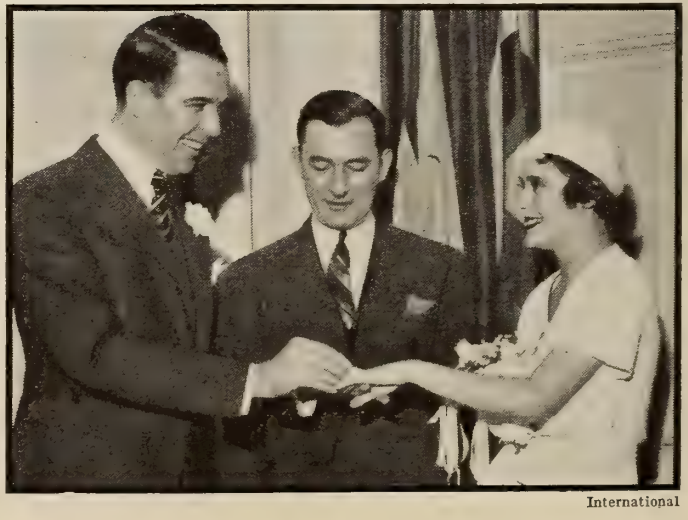
BEBE'S COACH: It was Mrs. Lionel Barrymore who journeyed to San Francisco and coached her friend, Bebe Daniels, in her part of her stage debut in "The Last of Mrs. Cheney." Mrs. Barrymore is known on the stage as Irene Fenwick.

JACKIE FOOT-PRINTED: Jackie Cooper has placed his foot-prints among the famous. They can be found in the fore-court of the Chinese Theatre where some 200 people gathered to watch Jackie perform the ritual.

HOSPITAL HABITUES: Polly Moran has been talking of trying for wholesale rates at the Hollywood Hospital. Here's the reason: She was there twice last year, her fifteen-year-old son recently had an appendicitis operation at the same institution and, before he recovered, Polly's mother was entered as an influenza case.

TOPSY TURVY-LAND: Doris MacMahon spent many years dancing in the theatre but had to learn to walk on her hands to get in the movies. She will be seen in "Polly of the Circus."

SIXTEEN-CYLINDER BABY BUGGY: The rumor that Mrs. Lew Ayres (Lola Lane) was in the market for baby things has been temporarily dispelled for, instead of buying a baby buggy, Lew has purchased for his bride a sixteen-cylinder automobile.



International

When Betty Lawford, well-known Broadway actress, became Mrs. Monte Bell, it was New York's famous Mayor, James J. Walker, who performed the ceremony.

The Bandwagon

"BILLY" REID, ACTOR: "Billy" Reid, son of the former screen idol, Wallace Reid, is about to embark on a screen career. Billy not only resembles his famous dad, but has all of his musical talents besides. He plays six different instruments.

FRIENDSHIP CALENDAR: A very novel and interesting gift was one which Thomas Meighan received from his wife. It is called a Friendship Calendar and has a personal message and autograph from one of Tommy's friends for each day of the year. John McCormack chose the 17th of March. A well-known pianist wrote: "You remind me of my pianos—Upright, Square and Grand."

Prominently placed in the bedroom of the Marquis de La Falaise stands a childhood picture of Constance Bennett in a lace pinafore and long golden curls. It is a wedding present his father-in-law, Richard Bennett, gave him.

FROM CONNIE TO EILEEN: Constance Bennett gave her bridesmaid and friend, Eileen Percy, a diamond and platinum wrist watch for Christmas.

WHEN BETTE'S CONNIE: A lot of people are calling Bette Davis, who is playing in "The Man Who Played God," with George Arliss, "Connie" these days. She is almost a twin for Constance Bennett.

GIMPY AND JUGGY: Leon Errol and W. C. Fields, who have been pals since the days of the Follies, have two new nicknames for each other. Fields calls Leon "Gimpy," in honor of Errol's famous india-rubber legs, and Leon refers to W. C. as "Juggy," because he remembers the days when Fields was the finest comedy juggler that ever smashed a cigar box.

Earl Reed, one of the most widely known traffic cops in the world, since he works the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street, sent Tom Mix a traffic tag as a Christmas card.

It was for "Parking too long in one place."

And Tom, in the Hollywood hospital during a long convalescence following his appendicitis operation, got quite a chuckle.

HOOK-UP: When Ernest Truex married his dancer, Mary Jane Barrett, he kept his resolve not to remarry within a year of his first wife's death. Ernest is forty-one and Mary twenty-one. She was divorced the week before from Michael Durse, Rudy Vallee's saxophonist.

WHAT A WIFE! Hollywood hears Nancy Carroll has invested $75,000 in that magazine her new husband, Bolton Mallory, edits, and shortly after the first of the year will take an active interest in it. Both Nancy and Mallory are in New York.

(*Please turn to page* 118)



Actual photograph of Miss Florence Lawrence after and before using VANKAI Wave Set

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The Bandwagon

(*Continued from page* 117)

SOUNDS ODD: Now that Harry Langdon has broken with his second wife, Helen, Hollywood hears the noted comedian and his first wife, Rose, are to be teamed again in a vaudeville act similar to the one that brought them fame and fortune years ago.

The Garbo - Dietrich - Bankhead craze for pajamas fashioned in entirely masculine style, has caused a well-known ladies' sport shop in Hollywood to add them to their more feminine stock.

ALL IN THE GLEASON FAMILY: February checks off two birthdays for the Gleason family. Mrs. James and her son, Russell, both claim the sixth day of the month. Their birthdays are twenty years apart.

ONE IN A MILLION! That's what Hollywood's army of unemployed aspirants to film fame is saying about four-year-old Cora Sue Collins. She makes her screen debut as "Pudge" in "The Unexpected Father" with Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville. A few months ago in a place called Beckley, buried in the Virginia mountains, Cora Sue's mother decided her child's talent was meant for Hollywood. With thirty dollars and, after a slight argument with the husband and father, Y. C. Collins, they embarked on their journey. The thirty dollars took them as far as Ohio where Mrs. Collins convinced the president of a silk hosiery factory that they needed her services in Los Angeles.

Funds were ebbing and the hosiery selling business was not so good. They heard that Carl Laemmle, Jr., was looking for a child who could play the rôle of "Pudge." This looked like the big chance. Boarding a street car they arrived at the studio to find a score of other mothers and their young hopefuls. Laemmle, Jr., started looking them over en masse. But little Cora Sue took matters into her own hands. Worming her way to the front of the crowd she said:

"I play the good little girl for Misser Summ-ville and Miss Pitts," and, believe it or not, it turned the trick.

The Collins family is now the proud holder of a long-term contract.

One in a million!

Commenting on the salary cuts, President Conrad Nagel, of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, reveals that all players aren't millionaires. Only twenty-three of Hollywood's 25,000 *actors get more than* $3500 *a week.*

FREAKS: Telephone users at the M-G-M studio nowadays have to call "information" to get their numbers because the directories are being used in the dining room to increase the stature of Harry Earle, midget hero of "Freaks," and his three visiting sisters.

The sisters, Grace, Daisy and Tiny, are smaller than Harry and Harry has to stand on a chair to look into his dressing room mirror.

The four Earles — real surname Schneider—were born in Germany, of normal sized parents. Harry made his screen debut with Lon Chaney in "The Unholy Three."

WHAT'S THIS ABOUT? After John Farrow and Lila Lee decided that things couldn't go on that way any longer, John sought consolation in the presence of Maureen O'Sullivan. Then John went away from Hollywood. The only point to this is that Lila and Maureen could compare notes, if they ever wanted to, without ever leaving the building. Both are now living at the Garden of Allah.

TEA FOR "UNCLE CARL": A real honest to goodness tea party was the one given by Mrs. Stanley Bergerman at her Beverly Hills home in honor of her father, Carl Laemmle, Sr. Many of the screen's famous turned out for the affair and enjoyed this old English custom. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer), Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Blum (Carmel Myers), Genevieve Tobin, Bessie Love and hubby and prospective father, William Hawks, Louella Parsons, Clarence Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hillman (Marian Nixon), Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Knopf, the George Archainbauds and Carl Laemmle, Jr.

A cablegram was received at the MGM studio from a trade paper in Europe demanding to know just how much longer they intended trying to fool the public in regard to Greta Garbo. It went on to say that it was a well-known fact that Garbo was living secretly in Sweden and a double was being used to fill her place on the screen.

MARIE'S TESTIMONIAL: Among the hundreds of congratulatory telegrams received by Marie Dressler for winning the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences 1931 award for the "best performance by an actress" was a message from John McCormack which read:

"Long may you be spared to give us such enjoyment and to show the young generation how acting should be done."

NO GOLD IN THE GOLD MINES: When the lately bankrupted Duncan Sisters were millionaires, they bought a gold mine in New Mexico, and one in Arizona, and margined stock in New York. They are teamed up again and expect to pay their debts—but they are worried about what they will buy the next time they have money.

LYA'S ESTATE: Lya de Putti left only $900 in the bank here, according to Public Administrator Eagan. Besides that there were two automobiles, five furs, seventeen pieces of baggage and eleven of jewelry. Most of her property is in Budapest.

CUT FOR BEAUTY: Weldon Heyburn's ears were put under the surgeon's knife by Fox to make them stand back so that the girls will like him better.

Another one to go in for beauty is Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, the former light heavyweight champion, who will have the punch scars removed from his nose. He is grooming for the cameras.

It is to be hoped that movie audiences fully appreciate the sacrifices that are being made for them.



JILTED—

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DULL, dark, blemished skin rarely wins a husband! That's why girls who want to *win* and *keep* admirers use this new discovery—for complexions that must remain youthfully white and clear, the year round. Prove for yourself that Golden Peacock Bleach Cream makes *your* skin shades whiter—in a night! Smooth it on your skin tonight. Next morning notice how muddy sallowness has given way to unblemished whiteness—*or your money back.* Freckles, blackheads and other imperfections that rob you of true loveliness quickly fade away. The transformation is so quick, so harmless, because Golden Peacock is the gentlest, fastest-acting of all bleaches that *work.* And it's more *economical*—you use so little. Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Cream TODAY. Over half a million women use it. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

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The Bandwagon

PICK-UP: Once upon a time while Lilyan Tashman was having tea, a married man at a neighboring table liked her looks and asked to meet her. He told her that if she would go along with him he'd put her on the stage. Lilyan fell for his line because his name was Ziegfeld.

In her first "Follies" she appeared with Marion Davies and Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

DOROTHY STONE IN HOLLYWOOD: Fred Stone's daughter, Dorothy, whose debut into musical comedy in "Stepping Stones" was such a sensation, several years ago, has come to Hollywood. She was here two years ago when R-K-O was getting ready to make "Hit the Deck." Only the fact that she was a loyal member of the Actors' Equity Association prevented her from playing the lead in that production. She was tested and everybody was raving about her work, but Equity was battling with the picture people then and she had to obey the edict that no members of the actors' association so much as look at a picture offer.

TEA-CUP FORTUNES: Hollywood's newest racket is a honey. Lately you will not see the stars and other lesser film luminaries frequenting their usual haunts for luncheon and tea. Instead they are seeking out the small tea rooms scattered through the residential districts of this colorful town, where they can have their fortunes told in the tea leaves. It is against a city ordinance for fortune tellers to operate for a direct fee, so many of the old line psychics have fallen back on the device of a free reading with every meal. And they are doing a land-office business.

The Trail of the Depression: Hollywood pay envelopes these Saturdays are $100,000 *lighter than they were a year ago and already five-cent restaurants are springing up around the town. Tamales, pork with gravy, tea, or what you wish, (if they have it) for a nickel a plate.*

SUCCESS SECRETS: Sylvia Sidney's luck pieces are a jade idol and an elephant which her grandmother gave her when Sylvia made her stage debut at thirteen. The other day she won thirty dollars at dominoes with their help.

FEELINGS MADE TO ORDER: Directors have to resort to many tricks to make their stars "emote." In "The Champ" King Vidor finding that he could not make Jackie Cooper cry, fired his assistant, Red Golden. Jackie, who had a crush on Red, immediately burst into tears. After King shot the scene he rehired Red and everyone was happy again.

Then there's the story about Rufus LeMaire and Charlotte Merriam. When Charlotte said she could not scream for her part in "The Crowd Roars," Le Maire motioned the others out of the room and locked the door. Then he made for the girl. Charlotte screamed.

(*Please turn to page* 120)



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A famous, clear, colorless liquid brings youthful color to fading strands. Just comb it through hair. Gray streaks vanish. Color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Entirely SAFE. Leaves the hair soft, lustrous—easy to curl or wave.



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The Bandwagon

(*Continued from page* 119)

MISS SANTA CLAUS: When the Los Angeles merchants found that their most generous patron, a well-known star, was not going to find time to do her Christmas shopping because she was working on a picture and could not be spared from the studio, they were in a panic. They knew that if this famous star sent her secretary, the purchases would not be as plentiful or as expensive. For secretaries (if they are good ones) have a way of looking at price tags—and this has never been a characteristic of the generous star in question who is known for her elaborate and expensive gifts.

Marion Davies is her name. She has hundreds of friends and relatives to play Santa Claus to, besides two thousand children patients at her clinic. This makes quite a nice order for the merchant who is fortunate enough to get Miss Davies' patronage.

So representatives were sent from a large department store, an exclusive ladies' shop and a famous gift emporium. Would Miss Davies like them to send out a variety of things to select from? Or would Miss Davies like them to keep open after closing-time?

These suggestions were promptly refused. The first one would be unsatisfactory. The second meant staying up late, which was out of the question when one had to be at the studio early in the morning. Finally someone had the bright idea of opening the stores on Sunday with a few high-powered clerks on duty to take Miss Davies from counter to counter. This met with instant approval, because Marion, like all the sisterhood, enjoys the thrill of shopping. So, early on the Sunday morning before Christmas, with her sister Ethel, Marion Davies bought the many lovely gifts that made her friends so happy and gave three merchants reason to believe there is a Santa Claus.

REX AND CLARA: Rex (George F. Belham) Bell is twenty-eight, and Clara twenty-six. Her recent elopement reminded us of the time she swore she'd have a veil and orange blossoms at her wedding. Instead she had a wine-colored gown, an Empress Eugenie hat and Rex Bell.

Shortly before her marriage Clara had the satisfaction of sending Editor Frederick H. Girnau to the McNeil Island prison for writing too much about her in his "Love Life of Clara Bow."

A FRIEND IN HOLLYWOOD: There were no jealous clashes between Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante in the making of "Cardboard Lover." More than that, the more experienced Keaton did his best not to steal scenes from Jimmy and even asked for retakes on scenes where he felt Jimmy had been overshadowed.

LOVE AND KISSES: Skeets Gallagher and his wife, Pauline Mason, Wallace Harvey, the man in the Mrs. Earl Williams case, and his bride, Margery Wellman, have "made up."

The Gallaghers—Skeets and Pauline—didn't approve of Margery's wedding to Harvey but now they're convinced it's going to be all right.

Cupid came out on top in 1931. The score was almost thirty Hollywood marriages with only about fifteen families telling their troubles to the judge.

WILD HOLLYWOOD: Some of Hollywood's social aspirants have signaled their arrival to the film center by elaborate parties, teas and such devices to attract attention. Not so Tallulah Bankhead. Since the Southern girl arrived to make pictures on the Paramount lot, she has fooled the party hounds to a fare-you-well. She took William Haines' house and has kept it much to herself, seeing only a few of her former intimates. Now and then she does a little shopping. The other day she went out to buy a pair of stockings and came home with a Rolls-Royce.

Asked if it is true he and his wife, the former Dolores Costello, are expecting another baby at their house, John Barrymore said: "I've heard that rumor, too."

EARLY TRAINING OF A GOLD DIGGER: When John Barrymore's little Dolores May took a bone from her Kerry blue terrier and started chewing on it herself, John smiled, proudly. If a girl can steal bones from a dog at nine months, that's something, he said.

KITCHEN COUNTESS: Hollywood's buds are finding an unexpected thrill in Countess Zanardi Landi. They've discovered that her cooking is even more exciting than her title. Her crepes suzettes make after-dinner talk, and there is the rumor that she can boil two-minute eggs exactly two minutes.

The Curse of Drink: The demon writer Edgar Wallace did his first R-K-O story in one day and left word with the studio that if they did not like it he would give them another the next day. He usually starts work at five in the morning, but he lost thirty minutes the first day because the hotel refused to serve him coffee at that hour.

DARK HORSE: George Cukor proved to be the dark horse in the race for Tallulah Bankhead's smiles.

With Allan Vincent on the inside rail, Cukor started late but came on rapidly.

He is dining and dancing almost every night with Miss Bankhead. They were friends in New York, a factor the dopesters overlooked.

SOMETHING OR OTHER: Sylvia Sidney has a dressing table that belonged to Sarah Bernhardt.

Her mother gave it to her for Christmas several years ago, but she has been keeping its possession a secret.

Sylvia's starting out to be dramatic. And with some real success, too. Must be something in vibrations or whatever it is that dressing-tables exude.

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The Bandwagon

BLONDE GRAFT: James Cagney sold tickets for one night when "Blonde Crazy" was showing in New York. The idea was for him to give free ones to the first fifty blondes.

Hollywood's tough boy is not as tough as he looks. He did not fire a real bullet until a half a year ago when he was hunting in Maine, and he didn't like it. He would rather eat candy and cake. But don't let us mislead you altogether. He really can deliver a knockout punch. He grew up in New York's Yorkville where he had to know how to fight if he wanted to live in peace.

JUSTICE IN THE DOING: The stars continue to go to court.

Lina Basquette is suing Al Jolson because when her costumes in "Wonder Bar" did not fit, Al—so she charges—told her to rent some and that the Shuberts would pay. Lina rented five at $100 apiece and the Shuberts did not pay. Now it looks as if Al will have to.

Back in Hollywood, Dolores del Rio's lawyer recovered $20,000 for services, among which was, of all things, the changing of her contract to provide that the producer pay for her stockings.

Edna May Oliver forgot to pay $6,000 in commissions to her agent—so he charges—after she signed the new contract rewarding her work in "Cimarron." The agent waited patiently for her to return to New York to be served with a summons. But even when she did come, the process server reports that Edna refused to see strangers and did not use the regular elevators. But he got her. Taxes and process servers always do get people.

THE SPECIALIST TURNS HANDY MAN: After this the Warner company is hoping Chic Sale will confine himself to "specializing" in the "specialty" for which he is already famous. During the filming of "Slice of Life" Chic discovered that Elizabeth Patterson had a headache and instantly decided he could be a better osteopath than anybody else on the Pacific Coast.

So he twisted Miss Patterson's spine according to his most approved method. A regular osteopath then worked three days to get Miss Patterson's vertabrae in line again. Chic has been asked to resume his former architectural activities.

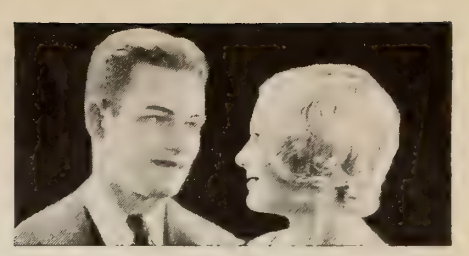
GOOFY OBSERVATIONS: Beryl Mercer is setting a screen record for mother rôles, having taken the honors from Mary Carr who captured them from Edythe Chapman and Lydia Knott.

Lilyan Tashman is the leading screen home-wrecker, followed by Juliette Compton, Natalie Moorehead, Mary Duncan and Myrna Loy.

In the male ranks, Lew Cody is so far ahead as a home-wrecker no one else has a chance. William Boyd, Lowell Sherman and Ricardo Cortez are running far back and well bunched.

You'd think George Bancroft had been killed the most times but Robert Perry, one of the lesser lights, has fallen 1,000 times in twelve years.

(*Please turn to page* 122)



Would *your* BLONDE HAIR attract *him?*

HE'S mad about blondes. But the dull, dingy, colorless ones never get a second glance.... Only sparkling, glowing, golden blonde hair registers with him. To be sure your hair is always bewitchingly beautiful, take the advice of thousands of popular blondes. *Use Blondex regularly.* Blondex is a powdery shampoo that bubbles instantly into a searching, frothy lather. Contains no injurious chemicals. Created especially for blonde hair, Blondex brings out new sheen and brilliant lustre—uncovers the glowing golden lights that never fail to attract. Try Blondex today. At all drug and department stores.

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Hollywood Bandwagon

(*Continued from page* 121)

STAR GAZERS IN OAKLAND: A procession of stars went to Oakland for the opening of a theatre and discovered a premiere that outdid anything ever staged in Hollywood.

George Bancroft, John Boles, Elissa Landi, Frances Dee and John Breeden made the trek.

If you think people don't love their screen names in Oakland you're crazy.

From one p. m., 10,000 people stood in line to see the stars. The street was more jammed than was ever Hollywood Boulevard for an opening. The stars made three personal appearances. There were 7,400 people inside at the two shows and so many outside that a special platform was thrown up so everyone could get a glimpse as the players made a special appearance for those who couldn't get in.

MARLENE IN PERSON: When Marlene Dietrich was in San Bernardino, California, on location making "The Shanghai Express," she arrived unheralded and attended a picture show without being recognized.

The next day the fact that she was in town was in the papers and 12,000 people stormed the picture company's location.

AND THIS IS FAME! Frank Tuttle, the director, wears a short black beard that is quite unusual.

Ah!—but fame for a director! What an elusive thing it is! Tuttle played a bit in his own picture, "This Reckless Age," in one scene, yelling something from a window.

After the preview, the audience jammed around the lobby to watch the cast come out.

Gasps of admiration were plainly heard. Fingers pointed at Tuttle as he came out. "There's the fellow with the beard." "He was pretty good." "Why don't they give him a chance?"

DREISER IN A GLASS HOUSE: Theodore Dreiser who took Hollywood's money but not its love, has been having trouble with the publishers, too. Horace Liveright owed him—so he claimed—a small sum and Dreiser with righteous indignation sued him. Which made Horace remember that Dreiser—so he said—owed him three thousand dollars.

TEN TIMES TALLULAH: Postcards for comments are handed out at almost all theater previews.

These are closely watched next day for opinions from the audience.

Following a preview of a Fredric March film by Paramount, came a card saying, "Fine picture, but you ought to give Tallulah Bankhead a good story." Ten other cards all ended, "Give Tallulah Bankhead a good story."

They were all signed, "Tallulah Bankhead."

BARRYMORE, CARROLL, HOLMES score in "THE MAN I KILLED"



"The Man I Killed" (Paramount) from the play by Maurice Rostand. Ernst Lubitsch at his best in this powerful post-war drama. An excellent cast with Lionel Barrymore, Nancy Carroll, Phillips Holmes and Louise Carter, of the New York stage. Story dealing with a young Frenchman who falls in love with fiancée of young German soldier he killed during World War and his attachment to young German's family. This story has same smashing power and realism which gave Remarque's book, "All Quiet on the Western Front," and Universal's picture from it, such world-wide success and popularity. The entire cast give excellent portrayals with Barrymore taking honors. Class A.

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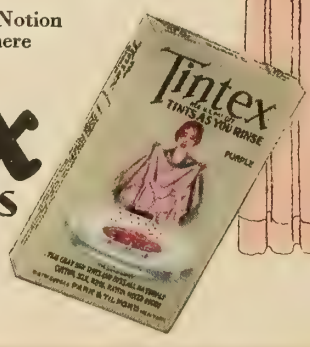
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You won't have an attractive smile for long unless your *teeth* stay sparkling white and sound. And that means you must keep your *gums* firm and healthy!

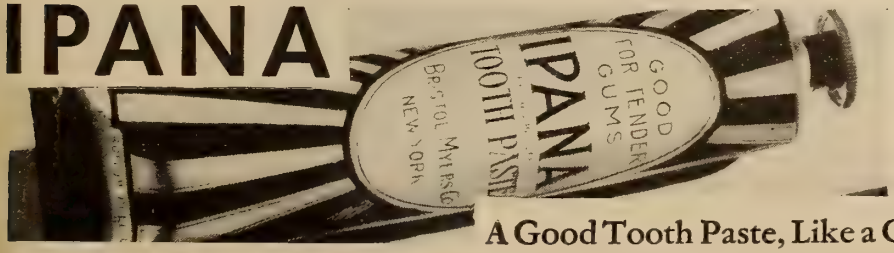
Your gums probably *aren't* firm and healthy. Modern foods are too soft and creamy to *stimulate* your gums. Lacking work to do, your gums have become lazy and sickly. Two to one they're so tender that they bleed. That's why you now may have "pink tooth brush".

And when "pink tooth brush" arrives, take heed! For it's Nature's danger signal—a warning that more serious gum troubles are on the way. Gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even pyorrhea may be just around the corner. And you certainly don't want to take chances with the *soundness* of your white teeth! Yet that's another thing "pink tooth brush" warns you about!

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At the left, Mr. Barclay is shown modeling a head of his beautiful young wife.

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Happy JIM

The true story of James Dunn's meteoric rise to success, by a companion of his Broadway days

Harry N. Blair



Jimmy Dunn, wearing the smile that has become famous. Notice the autograph inscription to the author.

"DO you think I'll make it, kid?" The speaker is James Dunn and the scene Grand Central Station, New York. I nodded encouragingly. We were walking down the red-carpeted incline to the 20th Century Limited which was waiting to take him on the first lap of his great adventure—Hollywood and a talkie career. To tell the truth, I wasn't quite sure that he would.

That very same carpet had felt the tread of others much more prominent than Jimmy. Famous names in the world of the theatre who had returned from Hollywood bewildered and disappointed. After all, Jimmy was practically an unknown quantity. His stage experience, so far as Broadway was concerned, had been very limited. He had been signed solely on the strength of the test which he had made for the male lead in "Bad Girl," the role which was later to sky-rocket him to fame. I had stood in the old Fox Studio on Tenth Avenue and watched director Al Parker put Jimmy through his paces during the making of the test and he did look great. Still, the fact remains that he was practically untried when he boarded the train that rainy Saturday afternoon last Spring.

The train started to move down the platform with Jimmy waving farewell to our little group. "Good luck, Jim!" I called after him. "O. K. Kid," floated back from the distance. There had been no brass band, no newspaper photographers — only his mother and father, a young actress and myself. How little any of us realized that within a few months the whole country would be ringing with his name and that Fox Films would be hailing him as the greatest "find" in ten years. Even now it just doesn't seem possible.

Somewhere I have read that Jimmy spent his last night in New York atop the Empire State building, gazing at the city where he had known so much gaiety—and heartbreak. This is not true. His last night in New York we spent together, in company with the aforementioned young actress, making merry until long past dawn. It was a banner evening with Jim in the "seventh heaven" of delight over his big chance. There were toasts and songs and the happy hours sped away until the morning sun showed over the red brick hotels of West 47th Street.

In the midst of all the gaiety, I suddenly realized that Jim was absent. Searching the apartment, I found him alone in the darkness, staring out of a window at the millions of lights that embellish mid-town Broadway. Big electric signs spelling out fame for the few while thousands of others, less fortunate, lurk in the shadows. I stood beside him for a moment without speaking.

There was something about his expression that made me feel like an intruder. Suddenly he noticed me: "Gee, kid, look at those electric signs. When you get your name up there, you're on top." I nodded. "Don't worry, Jim, some day you'll have your name in bigger lights than any of them," I said, half jestingly. We both laughed. The chance seemed rather remote at that time. It was all to come true

(*Please turn to page* 86)



With Billy House in "Retire In," a Paramount comedy two-reeler, one of Jimmy's early talkie efforts.

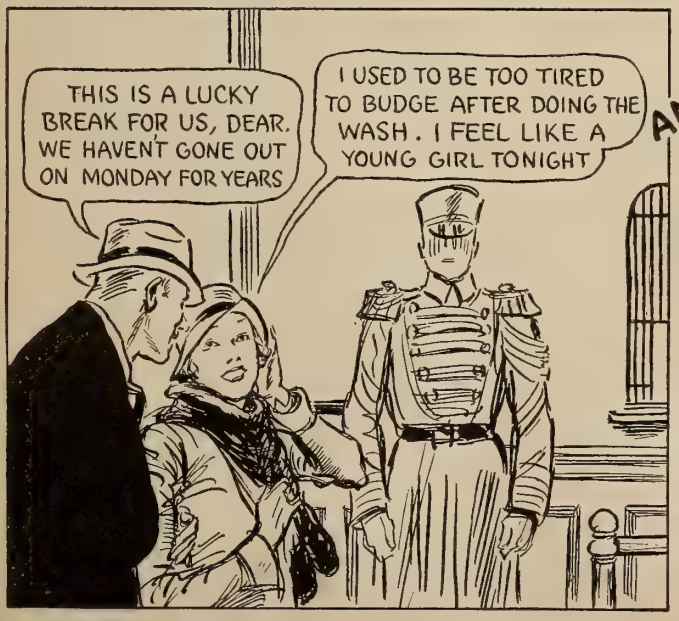
HAPPY WASHDAYS . . . . . by C.A. Voight











No scrubbing . . . no boiling —yet washes come whiter

WHEN so many women use no laundry soap but Rinso . . . *you can be sure there's a reason!* And the reason is that Rinso washes clothes whiter — gets washable colored things brighter — *safely!*

It's the Rinso suds that do it! Thick, creamy, active. *Twice as much suds*, cup for cup, as lightweight, puffed-up soaps — *even in hardest water*. No bar soaps, chips or softeners needed. The makers of 40 famous washers say, "Use Rinso!"

Great suds for dishwashing and all cleaning, too. Get the BIG package today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Rinso The Granulated soap

Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan



This is an unusual view of Greta Garbo, but then Greta is an unusual woman. Much of the wistfulness that flickers by so rapidly on the screen is caught in this photograph.

GARBO IS LIKE LINDBERGH

By R. Fernstrom

AS a newsreel cameraman I have knocked around . . . perhaps quite as much as our friend Tully. During this time, some ten years or more, I have learned to know people—especially Swedes—and many of Greta Garbo's type.

I have hunted moose with the present Kings of Sweden and Denmark; traveled through the Swedish provinces with their Crown Prince and Princess. Even here, in our own country, my assignments have included many Swedes or Americans of Swedish extraction, including Colonel Lindbergh.

In addition to all this, I am an American of Swedish descent and, though born and schooled in our country here, have spent several years in schools over there.

I have made several trips to Sweden in recent years and spent about two years there in these visits.

I think I understand Swedes.

GARBO is like Lindbergh. They act alike toward publicity. They shy from reporters. Garbo is like the King of Sweden in many ways—kind, but aloof to everyone.

America is the promised land—or was—to all Swedes. Sweden sent us the best and hoped they would make good Americans. One of the persons most interested in American-naturalized Swedes is their king.

They make some of our best citizens and have contributed greatly to our arts and sciences. Why, if it had not been for one John Ericsson our boats might yet be side-wheelers. So, a Swede invented the propeller of the plane; a Swedish-American Lindbergh flew to France; and now a Swede is the world's reigning movie queen.

Swedes are proud and sensitive. Slow to anger, but slow to cool, also. They are all ambitious, but also fair players and square shooters. (*Please turn to page* 84)

Jim Tully's article on Greta brought many letters of praise and protest. Here are two of the most interesting.

DID JIM TULLY DISSECT GARBO?

By Ned C. Williams

I HAVE just read Jim Tully's "dissection" of Garbo in the January NEW MOVIE and an immediate urge for retaliation has taken possession of me. I have known her slightly for a number of years. This so-called "vagabond writer" with the ruthless pen has gone at his subject so vigorously that I am prompted to come back at him in just as ruthless a manner. Begging patience of my readers and apologizing for my methods, which may be a little crude, I proceed in defense of this lovely lady.

The writer's name, which he forced before the public through such a beautiful literature as the "Circus Parade," and by his reputation as an ex-pugilist, is undoubtedly the only thing that has sold this article. It assuredly wasn't what he had to say or the way he said it.

Knowing Garbo as I do, I can't believe that she had very much of a conversation with him. Possibly his friend, Mr. John Gilbert, said, "Miss Garbo, this is Jim Tully," and that was all there was to it. This "brutal, cruel, but fearless" person offends me with his remark, "When you first meet her, you see her, find her, know her immediately. That is, if you have any kind of a brain at all." This statement is characteristic of a person who has failed to get any kind of an interview from Garbo.

The type of article Mr. Tully has written is an outcome of Miss Garbo's indifference. Because she has the good sense to want to keep her private life private and her soul her own, a certain class of rude and unrefined newsmongers have thought it a clever idea to get revenge by panning her. Here is exactly what Greta has said to me about writers she has talked to: "I talk to them and answer their questions, and soon I read things I have never said in my life. And what I have said is so enlarged that I scarcely recognize it. They all poke fun at me." (*Please turn to page* 84)

MOTHERED BY AN APE—HE KNEW ONLY THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE

— to seize what he wanted!

TARZAN THE APE MAN



with

Johnny **WEISSMULLER**
Neil **HAMILTON**
C. Aubrey **SMITH**
Maureen **O'SULLIVAN**

Based upon the characters created by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Adaptation by CYRIL HUME
Dialogue by IVOR NOVELLO

ANOTHER MIRACLE PICTURE



directed by **W. S. VAN DYKE**
Creator of **"TRADER HORN"**

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

MEMORIES • by LOU GARVEY

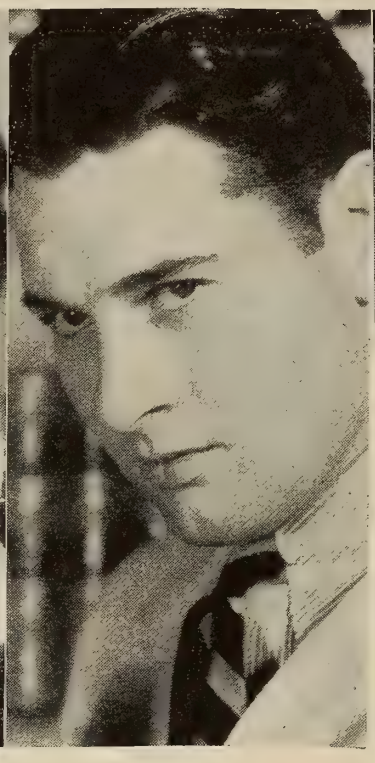
An Old-timer Gives You Some Amusing Incidents In the Early Lives of the Screen Favorites



Eddie Lowe played a dual rôle in a picture and tried to steal close-ups from himself.



Gloria Swanson demanded to be wheeled from her dressing room to the set while working on "The Coast of Folly."



Dick Arlen, discouraged and disheartened, was persuaded by a publicity man to hold on a little longer.



Sylvia Sidney was let go by Fox after playing in only one rôle in six months. And now look at her!

"MEMORIES, just memories"—but I wouldn't trade them for all the money in the world:

Louise Dresser, pink-cheeked, with golden blonde hair, singing "On the Banks of the Wabash" in a Keith vaudeville house when she was yet in her teens.

Leo Meehan, now publisher of the Hollywood *Herald,* directing a picture called "Mother" at the old F-B-O studio and pleading with Belle Bennett to ebb the flow of her tears.

Billy Bakewell getting his first real chance in that same picture, "Mother."

Valentino, winning the pay checks of his company on location at dice, and then finding a way surreptitiously to pay the money back.

That "Men Only" sign on the office door of Dorothy Parker, author and wit, at the Metro studio.

Ada Mae Vaughn, Wampas baby star, fainting when introduced at the Wampas ball.

Barrett Keisling, high-salaried De Mille assistant, frantically trying to get a check for fifty cents cashed.

Fletcher Norton, once a musical comedy star and former husband of Valeska Surratt, working as an extra at Paramount.

Betty Bronson's quick change from a sweet little girl into a Hollywood high-hat after "Peter Pan" was released.

Mary Brian, the "Wendy" of the same picture, today as unspoiled and charming as ever.

Frank Fay trying to whip the manager of a Waterbury vode house because the manager didn't like Frank's act.

Ben Harris, whose present office is a divan in the lobby of the Christie Hotel in Hollywood, when he was the leading theatrical manager of Atlantic City.

Jack Dempsey, Teddy Hayes and Jack Kearns, all in one wheel chair on the Atlantic City boardwalk, being propelled by a diminutive darkey.

Jesse L. Lasky wearing a pale blue bow tie with his immaculate evening dress at the opening of the Folies Bergere, in New York, as a co-sponsor with Henry B. Harris.

Ina Claire, also Olga Petrova, in the Folies Bergere.

Leatrice Joy, starring in "Dressmaker from Paris" at Paramount, leaving the set at regular intervals to nurse her baby in the dressing-room.

Wally Beery's cable to the Marquis de la Falaise when the latter married Gloria Swanson.



Charles Farrell's first real chance came when James Cruze selected him to play the boy in "Old Ironsides."

Baroness Fern Andra, when she was just plain Fern Andrews of Milwaukee, working with the Bird Millman wire act.

Leo Morrison, now successful manager and agent of screen and stage stars, when he was a page boy in a vaudeville theater, changing the cards on the annunciator after each act.

Director Lubitsch and Pola Negri battling over a negligée Pola was to wear in "Forbidden Paradise." Pola said she would not wear it. Lubitsch said she would. She did.

"Rhyolite Slim," desert character and sole resident of Rhyolite, Nevada, telling

(*Please turn to page* 93)

"More searching than your mirror ... your husband's eyes"

Over 20,000 beauty experts for that reason insist that clients keep skin radiantly young by using an olive and palm oil soap. Palmolive is the only large-selling soap made of these oils.



"IF ALL the women who seek to hold their husbands would first hold their good looks, editors of beauty columns wouldn't get such a large mail . . . and there would be greater chances for happiness." That's the warning addressed to women by leading beauty specialists.

* * *

Neither a great amount of time nor large sums of money are necessary to keep looking your best. But intelligent home care, every day, *is* necessary. Don't think that means hours of primping. It means the best natural skin cleansing you can obtain. And beauty experts are unanimous in their recommendation of Palmolive facial cleansing.

Two minutes. That's all it takes. A simple washing of face and throat with the lather of this olive and palm oils soap. Then, powder, rouge, if you wish. But foundation cleansing, first.

Won't you try this method, endorsed by more than 20,000 experts, as the wisest step toward keeping that schoolgirl complexion? Use Palmolive . . . twice every day . . . faithfully. Then see what your mirror reveals. See what your husband's eyes reveal.

Retail Price
10c





"When you are in doubt as to the claims a soap makes, look at the label. Can you tell what's in that soap? Then why take chances? Use Palmolive—which is recommended by those who KNOW."
Carsten, Berlin's Distinguished Beauty Expert.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

PARDON ME
—but have you heard?



Tower Magazines

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT JR.

The scion of one of America's greatest families reveals a few bits of gossip that he overheard in the film capital.

ALL Hollywood is talking over the engagement of Gene Markey and Joan Bennett. I have seen them together almost everywhere, raptly engrossed in each other. Lunching the other day at the Beverly Brown Derby, Gene was apparently totally unmindful of the fact that he had on a pepper-and-salt coat over a pair of ribbed striped trousers. Both bits of apparel were gray, it's true, but neither matched the other.

One evening Joan's large green town-car drew up at the Cocoanut Grove and Gene descended, forgetfully, top hat in hand. Guess he thought it was an opera hi-hatter, for when he tried to close it up he found he had ruined something very fine.



Clarence Sinclair Bull

Irene Purcell has the sophistication that enchants. She has taken Hollywood folks by storm.

Charlie Butterworth dines with Pat O'Day, lunches with Marcella Burke, sups with Gretchen Messer.



Elmer Fryer

Joan Bennett and Gene Markey will be man and wife soon, they have announced.



Wide World

Joan is radiantly gorgeous at all his attention and appears seldom to notice those about her. . . . I thought her lorgnette an affectation until I learned she really was near-sighted.

CHARLIE'S TRIPLE DUTY

THE Boulevard is still talking over the attention which Charlie Butterworth is paying to three charming ladies, but with seemingly no preference. He dines with Pat O'Day, lunches with Marcella Burke and sups with little Gretchen Messer.

GOOD FOOD AND SECLUSION

THE Hollywood hideout for whose-business-is-it? these days is La Venta, high up on a cliff down Palos Verde way. It has an unforgettable view, and I've never tasted more delicious food, unless perhaps dining at Tropical Inn in Culver City.

A little while ago, without intention, I bumped into a very close tête-à-tête of (*Please turn to page* 108)

Dramatic DYNAMITE!



Richard BARTHELMESS

in "Alias the Doctor"

with

MARIAN MARSH

Vivid, dynamic drama

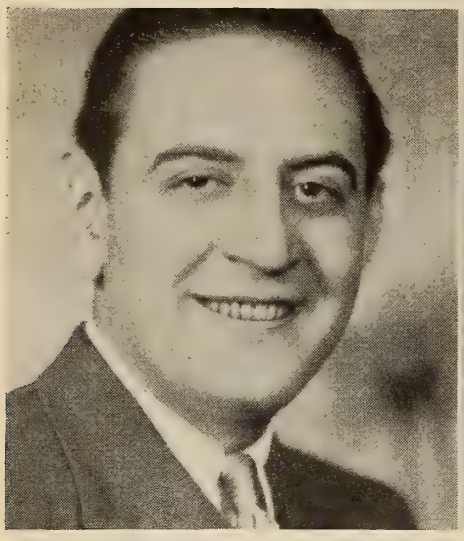
—of a man who LIVED A LIE to save another from disgrace

—of a woman who fettered his love, chained his passion, trampled his soul.

Dick Barthelmess at his unrivaled best in a role of tremendous sweep and power—the most dazzling performance of his career.

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

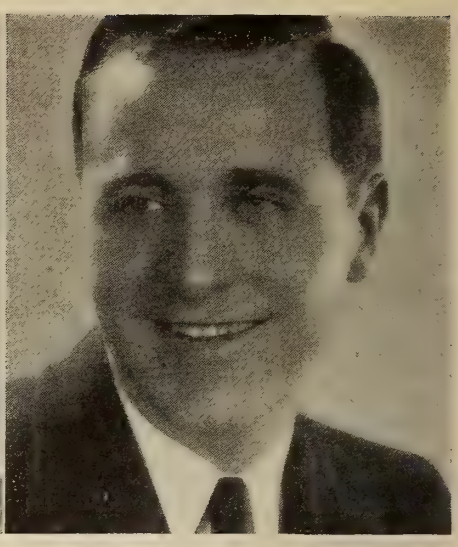
A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE



Guy Lombardo, leader of the famous orchestra, is being considered for movie featuring.



Ruth Etting, Ziegfeld star, has also found time to appear in numerous short feature pictures.



Wayne King, of Chicago, is rated as one of the finest waltz artists in the country.

MUSIC in COLOR

By John Edgar Weir

HOWARD HUGHES is going in for musical pictures in a serious way, according to information from Hollywood. His organization, the Caddo Company, is working on a series of thirteen musical prologues to be done in multicolor by a new process owned by the dynamic Mr. Hughes.

MAURICE CHEVALIER is about to do it again. Even before the release of his new film, "One Hour with You," he was at work on the script of a new vehicle especially written for his peculiar talents under the working title of "Love Me Tonight." Of course, it will have a characteristic Chevalier theme song without which no film of the smiling lieutenant would be complete. By the way, do you know that it required the services of one hundred people working an entire day to make a satisfactory recording of only one Chevalier song in his latest release?

THE old King of Jazz seems to be keeping up with the times, as you will see, or rather hear, when you play Paul Whiteman's record, "My Goodbye to You." Whiteman is doing some fine things with muted brass these days. And whoever is doing his arranging knows the technique of sharps and flats. The fact that Miss Mildred Bailey sings the vocal chorus contributes in no small way to the success of the record. On the other side we hear Paul and his orchestra again, but this time slightly behind par. "Gettin' Sentimental" is the tune, and although it is by the composers of the record just reviewed, there is no comparison. The Romancers do the vocal work. (This is a Victor record.)

DO you know that Victor Schertzinger, who wrote the world-sung "Marcheta," has just written a new song in march tempo for the 1932 Olympic Meet in Los Angeles? Incidentally he is under contract to direct three pictures for M-G-M.

HERE'S one of the sweetest tunes we will hear for quite a spell unless I miss my guess, "Lazy River," and its composer is none other than Hoagy Carmichael, whose number, "Stardust" was the hit of last season. Hoagy is certainly one boy who can turn them out. Wayne King and his orchestra do the recording and I think it will satisfy most everyone. Although the boys are recording this from the stock arrangement instead of a special, you'll find it has everything you could ask for.

Archie Bleyer, the arranger, is foremost in his field, and, I think, does more stock orchestrations than any other two men in the business. Bud Van Dover sings the vocal, and right well, too.

Turning the record over, we again hear Paul Whiteman and his orchestra. This time they are playing "'Leven Pounds of Heaven," and it's another tune with Matt Malneck's name. That makes three numbers so far in this review for Malneck. This is a nice easy flowing tune, but it doesn't get anywhere. The best part of the record is the vocal work by Mildred Bailey,

(*Please turn to page* 92)

The Month's Biggest Hits

"My Goodbye to You" (fox trot)
Played by Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra—(Victor).

"Lazy River" (fox trot)
Played by Wayne King and his Orchestra—(Victor).

"By the Sycamore Tree" (fox trot)
Played by Dorsey Brothers Orchestra—(Columbia).

"An Evening in Caroline" (fox trot)
Played by Ted Black and his Orchestra—(Victor).

"Home" (vocal)
Sung by Ruth Etting—(Perfect).

LEW AYRES

and

MAE CLARKE



"IMPATIENT MAIDEN"

She couldn't wait for life to unfold its secrets. She was determined to dig them out for herself. My! How her eyes were opened when she met the real man.

Directed by
JAMES WHALE

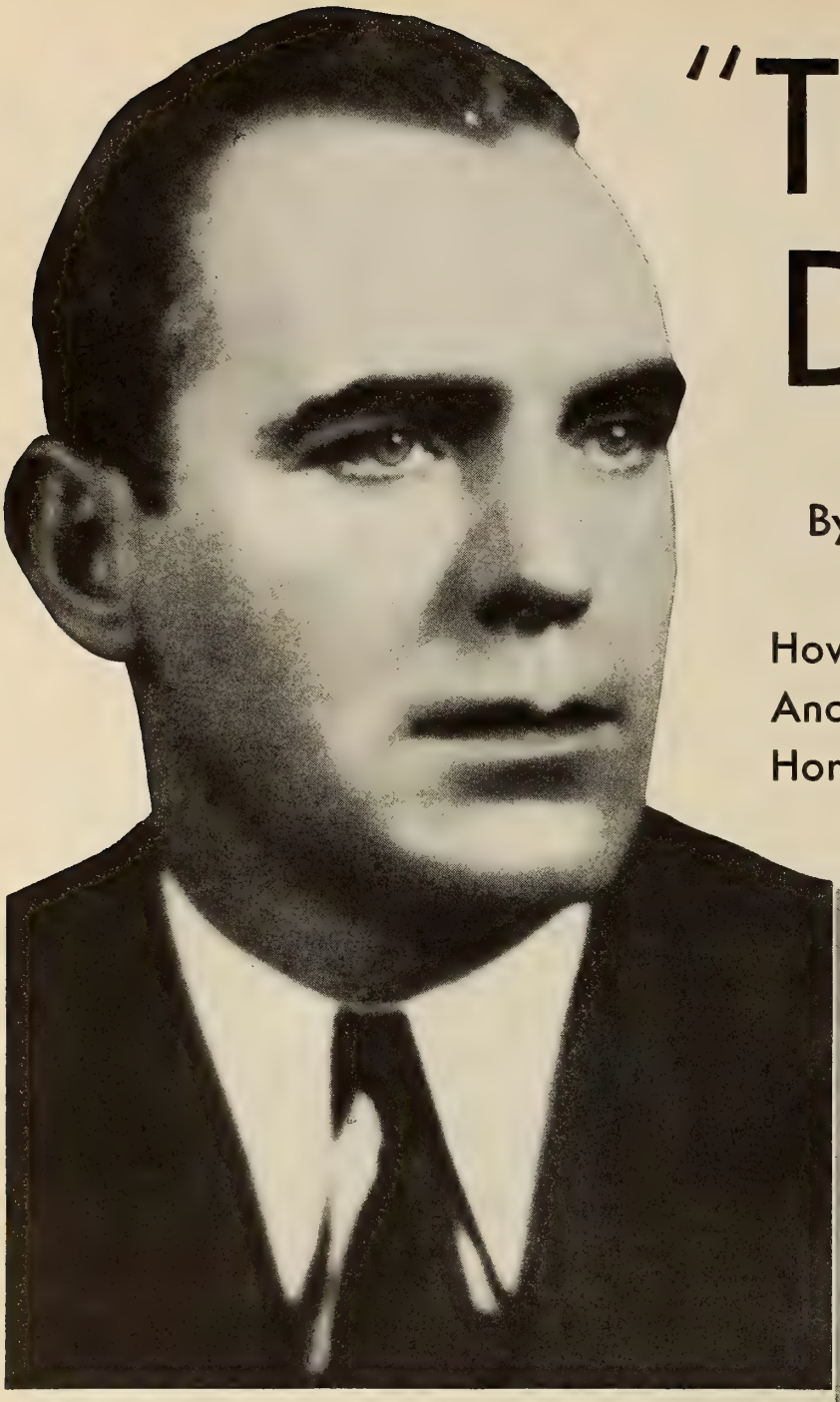
UNIVERSAL PICTURES

CARL LAEMMLE • PRESIDENT

"Thumbs Down!"

By J. Gunnar Back

How Pat O'Brien gave up—Another of the fascinating Home Town Stories of the Stars

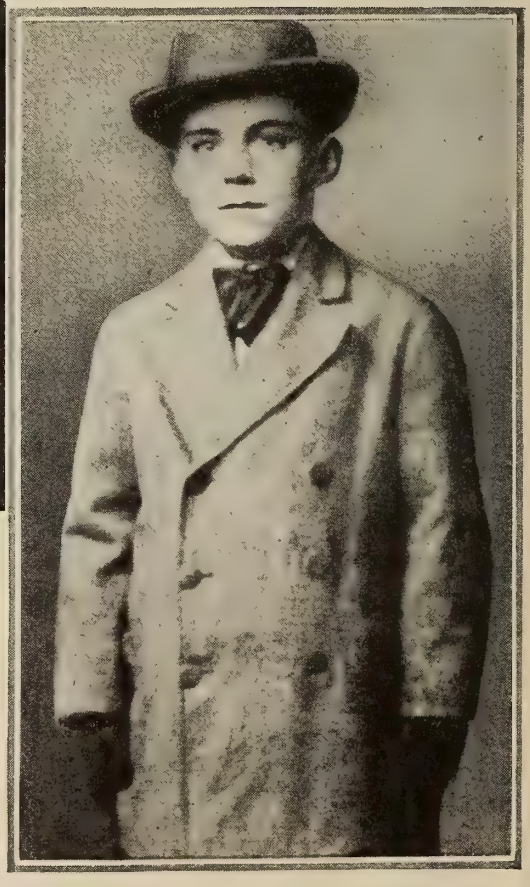


Pat O'Brien tried to become a lawyer to please his mother, but the stage held him—for a time.

THE home town story of Pat O'Brien, the vibrant *Hildy* in Howard Hughes' "Front Page," is the story of the American boy who stole the day off from a parochial school and a middle-class home in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in order to hang around the tents at the annual performance of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show—who shirked Saturday's window-washing at home to cheer the hero in the newest instalment of a silent movie serial thriller—and who was always ready to spend his boyhood play-days in pitching a tent in the yard and acting as the ringleader of the show.

Up to the time when he left Marquette University in Milwaukee ten years ago to enroll in Sargent's American School of Dramatic Art, the story of Pat O'Brien is the unwritten biography of thousands of boys whose imaginations made them decide that they wanted to be actors but who are now starting into middle-aged mediocrity or climbing a less glamorous road to success.

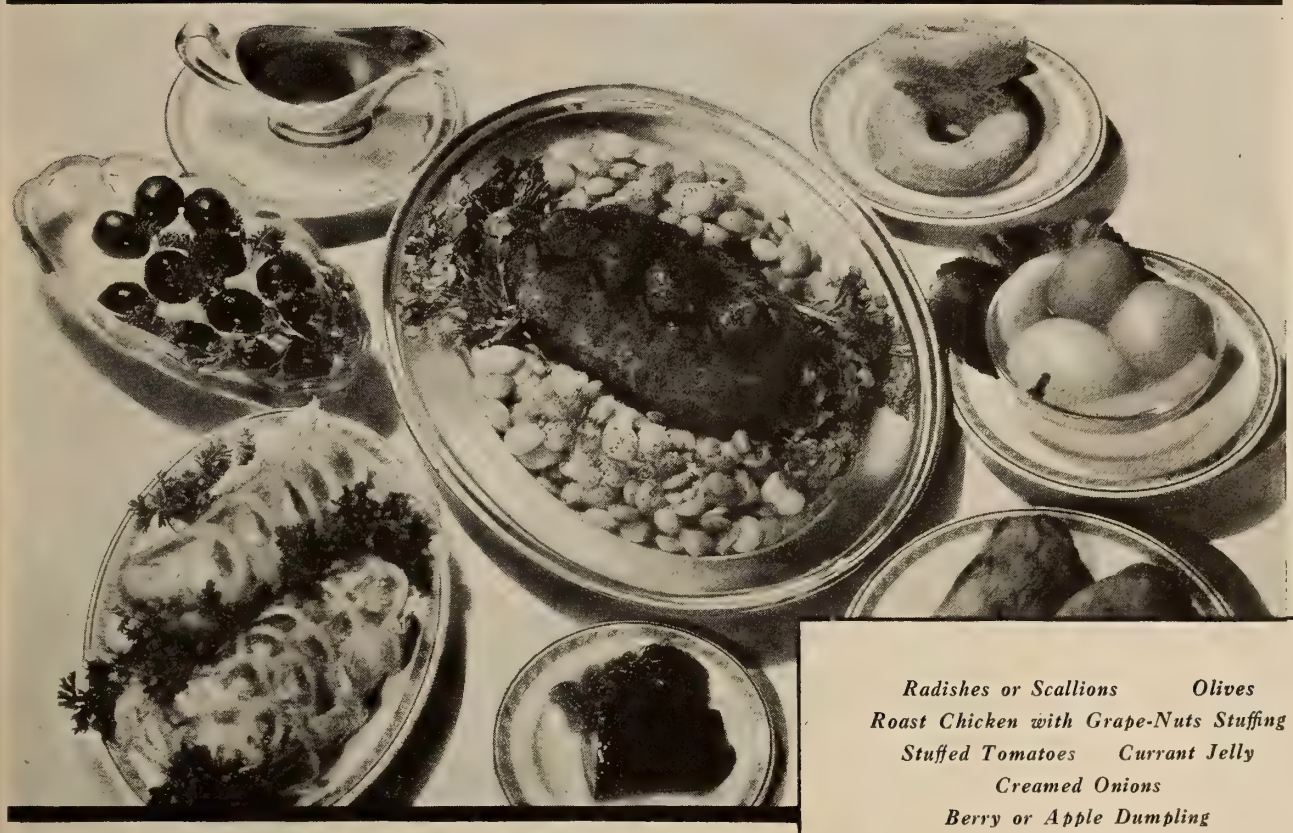
It is only because acting remained in Pat O'Brien's blood, making him unfit for, or incompatible to, any other kind of livelihood, that his own story does not remain unwritten like those of the others. (*Please turn to page* 80)



Willie O'Brien, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who was to grow up to be known as Pat O'Brien of the movies. Remember the part he played as "Hildy," the hard-boiled reporter in "The Front Page"?



How Men Do Love Good Food



Radishes or Scallions *Olives*
Roast Chicken with Grape-Nuts Stuffing
Stuffed Tomatoes *Currant Jelly*
Creamed Onions
Berry or Apple Dumpling

Anchovy Appetizers
Broiled Beefsteak *East India Chutney*
Baked Potatoes with Cheese
Creamed Onions *Buttered Beets*
Plain Lettuce or Endive Salad
Ice Cream

Fruit Cocktail
Baked Smoked Ham *Creamed Potatoes*
Stringbeans, Country Style
Romaine or Endive Salad with
Russian or French Dressing
Walnut Layer Cake *Vanilla Ice Cream*
Mints *Salted Nuts* *Coffee*

44 Easy Economical Dinners make it easy to plan meals which are pleasing, nourishing and amazingly inexpensive.

YOU don't have to wonder or worry about what you're going to give the head of the family for dinner, tonight or the next night, or even a week from tonight. It's all worked out for you in Tower's cook book, 44 Easy Economical Dinners . . . Spicy appetizers . . . Toothsome relishes . . . Simple, savory meat courses. Cool, delectable salads. Desserts which are easy to make. What a lot of pleasure and help and good sound news about food you'll find in this little book, which costs only ten cents, and about which one enthusiastic home-maker said, "It's worth its weight in gold."

Make meal-planning easier for yourself. Make meal-buying inexpensive. The book tells you how. Send ten cents, plus three cents for postage, and we'll hurry it on to you.

TOWER BOOKS, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York


SPENDTHRIFTS OF LOVE!
Modern youth, laughing at yesterday's conventions, promising to pay for today's kisses... after tomorrow. The gay partnership of a boy and girl who found it easier to make love than to make money.
AFTER TOMORROW
with CHARLES FARRELL
MARIAN NIXON • MINNA GOMBELL
WILLIAM COLLIER, Sr.
Based on the stage play by
John Golden and Hugh S. Stange
Directed by FRANK BORZAGE
FOX Picture



Photo by Elmer Fryer



DOLORES DEL RIO



Photo by Wm. A. Fraker

RICHARD CROMWELL



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

CLARK GABLE



Photo by Freulich

SIDNEY FOX



Photo by Preston Duncan

JEANETTE MacDONALD



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

KAREN MORLEY

Beginning . . . IF I HAD MY

We consider this the frankest, most human and most appealing message ever written by a film star

HOLLYWOOD! What conflicting emotions come over me as I write that word!

Hollywood as I know it, the Hollywood which graciously gave me every lovely dream of my expectant youth, and the same Hollywood which ruthlessly would have taken a battle-scarred soul had I allowed it.

My case is not an isolated one. Scores have found fame and happiness in this strange motion-picture center. But they, too, have suffered in such attainment. And, for those scores who have gained the top, how many unfortunates have dropped by the wayside to live out a life of disillusionment, bittterness and heartbreak?

This is being written because I believe that some persons, perhaps, may profit by my blunders and mistakes in Hollywood. For seven years now I have seen its every side. I know its



Clara Bow has been called variously the "IT" girl, the "Flaming Red-Head," and the "Brooklyn Bonfire." But the new Clara will demand a different title.

LIFE TO LIVE OVER

CLARA BOW . . . for the first time . . . reveals the intimate details of her cyclonic career

beauty and its fascination. I know its selfishness and its venom.

If any individual is qualified to show Hollywood in its true light, I believe I am. That is the reason for this writing. Maybe it will bring some good to others who attempt to follow in my footsteps.

Fortunately I stand in a very enviable position when I make that statement. After many years of intense suffering and bewilderment, I now stand at an intersection on my own highway of life with three distinct roads to happiness directly ahead. The terrors of my past have been forgotten. I am healthy in mind and body, and, above all, I am happy.

If I like I can resume my motion-picture career. I have had many offers from the legitimate stage. In the event that I decide to retire from professional life entirely, I shall return to the ranch where some of the most glorious moments of my life have been spent, and settle down to a quiet existence as Mrs. Rex Bell, and this latter plan appeals to me greatly at the moment.

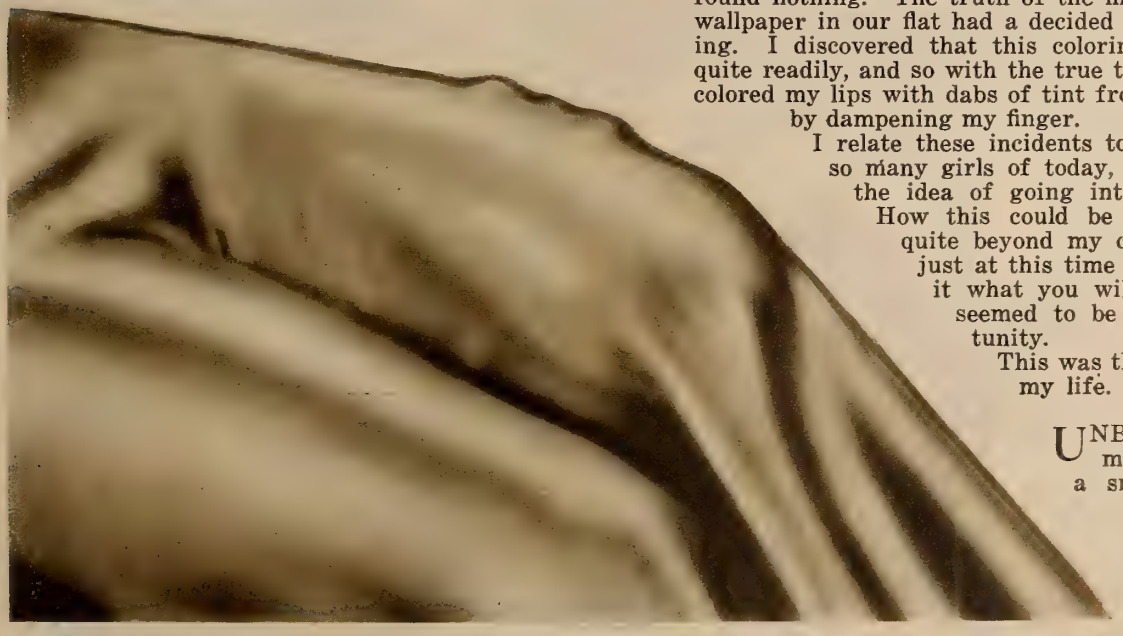
In the event that I do return to motion pictures, it will be because I appreciate what the public has done for me during my many troubles, and would like to show them the real Clara Bow on the screen before I put Hollywood behind me forever. But more about my personal plans later.

DURING the past year I have been asked this question many times:

"What advice would you endeavor to give a girl who was trying to make good in Hollywood?"

Also: "If you had to do it over again, how would you approach motion pictures?"

In attempting to answer the first question, let us go back and look at the Clara Bow who was just making her screen début. I say this because I think I understand thoroughly just how every young girl feels about Hollywood and a motion-picture career. I know what it is to dream and scheme and imagine oneself a great celebrity in the film world. I know, like tens of thousands of other girls, what it means to cherish that secret ambition to become a star. I know the wishes and prayers and hopes of all of you, hanging on to that slim thread of chance, that perhaps some day in its own mysterious fashion Opportunity will seek you out. How well I know your feelings and thoughts!



WHEN I was ten years old I knew what I wanted. To be a screen star was my idea of heaven. But what chance had I? My family was poor. My mother was in ill health. My father, when he worked, was always a good provider, but he was not always employed. We lived in a not-too-pleasing section of Brooklyn, and my only contact with the screen was an occasional visit to a neighborhood theater, paying my admission with pennies and nickels earned by taking care of neighbors' children when not looking after my mother.

Even in those days, and up until the time I was fourteen, I had but one objective—that of becoming a player in the movies. Sitting there alone in the darkened theater, I studied the movements of my favorites. I did not know good acting from bad, but instinctively something within me revolted at portrayals which, to my mind, were off key. Alone in my bedroom at night I would re-act the portrayal, according to my own interpretation, in front of my mirror. I also was an "expert" in make-up, which always mystified my mother. Appearing in her presence with lips heavily smeared with red and a whitish powder, I never failed to draw the parental wrath.

For days she searched my bedroom for cosmetics but found nothing. The truth of the matter was that the wallpaper in our flat had a decided tinge of red coloring. I discovered that this coloring would come off quite readily, and so with the true touch of an artist I colored my lips with dabs of tint from the paper itself by dampening my finger.

I relate these incidents to show that I, like so many girls of today, was obsessed with the idea of going into motion pictures. How this could be accomplished was quite beyond my comprehension, but just at this time Fate—or luck, call it what you will—presented what seemed to be the golden opportunity.

This was the turning point in my life.

UNBEKNOWN to me, my father had sent a snapshot of me to

the publishers of a movie magazine who, at that time, were conducting a beauty contest. Imagine my surprise when a letter arrived one day stating that I had been declared the winner. According to the rules of the contest, the winner was to be given an evening dress and also a rôle in a motion picture.

I was in seventh heaven. My prayers had been answered. My whole future and happiness had been secured. What luck!

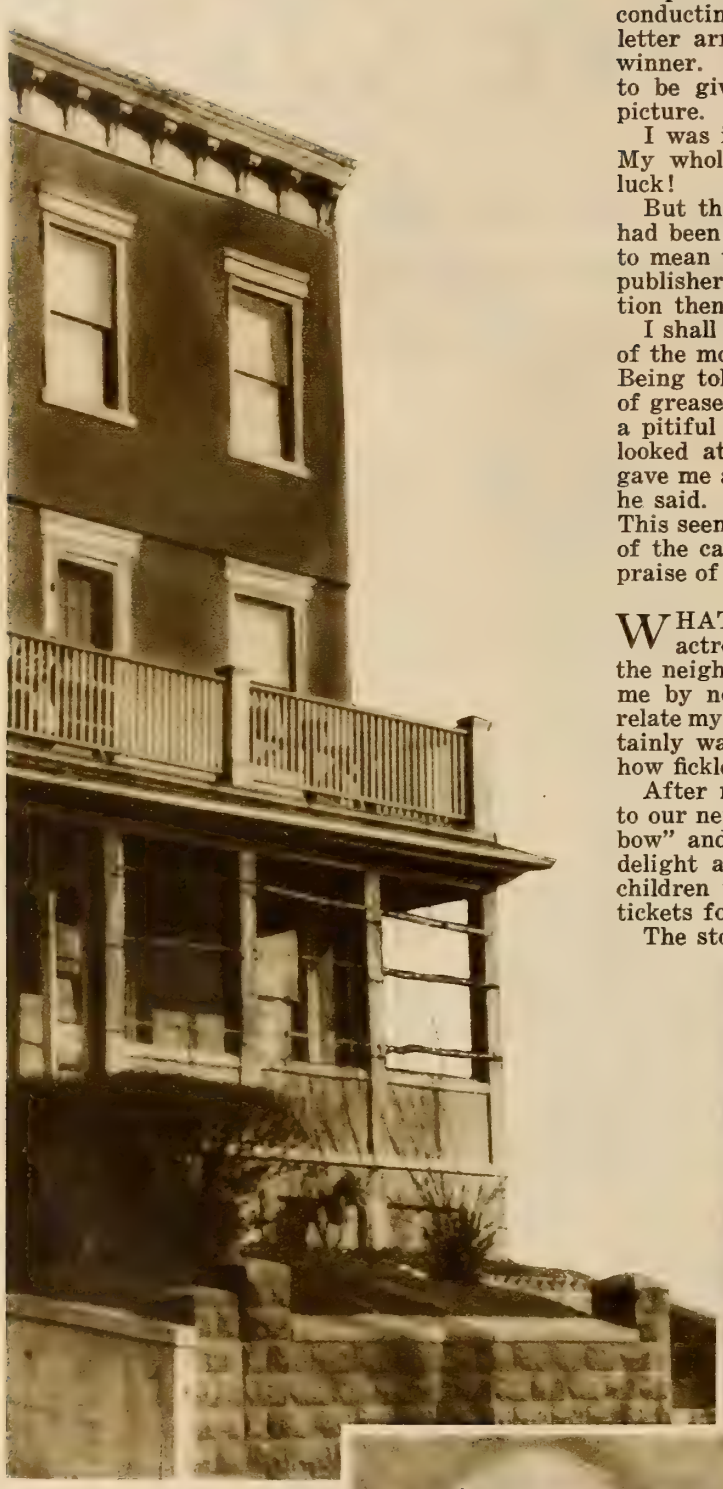
But things were not so easy. Weeks went by. My dress had been delivered to me, but where was the rôle which was to mean the start of my career? I haunted the offices of the publishers until finally they arranged to place me in a production then being filmed in New York.

I shall never forget my first day on the set. I was just one of the mob. No one paid the slightest bit of attention to me. Being told to make up, I watched others apply deft touches of grease-paint and tried to duplicate their procedure. It was a pitiful job, I realize now, but how wonderful I thought I looked at the time. Finally the director, Christy Cabanne, gave me a "bit." It was a crying scene. "Can you act, kid?" he said. I was so frightened I immediately burst into tears. This seemed to please him, and before I knew it I was in front of the cameras. Even to this day I can remember his faint praise of my effort when the scene was completed.

WHAT a thrill! I was now a full-fledged motion-picture actress, and only fourteen years old. I was the idol of the neighborhood. Those children who had heretofore passed me by now were my staunch friends. For hours I had to relate my experiences in the motion-picture studio. This certainly was the ultimate in happiness. But little did I know how fickle Fate can be.

After months of anxious waiting, the picture finally came to our neighborhood theater. It was titled "Beyond the Rainbow" and its star was Billie Dove. Full of anticipation and delight at seeing myself on the screen, I assembled all the children for blocks and borrowed enough money to purchase tickets for those unable to pay their own admission.

The story unfolded on the screen. Reel after reel went by,



The modest Bow home at Brooklyn, New York, where Clara spent the early years of her life.



International

Clara with Papa Bow, who aided and comforted her in the uncertain days at the beginning of her film career.



The future star of the screen showed some of her endearing qualities at this early age.

but there was not even a glimpse of Clara Bow. My companions became annoying with their taunts, intimating that I was perpetrating a gigantic hoax. Reel after reel went by until the final fadeout, and I had not appeared in one foot of film. I had slumped down in my seat. The tears came and were blinked back. But when the jeers started I could stand it no longer. I bolted from the theater, ran all the way home, locked myself in my room and sobbed as though my heart would break. This was the end. All my hopes and plans went crashing to earth in one smashing blow. To a sensitive girl of fourteen it meant that her whole life was ruined. How could I ever face my friends again? Life just wasn't worth living, that was all.

HOW foolish that seems as I look back at it, but it was everything to me then. My mother, ill as she was, understood, and her thorough gentleness and sympathy eased the hurt. But, despite her understanding and care, something within had snapped.

In an indifferent way I took mother's suggestion to use the money I had earned and enroll in a business training school. She believed that, in this way, I would put thoughts of the screen entirely out of my mind. Reluctantly and sorrowfully I agreed.

Then Fate again entered the scheme of things in crazy fashion.

A month or so after my first motion-picture "flop" I was called one day to the telephone. The man speaking at the other end of the wire introduced himself as Mr. Elmer Clifton, and asked if I could see him that afternoon. My heart took a leap. Elmer Clifton was a motion-picture director, and, hardly daring to believe that good fortune was again in my path, I readily agreed to see him.

So excited I could hardly talk, I spent the balance of the morning preparing myself for the interview. I knew my age was against me. I couldn't play child parts, and yet I was too young for ingénue rôles. So, with one sweep, I tucked away my long curls, put on one of mother's dresses and set out for the appointment, very much a lady of the world.

When Mr. Clifton saw me his jaw sagged. "Why, you're not the girl whose picture I saw!" he exclaimed. "She was just a youngster. No, I'm afraid I can't use you!"

In one brief moment the world crashed around me again. He did have a part! And I had lost it because of my own short-sightedness! Mr. Clifton was leaving.

"Oh, no, Mr. Clifton," I cried. "This isn't the real me. Look!" *(Please turn to page 94)*



At the right: This is the picture with which Clara won the Beauty Contest in 1922.



Left: In 1927 Clara developed a new personality for her picture, "Children of Divorce."



At the right: 1928. One of her pictures in this year was "Red Hair."



Clara appeared as the "Wild Party" girl in 1929.



Right: At the height of her screen glory. This photo was taken in 1930 while playing in "True to the Navy."



After the Daisy Devoe case in 1931 Clara suffered a nervous breakdown. Later she went to Rex Bell's ranch to recuperate.

NOW —it CAN



Photo by Hurrell

WITH all due respect to, and admiration for, Mr. Ripley's Believe It or Not wonders, miracles, hat tricks and facts, I maintain that he has missed a good bet in Ramon Novarro!

Mr. Ripley could tell you about a man who had a natural beard yards long which it took years to get, but he couldn't tell you about Ramon's mental beard which it didn't take long to lose.

Experience was the barber!

When I first met him (Ramon, not the barber), he was too good to be true, and incidentally had no one to be true or faithless to. He had his work, his church and his family.

It sounds like a lot; it was. Especially as his work was in front of a camera, his church, the Catholic one, and his family ten in number. He is still devoted to all three factions, but he has learned to play between devotions, and "Ripley or not," when Ramon plays, he plays rough!

I told him last week that I was going to write an article about him and tell the truth.

"I wish you would," he said, and added, "Now it can be told!"

I don't know whether he meant because he has just signed a new contract with Metro and can afford to be himself, or whether perhaps he wants people to know that he doesn't really spend all his spare time out of the studio singing and praying!

TEN years ago Ramon was religious to a point of extreme piety. His halo was teed high above the laurel wreath of *Ben Hur's*, and I doubt if any other actor could have played *Ben Hur* with understanding and sincerity as he did. Today the halo is worn upon occasions that merit it. At other times he wears a rather battered grey fedora. Underneath both is a mind that is naturally nice, though somewhat broadened by living and learning!

In a way, I feel responsible for his visit to the "barber," and up to date I am taking a bow.

In 1921 when I played Los Angeles with my gang of ex-service men, I arrived at the theatre one night to find most of the fellows and all the five girls who

—Says Ramon Novarro

be TOLD!

And here it is—told by the famous star—ELSIE JANIS



Wide World

Vibrant, dynamic Elsie Janis, the favorite of a world of theater-goers, whose colorful dramatic career has fitted her splendidly to take up her new work as a writer—and on the staff of New Movie Magazine.

added the feminine touch to the little show clustered about a peep-hole in the curtain, arguing over the comparative charms, talents, and ability of Rudolph Valentino and Ramon Novarro, who were both in the audience, Ramon in the first row and Rudy in the fourth.

That anyone should compare another actor with the latter seemed childish to me. I said so, and we rang up the curtain! I don't believe I looked at Ramon more than once. I heard him laughing and applauding, for he was, then, as now, an excellent audience.

But my eyes, ears and smiles were all for Valentino. That saint-like quality of which one heard so much in connection with Ramon (Ben Hur) Novarro left me cold, and I still prefer love scenes to chariot races. Rudy, however, came back after the show, and Ramon probably went to a midnight mass.

(*Please turn to page* 100)

Ramon Novarro and Greta Garbo in a scene from their latest picture, "Mata Hari," wherein Ramon plays the part of a Russian air captain.



My Strange Experiences at VALENTINO'S GRAVE

The Astonishing Day-by-Day Story of the Man Who Has Guarded Valentino's Tomb for Five Years — as edited by Jack Grant

A MOVEMENT is being launched in Hollywood to erect a new memorial to Rudolph Valentino. It will take the form of a sarcophagus mausoleum in which Valentino is to be entombed. According to current plans, the building will cost around $40,000.

The chap who imparted this information to me did not know whether a fund existed to erect the mausoleum or whether the money would be obtained by popular subscription. A difference of opinion arose regarding the latter course of procedure. It was my contention that some difficulties would be encountered unless large individual amounts were subscribed. After all, Valentino has been dead five and a half years, and these are times of stringent financial conditions.

"Forty thousand is a mere drop in the bucket," my friend informed me. "Four hundred thousand could be raised in a short time if necessary. Quite apparently you haven't followed the legend of Valentino. Even in death he remains the screen's most popular male star. The idolatry accorded Garbo is the only approach to the tremendous tradition of Valentino.

"Pilgrimages to his grave rival those of history. Five years! What are five years? It will take a generation to dim his shining star and at least another generation to eclipse it even partially. If the people behind this memorial ask the public to subscribe, they can have the money almost over-night.

"Do you know that there are nearly a score of Valentino associations whose memberships are pledged to keep his crypt ever beautiful with flowers? Do you know that no less than ten people daily appear at the offices of the Hollywood Cemetery to inquire specifically where they may find the Valentino burial place? These folks are new pilgrims and their numbers are multiplied many times by the regulars. Five years! Don't talk to me about five years. Go talk to Pete at the mausoleum. He will give you a story of the Valentino tra-



Roger Peterson, author of the diary

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

- *Ten people inquire every day for the specific location of Valentino's burial place?*
- *There are societies all over the world pledged to keep the grave ever fresh with flowers?*
- *A woman dressed always in black, came to the grave every week for three years?*
- *A girl came all the way from Chicago, just to get a rose petal from the grave?*
- *That over one hundred people visit the cemetery every day?*





International

Rudolph Valentino (above), in a pose that is remembered best, perhaps, by his many fans. At the right, Rudy in street attire. This photo was taken only a few months before his sudden death.



Valentino and Alice Terry in a "still" from a picture made shortly after his sensational success in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

Below is the beautiful statue erected in Rudy's honor in Hollywood Park, Los Angeles. At the right is a view of the mausoleum where the "Great Lover" is buried.





Wide World

dition that will, if I am not mistaken, amaze you."

It seemed like good advice. I found that Pete was the diminutive of Roger Peterson, a big blonde Scandinavian from Minnesota. He is the attendant at the Hollywood Cemetery mausoleum, where Valentino and numerous other celebrities are now buried.

In many respects Pete belies the conception of what a cemetery attendant should be. He is not a taciturn, unsmiling individual but rather a loquacious, pleasant chap as jovial as he is big. Very frankly, Pete was a revelation to me.

The major part of his duties have to do with inquiries concerning Valentino. He is therefore an authority on the film star. Visitors, genuinely interested in Valentino, and they number thousands, find Pete a sympathetic confidant. Unfortunately he also has to deal with hysterical, sometimes unbalanced, people who make a Roman holiday of their visits to Valentino's crypt. His handling of such semi-psychopathic cases would do credit to a physician.

PETE has kept a diary since he has been on the job at the Hollywood Cemetery. Like all diary-keepers, he has not made entries every day. There are long stretches of blank pages when the diary was forgotten in the press of other duties or pleasures. Not all the dates are accurate to the exact day. Pete was careless about dates.

The document, nonetheless, presents an intensely vivid picture with which I have taken but few liberties in transcribing. There are several points of Pete's story to which I have added facts. The reporting of contacts with individuals, however, is entirely his own.

The first date that concerns us is:

September 7, 1926: Rudolph Valentino was laid to rest in the mausoleum at the Hollywood Cemetery today. Crowds, estimated by the newspapers to number in excess of twenty thousand persons, lined the sidewalks as his funeral cortege passed from church to cemetery. Nearly five thousand people surrounded the church while last services were held. The scenes here must have duplicated the public demonstrations in New York, where Valentino died August 23rd.

His church service was attended by all the great of filmdom, but only his brother, Alberto, and Pola Negri came to the cemetery to witness the sealing of his crypt. Miss Negri later collapsed and had to be helped from the mausoleum to her car.

The tremendous amount and great beauty of Valentino's floral offerings defy description. The cards bear loving messages from Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor, Bebe Daniels, Kathlyn Williams, Antonio Moreno, the Buster Keatons, Reginald Denny, William Randolph Hearst, James Rolph, Jr., then mayor of San Francisco and now California's governor, and hundreds of others. Pola Negri's blanket of red roses with crosses of white lilies is especially beautiful. The wreath of pink roses on which the name "Julio" has been worked in white is from June Mathis. Julio is the name of the character Valentino played in "The Four Horsemen of the (*Please turn to page* 88)



JANET GAYNOR

The wistfulness of petite Janet Gaynor shines through even the cruel medium of caricature. This unusual pen picture by Avtori, the noted Italian basso and artist, was made in London during Janet's recent visit there.

Jim Tully tells of the little girl around the corner

How FAME came to Janet

HER name is Laura Gainer. She is the daughter of a Philadelphia paperhanger and was born in that city twenty-six years ago.

She decided that the words Janet Gaynor had more euphony and changed her name when entering films.

The father was an extra player for the Lubin company, a pioneer producer of one-reel films.

So Janet Gaynor, early a mimic, received encouragement in that childish art from him.

Little was said for many years about Frank Gainer. Few people outside of his immediate neighborhood knew that he was the father of the celebrated Hollywood Cinderella.

JANET GAYNOR is barely five feet tall. Her hair blends chestnut with auburn. Her eyes are deep brown. Perhaps the leading sentimental actress in the films, she is winsome and vital.

Though a midget in appearance, she can work until the strongest director becomes tired.

Like most successful film actresses, she is merely the little girl around the corner who had a lucky break.

When her mother divorced Gainer, she married a man who has since become a cinema immortal under the nickname of Jonesy. His real name was Harry C. Jones. He was the first husband of the woman who is now the wife of the famous American writer, Benjamin de Casseres.

Her stepfather was a wanderer, who found employment in different sections of the country as far apart as Illinois, Florida and California. He took with him on each journey his wife and two stepchildren.

Such are the whimsies of successful film stars, it has been denied that in her early youth Miss Gaynor knew dire poverty.

She worked as a stenographer at eighteen dollars per week before coming to Hollywood. But of course this may have been merely to gain dramatic experience.

She was also an employee of a shoe store. Among her duties were those of placating irate ladies if their shoes were not delivered on time.



Photo by Hal Phyfe

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell form one of the most successful teams in movie circles. Their latest picture together was "Delicious"



Janet Gaynor as she appeared in "Merely Mary Ann," one of her starring vehicles.

She came to Hollywood with the intention of becoming an actress.

But it was her stepfather who made it possible. He moved the entire family.

Growing discouraged when unable to find work in films after weeks in the cinema city, she accompanied her mother to the Hollywood secretarial school.

The mother did the talking.

Janet Gaynor said nothing.

Finally the owner of the school said to her: "You are not interested in stenography, are you?"

"No," was the decisive answer.

"Then what would you like to do?"

"Be a motion-picture actress."

The maternal law, however, was unchanged. Janet went for two weeks to the school.

There was another girl in the school at the time who had ambitions to become an actress. She had a call from a studio official who wished to interview her. "Why," asked the owner, remembering Miss Gaynor's ambition," don't you take Janet Gaynor along?"

She hesitated and said: "Well, I guess I could."

The girl "who took Janet Gaynor along" has been heard of no more. But she brought to life again the dying courage in a little girl who was later to become world famous.

Her words were forceful and direct: "I may never make the grade," she said. "My face is longer than daylight and I'm big in places where I should be slender." She looked closely at her little traveling companion and continued: "Now—you've got everything — all you need is a lucky break." She hesitated again: "But remember—you'll never get it pounding a typewriter."

Janet *remembered.*

She decided at once not to "brush up" further on stenography. The school lost a student while the screen gained its most finished exponent of childish sentimentality.



Janet and Lydell Peck eloped just about the time everyone was sure she was going to marry Charles Farrell.

This was about eight years ago.

Frances Deaner, her confidante, now says regarding Miss Gaynor: "She likes to have the fact stressed that it is her mother more than any one else who has been the inspiration and moral support in her career. If you should happen to mention her stepfather in your story and qualify him as to vocation, he was a mining engineer—financing the developments of mines, etc."

Indeed, I shall have to mention her stepfather as a simple act of justice.

I HAVE written many thousands of words about Miss Gaynor. She still insists that one story which I wrote for an enormously circulated woman's magazine is "the best ever written" about her.

In that story I wrote little about her mother and much of her stepfather as having held the screen ladder upon which she climbed to her cinema heaven.

Janet's sister, slightly older than herself, was anxious for a screen career. It passed her as indifferently as a dining-car does a tramp.

She did, however, help Jonesy hold the ladder of her sister, who was four years younger. She taught Janet how to put on make-up and furnished matches of encouragement when the younger girl's lamp of bravery was about to go out.

The sister, when last heard from, was again caressing a typewriter.

The mother now travels about the world with her famous daughter and enjoys the sad distinction of being one of the leading members of the Association of Screen Mammas. It is quite natural to suppose that she was a decisive factor in the young girl's life. But Jonesy was responsible for her career. He was in touch with the studios.

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LILYAN GOES SHOPPING

with **LAURA BENHAM**



White satin lounging pajamas with a trim straight coat of black satin—Lilyan decided these would be a present from husband Edmund Lowe.

Miss Tashman was only "looking"—but this is what she really bought!

EVER since I can remember I've wondered how it would feel to go shopping, backed by an unlimited bank account. To be able to buy the dress I really wanted instead of having reluctantly to say to the all-comprehending saleswoman, "Please, can you show me something less expensive?"

Well, yesterday I did just that!

For I went shopping with Lilyan Tashman!

It was early in the morning when my phone rang. When I answered, Lilyan Tashman's low, throaty voice greeted me. "How's for helping me do a little shopping—window and otherwise—today?" she asked.

Of course I was as good as on my way before she had finished her question, though I did take time to put an extra dab of powder on my nose in honor of the occasion. Lilyan is always so meticulously groomed that I didn't want to disgrace her any more than possible. . . .

She was waiting for me when I reached

A suède leather purse attracted Lil and Lil attracted a crowd when she tried to buy it. Note the small square watch in one corner balancing the initials at the other side. Another present from Eddie.



All photos by Shalitt

the Sherry-Netherland (where, by the way, her suite looked like a private greenhouse, so full was it of gorgeous gold-and-white chrysanthemums)—and after poking her head back into the bedroom to bid husband, Edmund Lowe, good-bye, Lilyan announced that she was ready to begin our "grand tour." And what a tour it turned out to be. . . . I'm still lame from it!

"Let's window-shop along Fifth Avenue first," Lilyan suggested. "I really don't want to buy much today—but I *do* love to wander through the New York shops. No other city in the world has such marvelous stores. I feel like waving American flags whenever I think of them and compare them with those on the other side."

We had covered several blocks by that time and were standing in front of Bonwit Teller's windows at Fifty-sixth Street. A small beige-suède traveling case, with fittings of real tortoiseshell, caught Lil's eye. "Oh, isn't that an adorable week-end bag! Do let's go in and price it!" she exclaimed.

And before I had a chance to try to dissuade her—knowing full well that she owns at least eighteen such cases—she was well inside the store and had made her way to the luggage department.

"Of course I don't really need it," she was telling the clerk as panting for breath I caught up with her. "But locations are so hard on luggage, and I *do* love tortoiseshell. How much did you say it was?"

For myself, I nearly fainted when the salesman suavely quoted a price of $135. But Lilyan bore up bravely under the blow and with scarcely a moment's hesitation told him to send it out C. O. D.

"I'll make Eddie give it to me," she confided as we left the store. "He won $3,200 on a football game, and this will be my share!"

Then we ventured into the elevators and made our way to the negligée and pajama department. Lilyan has a penchant for elaborate and exotic pajamas, which she wears almost constantly when at





It was love at first sight when she saw this heavy aluminum link necklace.



Do you wonder that Miss Tashman selected this slim rhinestone-beaded gown for evening wear. It has a little jacket with a turnover collar of the same material and with it is worn a heavy bracelet.

For daytime wear Lilyan selected this black spongy woolen coat with large puff sleeves and a silver-fox collar.

FASHIONS OF THE STARS



Soft faint flesh crêpe, swathed around the hips and flowing into a suggestion of a train was another of Lilyan's evening selections. The shoulder pieces and back strap are trimmed with rhinestones.

Malibu. She looked at several kinds and sorts, then a black-and-white crêpe satin outfit attracted her.

"That will be so useful for week-ends at the beach," she remarked. "The one-piece pajamas are just the type for informal dinner parties, while the coat will be necessary if we sit out on the porch in the evenings. You know, it gets quite chilly at Malibu!"

She gave her name and address to the clerk, who was all eyes and ears, then happened to think of asking the price. "Seventy-nine-fifty," was the response, which seemed to please Lilyan mightily. "That's really quite reasonable for pajamas as lovely as these," she turned

(*Please turn to page* 104)



A red bedside bottle with a cock's head for a stopper.



Tortoise shell and in a purse, too, was too much for Lilyan. She bought it.



Black and white is Lilyan's favorite motif. Here you see it carried out in a black crêpe evening gown with an ermine jacket.

WHAT THEY WEAR ON PARADE

Continuing Pola Negri's Comments On

Should A WOMAN



Photo by Emmet Schoenbaum

At the right you see Pola in a scene from her new picture "A Woman Commands," with Basil Rathbone.

Pola says: "Kindling a man's love is next to a woman's most divine task. Her supreme duty and joy are in keeping it"

I NEVER watch an American man falling in love without a distinct feeling of apprehension. He is so utterly helpless to defend his prospects of happiness. He is playing at the game of courtship, without the aid of tradition. I don't mean his own personal experience, for he may be a man of many affairs of the heart, but the background is lacking to furnish the experience necessary to cope with a woman who has made up her mind to claim him for her own.

When a man's imagination has been set afire by a woman, he has begun his courtship. At first he is timorous. Oh, he may present a bold enough front and his courtship may deserve the adjective "tempestuous," but the clever woman is careful not to laugh at the boldest man, unless she is tired of him.

A man in love is helpless against ridicule. The clever woman knows this. She is careful not to smile at his flights of fancy, his budding idealism, no matter how amused she is. As his advances become more personal, she is faced with the alternatives of repulsing him or encouraging him. If she seeks to have his newly awakened interest develop into love, naturally she encourages him.

Several seasons ago in Paris, I saw a play, "De-



"What Life Has Taught Me About Men"

TELL?

bureau." Never have I witnessed a more perfect analysis of the psychology of a man and woman in love, than in that play. It showed to what surprising extent the woman is master of the man who is falling in love with her. It was a play about a famous Paris buffoon: a clown, whose ancestry ran back to the court jesters of the Louis. He was an idealist and a dreamer, for all that he made people laugh by his antics.

He fell in love with a beautiful woman . . . and she with him. She was sympathetic. She listened to him and appreciated his gallentries until he was mad about her. It was the scene in which he told her of his love that was so beautiful and true. She was not what prudes call "a good woman," but she was a smart one, a woman who appreciated love, having known so much of it. He knew her history, but this did not deter him from telling her he loved her.

I still thrill when I recall that scene. It was in her boudoir, to the intimacies of which he had been admitted because she knew he would feel that she thought more of him than her other suitors. In a burst of lyric poetry he poured out his admiration for her: told her how she inspired him: how the very sight of her made his senses reel with desire for her: how he had placed her above other women and above the ken of other men. In short he told her magnificently that he loved her. So powerful were his protestations that the woman marveled and could not believe a clown could attain to such heights of ecstasy. Deeply moved, she asked him:

"What is it that makes you say these things, feel this way?"

He looked at her for a moment and then said, so simply (*Please turn to page* 96)





Above is Pola, and at the left Pola and H. B. Warner, in "A Woman Commands."

"Men are as vain as peacocks," says Pola, "maybe not about their clothes or their work, but they want the world to think that their women are wonderful"



MARIE DRESSLER

Marie Dressler, gallant trouper of the movies and the winner of Motion Picture Academy award for 1931. You can see her in "Emma," her latest starring vehicle for M-G-M.

Photo by Hurrell



Drawing by Herb Roth

FIRST CLASS HOKUM

—but how we love it!

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

Intellectual and highbrow, defender of the movies, calls for more and better hokum!

YOU'VE heard it quite often on coming out of a picture house: "It's just the old hokum!" The old hokum! Why, there is nothing else but the "old hokum" day in and day out, century in and century out, in the life of the human race.

To see, to produce the rare, the unaccustomed thing is as unusual as paying your rent fifteen days before it is due.

I wish I knew who it was who wrote lately in an English weekly: "It is necessary to keep on saying the same things over and over and over again, because the same things keep happening over and over and over again." It was anonymous, but the person who wrote it answered epigrammatically all those highbrows and pseudo-intellectuals who dismiss the movies as "hokum."

There is a kind of person who utters hokum before almost everything. He was born with the yawns. Nothing can entertain or surprise him. He has lost his child-soul, his sense of wonder. He is "smart," wised-up, ultra-sophisticated, snooty. He does not suspect that he himself is just frozen apple-sauce.

I sing the Song of Hokum!—and I am reputed to be a highbrow, an intellectual, and all that. I sing the Song of Hokum not only as applied to motion pictures, but to everything else in the world. The world is too serious; it has always been too serious. There has never been enough hokum.

It is more and better hokum that I demand, not only of motion picture producers, but of those engaged in other devices for dragging us out of ourselves into the world of make-believe.

Now, I mean by hokum that which does not contain, in pictures or elsewhere, an ounce of truth, that which does not bear any relation to everyday life as I know it. In the name of Mickey Mouse and the Marx Brothers and Jim Cagney, let us have more nonsense on the screen! I regret the passing of the old Mack Sennetts and the Keystone comedies. Here was the art of hokum and nonsense carried to the extreme. Here were great robustious caricatures of life in which the human race saw itself reduced to what seven-eighths of our daily activities come to—*pure hokum.* (*Please turn to page* 112)

HOLLYWOOD

MOVIE Gossip Off



William Powell and wife, Carole Lombard (above), caught by the cameraman at a Hollywood premiere.



At the left: Constance Cummings, red haired and blue eyed, was last seen in "The Guilty Generation."

YOU'LL LIKE SARI: Met Sari Maritza the other day at Paramount Studios. And she's charming.

She's Hollywood's latest importation, you know—a blue eyed, brown haired little girl of twenty-one or twenty-two, who has been starred in German films.

She was born in China; her father is English and her mother Viennese. She was educated in England and speaks German, French and some Chinese in addition to English.

She tells me she likes Hollywood, and I'm sure Hollywood will like her. Don't see how they can help it, for she's both easy on the eye and easy to talk to.

She vows she was never engaged to Charlie Chaplin nor was she ever under personal contract to the comedian. They met in England and were seen together a great deal for a time. Sari explains this as a mutual interest in the Tango. Charlie had just returned from Spain where he had learned some new steps. He taught them to her and for a time they were seen almost everywhere dancing together.

WHERE GUSSIE BERGER CAME FROM: Let's end for all time the mystery surrounding "Gussie Berger," the name under

Below: Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Joe E. Brown (right) pause a moment to talk things over.

Photo by Irving Lippman



BANDWAGON

the STAGE and On

which Greta Garbo was registered at the St. Moritz Hotel, while on her recent New York visit.

Columnists and the press have printed that this is la Garbo's real name. Just a lot of applesauce!

"Gussie" is Garbo's pet name for the divorced wife of Ernst Lubitsch. So Greta just borrowed the "Gussie" from her friend and the surname of "Berger" from another dear friend, Dr. Ludwig Berger, German composer-director.

And speaking of Gussie Berger, as everyone has been, Jimmie (Schnozzle) Durante suggests it's a good name for some girl who needs a new one for her picture career. It's already famous, he says, and Greta Garbo doesn't need it any more.

"I think I will marree wiz that Randolph Scott," Lupe Velez said sort of speculatively one day.

And the next day she had to explain that she was just joking, or at least, that she wasn't very serious about it.

For, you see, she had failed to take Mr. Scott into her confidence.

He is the young man Paramount is groom-



Joan Bennett (above) wears a dark wig in the Fox picture "She Wanted a Millionaire," and is a beauty contest winner.

Below: Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante "ups" to a bronze statuette on the M-G-M set.



At the right: Madge Evans will play opposite Robert Montgomery in M-G-M's "Lovers Courageous."



ing to take Gary Cooper's place on the screen, but not in Lupe's affections.

GOULDING, DIPLOMAT: Hollywood's worries about what will happen in the apportionment of close-ups in M-G-M's "Grand Hotel" seem to be wasted.

Edmund Goulding is directing the picture with intimate two-person and three-person groups.

In other words, there won't be enough individual close-ups to cause any headaches with a cast including such stars as Garbo, the two Barrymores, Wally Beery and Joan Crawford.

JEAN FOR STAGE: Jean Harlow may give up pictures temporarily and go to London to appear in a stage play.

ONE-ROSE JACK: When Marion Davies celebrated her birthday last year, she received, from Jack Gilbert, three hundred dozen roses. This year Marion's gift from Jack was a lone rose in an oversized box on which was written, "On account of the depression I wish you a Happy Birthday." Wonder what Jack knows about any depression. He received a half million on his last two pictures and has two more to make at the same figure.



Photo by C. S. Bull

Marion Davies will play the part of a trapeze performer in "Polly of the Circus."

Dickie Moore told his pal, Spencer Tracy, he thought he'd buy the traffic cop's uniform he wears in "Disorderly Conduct."

"How much do you think it will set you back?" inquired Tracy.

"Oh . . . I think I'll pay two hundred dollars for it," replied Dickie, thoughtfully, adding: "Why, I might even pay one hundred for it! I think it is grand!"

EUROPE BOUND: While Helene Costello is awaiting results of the divorce which her husband, Lowell Sherman, brought against her, she will journey to Europe with a friend.

FIRST EXPENSE ISN'T ALL: Connie Bennett last summer rented Corinne Griffith's Malibu Beach house for four months, at a cost of five thousand dollars. But this summer she will be her own landlord, having bought the house of a well-known writer (who lost his all in the stock market), for seven thousand. Of course the Marquis will probably spend another seven or more building a few additions, including a tennis court, and then there will be some interior decorating by Howard Greet, who designed Lilyan Tashman's famous red-and-white house on the sands of the Malibu.

Jack Coogan, Sr., was in conference with a Paramount executive in regard to little Bobby's salary for his next picture. Coogan can't forget that he

Doug and Mary take a hand in the remodeling of their home, "Pickfair," where they will entertain a number of titled guests during the Olympic games this summer.



Photo by Don English

Jack Oakie and his mother, Mrs. Evelyn Offield, are not averse to doing a few kitchen chores when it's really necessary.

HOLLYWOOD BANDWAGON

Wide World





Photo by Irving Lippman

Jimmy Cagney and Brian Salzburgh at the Ascot Speedway in California. Brian and Jimmy both drive race cars in Jimmy's new picture, "The Crowd Roars."

Movie Gossip off the Stage and on

Underwood



was once a vaudeville performer, and while he talked he did a little tap dance.

"I'll tell you what, Mike," he said as he did his little dance, "I'll let you have him for $2500 a week."

The executive, who has a grand sense of humor, jumped to his feet and fell in step with Coogan.

"I'll tell you what, Jack," he said, as he kept in perfect time with Coogan, "I'll pay you $1500."

And the deal was consummated right then.

STILL FRIENDS: Despite a Reno divorce which officially separated them as man and wife, Frances Marion, scenarist, and George Hill, director, are finding it difficult to resist the tug of a nineteen-year-old friendship.

They are seen frequently with the Harold Lloyds and Doug and Mary. Those closest to them say there may be a second wedding ceremony.

CRADLE TALK: Hollywood hears a rumor that Dorothy Mackaill and her Honolulu husband, Neil Miller, in the east now to get Neil a job crooning over somebody's radio, are getting cradle-minded.

INDECISION NOTE: Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro can't make up their minds whether to fall in love or just continue to admire each other's artistic abilities.



Wide World

"Speed Queen" is what they have been calling Joan Blondell since she bought a vintage 1902 limousine.

THAT GARBO CONTRACT: To date Greta Garbo and M-G-M have been unable to reach terms on a renewal of her contract which expires in March. The present document pays Garbo $7,000 fifty-two weeks in the year. Rumor has it that she is desirous of raising this to $10,000. Among other things the studio wants to cut the check-writing down to forty weeks. The Swedish star's expiring contract has been running three years.

WOGGLES IS WED: Joan Crawford's Scotty, "Woggles," was lonely, so Joan bought him a "wife." The new member of the Crawford-Fairbanks family is seven months old, black and jolly and named "Typhoon." The two Scotties go everywhere with Joan, marching together at the end of a double black-and-red leash.

WHAT? MARIE, TOO? Marie Dressler may soon become a national radio star in addition to her screen work, if present negotiations calling for her appearance over a national hook-up are consummated.

POLO TRIO: Ralph Forbes, Robert Montgomery and Clark Gable are attracting crowds of curiosity seekers to the Riviera Polo Grounds, where the trio

Conrad Nagel, favorite of many of the female fans, not only has an attractive wife, but is the father of an equally interesting daughter.



Wide World

Bebe Daniels and husband, Ben Lyon, were among the guests who turned out for the Hollywood premiere of Doug Jr.'s picture, "Union Depot."

engage daily in polo practice. Ruth Chatterton, wife of Forbes, is among the enthusiastic spectators when her work permits.

DON MIKE: Zasu Pitts' divorce action against Tom Gallery has directed attention again after a lapse of years to Barbara La Marr's son.

Tom and Zasu adopted him after Barbara died. Barbara first called him Robert Carville La Marr and then Ivan. Tom and Zasu call him Don Mike. He is nine years old.

MOVIE MOVING DAY: Joan Bennett now occupies the dressing-room suite originally built for Janet Gaynor at Fox Movietone Studio. Janet has moved to the Irish cottage, originally occupied by John McCormack, the celebrated tenor. And where Janet entertained Charlie Farrell at lunch, Joan now is hostess to Gene Markey, who, by the time this appears in print, will probably be her husband.



Photo by Gaston Longet

Anita Louise (above), because she is only sixteen, had to have her contract with RKO-Pathe ratified by the court. Here she is in Superior Judge McComb's office.

GLUTTONS FOR PUNISHMENT: Undaunted by the loss of their Malibu home in the recent fire which swept the fashionable picture summer colony, Frank Fay and Barbara Stanwyck are still determined to be home owners. They have just purchased the beautiful Lew Lipton estate in Brentwood Park and are now neighbors of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford.

SUCH A QUESTION: Virginia Bruce can't make up her mind whether she likes to dance with William Bakewell or sit 'em out with Robert Young.

Come to think of it, maybe she likes to do both.

SWEATER CRAZE: The old turtle-neck sweater of those college days of about 1910 is becoming quite a fad in Hollywood.

Joel McCrea started it by appearing in one on a Sunday night at Marion Davies' house.



Jean Hersholt, Anna Q. Nilsson, and Marie Dressler enjoy an old-fashioned confab in the garden at Marie's Hollywood home.

Movie Gossip off the Stage and on

The run on sweaters began the next day.

As worn now, they are usually dark blue or black and the coat over them, preferably a double-breasted one, is buttoned.

It saves laundry bills, the boys say, which is just what they said twenty years ago.

NOT MARIAN, BUT JOAN: Marian Marsh is having a terrible time denying her engagement to Jack Oakie.

People get Marian confused with Joan.

The affair between Joan and Jack, which was just a lot of fun last summer, is getting serious.

Lillian Bond just wants to be an old maid. She says she has never had the slightest desire to marry, and has never found a man who could make her change her mind for a minute. What are you going to do about this, men?

Note to Buddy Rogers:
Dear Buddy:

When Jack Dempsey was in Hollywood he took your girl friend, Mary Brian, to the fights, to dinner and to dance.

Why don't you do something about it?

A Friend.

NO NOT THE SAME: Bert Lytell took his wife, Helen Mencken, to San Francisco to show her his birthplace, and found it is now being used as a negro funeral parlor.

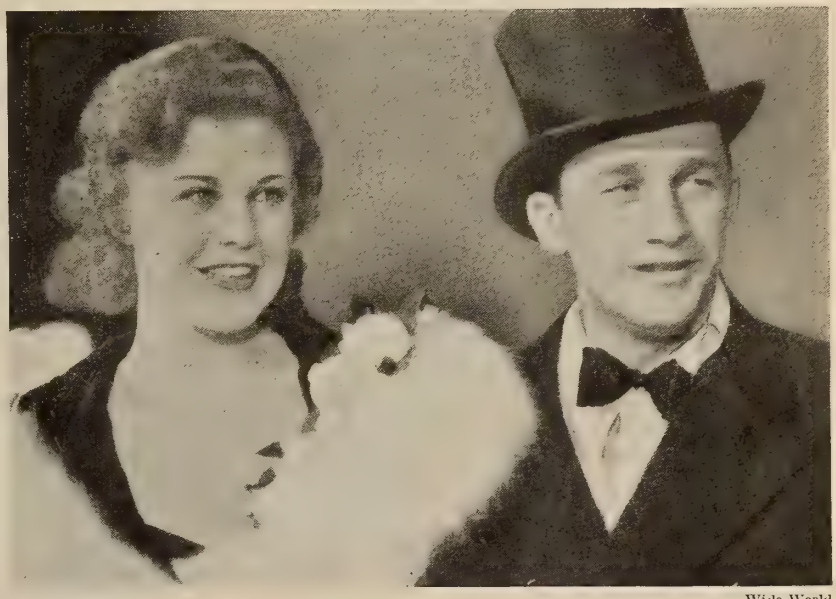
DEPRESSION HELPS: According to one famous star of Hollywood, the present depression has been a godsend to the servant problem. She came home at midnight and found her servant scrubbing the bathroom floor without being told. Then she recalled that several persons had applied for house work during the earlier part of the day.

(*Please turn to page* 118)



Wide World

Mr. and Mrs. Clarke Gable (above) were among the celebrities who attended an important Hollywood premiere recently.



Wide World

Our confidential Hollywood correspondent reports that Ginger Rogers and Mervyn LeRoy (above) will soon be made Mr. and Mrs.



Constance Bennett seems to have an easy job this time. It is a "still" from the picture, "A Lady With a Past." Edward H. Griffith directing.

Forbidden



Above is a "still" from the picture, "War Nurse," which was deleted by censors in some parts of the country but left intact in others. Anita Page is the girl.

YOU have no idea what the movie-censors have saved us from, especially us city folks.

Of course, you understand—everyone understands—that farmers and small-towners are protected by having their moving pictures censored out of all recognition. All the wicked parts and the not-so-wicked parts and the might-be-wicked parts are carefully cut out. Yes, indeed!

You know, don't you, that down South the censors are so careful of the morals of the people that they won't let Bob Montgomery make love to Norma Shearer for fear of putting ideas in Young Heads where such depraved ideas as kissing and hugging would never enter unless the salacious screen suggested them?

And as for Iowa and Montana and Colorado and Vermont and Maine, you don't need to be told that in those regions nothing is permitted on the screen that isn't as safe for democracy as "The Covered Wagon." . . . That is, if you are from the Big City, you *think* you know that.

And you think also, if you live in New York or Chicago or





Above and at the left are two scenes from Wally Beery's picture, "The Big House," which was rejected in its entirety in one state and cut generally in innocent New York.

Philadelphia, that you see movies in those great metropolises which would not be permitted in "the sticks," so-called.

IT may, therefore, be interesting for you to discover that there are pictures permitted in unexpurgated form in rural regions which have been sharply cut by the censors before they were shown in the great cities.

We should be very grateful, we city folks, for the extra careful protection which the censors have given our delicate morals.

We are very grateful; that is, we have at least shown no resentment, and the reason we do not resent it is very simple. We just don't know anything about it.

Do you know who censors your pictures, and how, and why?

Haven't you a right to know something about it?

Pictures

you never see

by

REV. CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER

Famous New York clergyman, who wrote the Best Seller, "The Book of Religion"



It is as hard to find out what happens behind the doors of the censors' offices—and behind their foreheads—as it is to discover the secret archives of the Columbian Council of Tammany Hall—harder, for Tammany is logical, business-like and consistent. You can guess what Tammany is likely to do, but the movie producers would pay a huge salary to any man who could predict which way a censor's mind is likely to jump. And after it has jumped, you can't tell why. And the public never learns even what parts have been censored out of a film, or where.

So you have missed some good laughs.

But a very well-informed little bird has just given me some accurate information as to the forbidden footage which has recently been carefully cut out by our brave and all-wise saviors of the screen, the censors.



The picture above and the one directly below are "stills" from "Gentleman's Fate," which censors in some states cut out.

At the left, a scene from "Sporting Blood," showing the doping of a horse—was cut in some states.



How wise they are, you can judge, for I shall submit samples of the immoral and polluted picture-parts that have been left out for the sake of preserving your innocence.

Did you ever see a moving-picture where there seemed to be a gap in the plot or a hesitation in the action? Well, it was right there that the scissors of the censor clicked. The film was patched as well as might be, but your eagle eye noticed the patch. And you shouldn't mind the fact that (*Please turn to page* 110)

Hollywood

This Month the New Movie
More New Players. Is Your
How Many Would You



Hurrell

Robert Young is M-G-M's latest find. Would you star him?



Ruth Hall, Shirley Chambers, Mae Madison, and Geraldine Barten are being sponsored by Warners-First National. Which will be starred first?



Dorothy Dix has been in many Educational two-reelers. Would you like to see her in a feature picture?

Kindergarten

Magazine Presents Nine Favorite Among These? Choose For Stardom?



Irving Lippman



Otto Dyar

Florence McKinney, a Paramount newcomer, has had some good rôles, though short ones. Will you vote for her as a forthcoming star?



Little Dickie Moore is one of the best kid actors in Hollywood. See him in "Old Man Minnick" with Chic Sale.



Clarence Sinclair Bull

Wallace Ford, unknown in films a year ago, has already made great progress. Do you think he will become a star?

Drawings by
Ken Chamberlain



Herb's sweetheart this month is Arlene (Diamond Wrist-watch) Judge.

The Boulevardier at Home

GUS BERGER returns to HOLLYWOOD after a merry trip abroad —— (Sh-h-h!—Can it be HERB HOWE?)

Hollywood, California:

THRILL of the month note: "You and Clark Gable look alike to me, except your hands are different. . . ."

Henceforth I'm wearing gloves, honey!

ALSO I'm wearing a turtle neck sweater and smoking a pipe. Fearful of being recognized, I traveled incognito from New York to Hollywood and registered under the name of Gus Berger. To elude reporters, I use the dumbwaiter, and once hid in a garbage can, giving such a realistic impersonation of the contents that I was dumped without comment. In fact, this adulation has got me to performing in such a way that Paramount is after me to double for the Four Marx Brothers.

I'M not alone in my Marxian antics. Every one out here wants to be mysterious like Greta. Even Wally Beery tries to get out of making personal appearances by pleading that Garbo doesn't make them—and why can't he be glamorous and romantic, too?

"You're not the type," was the harsh retort. "You can't wear those mannish clothes."

Manfully choking back the tears, Wally dug up a "still" from one of his early comedies in which he impersonated a Swedish servant girl. It was published in the *Sunday Times.* But Greta got the part of the dancer in "Grand Hotel" just the same.

GLORIA SWANSON and Constance Bennett did a lot of Garboing at the time of their weddings. . . . Gloria running out servant doors and scurrying away in a comedy Ford. . . . Constance hiding her face in her hands and trying to make herself disappear at the Marriage License Bureau. In fact, so many are trying the Garbo disappearing act that Hollywood makes you think of that old Superba stage set with the hidden doors through which characters popped in and out all the time.

I wonder if it wouldn't be easier for them to be incognito on the screen and themselves off?

THE day I got back, my sleuth tipped me that Lubitsch was giving a party on his set and that Jeanette MacDonald was there. In no time I was an uninvited guest. Jeanette received me as though I were an unpaid bill. She said she would never forgive me the story I wrote about her in NEW MOVIE. She said I had no right to disillusion the fans by saying she drank ginger ale instead of champagne. Realizing I wasn't such a hot GABLE after all, I was crumpling away when stopped by the lyric voice "Come out to the house next week," she caroled, "if you'd like some champagne."

"Mumm's or Canada Dry?" I mumbled suspiciously.

"Mum's the word," winked Jeanette.

What a Woman! There are times when I'd rather be Chevalier than Gable.

I HADN'T been back an hour and was still incognito when the phone rang. "Well, how are you?" said the voice of Warner Oland. "And how's dear old Paris?"

"How'd you know I was back?" I asked, forgetting for the moment I was Gus Berger.

"Oh, I have my way of finding out," sinistered old Charlie Chan, crafty in life as on the screen.

So to dinner at the Warner Olands'. You'd expect Jack (to the members of his tong he's Jack, not Warner or Charlie)—you'd expect him to surround himself with jade and Geisha girls and smoking punk in keeping with the Charlie Chan illusion. But no opium den for Jack. He lives in Krazy Kat Harriman's house—the cartoonist, you know. There's nothing Krazy Kattish about it; it's baronial. The Olands have furnished it with their mellow antiques which delight the heart of this old Italian almost as much as the food delighteth the palate. The Florentine table supports viands and goblets as rich as those of the Medici.

Jack took me upstairs to the studio to show me the paintings done by his wife, Edith Shearn Oland. He has shown them to me not less than fifteen times. Yet he has never asked me to see one of his pictures. Such a friend is rare indeed in Hollywood.

Modern Romance: Greta Garbo sent flowers to Ramon Novarro, took him for a ride and made him walk home.

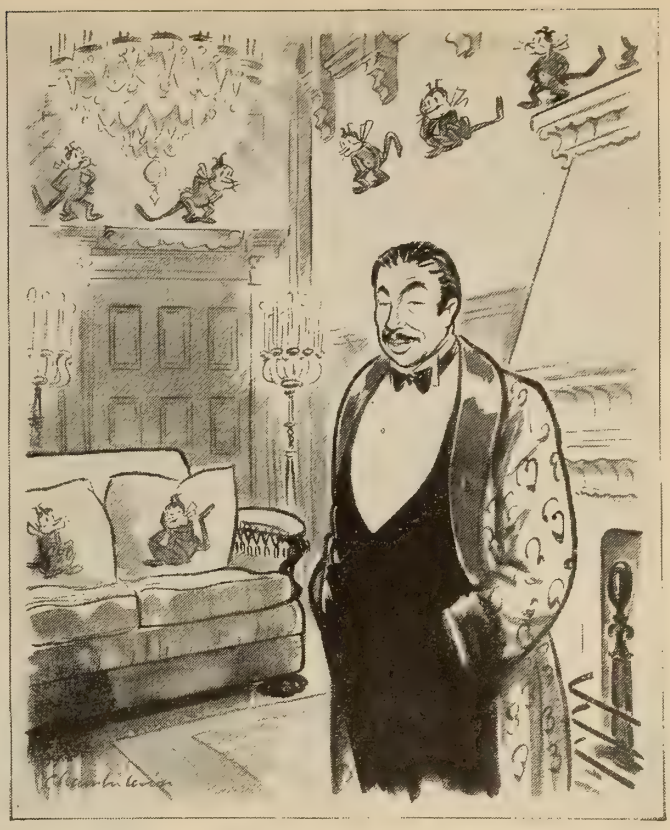
HOMESICK for the French Riviera, I ran out to Malibu, the California equivalent. Lolling in the sands, I was dreamily swatting sand fleas when a voice piped: "Hey there, look out!" Opening the orbs, I beheld a flock of midgets romping over the muscular frame.

"How did you get here?" I demanded.

"We are motion-picture artists," they answered. "We live here."

Sure enough, the Singer Midgets, who appear in M-G-M's "Freaks," are swanking the surf with the stars. And you should hear the stifled squawks of our élite. But the midgets like it.

"We feel at home here," (*Please turn to page* 114)



Warner Oland (Charlie Chan to you, mes enfants) is living in Krazy Kat Harriman's house.

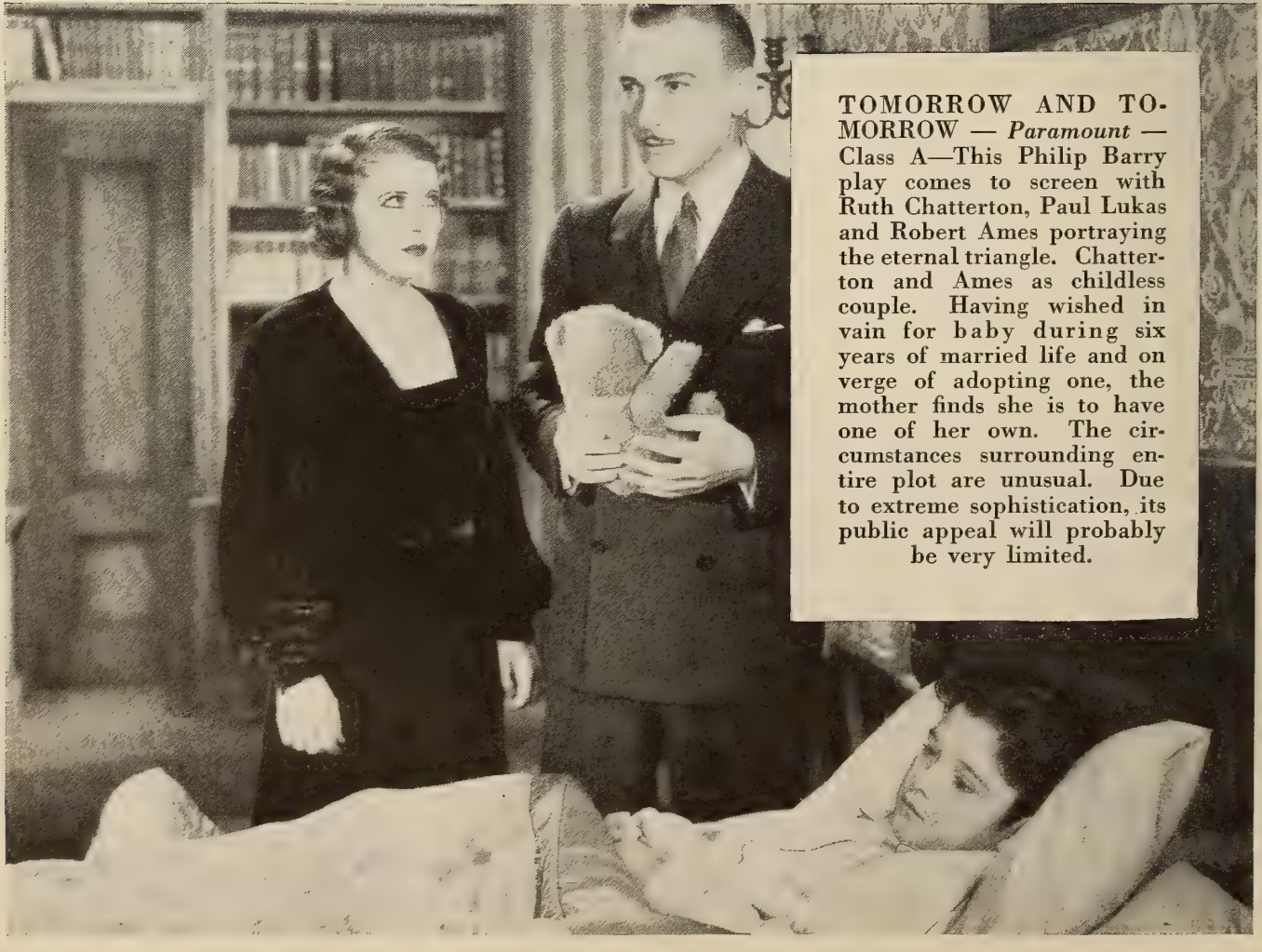
La Golondrina is the Mexican street in Los Angeles. Here the Boulevardier goes for his tortillas and chili con carne.



•The NEW FILMS at a Glance•

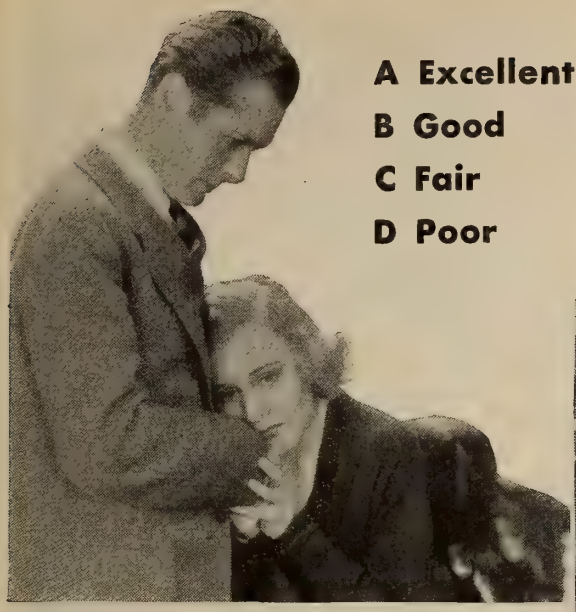


ARSENE LUPIN—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*—Class A—Excellent play by Maurice Le Blanc and Francois de Croisset with superb cast of Lionel Barrymore, John Barrymore, Karen Morley, Tully Marshall and John Miljan. Locale of play is Paris and nearby country chateau. Story concerns the operations of highly romantic figure, a burglar who concentrates on jewels and oil paintings.



TOMORROW AND TOMORROW — *Paramount* — Class A—This Philip Barry play comes to screen with Ruth Chatterton, Paul Lukas and Robert Ames portraying the eternal triangle. Chatterton and Ames as childless couple. Having wished in vain for baby during six years of married life and on verge of adopting one, the mother finds she is to have one of her own. The circumstances surrounding entire plot are unusual. Due to extreme sophistication, its public appeal will probably be very limited.

A Excellent
B Good
C Fair
D Poor



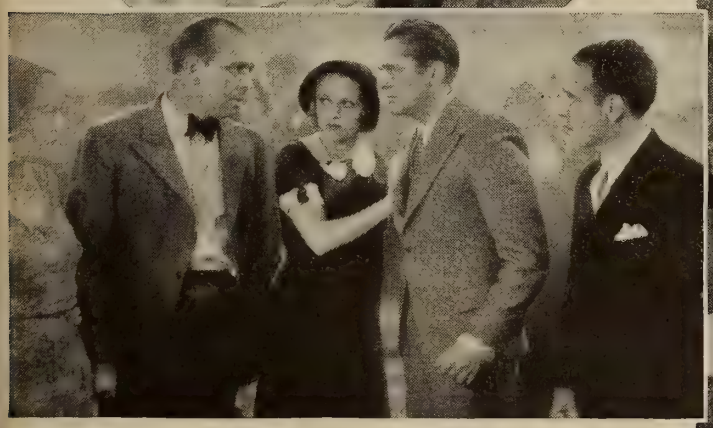
LOVERS COURAGEOUS — *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*—Class B—One of best romantic dramas produced in years. Will do much to increase popularity of Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans.



THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD —*Warners*—Class B—Based on the short story by Governeur Morris. George Arliss, Violet Heming, and Bette Davis in cast. Story of gifted pianist, who becomes deaf through accident while on European tour, and his love for woman much younger than himself.



POLLY OF THE CIRCUS—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer* —Class B—Marion Davies as Mademoiselle Polly, aerial performer supreme. Clark Gable portrays Reverend Father Hartley of the Episcopal Church. Gable makes a much more convincing gangster than minister.



DANCE TEAM—*Fox*—Class B—James Dunn, Sally Eilers and Harry Beresford as principals. The basic plot of this picture not new, nor particularly intriguing. Yet to watch the struggling young dance team makes very good entertainment.



MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE —*Universal*—Class B—Another horror melodrama. A pictorial version of Poe's immortal classic. Bela Lugosa in this picture, surpasses his performance as Dracula.



THE IMPATIENT MAIDEN—*Universal* — Class B — Lew Ayres, Mae Clarke, Una Merkel and Andy Devine principals. Ayres as young interne and Devine male nurse in city hospital. They meet Clarke and Merkel on suicide emergency call. Doctor Ayres performs appendicitis operation during course of picture. This is interesting.



STEPPING SISTERS — *Fox* — Class C — A step down from the hilarious stage farce on which it is based, but passable entertainment for audience easily moved to laughter.



CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE — *Fox*—Class C—Once again the suave Warner Oland gives an effective portrayal of the crafty Chinese detective-philosopher. This time Honolulu is the scene of the mystery which is sufficiently baffling.



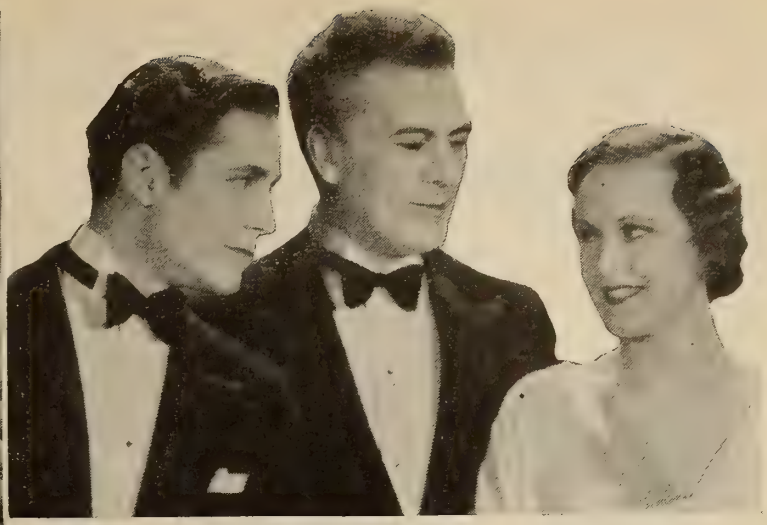
FREAKS—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*—Class C—Private lives of side-show freaks exposed in gruesome fashion. Stands alone in class of present line of "shock" pictures. Olge Baclanova, Wallace Ford and Leila Hyams are competent in thankless rôles.



PRESTIGE—*RKO-Pathe*—Class C —Ann Harding again brings sweetness and light to a French penal colony. But what a whale of a difference a few scenes make! "Condemned" was epic, but "Prestige" is scarcely material for Harding.



MANHATTAN PARADE—*Warners*—Class C—A lively lot of nonsense against a Broadway background. There is not much to the story, but Smith and Dale, Charles Butterworth and Winnie Lightner lead the laughter. Two play-producing cheese manufacturers punch holes in their bank account.



CHEATERS AT PLAY—*Fox*—Class C—Charlotte Greenwood as social lioness who becomes involved with band of crooks. Thomas Meighan, William Bakewell and Barbara Weeks suffer from poor story, redeemed by dialogue.



PANAMA FLO—*RKO-Pathe*—Class C—Helen Twelvetrees is scarcely the type for a whisky drinking girl of the dance halls. Story has South American background.



NO ONE MAN—*Paramount*—Class D—Paul Lukas, Carole Lombard and Ricardo Cortez as principals in picture based on Rupert Hughes' novel of same name. Readers of the Hughes serial will have difficulty recognizing it when they see picture. Story of Palm Beach society, a young woman, her unhappy marital trials and her inability to settle on any one man.



THE HATCHET MAN—*Warners*—Class D—Cast of Edward G. Robinson, Loretta Young and Leslie Fenton give convincing impersonations of orientals.

COOK-COO GOSSIP



Photo by Wm. A. Thomas

Jean Harlow, platinum blonde and bad woman (in films), wants to play dramatic rôles. She says she is tired of playing hussies, and wants to be a heroine for a change.

BIGWIGS in the cosmetic racket have come out of a huddle to announce that platinum blondes must use black lipstick. And wear—

Black fingernails.
Black toenails.
Black eyebrows.
Black eyelashes.

* * *

And Jean Harlow has issued a hysterical billet in which she says—

"I am tired of playing hussies. I want to be a good girl on the screen. I want critics to judge my acting—not my body."

* * *

Jean says she wants to be a lady,
She's tired of playing babies shady;
She would portray upon the screen
A pure unsullied "heroeene"
Who villains' evil ways would flout
And doesn't know what IT'S about.
Okay, big girl, go right ahead.
But first you'd better let your head
Grow back from platinum so tricky,
And—most important—wear a dickey!

STOP the presses! A press agent breathlessly announces that Genevieve Tobin has suspended a silken swing in her boudoir.

* * *

That's just the sort of thing the Will Hays' office should encourage.

Gary Cooper left for a two-months' trip to Africa, but plans to stay much longer.

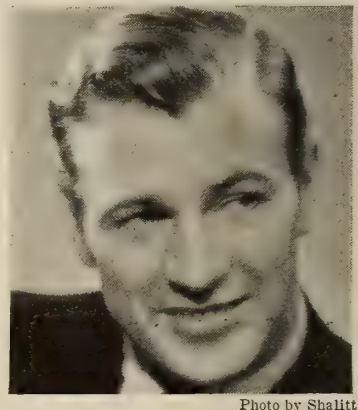


Photo by Shalitt

HOMER CROY, screen and magazine writer, is collecting epitaphs from the living to publish in a book.

Here's what George Arliss wants chiseled on his tombstone—

All my old junk gone to the storehouse,
Here I am, God, starting for your house.
In order to prevent possibility of ruction,
Am bringing you back your original production.

* * *

Stan Laurel's epitaph—

My Last Appearance
On This
Or Any Other Lot

* * *

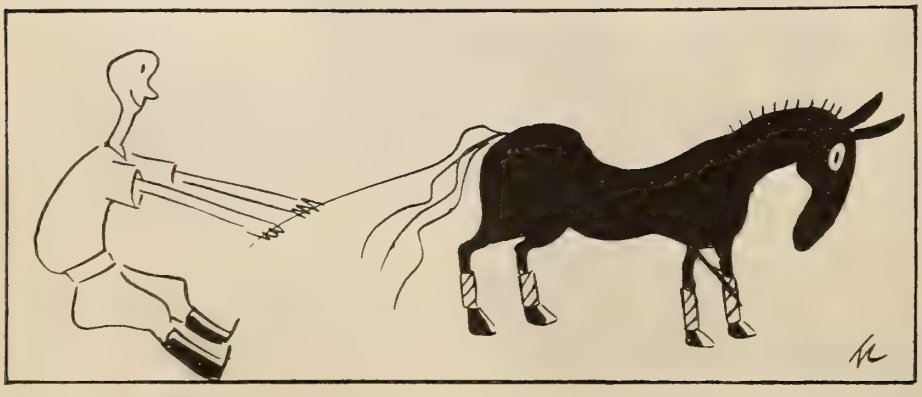
Oliver Hardy's—

I Shouldn't
Have Et
That

* * *

Harry Hershfield's—

Here Lies The Body Of
Harry Hershfield.
If not, please notify
Gindsburg & Co.,
undertakers, immediately.



HAROLD LLOYD'S scouts used to sit in picture shows and keep a score of the laughs. The efficiency man at the studio then

Scrambled by the Famous Humorist—TED COOK

made a graph (we said graph!) to show how each gag registered and just when the audience let loose the most terrific gale of guffaws.

Universal scouts checked the number of patrons who passed out while grisly "Frankenstein" stalked the screen. If at least two women did not moan for the ammonia at each performance, it spoiled the whole day for Universal.

WHEN strong men crumple and weep in a movie theater it is a great source of satisfaction to the producers, who undoubtedly have vast amounts of money tied up in glycerine for the 1932 tear production. However, if the public suddenly tires of tear-jerkers, which it will, the glycerine will be shipped back to Wall Street and used by brokers to show how sorry they are for people who bought motion picture stocks.

* * *

Little Jackie Cooper is such a big shot that he sasses female chatter writers.

And they say he had his double tie a tin can on the tail of a dog belonging to the double of an actor he doesn't like.

* * *



Photo by Hurrell

Little Jackie Cooper is causing the female chatter writers some anguish. He sasses 'em.

Did you know that Greta Garbo has been—
1. Married six times?
2. Dead twelve times?
That is the information contained in eighteen telegrams received in the course of a year by M-G-M studios. The wires were sent asking confirmation of rumors circulated in various cities, for no good reason.



Lupe Velez, who changes her mind about her boy friends just like that, is now wavering between Jack Gilbert, Eddie Buzzell and Ramon Novarro.

BE that as it may, Billie Dove's real name is Lillian Bohny . . . her mother is Swiss and beautiful . . . and Billie now has a pilot's license.

Wallace Beery has a new six-passenger plane—makes 180 miles an hour.

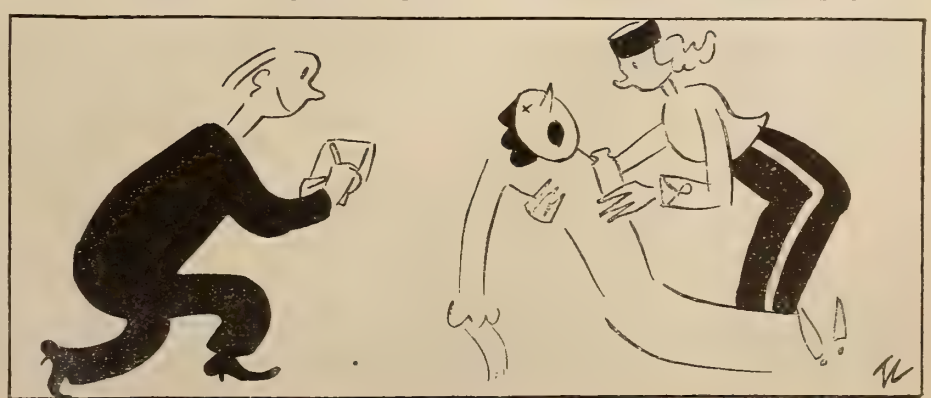
Ann Harding and Harry Bannister have the most luxurious passenger plane in Hollywood . . . gold leather and gold-plated gadgets.

EDGAR WALLACE, prolific weaver of detective tales, who writes faster than Edna Wallace Hopper gabs on the radio, found time to dash off a 40,000-word diary concerning his goings-on in Hollywood . . . he sent it to his wife in London.

RINGLING BROTHERS offered Clara Bow and Rex Bell $8,000 a week to troop the sawdust circuit next season. They wagged their heads "No." And showed the circus representative telegrams offering them $20,000 a week for ten weeks of personal appearances on the stage.

Gary Cooper has written to his pa, Judge Charles Cooper, to say that he won't return to Hollywood until March, because he wants to spend a month tramping into the African jungles.

HERE'S a new way to crash Hollywood:
Alumni of the University of Kansas have agreed to finance their pride and joy, James Force, for three years in the cinema capital. They think he will become a second Lon Chaney. If Force succeeds, he agrees to give the alumni (*Please turn to page* 85)



RADIO

Newsy Gossip About the Stars of the Airwaves—What They Do In the Studios and Out



Photo by De Mirjian

Ethel (Scandals) Merman, one of the best of the "blues" singers.

Out of Town: Ralph Kirbery almost lost a job over at N.B.C. after clicking on the audition, because they could not find him. He had said he lived on Thirtieth Street, but he forgot to add that it was in Paterson, not New York City. He was called "The Dream Singer" because he always signed off with "Good night and pleasant dreams."



Lottice (Roxy's Gang) Howell recently returned from a tour of London theatres.

N. B. C. Photo

Vaughn and Two Pianos: When Vaughn (who long ago lost faith in reducing remedies) de Leath went on the air for Columbia, she was accompanied by two pianos. . . . Casey (aviator) Jones tells me that flying has helped his golf by developing a sense of direction. . . . Fred Smith, who conceived and wrote the "March of Time" programs, is in Biarritz writing a novel.

Believe It or Not: Alex (Music That Satisfies) Gray says that his vest buttons melted and his hair smoked when he sang love songs to Hollywood beauties. But it wasn't love. It was those hot Kleig lights.

Gray, who has also been a jack of all trades, from ship stoker to advertising manager, had probably his greatest adventure on the stage in "The Desert Song." As the fearless "Red Shadow" in that operetta, he was carrying Bernice Claire in his arms when he slipped and rolled down the stairs.

Nice Baby: Gladys Rice, of the smooth Mobiloil voice, wowed her first audience at the age of four when she broke away from her nurse who was guarding her backstage and rushed into the scene crying: "Daddy! Daddy!" to her father, who was in the tensest moments of a love scene.



Ralph Kirbery is called the "Dream Singer" because he signsoff, "Good Night and Pleasant Dreams."

N. B. C. Photo

Jemima Cooks for the Fascisti: When Tess (Aunt Jemima) Gardella was very young her teacher would not let her sing with the other children because she made too much noise. But it turned out that her teacher was not much of a judge. Within a year Tess, with all tolerance, was singing in a Catholic choir on Sundays and in a synagogue on Saturdays.

Tess is also a wonderful cook. That Italian restaurant's meal which Dino (Mussolini's pal) Grandi liked so much when he was in New York was prepared by her, she being a friend of the owner.

Weems and the Coolidge's Daughter-in-law: Paul Whiteman will never be a gigolo. He can't dance well enough. Probably when he was young and all his friends were learning how to dance he had to sit down and play for them.

Ted Weems gets better breaks. Once after a Harvard-Yale game John Coolidge asked if he might direct the band. Ted said sure and danced off with John's fiancée.

Success: James Melton's butler does not say: "Hold the wire." He says: "Sit still, please; thank you very much."

Jimmy's oft-repeated story of success is that after Roxy for



Ann Leaf, the tiny girl behind the big organ, has a smile as large as she is small.

C. B. S. Photo

RAMBLES

the eighth time refused to see him, he sang outside his door until he was hired.

Talking Too Much: Air time is money, so Frederic William Wile was bawled out for being eight minutes overtime on a program. . . . James (who ran for President on the wrong ticket) M. Cox was cut off the air in the middle of his speech at one of those Democratic dinners to make room for Amos 'n' Andy. . . . The report is that Irvin S. Cobb turned down his sponsor, Armour & Co., because he is so stout himself that he feels uncomfortable working for a firm that deals in beef.

Durante and Vallee: Jimmy (homesick for New York) Durante, whose "I ups to him" comes all too rarely over the air from Hollywood, used to sing "I Can Get Along Without Broadway" when he was in New York. . . . When the Marx Brothers go on the air, Harpo will talk at last, but he won't chase girls. . . . Rudy Vallee doesn't like the song "Crosby, Columbo and Vallee."

Investment Talk: Bing Crosby is a corporation. Mack Sennett and Roger Marchetti own stock in him. Won't it be funny if some day a minority stockholder puts him in the hands of receivers and dissolves him!



Vaughn de Leath says: "I'm just a small-town girl who thinks ice cream and cake make a party."

C. B. S. Photo

Russ Columbo and Con Conrad incorporated, too. They're Rusco, Inc. "Rus" for Columbo and "Co." for Conrad.

Fingers and Legs: Rudy Wiedoeft, the man who gave Vallee a correspondence course in saxophone playing, insured his fingers for $10,000 each, but that's nothing. I know a Follies girl who had her legs insured for $500,000 each.

Reducing for Love: Sylvia (she massaged the stars and told) Ulbeck says she can take as much punishment as she gives. She was a contented wife with two sons and 157 pounds in Bremen when she noticed her husband falling for his secretary. Knowing that there was only one way to a man's heart, she took off thirty pounds in three months and, lo, her husband was hers again.

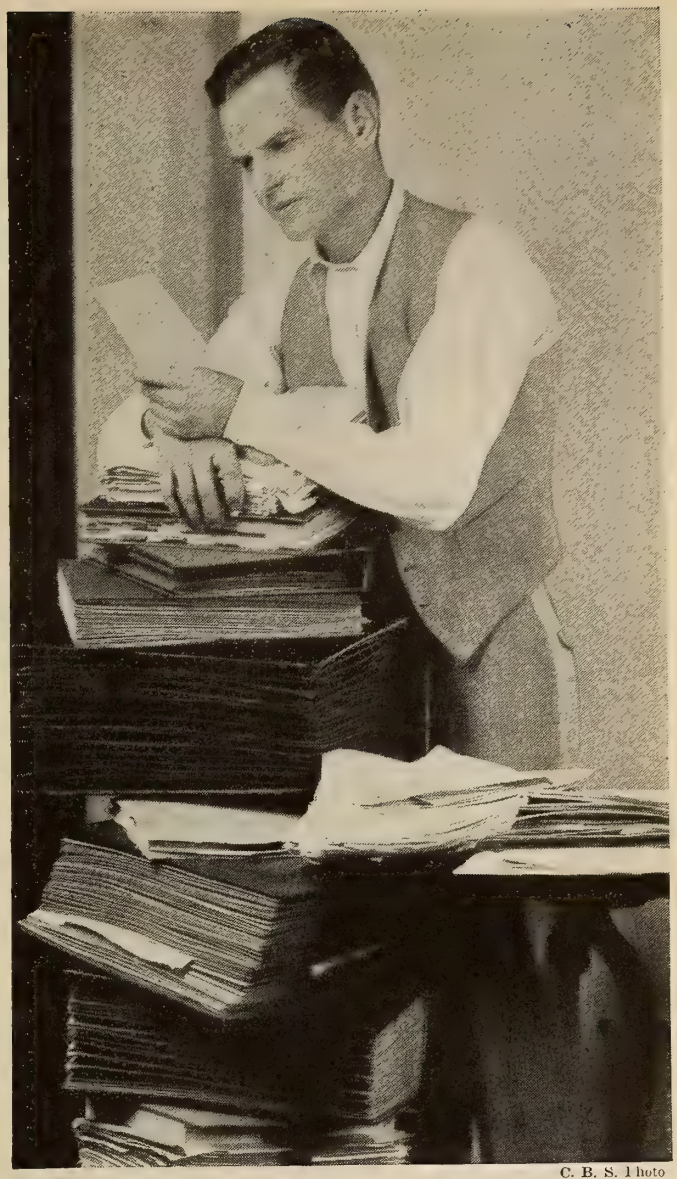
Two Jobs for One: The Lucky Strikers did their bit to relieve unemployment by buying off Walter Winchell's Gerardine contract for more than a half a hundred thousand dollars. That gave Ed Sullivan a job on the latter program and paid his salary.



Alexander (Chesterfield) Gray once fell down stairs with Bernice Claire in "The Desert Song."

C. B. S. Photo

When the U. S. joined the war, Walter picked the Navy for his job. The admiralty showed up their knowledge of men by making the future dean of the gossipers confidential secretary to two admirals. It was there that Walter got the idea that a confidence kept was a penny unearned.



C. B. S. Photo

Tony (Are You Listening?) Wons with some of the many letters and poems he receives each day.

Walter can be very persistent. During Greta Garbo's last momentous visit to New York, when she registered at Walter's own St. Moritz as Gussie Berger and refused to give any interviews, he was annoyed. So, learning that she was using the service elevator to escape reporters, he timed her exits and rode up and down with her—which all served to raise the Swede's Irish all right, but didn't give him any interview.



Welcome Lewis is called "Babe" by her family and "Half-Pint" by her friends.

C. B. S. Photo

Life Is a Racket: Irving (Salty Sam the Sailor) Kaufman, at the age of seven, appeared on the stage as a Russian midget. . . . Dr. Sigmund Spaeth, broadcast master of the world's largest piano class, never took a piano lesson in his life. He studied the violin. . . . John (Death Valley Days) White, (*Please turn to page* 87)



A front view of the home, showing the mountains in the background, and the many and varied floral arrangements. Victor is shown at the left.



The arrangement of furniture around the fireplace in the McLaglen living-room is invitingly hospitable, and provides ample space for large groups.

VICTOR McLAGLEN'S Home in the Hills

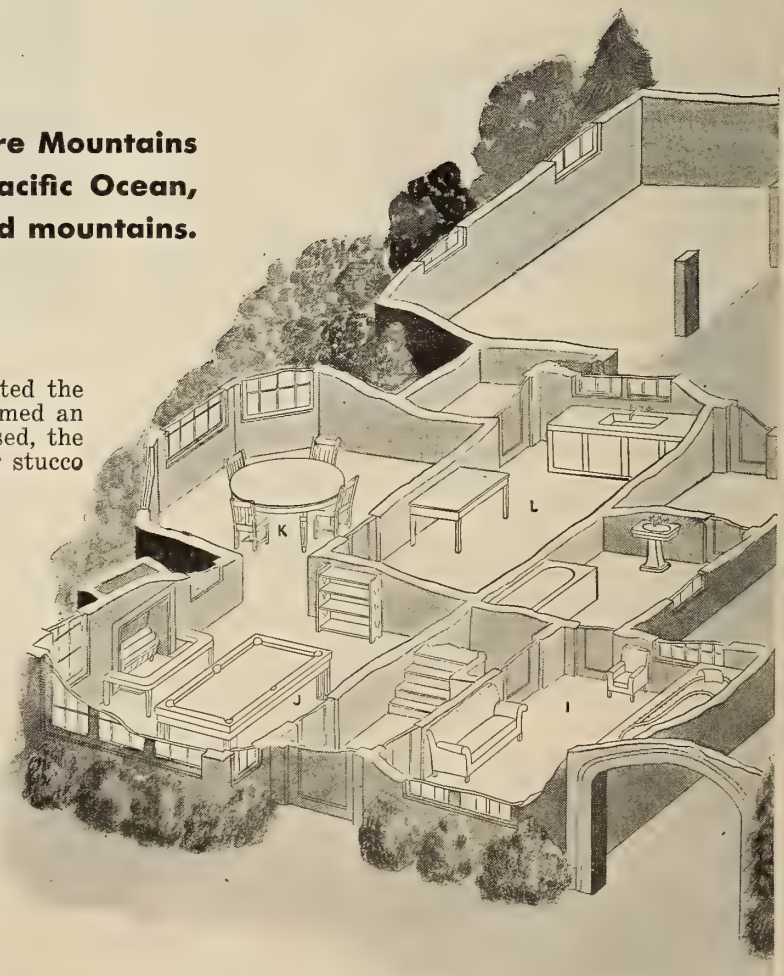
Situated high among the Sierra Madre Mountains it overlooks Los Angeles and the Pacific Ocean, and to the east are the snow-covered mountains.

IN the Tudor or Elizabethan times was created the half-timber house . . . the timbers that formed an actual part of the structure were left exposed, the intervening spaces were filled with brick or stucco nogging. The roof was of flat tiles. This style was fitted to the thoroughly modern home of the Victor McLaglens, proving clearly that it is adaptable and attractive.

Situated among the foothills of the picturesque Sierra Madre Mountains of Southern California, the view from the McLaglen home is without a peer in that section of the state. It overlooks the entire valley that embraces Los Angeles and its environs. As far as the eye can see there is a kaleidoscopic panorama of mountains, valley, sky and sea . . . from the Sierra Nevada and San Jacinto mountains on the east, with their eternal snows, to the far-flung horizon on the west where the sun sets in the broad Pacific. At night, it's like Fairyland.

"Fairhaven" is the name the McLaglens have given their estate—home of rest—and the name fits perfectly, for there is a sense of peace and harmony about the place that is more than ordinarily felt by the guest within hospitable gates.

It is sufficiently removed from the workaday world to create on its own this compelling charm, but sufficiently near to Los Angeles, Pasadena, Hollywood and Beverly Hills to permit of easy access by automobile.



A - CHINESE ROOM & ENTRANCE
B - RECEPTION ROOM
C - LIVING ROOM
D - DINING ROOM
E - BREAKFAST ROOM
F - PANTRY
G - KITCHEN
H - MAIDS ROOM
I - CHILDRENS PLAY ROOM
J - BILLIARD ROOM
K - TEA ROOM
L - KITCHEN

Drawings by Henri Bernie



The dining-room is done in true English manner. Queen Anne type of furniture in English Walnut is used, and the color scheme throughout is jade green.



The bedroom of Andrew, the eleven-year-old son, is French provincial style. The day-bed serves as a window seat and as a sleeping place for Andrew's guests.

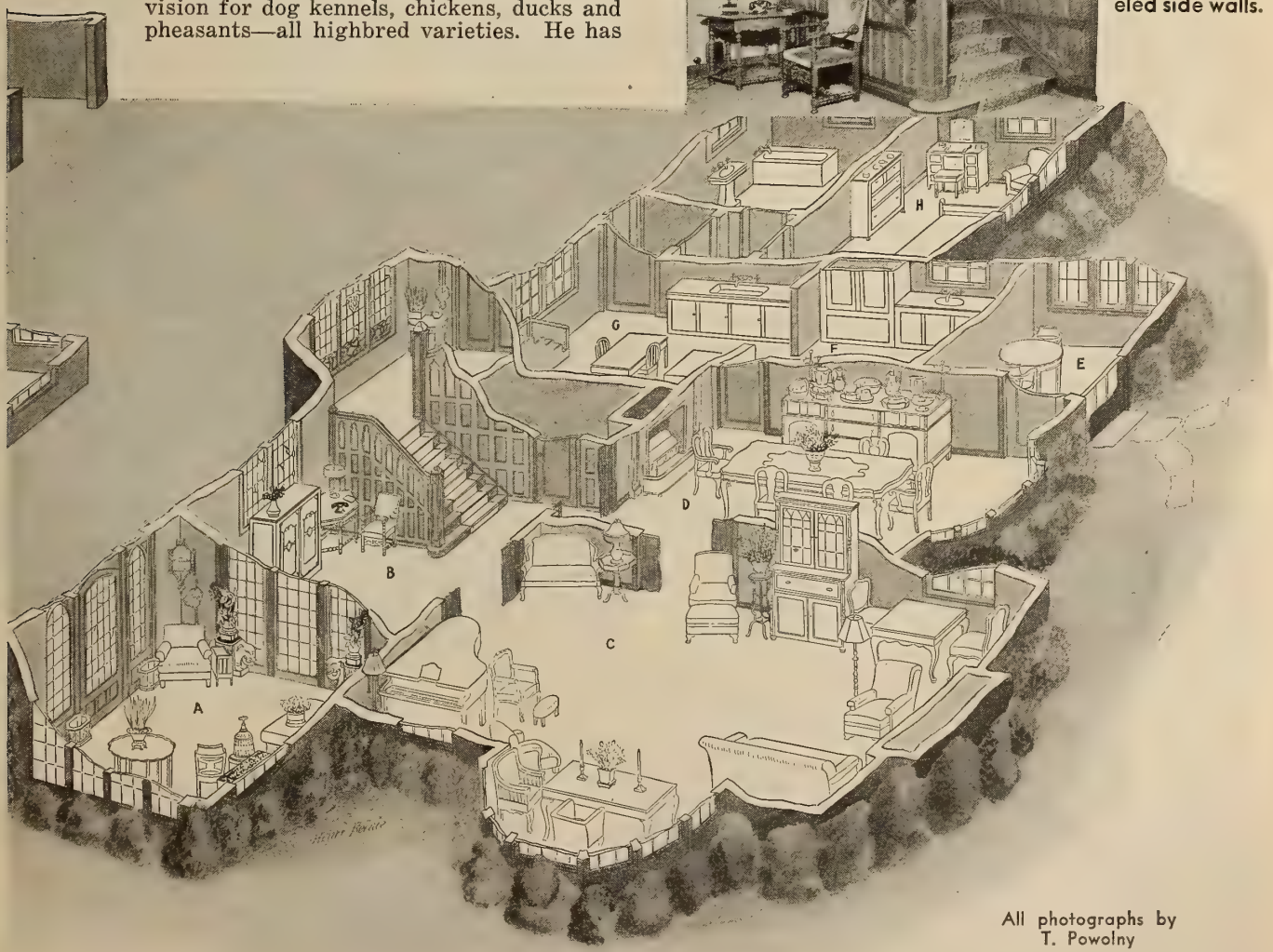
The estate was purchased by the McLaglens in the summer of 1931. The grounds had not been improved in any way whatsoever. The house was newly built.

Throughout the long summer months, Victor McLaglen, whose interest in landscaping and horticulture is well known to his intimates, worked at his self-imposed task of turning the barren hillside into a broad terraced expanse of greensward. Planting trees, shrubs, a rose garden—he is an expert in rose culture—gladioli, asters, chrysanthemums, and scores of other varieties. He has a fine hothouse and an orange and olive grove.

In planning his grounds he made provision for dog kennels, chickens, ducks and pheasants—all highbred varieties. He has

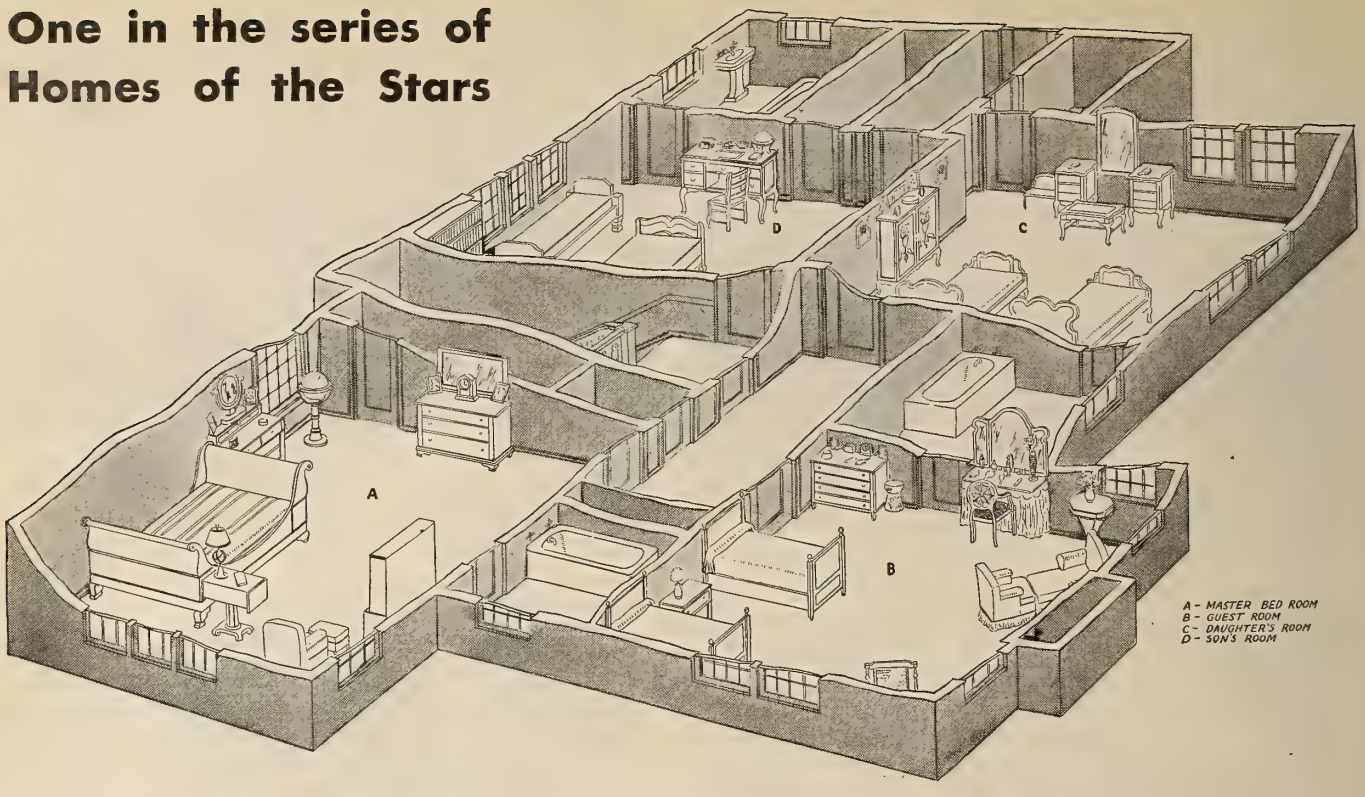


A beautiful stained glass window at the turn of the staircase provides a novel daytime lighting effect on the oak paneled side walls.



All photographs by T. Powolny

One in the series of Homes of the Stars



a deer enclosure and at the time of writing this he has in the course of construction a large swimming pool, bath house, pavilion, tennis court and a practical playhouse for his children.

His very first thought was for his children, Andrew, aged eleven, and Sheila, aged eight. He had built for them a recreation center with slides, swinging rings, a miniature golf course and a boxing platform for Andrew, who is at present the champion boxer of his school.

INTERIORLY, the house, on its scale, is sufficiently small to give the sense of intimacy so desirable in a home. There is a feeling of rooms used and lived in that gives one a sense of luxurious ease and charm.

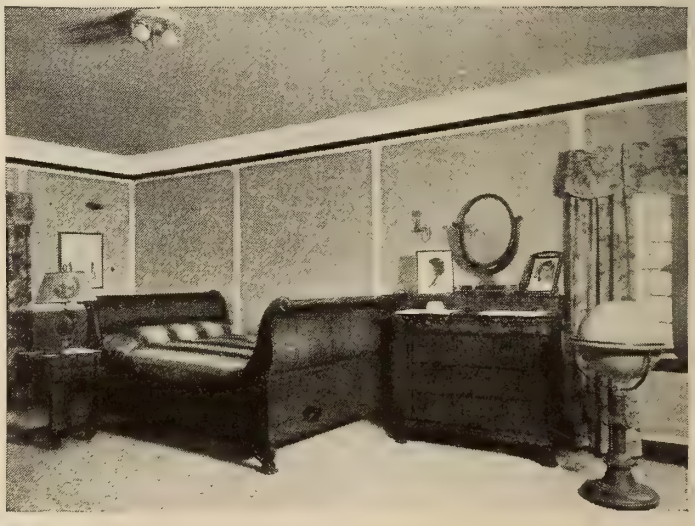
The interior furnishings were selected by Mrs. McLaglen. Many of the pieces of furniture, however, are heirlooms which have been in the McLaglen and Lamont (Mrs. McLaglen) families for centuries and which were brought here from England by the McLaglens when they decided to make their permanent home in California.

From kitchen to the most remote quarters, the keynote of the furnishings, as expressed in color, is jade green . . . the favorite color of the owners and one which they feel gives forth a sense of serenity and repose.

THE woodwork, for the most part, is walnut. The arrangement of the rooms is designed for comfort, in the main portion, and for privacy in the upper section of the house.

A well planned porte-cochere separates the main portion from the guest house and billard room. The play room for the children is also in the guest house.





Victor's own bedroom has many fine old pieces of furniture, all of mahogany. The color scheme here is also of jade green. The large globe at the right is a revolving map of the world.

At the left is shown Mrs. McLaglen's bedroom, which also boasts a fireplace. The color scheme is jade green, relieved by rose. The furniture throughout is of cherry wood.

12 new tips on a grand old favorite

Helpful tips for busy, thrifty meal-planners! Delightful tips for hungry families! But remember this most important tip of all: Most so-called "baked beans" aren't baked. They're steamed or boiled. As different from real baked beans as a boiled potato differs from a baked potato. Heinz Beans are *baked*—oven-baked. All four styles are light, tender, digestible—marvelously delicious. Serve Heinz Oven-Baked Beans and find a new delight in a grand old favorite. Send coupon for free booklet.

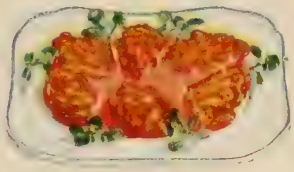




A zestful plate meal! Heinz Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce . . Broiled tomato with bacon on toast . . Timbale molds of raw vegetable salad . . Scallions and olives.



Whole wheat sandwich of Heinz Oven-Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce, mashed, seasoned with horse radish, chili sauce and onion juice.

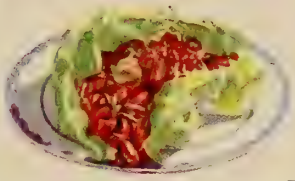


Baked Bean Patties. Made from Heinz Oven-Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce. (Recipe in free booklet offered below.)

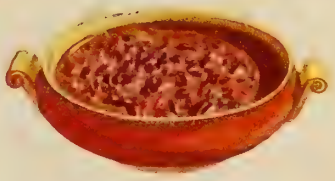




Try this delicious plate! Heinz Oven-Baked Kidney Beans . . Sliced broiled ham . . Spinach with hard-cooked egg . . Pineapple slice salad . . Hot biscuit.



Salad: Drain Heinz Oven-Baked Kidney Beans; combine with salt, celery or cabbage, India relish; moisten with mayonnaise, serve cold on lettuce.

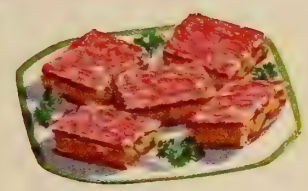


Quick Chili Con Carne Made from Heinz Oven-Baked Red Kidney Beans, combined with chopped beef. (Recipe in free booklet offered below.)

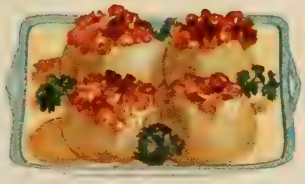




A vegetarian plate. Heinz Oven-Baked Beans, "Vegetarian", with fried apple rings . . Stuffed celery and sweet gherkins . . Muffins and currant jelly.



Appetizing Supper Snacks. Heinz Oven-Baked Beans, "Vegetarian" combined with onion, chow-chow pickle; spread between sliced canned corned beef.

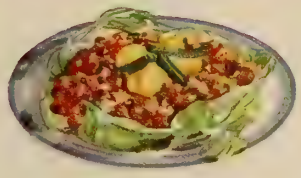


Bermuda Onions stuffed with Heinz Oven-Baked Beans, "Vegetarian". A savory dish—fine for meatless meals! (Recipe in free booklet offered below.)





Substantial! Economical! Heinz Oven-Baked Beans, Boston Style . . Heinz tomato juice . . Cold cuts . . Steamed brown bread . . Cold slaw and sweet pickle.



Salad: Drain Heinz Oven-Baked Beans, Boston Style; combine with salt, chopped hard-cooked eggs, sweet pickle, onion; moisten with mayonnaise, serve cold.



Heinz Oven-Baked Beans, Boston Style, combined with fresh or canned corn. Result—a masterpiece! (Recipe in free booklet offered below.)

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* The name of this firm and their complete analysis and report are on file at the offices of Park and Tilford, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and may be seen on request.





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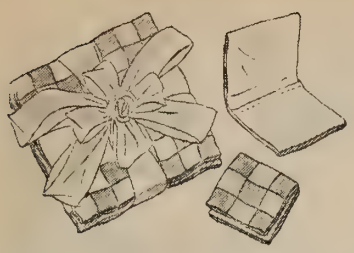
WHY PAY MORE WHEN YOU CAN BUY THESE FINE QUALITY COMBS AT WOOLWORTHS



Lorraine Combs

Prizes and Gifts For Spring Parties

You can make any of these up-to-date accessories with the help of our new method circulars



Ap105 — Scented cases for handkerchiefs and jewelry are made from woven ribbon with the aid of this circular.



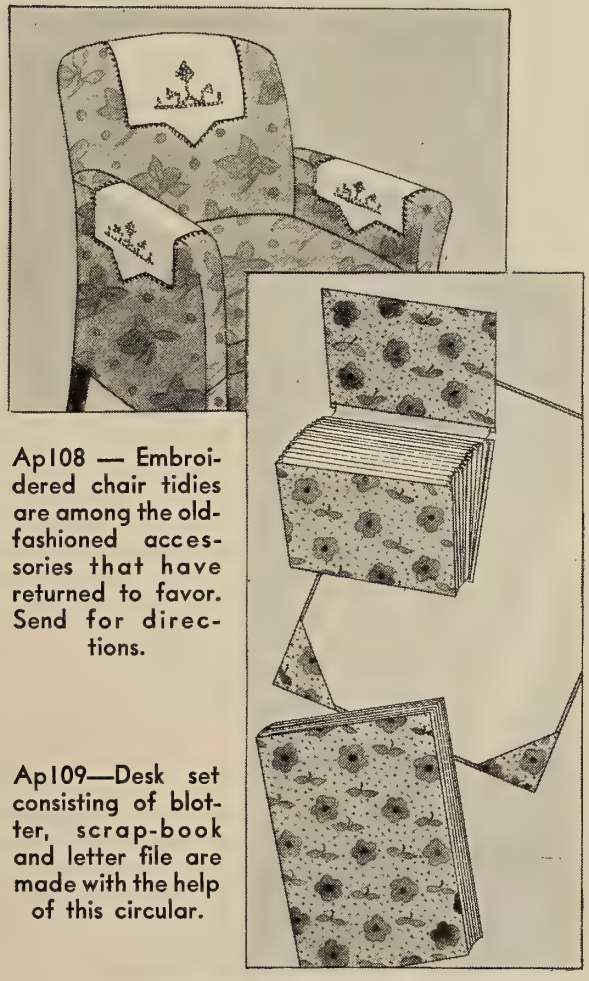
Ap106—A coat hanger, crochet cotton and 6 clothes pins are used for this useful stocking and lingerie dryer.



Ap107 — Here you will learn how to make a cross-stitch picture after the manner of the old-time samplers.



Ap114—You can learn to make a dress cover and matching laundry bag from flowered chintz.

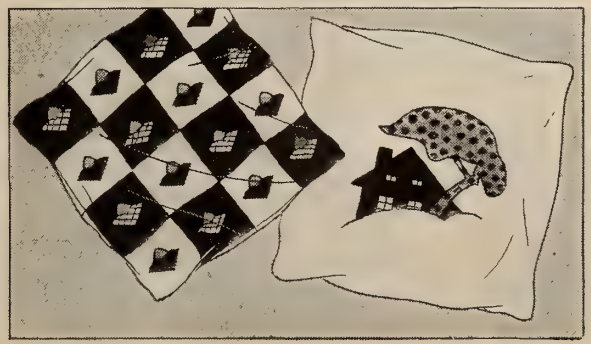


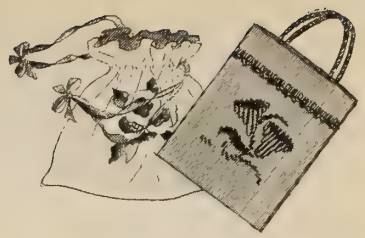
Ap108 — Embroidered chair tidies are among the old-fashioned accessories that have returned to favor. Send for directions.

Ap109—Desk set consisting of blotter, scrap-book and letter file are made with the help of this circular.

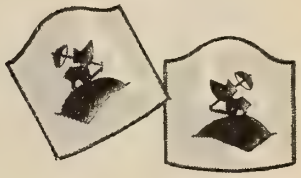
Write to Miss Frances Cowles in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or twenty cents for all eleven circulars. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given beside the descriptions.

Ap110—Pillow covers that can be made from scraps of material are sure to please. This circular gives full directions and diagrams.

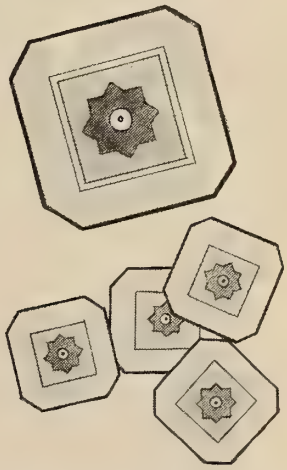




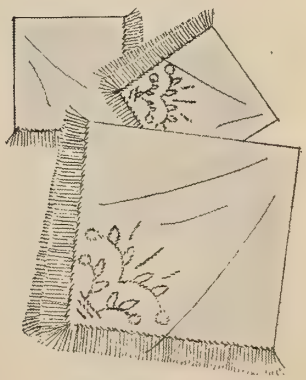
Ap111 — Here you have directions for making four new bags including the two shown above.



Ap112 — Sconce shades are easily made from oiled paper and pasted silhouettes.



Ap113 — Learn how to make a coaster set at small cost that is new and unusually attractive.



Ap115—How a luncheon set can be made with the help of your sewing machine is fully explained in this circular.

Walking To Beauty

Head up, arms swinging, Leila Hyams covers four miles before breakfast each day.

By Ann Boyd

ALMOST any morning you may discover Leila Hyams swinging along in quest of beauty. But if you want to catch a glimpse of this young Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer leading lady you'd better set your alarm clock because she does her walking early.

"It's the way to health, wealth and happiness," says Leila, "to a figure of correct proportions and a clear, warm-toned skin. Then, too, I've found that out-of-door walking tends to diminish one's worries, leaving one carefree and at peace with the world."

With head up, chest out, arms swinging and long strides she finds that she can easily cover four miles before breakfast—and she does. Early morning hours are the best for these jaunts she believes because the air is fresh and spicy then and the traffic scarce.

Miss Hyams has a special outfit for her morning hikes—a pair of jersey pajamas, combined with a sweater, a little beret and a leather jacket—the jacket for protection against the morning chill. Low-heeled oxfords are perhaps the most important part of her costume. Most of the good effects of a morning walk will be lost, she believes, if your feet are cramped and your body swung out of line by tight-fitting high-heeled slippers.

"One must be careful," she cautions, "to see that the stride is free and natural so that one does not tire rapidly on these walks. Also—keep your head up and catch all the air your lungs can hold."

Walking is not Miss Hyams' only morning sport. She has joined the ever increasing ranks of the Malibu Beach contingent in taking up bicycling as a sport and a way to keep from cutting down her diet.

Sometimes she just steps into a bathing suit and pedals her way down miles of ocean beach, toppin' it off with a dip in the ocean.

"You can afford to eat what you want if you follow this method," Miss Hyams explains, "knowing that this exercise will take away the extra avoirdupois. Pedaling keeps the hips and thighs slender and also develops the instep. As for breathing exercises—a long ride every morning makes it necessary to take deep breaths—resulting in rosy cheeks and clear eyes."

For the girl who is trying to gain weight, too, the Hyams program of morning walks or bicycling is recommended because of its stimulating effect on the appetite and (*Please turn to page* 99)



Photo by Hurrell



Leila Hyams, pretty M-G-M star, is a blonde with naturally curly hair and a soft creamy complexion. On the right you see her in her special hiking outfit, a pair of jersey pajamas, white sweater, a tiny beret and a leather jacket.

A STORY WIVES CAN UNDERSTAND

SHE caught just a glimpse of them through the French doors as they swung by to the slow rhythm of the dance, Paul and the slim young widow who was visiting the Ralstons.

She hadn't kept count—that is, not consciously, but at the same time she realized with an uncomfortable little feeling that this was actually the third time Paul had danced with that woman during the evening.

With a half-hearted laugh she tried to throw off the absurd suspicion. Her Paul a Romeo? What nonsense! But that night, long after Paul was asleep she lay awake, wondering. Could there be, ever—"another woman"?

A Safe Rule to Follow

More than one wife has lost to the "Other Woman" simply because she grew careless after marriage.

Remember, the "Other Woman" is always sure of herself. She never permits her quarry to see her at a disadvantage.

The complexion must of course be cared for and the use of a good softening cream is a nightly necessity. But how unnecessary now to let one's husband see one, even in the soft light of the boudoir with a sticky, greasy face.

At Last a Marvelous New Greaseless Night Cream

With the introduction of a new line of cosmetics, A. S. Hinds Company, for 56 years producers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, presents *Hinds Texture Cream,* a skin-softening cream for night use, that is absolutely greaseless.

If you wash your face with soap and water, you will find this cream of wonderful assistance in preventing dryness and in keeping the skin well conditioned.

When applied after cleansing with Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Toning Cleanser it produces really remarkable results, leaving the skin velvety soft and youthful.

You will be surprised, quite agreeably, by the reasonably low price of Hinds Texture Cream, only 40 cents for a generously large jar. Later, of course, once you have learned its benefits you will want the larger, 65-cent jar which is even better value.

Why go on smearing your face with greasy night creams that soil your pillow and make you look so dowdy and unattractive? Ask for Hinds Greaseless Texture Cream. It is sold by all drug and department stores.

Hinds Preparations
For Cleansing and Toning

(SEE SPECIAL OFFER)

HINDS CLEANSING CREAM: Because it melts 2 to 7 times faster, Hinds Cleansing Cream flushes deeply into pores, soaks up dirt, dust, make-up. Cleanses thoroughly, safely, leaving the face as refreshed as a dew-kissed rose. In generous-sized jars, 40c and 65c.

HINDS TONING CLEANSER: A delightful liquid pore refiner and cleanser. Penetrates deeply and thoroughly—refines the texture of the skin by reducing enlarged pores. Non-drying. Apply after using Hinds Cleansing Cream, before using the Texture Cream. Also excellent for morning use. In flacons, 65c.

Special Introductory Offer

To acquaint you with two other very important Hinds beauty aids, we are making the following generous introductory offer. Just send 10c (stamps or coin) and we will forward to you by return mail a trial tube of Hinds Cleansing Cream and a bottle of Hinds Toning Cleanser (liquid). Address A. S. Hinds Co., Dept. B-46, Bloomfield, N. J., makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. *This offer not good in Canada*



THIS WIFE GREW CARELESS AFTER MARRIAGE . . . . .



THE "OTHER WOMAN" IS ALWAYS SURE OF HERSELF!

HINDS *Greaseless* TEXTURE CREAM

© 1932, Lehn & Fink, Inc.

Which House Will Most Families Vote For?

While there is still time to cast your vote, see what readers have to say about the four houses chosen by the Tower House Department.

WE put it up to our readers to decide which of the four houses we should use in going forward with our house building and home furnishing service—the English house, the French house, the Spanish house or the Colonial house. Each one of the houses has proved to be a winner with hundreds of our readers, but until the votes have all been sent in and counted we cannot even guess which will receive the majority vote of approval.



If you have not sent in your vote there is still time to do so, and if you are not familiar with all the four houses, send for our special illustrated booklets. Indicate which of the four house booklets you want—The English House, The French House, The Spanish House or The Colonial House and send two cents postage for each one you would like. Address requests to Tower House Editor, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Then decide which one of the four houses you prefer and send in your vote not later than March 30th.



For many weeks letters have been coming in to the Tower House Editor, commenting on these four houses that have been presented within the past four months in this magazine.

Here is a letter sent from Oberlin, Ohio:

"May I congratulate you upon your 'Small House Contest.' As a teacher of architecture and fine arts for more than twenty years in Princeton, Rutgers and Oberlin, I have many times been discouraged at the fact that good taste in house design lagged so far behind good taste in costume, automobile and other essentials of our daily lives. I am certain that your contest cannot fail to invite a genuine enthusiasm for better homes, especially since you have been at such pains to select examples both well designed and well planned."

(Signed) Clarence Ward.

We were glad to learn from "Who's Who" more about the career of the writer of this letter. After studying at Princeton University where he received his Doctor of Philosophy Degree—he became a fellow in archaeology and lecturer in architecture. For several years he taught architecture at Rutgers University and for the past sixteen years has been professor of history and appreciation of art at Oberlin College, Ohio.



Professor Ward is known to us as a lecturer and writer on architecture and art and we value his letter not only because of his standing in university circles but because of his understanding of practical conditions in this country at the present time.

The following letter from New Brunswick, N. J., gives the point of view of the builder and loan association official:

"I have noted with keen interest the articles appearing in your various publications, beginning in December, on the subject 'The House You'd Like to Build.'

"These articles have great educational value. They are written in a language easily understood by every class of reader. They are illustrated in a most attractive manner. Planning by the Architects' Small House Bureau, Inc., is a positive guarantee of authentic design and practical layout. Your idea of carrying along the various designs from one article to the next, making comparison easy, appeals to me as a very effective way of holding the interest of the reader and of stimulating his desire to know more of the subject.



"To the building contractor these articles should be a real help in assisting his clients to decide upon the type of house they wish to build, and in convincing his customers of the real benefit to be derived from correct designs and workable plans.

"To the building and loan association officials these articles are of especial interest. The funds of the association are invested to a large extent in medium-priced dwellings. The source of greatest satisfaction to a loan committee is to be able to assist in the financing of a carefully planned dwelling occupied by the owner who is proud of his home, sure of the merit of its design and location, confident in the materials used and labor employed and convinced that it will increase in beauty and value in the years to come.

"With sincere appreciation of the work you are doing, I am

"Yours very truly,

"R. H. Segoine."

As president of the Highland Park Building Association, president of the Cronk Manufacturing Co. and president of the Raritan Valley Building and Loan Association, Mr. Segoine speaks from experience of actual conditions and needs of a typical American community. (*Please turn to page* 116)

do husbands *like fingertips* tinted *or* natural ?





Fingertips of Rose make a pink chiffon frock look still more feminine . . . Natural nails are marvelously "right" with dark red—and Coral accents the allure of a slim white satin gown.

Both! **Choose your color carefully to suit your frock and it will suit him . . says authority on manicure**



Natural just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes—is best with bright colors—red, blue, green, purple and orange.

•

Rose is a lovely feminine shade, good with any dress, pale or vivid. Charming with pastel pink, blue, lavender . . . smart with dark green, black and brown.

•

Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues" . . . black and dark brown. Wear it also with deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

•

Colorless is conservatively correct at any time. Choose it for "difficult" colors!

HUSBANDS are not so dumb after all! They're quick as anyone else to show signs of approval when it's deserved.

That's why so many clever wives, and those who have aspirations, are making the most of this new opportunity to be more alluring by varying their nail tints with their costumes.

THEY'VE FOUND that neither husbands, suitors, nor stern bachelors can resist a baby blue frock worn with 10 pale Rose fingertips. And that their oldest black satin is positively devastating with Coral nails!

Actually, going around with the same color nails all the time now is like having only one hat to your name—positively depressing to your friends!

Better not let other girls get ahead. If you have any doubts as to which color nails make which frock more enticing, consult the gray panel at the left.

And do be bright enough to pick a good polish to start with. Cutex Liquid Polish dries in no time . . . lasts as long as a week . . . and has no tricks of cracking, peeling, discoloring, or fading.

Once you show your husband, best beau, or parent even, how much Variety in nail tints can do for you, they'll make you keep all four Cutex shades in use . . . but two will start you off—one light one and one deep one. Run right out to your favorite shop and select your shades!

Follow this easy Cutex Manicure

First, scrub the nails. Then remove the old lifeless cuticle and cleanse beneath the nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Now remove the old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Finally, brush on one of the lovely shades of Cutex Liquid Polish—the shade that best suits your costume, your personality. You can choose from Natural and Colorless, from Rose and Coral. End with a touch of Cutex Nail White—Pencil or Cream—under nail tips for accent. Before retiring, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

NORTHAM WARREN · New York · London · Paris

Cutex Liquid Polish



Hollywood Diet

NEW STYLE

Curves Are In Again and Irene Dunne's Sample Diet Will Help You to Attain Them—and At the Same Time Keep Your Sunny Disposition.

Photos by
Ernest A. Bachrach



Here are two exceptionally nice photographs of Irene Dunne, talented RKO star. Do you remember her in "Cimarron"?

IN her selection of a week's menus, Miss Irene Dunne stressed the point that her breakfasts are small, consisting usually of a fruit, toast or muffin, and a beverage, preferably coffee. A twelve o'clock luncheon, consisting of a light meat dish or salad and vegetables and fruit, is her second meal, while her dinner at night, though not an extremely hearty repast, is amply varied.

Plenty of vegetables are offered in these menus for seven days, with few potatoes and eggs.

Lemon ice for dessert balances the rich Sunday dinner included on Miss Dunne's weekly diet:

Breakfast: Small glass of orange juice, butter, toast and coffee.

Lunch: Thinly-sliced cold roast veal, sliced tomatoes with French dressing, rolls, hot chocolate, rhubarb méringue.

Dinner: Fruit cocktail, braised sweetbreads, curled celery, peas in croutons of bread, sweet potato croquettes, lemon ice, coffee.

Her Monday menu is more simple but still includes many items that seldom appear in a movie actress's menus:

Breakfast: Half grapefruit, bran muffins, coffee, broiled bacon.

Lunch: Tomatoes stuffed with succotash, tiny baking powder biscuits, hot apple sauce, chocolate.

Dinner: Lamb croquettes, buttered carrots, Parker House rolls, white clover honey, raisin tarts, coffee.

Breakfast on Tuesday is similar to the rest of Miss Dunne's breakfasts, and luncheon includes her usual midday beverage—chocolate:

Breakfast: Half grapefruit, popovers, coffee.

Lunch: Salmon loaf with tartare sauce, sliced tomatoes, chocolate.

Dinner: Chicken en casserole, celery hearts, combination salad, apricot whip with wafers.

No dessert is included on Wednesday's dinner menu, chiefly because of the caramelized apples included with the meat course. Maybe you've noticed that Miss Dunne is fond of apples. (*Please turn to page* 99)





MO-ZEL

The *newest* Aid to Clean Homes

***for* BATHROOMS • KITCHENS WOODWORK *and* WINDOWS**

WATCH Mo-Zel work wonders on all metals, on glass, porcelains, woodwork, tile. Feel its smoothness, fine as a bath powder. It's softer, finer and more efficient and does the cleaning in quicker time. No trace of grit remains, because Mo-Zel contains no grit . . . it's even good for the hands.

Note the modern new black and silver package. It makes a decorative note in every bathroom. And see how much this smart package holds . . . and the merest sprinkle of Mo-Zel does the work.

Mo-Zel is on sale today in some Woolworth stores. If you do not find it in your nearest Woolworth store, mail the coupon from this page, with ten cents, for a full-sized can of this economical and efficient cleanser. You will always use it if you try it once.

MO-ZEL CHEMICAL PRODUCTS CO.
4116 N. Union Blvd. • • • St. Louis, Mo.

This **NEW BATHROOM CLEANSER** *offers these* 5 *advantages*

- **Cannot scratch—leaves no grit**
- **Harmonizes with any color scheme**
- **Fits the bathroom cabinet**
- **Right size—fits the hand**
- **Handy top—no cap to lose**

Mo-Zel Chemical Products Co.
4116 N. Union Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

I enclose_____cents, for which please send me, postpaid,_____packages of Mo-Zel, the bathroom cleanser, at 10¢ a package.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

The STARS make MERRY

in Rompers and Hair Ribbons

By EILEEN PERCY

ALMOST delightful kiddie party was given by Marion Davies recently at her Santa Monica Beach home. Filmland's "Who's Who" attended this important mid-winter social activity.

The house was aglow with music and laughter on this particular night. The cause of most of the mirth was the array of children's costumes worn by the guests. Everyone came in rompers, socks and hair ribbons and each new arrival was greeted with much merriment.

Usually this type of costume is not particularly flattering to the men, but the choice this evening ran to Boy Scout suits and Etons, which gave a youthful and not unbecoming appearance. Clark Gable, Gilbert Roland, Townsend Netcher were all wearing Boy Scout attire. Director Clarence Brown was most original in his "Skippy" outfit. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Bill Haines, and the Marquis de la Falaise looked very handsome in their Eton collars and jackets. Eddie Goulding, Edgar Selwyn and Eugene O'Brien wore Huckleberry Finn's favorite garb, with overalls and battered straw hats.

The girls looked extremely childlike in their short frocks, socks and hair ribbons. Joan Crawford was in blue organdie, with large matching poke bonnet—and she carried a hoop. Norma Shearer wore blue dotted swiss with a large bow on her hair and carried one of Irving Jr.'s Teddy Bears. Norma, Natalie and Connie Talmadge all dressed alike. They came as "The Three Little Girls in Blue," and did they look adorable in their blue-checkered ginghams, with hair all curled up in big ringlets and adorned with big blue hair ribbons!

Anita Stewart was very dainty in yellow organdie. Aileen Pringle and Mary Carlisle wore rompers; Karen Morley was a Scotch lassie; Miriam Hopkins was grand in her "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit. Mrs. Clark Gable was a crinoline girl. Constance Bennett in pink taffeta with net ruffles carried a scooter, while Joan and fiancé, Gene Markey, came as Russian peasants. Mona Maris went to her home country for her inspiration and came as a little Argentine girl. The hostess, Miss Davies, never looked more adorable than she did that night in her dainty pink organdie, poke bonnet, and much lace and ruffles.



Everyone came in rompers, socks, hair ribbons and kiddie clothes to Marion's party. Here are Marion, Clark Gable and Eileen Percy.

Games were played in keeping with the costumes, scooter races, marbles and top-spinning. Buster Keaton organized a football team, but during one of his long runs around the piano sprained his ankle, which brought an unhappy ending to this particular sport event. The Talmadges, Joan Crawford and Aileen Pringle engaged in a most exciting game of jacks, while some of the other guests held a hoop-rolling contest.

Dancing took up most of the evening for some of the guests, and the lovely strains of one of Los Angeles' favorite orchestras, diffused with the sound of the ocean just outside the doorstep, gave a very delightful effect.

Mary Pickford, Doug Fairbanks and their party joined the fun about eleven-thirty. Accompanying them were David Manners, Mary Astor, Howard Hawks and his wife, Johnny Mack Brown, Don Dilloway and Dorothy Jordan, Kenneth McKenna and Kay Francis and Edmund Lowe.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Selwyn, Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor (Eleanor Boardman), Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks (Mary Pickford), Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Joan Crawford), Mr. and Mrs. Townsend Netcher (Constance Talmadge), Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable, Marquis and Marquise de la Falaise (Constance Bennett), Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McKenna (Kay Francis), Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hawks, Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton, Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon (Bebe Daniels), Mr. and Mrs. George Converse (Anita Stewart), Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer), Miss Norma Talmadge, Miss Miriam Hopkins, Clarence Brown, Mona Maris, William Haines, Eugene O'Brien, David Manners, Aileen Pringle, Matt Moore, Gilbert Roland, Dorothy Jordan, Donald Dilloway, Edmund Lowe, Joan Bennett, Gene Markey, Al Santell, John Gilbert, Carmen Pantages, John Considine, Jr., Anita Loos, Frances Marion, Victor Fleming, Raymond Hatton, Mary Carlisle, Mary Astor, and Josephine Dunn.

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

(*Please turn to p.* 107)

THE TRAGEDY OF NAN - *Domestic Hands*

It had been a real love match, the marrying of Nan and John. It meant sacrificing luxuries she had taken for granted all her life. It meant doing without a car; even going without a maid.

And after a brief honeymoon she plunged into the mystery of housekeeping like a gay adventure.

She had abiding faith in John's cleverness. He was bound to succeed. It thrilled her to think she was playing an important part in his success.

Then suddenly without warning she began to change. From a vivacious, carefree bride she became furtive, self-conscious, shy.

She avoided all her old friends. She refused to go to parties. She even showed her resentment when John brought guests home to dinner.

Domestic Hands had given her an inferiority complex.

A Soothing, Silky Lotion that Keeps Hands Lovely

There is a simple, inexpensive way to keep hands soft and white and beautiful always.

You need never suffer the embarrassment of Domestic Hands even though you have hard work to do. Just smooth Hinds Honey and Almond Cream into them two or three times each day. Even poor, sadly-abused and neglected hands respond almost instantly.

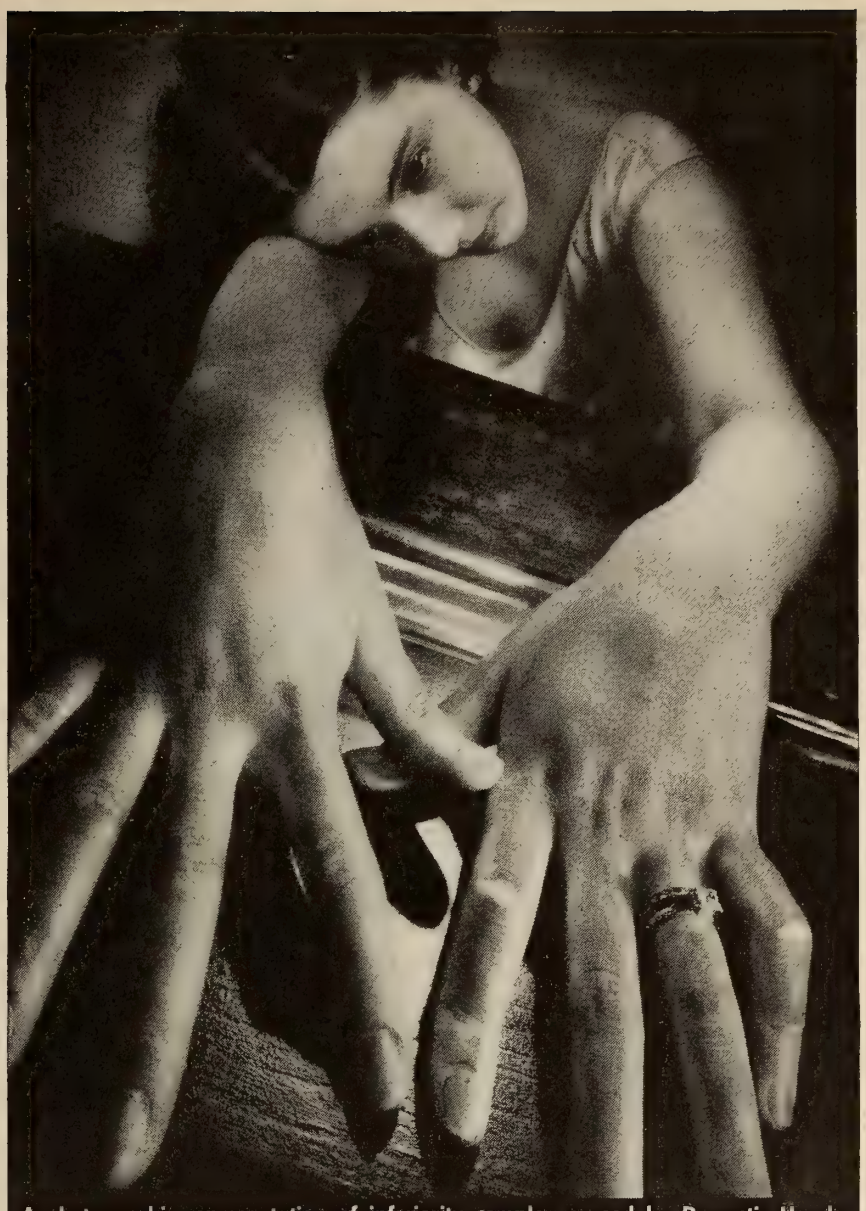
Avoid Lotions that May Harm Your Hands

The delightful caressing texture of Hinds comes from the mildest and finest skin-softening emollients. Don't take chances with imitations, many of which simulate Hinds cream-like texture by the addition of gummy thickening agents that do not benefit the skin.

Get Hinds from your druggist today — insist upon the original. Generous sample, free, if you write the A. S. Hinds Co., Dept. B-36, Bloomfield, N. J.

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HINDS
honey and almond
CREAM



A photographic representation of inferiority complex caused by Domestic Hands
Interpreted by Anton Bruehl

1932 ☾ APRIL ○ 1932

CHAPPED HANDS

April's balmiest breezes can turn suddenly harsh and biting. Be the weather ever so capricious, Hinds prevents chapping — keeps hands soft and white and lovely.



FACES THAT REFLECT
Domestic Cares
ARE TRAGIC, TOO

When days are full of household tasks that must be done, you have little time for expensive, complicated facial care. That's why Hinds decided to do for faces what they've always done for your hands — make them smooth and lovely with this simple, inexpensive treatment:

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

To acquaint you with three very important Hinds Beauty Aids, we are making this special introductory offer. Just send your name and address to A. S. Hinds Co., Dept. B-36, Bloomfield, N. J. with 15c (coin or stamps) and we will send by return mail trial sizes of the three following preparations:

HINDS CLEANSING CREAM: Liquefies instantly on contact with the heat of skin. Leaves the face refreshed and cleansed of every trace of dirt, dust, and make-up.

HINDS TEXTURE CREAM: A delightful, absolutely greaseless, skin softening cream, for night use.

HINDS TONING CLEANSER: Liquid, non-drying, daytime cleanser and pore refiner.

This offer not good in Canada : Expires July 1 in U. S. A.

What is the doctor's opinion of your laxative?

You wouldn't dare take medicine from a bottle without a label. Yet so many people dose themselves with wrong laxatives, regularly, without knowing what their action is.

There are many laxatives—some not good for you—some inviting after-effects that more than nullify the temporary relief they bring.

Your doctor will tell you that more important than mere results is *how* a laxative works.

Follow the Doctor's advice

Ask the doctor about the laxative you are taking. You will find that the medical profession has a definite code of standards for a laxative.

A laxative, says the doctor, should be safe, and gentle in its action. It shouldn't gripe. It shouldn't be absorbed by the system. It shouldn't disturb digestion.

A laxative should not overstimulate the intestines—thus weakening the natural functions. It shouldn't be habit-forming.

Here's one laxative that checks on every point the doctor looks for—it's Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax acts as Nature acts

Ex-Lax is safe, effective—pleasant. It tastes like chocolate. Yet it contains that scientific laxative—phenolphthalein—in just the right quality, the right proportion, the right dose.

Gently, yet thoroughly, Ex-Lax stimulates the bowels to normal, healthful action. It doesn't "whip" the intestines—it stimulates them! It simply helps Nature to help you.

Take Ex-Lax tonight! Results will delight you. Ex-Lax is ideal for children as well as for grown-ups.

At all drug stores in 10c, 25c, 50c sizes. Or mail the coupon below for a free sample.

Keep "regular" with EX-LAX

—the safe laxative that tastes like chocolate

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170 Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y. B42
Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.
Name.....
Address.....
.....

BOX-OFFICE CRITICS

Wants Harlow as Heroine

Milwaukee, Wisc.

I respectfully submit the following thought to your magazine:

Why not give Jean Harlow a real break? Just because she's a platinum blonde and "looks dangerous" (a popular statement) I see no reason why she would not fit perfectly in one of those "good-girl" scenes. In "Goldie," one gets an impression of her as being one of those "love 'em and leave 'em" girls.



If Miss Harlow were given an opportunity to play as she thinks best, her disposition could be as lovable as Janet Gaynor's.

Here's for "Goldie" to play "Goody."

La Verne Falk,
2050 South 16th Street.

Carrillo Clicks

Minneapolis, Minn.

Some day they are going to give Leo Carrillo a picture commensurate with his fine capabilities and then we will have a great show! In "The Girl of the Rio" Dolores Del Rio was good to look upon; Norman Foster was satisfying, but it was Carrillo that made the picture. He won many a laugh with his Latin dialect and mannerisms. Please give Mr. Carrillo a good picture.

Miss Kay Newton,
2815 West 44th Street.

Babies, Guns and Pictures

Indianapolis, Indiana.

The other evening I witnessed a talking picture where a man was shot down, after much shooting, and carried off the scene, right in the presence of a little baby that was old enough to notice everything and became badly frightened. The little thing was frantic and cried and screamed as its eyes followed the body that was being carried out.

Has it come to the time—for the sake of amusement—that we must shatter the nerves and perhaps ruin the entire life of an innocent little baby in a scene like this? If it is necessary to use a baby in pictures would it not be much better to have the baby removed from the scene while such a frightful performance is taking place, even if the part might have to be rewritten?

Whatever good or whatever bad comes from moving pictures, surely we as American citizens, would not want it to be said, that in our desire for amusement, we are willing to stoop so low as to frighten little babies in order to gain that end. Let's hope that such practices stop at once even if a law has to be made to bring it about.

Harry G. Burns,
406½ E. Washington Street.

Praise and Thanks

Philadelphia, Pa.

We are a part of all we see. More intelligent when we see George Arliss, more beautiful when we see Norma Shearer, more charming when we see Joan Crawford, younger when we see Joe E. Brown. In short, the screen keeps our souls supple by exercising them.

I learn various things about styles, interior decorating, gardening, manners, news of the day and what-not at the movies.

We all have our best girl, our favorite book, the picture we love best.

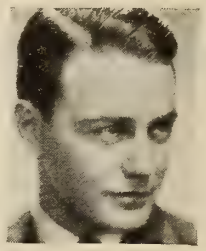
I want to thank all the lovely earnest actors and actresses for their efforts in my behalf. I, the common people.

Pearl Custer,
315 League Street.

Ayres and Sport Pictures

Chicago, Ill.

Congratulations to Lew Ayres. As Bucky O'Brien in "The Spirit of Notre Dame," he was a wonder. His true character shows better as an athlete than as a criminal. I'm for more sport pictures and less crime and "Adults Only" pictures where children get in as easily as the adults. These pictures do no good to the girls and boys in their 'teens, while good, clean sport pictures would show them the value of fair play and honesty.



George Kleeb, Jr.,
2340 W. 113th Place.

Personal Column

San Antonio, Texas.

Does anyone know the whereabouts of one of my favorites of the silver screen, a merry fellow bearing the name of Rod La Rocque?

A fig for your Clark Gables and your Cagneys and your Robinsons—the brilliant La Rocque can knock 'em all for a row of Chinese joss houses when it comes to acting.

And his pretty wife, the clever Vilma Banky—is no slouch, either, when it comes to acting.

Movie directors, please get a move on—and bring back to us

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Box-Office Critics

again this delightful pair.
Jim Macfarlane,
148 E. Baylor Street.

New Conquest

Philadelphia, Pa.

Many were the years in which I denounced the movies as an unnecessary evil, preferring the legitimate stage in my quest for entertainment.

But, alas, how a single picture changed my erstwhile beliefs. After witnessing a single performance of "The Guardsman," it suddenly dawned upon me how erroneous I had been about the movies.

In addition to the superb acting as well as the excellent direction and photography, the remarkable "atmosphere" led me to believe that it was one of the greatest individual pieces of amusement I've seen yet.

So, Mr. Movies, if you continue to produce such sophisticated pictures for we "snobs," well, then, we'll simply have to take off our hats and cheer with the rest of them.

Jarrison H. Pollack,
2235 N. 19th Street.

Sally, Jimmy and Mae

Goldsboro, N. C.

Quite recently I had the extreme pleasure of seeing James Dunn and Sally Eilers in "Over the Hill." It was



true to life, gay and tender and deeply moving. It brought a lump to your throat and chased it with a chuckle. A true and heart-stirring tribute to love, brimming with action! And what a cast! James Dunn and Sally Eilers, not excepting Mae Marsh. Superb drama, and superbly acted.

I am a young boy, and perhaps it is not typical of such to be affected in that manner, but I think I am expressing public opinion when I say that it was the best picture we have had in a great while. If I were to say "the best ever released" I would not exaggerate my personal opinion.

It was wonderful!

W. R. Crow, Jr.,
200 S. Caroline Street.

Give the "It" Girl a Chance

St. Paul, Minn.

We want more and better pictures of Clara Bow, and by "We," I mean everybody. Am I right? You bet I'm right. Give her a chance to show you how she can act, sing, and do her best. Such pictures as "Her Wedding Night" and "No Limit," were bad breaks for poor Clara. That's why most people don't like her. Can you blame them? They go to the show with the idea of seeing a clean, wholesome picture and when they go home they're amazed. So you see it's not Clara's fault. Why did she make such great successes in "Wings," "Children of Divorce," "Love Among the Millionaires," and we can't forget "It." The years of 1929-1931 were tough for Clara, but here's hoping that 1932 will bring her as great success as the (*Please turn to page* 78)





How we added 9 pounds to Dorothy's weight

—by giving her milk a new way

"IT hurt me as much as it did my little girl to hear them call her 'skinny'. She cried so bitterly when other children made fun of her thin little arms and legs.

"I tried every which way to put more flesh on her, but it seemed that the more she ate the thinner she became.

"One day I read about a woman who had the same trouble with her children until she began to give them Cocomalt mixed with milk. I tried it with Dorothy and it worked like a charm. So far she has gained 9 pounds, and she has lost that 'skin and bones' look! You should see her now! Her little body is rounded out and her cheeks are like apples."

This mother's story is not unusual. Cocomalt adds 70% more nourishment to milk, almost doubling the food value of every glass your child drinks.

Children love to drink it

It's the *extra* proteins, carbohydrates and minerals supplied by Cocomalt that make children gain so wonderfully. Cocomalt also contains Vitamin D, that important element produced by summer sunshine which is so essential in preventing rickets and in building strong bones and sound teeth.

Special trial offer

Cocomalt comes in powder form, ready to mix with milk. ½ lb., 1 lb. and 5 lb. family size. The cost is surprisingly low. At all grocers or mail this coupon and 10c (to cover cost of packing and mailing) for a generous trial can.



DELICIOUS — HOT OR COLD

R. B. DAVIS CO., DEPT. 15D, HOBOKEN, N. J.
Please send me a generous trial-size can of Cocomalt.
I am enclosing 10c to cover cost of mailing.

Name_____

Address_____ State_____

City_____

QUICK, SAFE SUDS without hot water



This is the way to wash your woollies

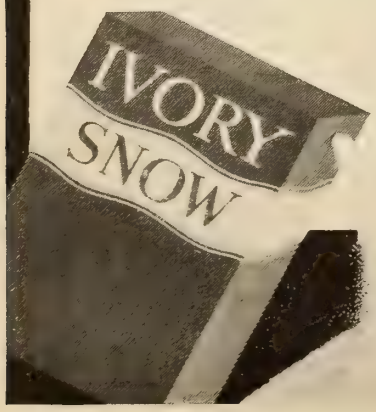
Ivory Snow is pure—as safe for wools as Ivory Soap is for a baby's tender skin. For Ivory Snow *is* Ivory Soap, blown into fluffy little puffs so that it will dissolve instantly.

Ivory Snow doesn't need hot water to make it melt into a rich lather of wonderful suds. You can start with the tepid water wools require. Ivory Snow will dissolve completely. It has no flat particles which can cling to the fabric and cause a soap spot!

Don't rub wool garments. Just swirl and squeeze them through gentle, lukewarm Ivory Snow suds. No clingy flake particles to rub out! Baby's soft little sweaters, your own knitted suits and trim Jersey frocks, your fleecy blankets, will be as softly woolly as when they were new. For with Ivory Snow you avoid the three great dangers in washing wools—harsh soap, hot water, and rubbing.

Ivory Snow is extra safe and convenient for washing *all* fine fabrics. And it is economical to use lavishly, because that nice big package costs only 15¢!

MANUFACTURERS THEMSELVES SAY SO!



"Ideal soap for woolens," say leading woolen manufacturers, such as the weavers of the fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, to mention only a few! **"Perfect for silks,"** say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers, and Truhu.

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99 44/100% PURE

Box-Office Critics

(*Continued from page 77*)

years when she was known to the public as the "It" girl.

Miss Ruth Muschik,
799 Oakdale Avenue.

Nominations

Baltimore, Md.

Please nominate for oblivion pictures like "Frankenstein" and "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." In the former you were scared to death with its horrifying and gruesome details, while the latter played havoc with your emotions.

On the other hand give us more pictures like "Possessed" and "Private Lives." These are modern, sophisticated plays which appeal to almost everyone. In viewing the audience at both these plays I noticed a pleasant reaction.

I vote for the following ingredients: A little love, a little badness, a little comedy, a little sadness.

Miss Elsie A. L. Aronson,
932 Whitelock Street.

From Across the Sea

Berlin, Germany.

I get your beautiful and interesting magazine from a friend in Massachusetts, U. S. A. I read it with great interest. Some of the stars I have seen here in films—the gentleman Menjou, the splendid Cooper, pretty Jeanette MacDonald, the wonderful Novarro, and last but not least the divine Garbo. I would be happy if I sometimes could see this great actor, who gives all her best to make us many beautiful hours.

I read the magazines very often. I am happy when I can read the NEW MOVIE every month. All my friends to whom I showed the magazine say the same.

Trauti Vausoheidt,
Galbestr 40 III by Gratr.

Newsreels and Travel

Long Island, Maine.

How can any film fan say that the newsreels are not as interesting as they might be? I am fifteen years old, and ever since I was in primary school I have looked forward to them as a short trip to other lands. In my mind's eye I have a perfect picture of certain places as they actually are in distant parts of the world. And as for meeting famous people! Why, every person of any note has said hello to me via the newsreels!

If it is true that travel broadens anyone's mind, then it is true that newsreels do the same. Let us still have the ship-launching and the foreign potentates. They are news, and only by knowing the news can we keep up with the times.

Leon Littlejohn.

Why Not?

Indianapolis, Ind.

Why not grand opera in the talkies? "Il Trovatore," "Pagliacci," "Lohengrin," "Madame Butterfly," etc. These are dramatic, beautiful, and under capable direction and sung by opera singers, would be a genuine treat for music lovers.

Donald G. King,
6002 E. Washington Street.

Box-Office Critics

Depression Chasers

Chicago, Ill.

The other evening I saw "Palmy Days," and how I enjoyed that film! So much so, I saw it through twice and studied audience reaction.

I watched kiddies hug themselves with delight, young couples grinning and nudging each other, and old couples wiping tears of merriment from their eyes.

May I suggest Cantor and Greenwood as our official 1932 "Depression Chasers."

Before concluding, I want you to know I relish every page of your magazine.

Phyllis Elling,
905 W. 86th Place.

Yesterdays

San Diego, California.

Granted that the movies have advanced by graduating to the "talkies" and have thereby offered a correspondingly better brand of entertainment; granted that acting, directing and photographic technique have improved several hundred per cent. in the last ten years, I still feel, sometimes, that I'd give anything to see once again such pictures as: Rudolph Valentino in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," Dorothy Gish in "The Ghost in the Garret," William Farnum in "The Spoilers," Lon Chaney in "The Miracle Man," any of Pearl White's serials with Warner Oland as the ultra-villainous villain, Vera Gordon in "Humoresque," Jackie Coogan in "The Kid," Charlie Chaplin in "A Dog's Life" and "Shoulder Arms," Douglas Fairbanks in "The Nut" and "The Mark of Zorro" and Marguerite Clark in "Come Out of the Kitchen."

Mrs. C. O. Magruder,
4637 Campus Avenue.

Reflections

Glendale, California.

If some of the mothers and fathers who think they know all in regard to handling children would go to see "Skippy" or "Sooky," I am sure they would have a better understanding of all the little Skippys and Sookys in the world.

I have two little Skippys of my own and seeing these pictures has made me more tolerant and sympathetic.

Mrs. Edna Markham,
376 W. Salem Street.

Wants Barrymore in Costume Picture

Lynchburg, Va.

Is there any way in which John Barrymore could be persuaded to do a real "Barrymore" version of "Cyrano de Bergerac" just as romantic and sentimental as the original play?

What a thrill for all the Rostand fans as well as the Barrymore ones, and what an opportunity for John to indulge in the difficult make-up which evidently affords him so much pleasure!

It would at least be, to the thirsty public, the welcome oasis of a costume picture in a desert of modern youths and gangsters.

Maryon Wood,
704 Franklin Street.

A swell Girl turned into a Crank and back to a laughing Angel



THIS happened to her. It may happen to you and me! Her skin lost its clear radiance, and languished in dark and sullen dullness. So did her spirit. She became a crank!

No wonder—her whole system was being steadily contaminated by impurities! Both her mind and body were depressed.

She never had realized that internal cleanliness is essential to health. Her cleanliness, *externally*, was exquisite. But she had neglected *internal* cleanliness.

At length, on the advice of her physician, she began to use Sal Hepatica. Her skin freed itself of sallowness and blemishes. Its new peach-blossom fairness echoed her childhood years. And she was again the laughing angel she had been before.

To drink salines for health's sake, and especially to make the complexion brilliantly clear and fresh, long has been the habit of lovely Europeans. To Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, they go each season, to drink daily of the saline waters.

Sal Hepatica provides you with an equivalent saline benefit. By clearing away poisons and acidity it checks colds, auto-intoxication, rheumatism, constipation and other ills.

Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean for one week. See how much better you feel, how much fresher and younger you look!



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BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. M-42, 71 West St., New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "The Other Half of Beauty," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.
*Name*_____
*Street*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____



HANDS
ON REVIEW!

Be sure your hands can stand the limelight.

Let them have the transforming touch of Pacquin's Hand Cream and you can flaunt them unafraid.

For Pacquin's is a hand cream that actually *beautifies*. It takes the age, the roughness and the redness out of hands and substitutes youthfulness, smoothness, softness and whiteness.

Keep Pacquin's handy in three places in your home—kitchen, bath and boudoir—and you will avoid aged and neglected-looking hands.

Get a tube or jar of Pacquin's Hand Cream today and see what a difference three days' use makes in your hands!



At your favorite Drug or Department Store you will find Pacquin's Hand Cream in two sizes—A large jar at $1.00. Convenient tube at 50c. Also Pacquin's Hand, Cold and Vanishing Creams in 10c size at all 5 and 10c Stores.

Pacquin's
HAND CREAM

JANE E. CURRAN, INC., 101 W. 31st ST., N. Y. C.

"Thumbs Down!"

(*Continued from page* 16)

For, in 1924, at the age of 25, he had decided that he had given acting a fair trial and he was through. Undoubtedly already in the midst of packing his Sargent diploma along with a scanty enough actor's wardrobe, he sat down and wrote to his parents from Plainfield, New Jersey, where he had been playing for a year or so in stock, a job which he had been happy enough to take after his previous experience with the discouraging tramp of the new dramatic school graduates to the offices of Broadway producers:

> The stage is the bunk. Since I've had to live in a little room all alone and work far into the night—study, study, and then look ahead and see the heartaches it holds—and I jump ahead ten, fifteen years and I visualize myself an Arab—God's Gift to the Amusement World, I say: Thumbs down! I've given this acting game the try I promised myself I would, and I'm out. I'm coming home.
>
> To the outside community we're just a bunch of cheap actors. I tell you I'm too big for that. Mentally and socially, I can hold my own with anybody outside of the game. I came to Plainfield a rank amateur, expecting to get my two weeks' notice any time; but I've made good. I'm billed in all our shows. I've been given every encouragement and inducement by our company, but I'm through with this game. Now watch my smoke in the business world! I'm coming out of this battle-scarred and armed to the teeth. I can make good in anything else, Mums and Dad. You always said I could and I will.

When Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien read this bitter commentary on a life it had been their son's boyhood ambition to live, they didn't know, although it is an old story with troupers, that the footlights and grease-paint lure had already linked itself with an Irish temperament that wanted color and change in life and did not lack the courage to fight through to success, given half the chance. They didn't know that their son was only seeking a refuge from which he might catch a breathing spell and rebuild himself, physically and mentally, for a second assault.

His mother was secretly glad. She had always wanted Pat to be a lawyer. Pat had studied indifferently at law while at Marquette University as he busied himself with college dramatics and athletics. His father, a salesman, began to look about for a business opening for his son.

But Pat raised little of the threatened smoke in the bond and insurance world. He tried selling both for a year, grew restless at facing failure, and then borrowed enough money to go back to New York. His prospects were no better this time than before, but acting was his trade and he had forgotten some of its daylight reality.

His breaks were ready for him this time. He found work immediately. Mrs. O'Brien had always been opposed to the stage as a career for her son because she didn't want him to waste his life as a "ham" actor. Sargent had written his anxious parents in 1923 that they would have to fear nothing of the sort, that their son should be playing leads.

Now that he has left behind a short but brilliant period of Broadway stardom and favor to carry on a motion picture career that has already given promise of being just as brilliant, Mrs. O'Brien is reconciled and proud. Once her son had to content himself with a letter home now and then between tedious rehearsing. Now he telephones her once each week from the Paramount eastern studios. And Mr. O'Brien takes a fond pride in telling newspapermen who come to the apartment building at 1041 Fourteenth Street in Milwaukee, where Pat lived for more than fifteen years, that he always felt Pat would make good on the stage.

It was Mr. O'Brien's cousin, Martin Hines, a trick rider with the Buffalo Bill show, and Hines' wife, an elephant trainer, who gave young O'Brien the first concrete picture of the show world that toyed with his immature fancies and shaped his desires to be a performer into ambition as he grew older.

Born in Milwaukee on November 11, 1899, Pat was christened William in order to carry on, as the first born, his father's name. Before he had been many years in the Jesu grade school, he had developed the habit of sneaking off for the day, to spend it with the Hines in their tent, when the Buffalo Bill show came to town once a year.

As his later high school and college years in athletics attest, "Bill" (his parents and friends rarely call him Pat, a name he adopted for the stage) was a robust Irish kid, but his mother remembers that his days with the Hines always ended for him with a stomach ache, brought on by a too generous mixture of peanuts and soda pop.

"BILL'S" first public appearance was made at the age of twelve before a meeting of the Hibernians, a society to which Mr. O'Brien belongs, when he recited "The Irish Flag." When away from scuffling in the schoolyard "Bill" fostered an early talent for elocution. Along about the seventh grade he brought home the second prize in the school for his own composition on Irish history. The pleasure which this achievement gave to parents whose stock, though Mr. O'Brien was born in New York City and Mrs. O'Brien in Wisconsin, reaches into generations of Ireland's tillers of the soil and tradesmen, can well be imagined.

Young "Bill" O'Brien was Irish; there was no mistaking that. On the playground it came out in battling his way as often as he could be successful into leadership in outdoor games; in the schoolroom it came out in equally fiery declamations on the glories of Irish nationality. In grade school he was pitcher when baseball was played; he was quarterback on the sandlot football teams. In high school and college "Bill" O'Brien directed the varsity football eleven as quarterback; in baseball he did what he could, if necessary, to pull the game out of the fire for Marquette as the important player who tries to baffle opposing batters from the mound.

"Thumbs Down!"

"I believe I am not taking unfair advantage of a mother's prejudice when I say that 'Bill' made friends easily as a boy and stuck by them staunchly through their troubles," his mother says. "Spencer Tracy was one of them. As a lad Spencer spent as much time with 'Bill' at our home as he did with the Tracys, it seems. It gives us as much pleasure to see that Spencer is doing well in pictures as it does to know that our son has made a good start."

Spencer Tracy is another Milwaukee boy who fought hard, almost side by side with O'Brien, to win recognition on the New York stage and who is being rewarded now by being starred by Fox.

THE O'Briens' plans for their son were made when he was ready to enter the Marquette University High School Academy. Death had already taken in infancy two younger sons of the O'Briens. Mrs. O'Brien wanted to point her only son remaining to a secure and successful future.

"Bill" had shown an aptitude for speaking from the platform. Mothers have again and again wanted sons who were high school debaters and orators to be lawyers. So it was to be law, a substantial and respected profession, that "Bill" O'Brien was to follow. He did everything to please his mother in that direction, although he felt that he was only marking time until he could try for work on the stage.

In high school he enrolled in the classical course. He was active in the debating society, sang in the Glee Club, won the gold medal two years for elocution, played football, baseball, and basketball on the academy's varsity teams. He appeared in the senior class play, "The Prince and the Pauper."

The ominous clouds of the World War had settled heavily by this time over Milwaukee, where so many peace-loving Germans had found an American home and mixed their homeland culture with that of the Middle West. Leavetakings of drafted soldiers from that city, many of them removed only one generation from grandparents in Germany, were sad events. But the sounds of the martial music of these partings easily caught the fancy of the nineteen-year-old O'Brien lad, who wanted to be where life was abundant in adventure and change.

He left high school in August, 1918, to enlist in the signal corps of the navy. Once, before the Armistice was signed on his birthday four months later, the youthful gob received orders to get ready to move into hostile waters, but his parents had hardly returned from their hurried trip to the Great Lakes Training Station in Chicago to bid him goodbye before the order had been countermanded and the young sailor remained in Chicago to fight, with scrub brush and parades, the bloodless "battle of the Great Lakes."

"Bill" returned to the academy on March of the following year, immediately on being mustered out of service, to finish with his class in June.

IN September 1919, O'Brien enrolled in the law school of Marquette University and directly deserted law books for the doings of the Harlequins, university dramatic club, and for fame on

(*Please turn to page* 82)



After this marvelous beauty bath,

instant improvement in your skin

Every woman who desires a soft, smooth skin should try the marvelous Linit Beauty Bath . . . Results are immediate—no waiting—a delightful bath—and the cost is trifling! . . . Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub—bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin! In texture it will be soft and smooth as velvet . . . Linit neither takes away too much of the necessary oil in the skin, nor does it dry up the skin by clogging the natural oil in the pores.

Prove it with this test!

After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water, you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream—and after you dry your hands, your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced!



Linit

is sold by your Grocer, Druggist and Department Store

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN



You can have them *instantly* by the simple magic of the new

NON-SMARTING,
TEAR-PROOF
MAYBELLINE

Dormant, in your eyes, is a soulful, bewitching kind of beauty that only dark, luxuriant, naturally long-appearing lashes can bring into play.

But, have YOU such lashes? They are easily acquired, and in just an instant, by the effortless use of the NEW Maybelline Eyelash Beautifier. A few simple brush strokes and the marvelous transformation takes place.

You must be sure, however, to use genuine Maybelline—because it's perfectly harmless, non-smarting, tear-proof, and it actually tends to stimulate lash growth. Try it. You'll be amazed and delighted with the result. So will those who see you! Obtain the NEW Maybelline at any toilet goods counter. Black or Brown, 75c.

Maybelline



EYELASH BEAUTIFIER

Special Purse Size obtainable at all 5 and 10 cent stores—or for dime and coupon sent direct to us.

Clip MAYBELLINE CO., 08-4
5900 Ridge Avenue, Chicago
10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size of the *new* Maybelline. ☐ Black ☐ Brown

Name_____

Street_____

Town_____ State_____

"Thumbs Down!"

(*Continued from page* 81)

the gridiron as quarterback with the Golden Avalanche cohorts of Marquette U. He joined Alpha Gamma Phi, social fraternity, and Theta Nu Epsilon, plunging deeply into their attractive social whirl.

It was after he had played the title role in "Charley's Aunt," a university production given at the Pabst Theater, where the Theater Guild Company now plays, that his college career became academically aimless and he cast eager eyes to the east and the Sargent School. He didn't like law. To please his mother he tried a new tack by enrolling in commerce until, as he admits himself, "I tried every department of the university except journalism."

In the meantime, his talents as an entertainer and feeling for the stage became known downtown. He was called upon to direct the "Fanciful Follies" for the Milwaukee Association of Commerce and the Junior League and Milwaukee Country Club shows. He staged and directed the Milwaukee "Pageant of Progress," a great civic show festival. The latter undertaking was no mean one for a lad as young as O'Brien.

THERE was no question now that his college days were over. After two years of uncompleted credits at Marquette University his parents finally consented to a course at the American Academy of Dramatic Art. O'Brien went to New York and shortly after induced Spencer Tracy to come along too. They became classmates, separating only when they began pounding the streets in different directions for Broadway assignments.

In 1923 the late Franklin Sargent wrote to Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien after they had sent an inquiry to check up on the enthusiastic reports from their son of his success in his new training school: "Your son has been a good student and a painstaking fellow. His work shows a good command of himself as an actor and good repose, excellent speech delivery and unusually good carriage and manner."

Which is practically the same thing motion picture critics said of O'Brien after they saw him in "Front Page."

Pat O'Brien tells part of the story of his stage struggle in the crisp, breezy manner which characterizes all his interviews:

"After finishing my work at the Sargent school I joined a stock company and toured the country. We went all over the south, playing one-night stands over butcher shops, getting up at five a.m. to catch trains and not knowing whether we'd have a job or not by nightfall. That's where the knocks and kicks came in and it was tough going.

"The first real show I played in was 'Adrienne,' a musical comedy in New York. If you can believe it, George Bancroft was singing in that production."

O'Brien had borrowed $150 to get back to New York after the year which he had so unsuccessfully devoted to raising smoke in the business world. He was making a new bid for favor. This time, sink or swim, it was the world of the theater for him.

He went to work the night he arrived in New York. During his year's layoff he had spent a good deal of time at the Davidson Theater downtown, a playhouse which was the last in the city to be wired for sound. Patrick Kearney, the playwright, was managing a stock company then playing at the Davidson. He had finished a play called "Man's Man" and asked O'Brien to criticize the script. O'Brien didn't like the play and the matter was forgotten.

On the night of his arrival he strolled through the theater section in New York and discovered that "Man's Man" was playing under John Golden's management. Pat dropped in to say "Hello" to Kearney. A member of the cast of "Man's Man" had just left the company and Pat was asked if he'd take the role. The eager newcomer was familiar with the play, learned the part in twenty-four hours, and played in "Man's Man" for three months, the duration of its Broadway run.

O'Brien's work in "Man's Man" led to the leading role in "Gertie." The show lasted fourteen weeks on Broadway and O'Brien played in it for thirty-three weeks on the road. Then came another trying period of rehearsing for and opening new shows, only to see many of them carted over the hill to the warehouse after a short run. He went to Chicago to play "The Nut Farm" with Wally Ford. He played Dan McCorn in "Broadway" in Milwaukee as guest star with the Olga Worth Players and went on the road with the show. A year later he was in stock again in Cleveland, Ohio, playing with Helen Hayes when she went to Cleveland as a guest star. William Boyd, now with Paramount, was in the same company. In the summer of 1930 the Cleveland company played "Front Page" and O'Brien played the part of the managing editor, Adolphe Menjou's rôle in the movie.

When the winter theatrical season opened in New York again, the producers of "Up and Up," remembering the enthusiastic notices New York critics had given him previously, called him back to Broadway again to play the leading rôle, that of the racketeering bookmaker. Then followed "A Man's Town" and his smash hit as a Russian Communist leader in "Overture."

O'BRIEN had become a veteran. He knew his game. Critics chose him last year, along with such celebrated performers as Lynn Fontanne, Noel Coward, Gertrude Lawrence, Eugenie Leontovich and Katharine Cornell, as one of the ten leading performers of the year. Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien came to New York to see their son in "Overture" and stayed long enough to see him sign a movie contract.

Philip Barry had discussed his new play, "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," with O'Brien long before it went into rehearsal. He wanted Pat for the lead. O'Brien was rehearsing the part.

At 2 A.M. one morning O'Brien was called from bed by a phone message from Howard Hughes' representative, asking him if he'd go to Hollywood to play in "Front Page." O'Brien had

"Thumbs Down!"

played in several Warner and Paramount talking shorts to tide over an idle summer, but he knew little about the movies. He dressed hurriedly and rushed over to the Lambs Club next door to seek advice from friends who had been in pictures. An hour later he told the Hughes' representative that he'd sign if he could be released from his contract with Gilbert Miller, who was producing "Tomorrow and Tomorrow."

At daylight he took his father along to talk the matter over with Miller. Barry hated to let O'Brien go. When Hughes' agent offered Miller $50,000 for the show in order to get O'Brien's services, Miller didn't sell the show but he refused to stand in O'Brien's way any longer. Hughes bought his contract and Osgood Perkins was in the role intended for O'Brien when the show opened in Washington, D. C., shortly afterwards.

Good fortune had come to the O'Briens.

IN January, 1931, Pat married Eloise Taylor, whom he had met in the cast of "Broadway" three years before. Two months later, on his way to make "Personal Maid" with Nancy Carroll at the Paramount eastern studios, he stopped off with his wife, to visit his parents in Milwaukee just as "Front Page" was opening in that city. Pat made several personal appearances and was wildly acclaimed by his fellow townsmen.

After Students' Mass his first Sunday at home, the Marquette *Tribune* relates, Pat stood at the corner of Twelfth and Wisconsin, a traditional meeting place of students, to meet all the boys he had known at school. He dropped over to see the boss of the street concrete crew with whom he had worked one summer during his college days. His parting shot to brother Alpha Gamma Phis who had given him a dinner was: "If any of you chaps come to Los Angeles or New York, look me up. Drop in and give me a line on the football dope at Marquette."

Folks who know Pat O'Brien are sure that he meant the invitation.

One needs only to sit for a few moments with the parents of Pat O'Brien, while the father brings out the scrapbooks he has kept for his son for many years and to see Mrs. O'Brien finger childhood pictures of her son and the many letters he had written her, to realize that their lives have always been intimately wrapped up with his, that his apparent success in a game so foreign to them, where life often wears threadbare and shoddy, has brought to their approaching old age a calm thankfulness that associates itself with honest, sincere parenthood.

Newspapermen in Milwaukee, who go cynically enough about the task of digging up the histories of show people who are in the public eye, call the O'Briens, "mighty fine folks" and hope for their sake, as for the sake of good news copy, that Pat O'Brien, a home-town boy, will successfully breast the uncertainties of movieland.

Remember that Herb Howe, Jim Tully and Elsie Janis write regularly for New Movie Magazine.



No complicated recipe...no fuss... no worry...

This delicious dessert is made in about 5 minutes

ARE you one of those women who prepare your dessert with a recipe book spread out in front of you, and your kitchen all cluttered up with a half dozen different packages and ingredients?

If so, you'll be glad to join the many thousands of women who have learned that Kre-Mel is "America's Perfect Dessert." No recipe, no fuss, no bother—just follow the simple directions on the Kre-Mel package, and in about five minutes this delicious dessert is ready to eat!



DON'T think that Kre-Mel is merely a delicious and "sweet-tooth-satisfying" dessert. It is also one of the greatest of all energy foods! Kre-Mel is rich in Dextrose, the important food element your system needs.

This makes Kre-Mel especially valuable for children whose growing bodies demand a concentrated food that gives them lots of energy. And at the same time Kre-Mel especially appeals to children's appetites. Kre-Mel is often served as parfaits, blanc mange, and other tempting desserts. Slightly thinned, Kre-Mel makes an excellent sweet sauce.

Kre-Mel comes in four flavors, Chocolate, Vanillin, Caramel and Coffee. Ask your grocer to send you a package of each this afternoon.

4 FLAVORS

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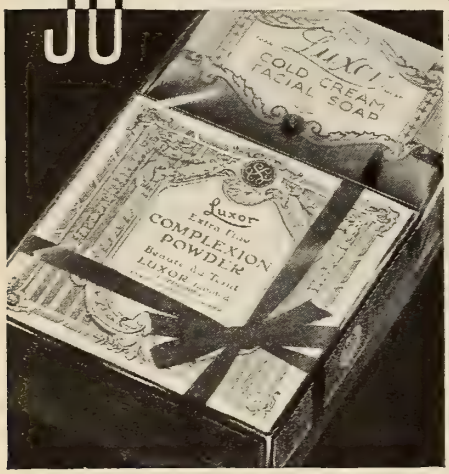


4 servings per package

AT ALL GOOD FOOD STORES

Here's a beauty-bargain: the LUXOR SPECIAL a whole beauty-treatment for 50¢

Regular 75c value



We extend the privilege of the "Luxor Special" again! The combination package containing a full-size 50c box of Luxor face-powder . . . and a free cake of our 25c Cold Cream Facial Soap . . . all for 50c!

When you first pat on the Luxor face-powder, you just notice its fine texture, its delicate fragrance. But after a moment you find with delight that all your skin seems to be transformed . . . that it's smooth as satin, soft, and radiantly fresh. That's because this "powder that is pure" is sifted to marvelous fineness through layers of silk.

Ask your dealer for the "Luxor Special." Remember—a full box of the powder, and a free cake of our bland, mild complexion-soap. A whole beauty-treatment—the cost, 50c! And ask for it soon—the supply of "Specials" is necessarily limited.

Tested and Approved — Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health — Good Housekeeping Magazine

Luxor, Ltd.

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I enclose ten cents for a generous sample of the face-powder. Check ___Rachel, ___Flesh, ___White.
TG-C

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Garbo is Like Lindbergh

By R. Fernstrom

(*Continued from page* 8)

Perhaps that is why he is often called a "square head."

Jim Tully—in your magazine—calls Garbo a peasant.

She is not a peasant and never was.

I defy anyone to go to Sweden and find anyone who looks like the accepted peasant type that everyone laughs at.

Swedes are a contented, peace-loving and industrious people. They have been at peace with the world for over a hundred years. They are diplomats, instead. We can learn much from their sane laws.

They were one of the first countries to give women the right to vote. Divorce by mutual consent. Trial marriages. Equal share of expense of raising children after divorce, if the women are financially able. Then, also, a sane solution of the temperance or liquor situation.

SWEDES who come here resent the general conception of them. Therefore, they are always on their guard. They are a quiet, easy-going people who cannot understand our hustle-and-bustle ways. Our wisecracks hurt them, and they vow to themselves that some day they'll show us what these "dumb Swedes," "crazy Swedes," "Square Heads" *can do.*

A Swede as I said, may be slow, but once he gets going—look out. He plods stubbornly along toward his goal and usually reaches it—as both Lindbergh and Garbo have done.

To understand a Swede, you must know and speak his language. And it is *not* gutteral at all, but rather sing-songy. It is the happy language of a happy people.

Our hustle and bustle, their task of learning our American tongue and slang, plus the battle to understand our ways and to struggle to forge ahead, has a tendency to make the Swede unhappy. And a Swede who is unhappy is silent. Yet he never deviates from the course he has set out to follow, until the goal is reached—even if it means sailing across the Atlantic in a row-boat as the Vikings did.

I don't know what goal Garbo has set for herself, but I can understand her desire to go home to Sweden.

Back to Sweden, where one has privacy. Where there is seldom, if ever, a boom-time or a depression. Where one lives an even, happy, contented existence within ones own social class—and all classes are happy.

Garbo is probably of the middle class. Those who own a home, a boat and go to the theatre. In the summer, they hire or own a home on one of the thousand islands of the Stockholm archepeligo and commute daily on the small steamers that run like commuting trains here. She'll probably go home when she's ready, buy a house on an island and settle down to a quiet, happy Swedish home life.

She'll probably marry a Swedish man, one who speaks her tongue, knows her heart—and raise a few Lindberghs, Ericssons or Garbos.

Did Tully Interview Garbo?

By Ned C. Williams

(*Continued from page* 8)

Garbo's individuality is something I fear even Mr. Tully does not comprehend. Individuality is somewhat at a loss in Hollywood, anyway. But I am willing to wager that ninety per-cent of the picture fans all over this country admire Garbo tremendously for this quality. Depth of character and this very individuality are what make Garbo the truly great actress she is.

I AM very much surprised at the wisecrack he attributes to Miss Ina Claire. To say that if she ever divorced Gilbert she would look around for another of Garbo's "ex's" as, "They are so appreciative," is a very catty remark.

Deep water threatens Mr. Tully when he is so bold as to analyze Garbo's friendship with Mauritz Stiller. That relationship was something that even the closest friends of Garbo wouldn't attempt to "dissect." Any such bond of sympathy and beautiful understanding as existed between Garbo and Stiller would naturally be beyond the comprehension of some.

Mr. Tully says that Garbo made up her mind to be different. Unless he means that she came to this decision when still a young girl working in a barber shop, he is being horribly inconsistent. Because, wasn't it this difference in Garbo which the patrons of the shop sensed as they turned to other women for the lathering of their faces? Wasn't it because right from birth she has had those characteristics which have made her different from other women? If Mr. Tully thinks Garbo affects this difference to the extent that she would take bedroom slippers to a party with her, to slip on because of a sore foot, just to be laughed at, he is badly mistaken. It was because she couldn't be her natural self, be different from the common herd, that she gave up going about in Hollywood society.

I can't honestly let Mr. Tully's statement about Garbo having no sense of humor go unchallenged. Can this man who claims to have read her so easily really think that she has no sense of humor?

I have been with Garbo when she displayed a marvelous sense of humor, one which would possibly go over Mr. Tully's head. At least I have seen her laugh at herself, and that according to scientists proves an intelligent sense of humor.

At the end of Mr. Tully's article he hands Miss Garbo a few bouquets. Perhaps Mr. Tully isn't even aware of how much he really admires her, deep in his heart.

In dissecting Miss Garbo, Tully compares himself to a watchmaker. I say heaven help the watches that fall under his hands!

Cook-Coo Gossip

(*Continued from page* 61)

association half his salary.

* * *

THIS month's temperature chart—
Lily Damita & Stanley Smith. Dancing with cheers in their eyes.
Betty Compson & Jack White. Just old friends—that's all.
Lupe Velez & Jack Gilbert. Hot and cold.
Lupe Velez & Eddie Buzzell. You should see the way he looks at her.
Lupe Velez & Ramon Novarro. You should see the way she looks at him.
Lupe Velez & Jackie Cooper. He's chilly.
Mary Philbin & Milton Golden. Go places together.
Viola Dana & Jimmy Thompson. Married and contented in a modest apartment.
Jeanette MacDonald & Robert Ritchie. Betrothed.
Rose Hobart & Ivan Lebedeff. Dance together a lot.
Audrey Anderson & Eddie Sutherland. Ready for the altar.
Una Merkel & Ronald Burla. Still honeymooning.
Jack Dempsey & Mary Brian. He takes her to the fights for company.

* * *

IVAN LEBEDEFF has sent out pictures of himself to 15,200 fans—at fifty cents a picture. But the fans also get an automatic subscription to the Lebedeff magazine and a membership in the Lebedeff club—an organization with district captains and lieutenants and everything. Lebedeff's mail, with this hoke, has grown to 1700 letters a month.

* * *

And then there is the Del Rio *Journal* that goes to members of the Dolores Del Rio club. There is a Clark Gable club, with Mrs. Gable the first member. Nice? And a Clara Bow club. The members are encouraged to write letters and read interviews and gab.

* * *

There is some talk of a Samuel Goldwyn club. Members will communicate by waving their hands and pounding desks.

Ben Hecht will be asked to take out the first membership.

* * *

FILIPINO film fans keep writing letters to motion picture stars requesting an eyelash.
That's why all Scottish terriers in Hollywood look so mangy—their coats have been plucked and the bristles mailed, one at a time, to Filipino admirers.

* * *

Jimmie Gleason's wife, Lucile Webster Gleason, received a letter which said:

Manila.

Saw you in Rio of the Girl so beg to excuse but will benefit waiting for finish result of letter in the hospital if you will thank very much for an eye lash to rememberance.

José Toloroto.

"Let's make the poor kid happy," said Jimmie, who is big-hearted. So he went out and plucked a hair from the tail of one of his fifteen polo ponies and mailed it over to José.

Spring brings a
DOUBLE DANGER



TO THREATEN
Delicate Complexions

Play safe! Here is a simple, effective way to guard your skin from the treacherous extremes of the season.

"BEWARE OF SPRING!" For years the foremost beauty specialists have sounded this warning . . . Sharp, blustery winds one minute. Cold, driving rain, the next. And then, indoors to the parching atmosphere of over-heated rooms and offices.

No wonder sensitive skins wither under the attack! No wonder complexions become dull and cloudy! . . . Luckily there is a way to withstand these extremes of weather and temperature. A simple 5-minute beauty ritual, now used daily by millions of fastidious women.

Famous Olive Oil Preparations

Everyone knows the beneficial effects of Olive Oil — its soothing and toning action on the skin. OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder won universal acclaim because of its marvelous Olive Oil base. Now, by a special patented process, this same famous ingredient is embodied in a complete assortment of the finest cosmetics.

Begin tonight! Spend *two minutes* ridding your pores of dirt and make-up with OUTDOOR GIRL Liquefying Cleansing Cream. Then spread on a thin film of the velvety Olive Oil Cream to nourish your skin while you sleep.



Lightex for oily skins in the red box . . . With *Olive Oil* for normal skins in the purple box

Tomorrow morning, start with a stimulating application of OUTDOOR GIRL Skin Freshener. Follow with OUTDOOR GIRL Vanishing Cream, as a protection from the elements and a perfect powder base. Next rouge your lips, using Lipstick or Lip-and-Cheek Rouge. Finish with OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Face Powder in any of its smart shades, if your skin is normal, or with the fluffy *Lightex* blend, if it is naturally oily. All this takes only *three minutes!*

Free Trial Packages!

OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Beauty Products are surprisingly inexpensive! You can purchase generous "purse-size" packages of exactly the same quality as the larger packages, for as low as 10c—and more economical sizes from 25c to $1.00 at leading chain, drug and department stores.

If you want to sample 3 of the most popular OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products, send 4c in stamps for liberal trial packages of the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream and the two face powders. Crystal Laboratories, 132 Willis Avenue, New York City.

OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil*
BEAUTY PRODUCTS

● *Little Miss* ALICE ANN BUTTGEREIT, *of Verona, Pennsylvania.*



BABY "WENT TO ALMOST NOTHING"

Then Eagle Brand saved the day!

"Here is a picture of our daughter, Alice Ann", writes Mrs. Joe Buttgereit, 132 Arch St., Verona, Penn., "to show you what Eagle Brand has done for our baby when three other baby foods failed.

"Our baby weighed 9 pounds at birth and went to almost nothing. Then we tried Eagle Brand, and with her first feeding, she seemed satisfied. She started to pick up right away and at eight months weighed 26 pounds and had 8 teeth.

"We can never express our gratitude for what Eagle Brand has done for our baby."

• • •

If your baby is not thriving on his present food we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Send for free booklet. The new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare" contains practical feeding information and suggestions for supplementary foods—orange juice, cereals, cod-liver oil, etc.—advised by doctors.

● (*Every picture and letter published by The Borden Company is voluntarily sent us by a grateful parent or other relative.*)

FREE! Wonderful baby booklet!

THE BORDEN CO., Dept. B-6
350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me—free—the new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare".

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Please print name and address plainly

Happy Jim

(*Continued from page 6*)

much sooner than Jimmy dared hope!

Dunn has amazed even his best friends and most enthusiastic boosters. Like the fellow in the ads who sits down at the piano and surprises the assembled company by rattling off everything from Chopin to Gershwin after ten easy lessons, the Jimmy of "Bad Girl" is a marvel to the Broadway crowd. Wiseacres who said the part was "actor-proof" are now eating their words after catching Mrs. Dunn's little boy in "Sob Sister" and "Over the Hill." In the idiom of the screen world, he's a "natural." But it took the producers a long while to find that out.

For a period extending over more than four years, Jimmy played "bits" at both the Paramount and Warner studios in New York, without getting a tumble. Playing supporting roles and atmosphere, anything to fill in the long gaps between stage engagements. Living in cheap hotels, stinting on food, trying to keep up his appearance (any actor's stock in trade) and at the same time help support his mother. Those were dark, discouraging days, but he doesn't regret them.

AS a matter of fact, for all his hard knocks, Jim has not lost his good disposition. Sitting in his cosy Hollywood bungalow, during my visit last summer, he seemed no different from the same Jimmy Dunn who shared his tiny New York hotel bedroom with another struggling young actor. The same happy boyish smile, the same enthusiasm, the same desire to please, with nary a sign of swell-headedness or tall millinery. Jim still wears the same size chapeau even though he's traded his Truly-Warner for a Stetson. He's been too busy making pictures to think much about his success. I asked him how it felt to be a celebrity. "It means work and worry," he answered. "But I'm getting an awful kick out of it," he added, with a grin.

Sudden fame is a dangerous thing, but I'm sure that it isn't going to rock Jimmy's boat. Those days of pounding the hard pavements of Broadway without a cent in his jeans are of too recent experience for him to lose his sense of proportion. He makes no secert of the fact that he went without a single meal for three whole days. That was only a year ago! Of course, he had many friends but, like all the Irish, he also had plenty of pride. During this period it probably would have meant the park benches for our Jimmy if it hadn't been for the kindness of a certain hotel owner. This man let Jim run up a bill of $275 for room rent, so sure was he that the boy had the right stuff in him.

These experiences are the common lot of show people. Had Jimmy wished to appeal to his parents, they would have gladly helped him out. But he wanted to prove that he could get along on his own. To go home would have been to admit defeat as an actor and this he would not do. Up until the time he decided to forage for himself Jimmy, an only child, always had a comfortable home. The story that Jim once delivered groceries in New Rochelle is not true. There was no necessity for such an humble task. His first job was in the brokerage office where his father is still employed. Others followed, including the much-publicized job of selling lunch wagons, at which he was most successful.

No doubt, Jim's first interest in acting came as a result of his association with the family of Eddie Foy, famous stage comedian, who also resided in New Rochelle. Instead of discouraging him, Eddie, veteran of many happy years behind the footlights, urged him to make a try, but first cautioned him to have his hair curled because, he said, "girls prefer men with curly hair." Although Jim never adopted the latter suggestion, he seems to have gotten along quite well with members of the fair sex. Girls have always liked him and he has always liked girls. He even confessed to having had a sweetheart at the tender age of eight years. Her name was Consuela and she was a few years older than he. Consuela, he tells me, is now happily married to an Army officer. Among the ladies to whom he has since paid court is the glamorous Helen Morgan, star of the stage musical, "Sweet Adeline," in which Jimmy also appeared. Despite his numerous affairs of the heart, he has so far escaped matrimony, although he has several times been on thin ice.

It was while playing in "Sweet Adeline" that he was noticed by an agent who induced M-G-M to make a test of him. It so happened that M-G-M tests were then being made at the Fox Studio, in New York. Fox talent scouts in that way spotted him, and when it was learned that M-G-M was not going to sign him, they grabbed him for the male lead in "Bad Girl."

NOW Jimmy has his own home overlooking Hollywood, and his mother there to watch over things. She's a quiet, capable little woman who seems somehow out of place in the hectic life that Fame has imposed on her son. Back in New Rochelle, it was possible to map out each day's activities. Now with Jim working at the studio all hours of the day and night, breakfast is often served at three o'clock in the afternoon and supper sometimes as late as three o'clock in the morning. It's all very confusing and I'm sure that Mrs. Dunn sometimes wishes she were back East. Being a devoted mother, however, she's happy to be where she's most needed even though she dislikes warm weather.

"All mothers think their boys are clever, but Jim has really amazed me," she admitted. His father, back in New York, went to see the picture a dozen times, while it played at the Roxy theatre to record-breaking business. "Pop wrote me that he cried at every performance," Jimmy told me. "Isn't it great that they're both alive to enjoy this with me?" he added, growing suddenly serious.

And that about sums up Jimmy Dunn. Happy and care-free on the surface, but underneath, dead in earnest about his career. Anxious to make good for the sake of those who care most for him. Take it from one who knows, Jimmy is O. K.

Radio Rambles

(*Continued from page* 63)

the "Lonesome Cowboy," learned about cowboys during a vacation on his brother's dude ranch. . . . Morton Downey sat with a French horn when he was singing in Paul Whiteman's band. But he didn't play it. He merely held it for effect.

Boudoir Facts: The Boswell sisters, who won't break up the trio when they go on a date, sleep in the same room, too. They have two bedrooms and only use one. Down South their house had fifteen bedrooms, but still it made no difference. They say they are afraid at night.

Ahh! Alice White! You should have seen how the vivacious little Alice White greeted Russ Columbo at his Waldorf-Astoria party. It was the first time Alice had seen him since the day he and manager Con Conrad bought tickets for New York. Alice knew Russ when he was going to high school and he was singing over the local stations out there. Incidentally, Alice comes over the air just as sweetly as on the screen, but her vaudeville tour doesn't give her much chance to get next to a microphone.

A Coat Hanger Beats a Chair: One night at the Waldorf-Astoria, Russ Columbo forgot his baton and used instead a rung from a coat hanger.

Nat Brusiloff, however, did not escape so easily the time his drummer forgot his sticks at a Washington house party. Nat ingeniously removed the rungs from an old chair for his drummer to use, but the chair turned out to be an antique and it cost Nat what was in those days a week's salary.

Which all reminds me of the time I saw Yascha (Capitol Theatre Orchestra) Bunchuk drop his baton in the course of a vigorous rendition. Nonchalantly the veteran conductor merely reached for his stand and picked up a spare stick.

Singers, Be Careful: It is unbelievable what far-reaching effects music and drama have on audiences. George Earle was alone in his room practicing "Gee, I Wish I Had a Girl" when an honest-to-goodness lady happened to be walking down the hall. Now she is his wife. Out in this country somewhere there was a husband who for fifteen years had not helped with the housework. Then one night while listening to the "Raising Junior" Dixons, he suddenly went into the kitchen and washed the dishes.

A Chat with My Correspondents: Lora: Sorry, I can't give you the name of Ned (Love Story hero) Weaver's wife. Even though he does win the girl at the end of each broadcast, he is still a bachelor.

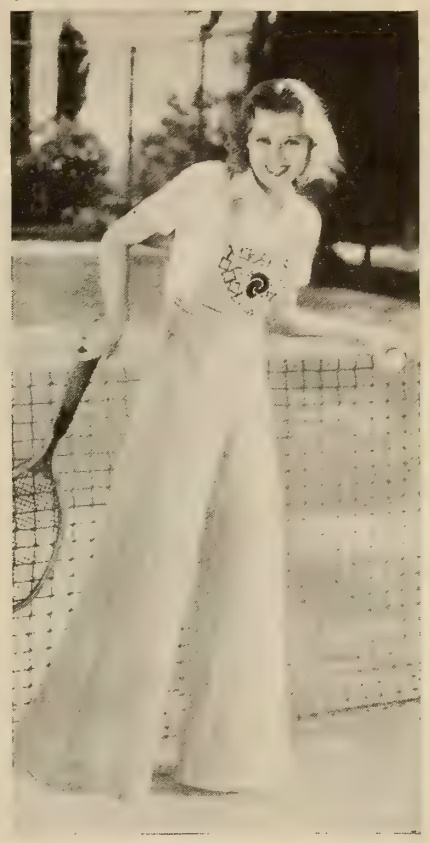
Q. T.: Nat Brusiloff is 28½. Guy Lombardo is 29. Rudy Vallee is 30¾. How old are you?

Bess: George Jessel and Eddie Cantor first appeared together in Gus Edwards' kid shows. Belle Baker and Walter Winchell were in the cast, too.

Jack: The 14-year-old newsboy who appeared on Singin' Sam's program on January 4th was Vinnie Shand. Pretty good, wasn't he?

EVALYN KNAPP, *Warner Bros. player, chooses this moulded evening gown — difficult to wear but charming with her slender, rounded figure. Pajamas for tennis are attractive and comfortable.*





FIGURES NEVER LIE...TODAY!

ROUNDED SLIMNESS and youthful curves are the keynote for the current year. Modern fashions are moulded to the figure. Where dresses once concealed, they now reveal. Never was a good figure so important.

Yet we must use wisdom in achieving this desired figure. So many women, today, have lost both health and beauty, because of a faulty reducing diet.

Two things are needed in a meal to promote proper elimination. These are "bulk" and Vitamin B, both of which help tone the system. If they are lacking, faulty elimination soon develops. Complexions become sallow. Eyes lose their gaiety. Headaches, loss of appetite and energy follow.

Yet improper elimination is usually unnecessary. Avoid it by eating Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Science tells us that this delicious cereal provides both "bulk" and Vitamin B. Its bulk is similar to that of leafy vegetables.



Isn't it reasonable to use this delightful cereal rather than pills and drugs—so often habit-forming? Two tablespoonfuls daily of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN will prevent and relieve most types of faulty elimination.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is also a good source of iron for the blood. Serve as a cereal, or cook into bran muffins, breads, omelets, etc. It is not fattening. Recommended by dietitians. Recipes on the red-and-green package. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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Leading motion-picture actresses are shown to you in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Everything from sports-togs to evening gowns. In addition, the booklet is full of valuable information on how to reduce wisely. Free upon request.

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Nestle Permanent Wave, long bob, Hair treated with Combination Hot Oil Treatment and Shampoo.

"Her Hair Grows Lovelier Every Day"

Leading beauticians depend upon this Hot Oil Treatment to revitalize lifeless hair. It stops falling hair, removes dandruff, cleanses the scalp and nourishes the hair to new vigor and beauty. It also makes the ideal shampoo, as it is free from soap or alkali. Everyone in the family should use it.

Super Set

The superb Nestle waving lotion for finger waves or water waves. It makes every wave more glamorous and longer lasting. SuperSet is greaseless and fast drying. There is no deposit or sediment. The SuperSet wave is the finest wave you ever had.

ColoRinse

Use it after your next shampoo for the new tone color it will give your hair. It is neither a dye nor a bleach, but a harmless, vegetable compound. It gives the hair a natural, radiant loveliness and restores its youthful sheen and glamour. Two rinses in one package for 10c.

The Nestle-LeMur Co., New York City

10c Small sizes at all 5c and 10c stores large size at your beauty parlor.

My Strange Experiences at Valentino's Grave

(*Continued from page* 33)

Apocalypse." It was in this rôle, written by Miss Mathis, that Rudolph Valentino won undying fame. The crypt in which he now lies belongs to Miss Mathis. In the tier below lie her mother and stepfather. The space next to Valentino is reserved for Miss Mathis' husband. (Note: Upon the death of June Mathis Balboni, July 26, 1927, Valentino was moved to the next crypt and she was given her own.)

September 8: The public, denied admittance yesterday, are thronging in today to view Valentino's burial place.

Hundreds of people have passed down the corridors of the mausoleum to pay last respects to their screen idol. The crowd, as an average, has been well behaved, but a few hysterical women have prostrated themselves, crying aloud their love for "Rudy." Such demonstrations are embarrassing to the cemetery authorities, but it is difficult to know how to combat them.

September 9: More people and more demonstrations.

September 10: Still more people and a particularly violent fit of hysteria. It is a shame that sincere affection for a public figure such as Valentino must be besmirched by exhibitionists.

September 11: The souvenir hunters have been at work. They have torn buds and ribbon from the floral offerings until little remains of the magnificent wreaths. It will be well to keep constant watch for vandalism—ghoulishness may be a better word.

SPECIFIC stories of certain of the thousands of people who daily thronged the mausoleum are lacking in the early chapters of this account. Pete did not "take his pen in hand" to report contacts with individuals until a later date.

Perhaps the mere vastness of the multitudes who came to pay homage precluded "human interest" reporting. The daily total of thousands was reduced to hundreds as time wore on, but the hundreds remained faithful. Valentino associations were formed in various sections of the country.

The next item to beg inclusion here has to do with the auction sale of Valentino's estate. It began December 14th, 1926, with the sale of some five thousand items of his personal possessions. These items ran from small trinkets to expensive pieces of furniture, tapestry and paintings. The auctioneers valued his personal belongings at $25,000. They brought $125,000.

It was the trinkets and intrinsically valueless properties that sold for many times their worth. Single handkerchiefs brought bids of as much as twenty-five dollars. A pair of salt and pepper shakers were purchased by a man for twelve-fifty. He was the manager of a hardware store that sold identical shakers for seventy-five cents. But the merchandise he sold so cheaply had not once belonged to Valentino.

The auction sale, of course, stimulated additional interest in Valentino's burial place. The crowds that visited the mausoleum again increased, but in a few weeks they had returned to normal. The cemetery officials grew to expect a hundred or more people daily. That number varied but little until the first anniversary of Valentino's death. Then the crowds were swelled again.

Joseph Schenck, president of United Artists studio, was chairman of the first memorial committee. Rudolph Valentino had died at noon and exactly at noon, one year later, work ceased at all the studios. The afternoon was devoted to memorial services at the Church of the Good Shepherd, attended by everyone of consequence in Hollywood.

That was August 23rd, 1927. A month later came a weird occurrence in Peterson's memoirs.

September 30: A woman came to the mausoleum today with the wildest delusion yet. She claimed she was about to become a mother and Valentino was the father of her child. This, thirteen months after his death.

The woman asked for permission to have a cot placed before Rudy's crypt, where she might stay until her baby was born. She went up to the cemetery office, and somehow or other they got rid of her.

December 10: The souvenir hunters are at work again. Noticed today that they have been chipping at the small statue on the pedestal in Valentino's corridor. I don't mind their taking flowers, but why must they spoil a beautiful piece of statuary?

February 3, 1928: There is a whole hand gone from that statue now and a few other parts broken. I had better not catch anyone chipping it, but I can't stay around watching it all day. I have other work to do.

March 8: I heard a crash this morning. It was the marble statue. Someone must have knocked it down trying to chip off a souvenir. By the time I got there, not a soul was in sight, but the statue didn't fall down by itself. I put it away in the shed. It's too bad, but I suppose I should be thankful that there is one less thing to watch.

June 1: The people you have to keep your eyes on are the ones that come in laughing and joking. I don't believe this is the place for wise-cracking and I am beginning to be suspicious of those who do it.

The ones who show proper reverence for the dead are usually above suspicion. When they tiptoe quietly down the corridors, scarcely speaking above a whisper, I know they are all right. It's the kidders that need watching. Probably one of them broke the marble statue.

June 3: I am sure I'm right about jokers. A fellow came in today and told me a joke. A few minutes later I caught him trying to get away with a small potted plant.

If people want souvenirs, why don't they ask me? I would be glad to let them have a flower when I know it means so much to them. Cut flowers have to be thrown away so soon anyway.

There was a girl in yesterday who asked for a rose from Valentino's crypt. She was from Chicago and going back in a few days. She said her boss had visited the mausoleum last year and had brought back a rose. He gave a petal from it to every girl in the office.

My Strange Experiences

The gift had been so greatly prized by the girls that this young lady had been made to promise she would attempt to get another rose.

Of course, I gave her several roses and a few beads from the wreaths a Valentino admirer had sent from the old country. When we found that people were destroying the wreaths, Alberto Valentino gave them to me for safe keeping. He told me to give some of the beads to the folks that really loved Rodolfo. There are thousands of small beads on each wreath, plenty to go around. If anyone is decent enough to ask for a souvenir, they are welcome. But I'm not going to have things stolen if I can help it.

August 23: It is the second anniversary of Valentino's death. Memorial services are being held again and beautiful floral remembrances are pouring in.

You might believe that after two years the memory of this great star would have dimmed. I can't see that it has. Of course, most of the curiosity-seekers have forgotten, but his real admirers have remained faithful. There must have been between four and five hundred people here today.

August 24: I don't know what I'm going to do with all these flowers. George Ullman, who was Valentino's manager, sent over a lot more today. He gets letters and telegrams from all over the world containing remittances for floral tributes. His secretary sees that everyone is represented by some blossoms. This she does with great care, as she holds it a high honor to serve the ones who loved Valentino. She personally selects each floral offering and spends hours helping me arrange them. That is, she arranges them and I help if I can.

We had our usual group of hysterical women yesterday and today. I am becoming accustomed to women screaming and crying for their "Rudy." But when men do it, it sort of gets me.

There was a little foreigner in today, a Frenchman, I think. He burst into tears and kissed the cold marble of Valentino's crypt, then turning, he practically ran from the building.

October 15: I met Mrs. Coppola today. She is the mother of the baby named for Rudolph Valentino. Of course, being Italian, the name is spelled Rodolfo.

The baby died at birth, September 29, and is in a crypt on the top tier of the Valentino corridor. The mother came today and stayed several hours reading her Bible and praying. I wish I could do something to comfort her in her great grief.

November 21: Mrs. Coppola was happier today than I have ever seen her. I asked her why and she told me a strange story of Valentino coming to her last night and talking to her. She said his spirit came to her house and knocked on the door. When she let him in, he told her that her baby was happy and not to grieve so much.

January 10, 1929: I haven't written anything in my diary for some time. Mrs. Coppola and I have become great friends. She calls me "Mr. Pete."

She comes regularly, at least five times a week, and always brings flowers

(*Please turn to page* 90)

You are in a BEAUTY CONTEST every hour of every day!

A CAKE of Camay Soap—and you have the finest beauty treatment in the world. Buy a dozen cakes—today—and watch this gentle soap bring out the natural beauty of your skin. With Camay your skin will glow with new, deep cleanliness!





Natural loveliness begins with immaculate cleanliness. But be sure you use only the most delicate, the safest, of beauty soaps on your precious skin!



The girl above is meeting her husband's big chief! What impression would you make if you were in her Beauty Contest? Every man, from office boy to president, responds to clean, natural loveliness.

Delicate Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Resolve to begin its use today and open up a new era of beauty for yourself and your precious skin!

YOU have only to *look* at a cake of Camay—the Soap of Beautiful Women—to know why 73 eminent skin doctors commend its use. Camay is creamy-white! There's no coloring matter—no "chalkiness" to dry out your skin. It is delicate, gentle, *safe* for that precious skin of yours. Luxurious Camay lather and warm water—then a cold rinse—and your skin has regained its natural shell-like beauty. It is soft, too—and smooth as flower-petals! You *are* in a Beauty Contest, every hour of every day. Let Camay help you win!

CAMAY

Copr. 1932, Procter & Gamble Co.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



My Strange Experiences at Valentino's Grave

(*Continued from page* 89)

from her own garden. These she divides equally between her baby and Valentino.

I found out today that she never saw Valentino except on the screen. When he died, she sold her home in San Diego and moved to Hollywood, taking a house within walking distance of the cemetery. She used to come over often, even before her baby died, but she came so early in the morning or late at night that I missed seeing her.

She tells me that she sees Valentino's spirit occasionally in her dreams and frequently hears him walking about the house at night. She has met Valentino's brother and sister, who come often, and once in a while they all pray together.

There is another woman who comes regularly once a week. She is always dressed in black and always brings flowers. Valentino's crypt will never lack floral tributes as long as his relatives, Mrs. Coppola, the lady in black, and the various Valentino organizations keep his memory alive. There is a group in London that has the cemetery florist deliver a basket of flowers every Saturday.

March 7: The lady in black is no longer a person of mystery. She told me a lot about herself today. She is very poor, which explains why she always wears the same black dress every week. A black and white hat and a long cape, reaching to her ankles, complete her costume.

Her husband left her several years ago with a small child to support. She earns all she can by doing housework of the hardest sort.

Valentino represents the only romance in her life. She went to the studio once to see him work, but was too bashful to ask for an introduction. She says, however, that he glanced her way and smiled while looking directly into her eyes. That moment she will treasure forever. A few weeks later, he left for New York, where he died.

She failed in her endeavor to meet him while he lived and now she spends what time she can by his side in death. The flowers she brings she feels are a pitiful offering as compared to the gorgeous wreaths she sees by his crypt. She seems furtively to slip her few blossoms among the others as though she is ashamed of the home-grown tribute. I know of none that are more sincere.

April 3: My lady in black came today. She kissed the marble front of Rudy's crypt, as she always does, and her face was still pressed to the cold surface when Valentino's brother came in.

She must have recognized Alberto from his pictures, for she seemed paralyzed by embarrassment. She simply cowed in a corner, as if to hide from him.

I knew she would like to meet Alberto, so I made a point of introducing them. When I told him how she came regularly to bring flowers, he thanked her graciously. I have never seen anyone so pleased.

June 8: My lady in black did not come this week or last. I miss seeing her and hope she is not ill. She can't afford to be sick from what she told me.

August 23: The third anniversary of Valentino's death. Again the flowers are being received in tremendous quantities. Perhaps a few less than last year.

All the regulars came except the lady in black. I'm worried about her. Wish I knew where she lives. (Note: Pete never heard of her again.)

October 4: There must be a convention of spiritualists around here somewhere. I have met more people who talked of having seen Valentino's spirit recently than I have since I've been with the mausoleum. They tell very convincing stories. I wonder what it is like to have the power to peer into the mystic realm of the dead?

On an average, I like these folks who talk of spirit forms. They are generally very quiet and well-mannered. Some are rather weirdly dressed, but that's probably for effect.

December 16: We had a real spiritualistic manifestation today. A woman came in and introduced herself as a medium. She said she had spoken with Valentino upon numerous occasions, but he always disappeared before she could ask him everything she wished answered. She had, therefore, traveled from somewhere in New England that she might hold a seance by his crypt.

Perhaps she wasn't asking my permission, but I told her to go ahead. I really don't care what people do just so they aren't noisy and don't steal or break anything.

This woman started to go into a trance when something happened. A series of knocks were actually heard from above the crypt!

The medium ran around in circles, crying "Hear! Hear! He knocks. Rudy knocks." She behaved like an insane person.

Others, attracted by her cries, came running down the corridor. Sure enough, there was a tap, tap, tap to be heard from above.

We investigated and found a large yellow-hammer had gotten into the attic of the mausoleum. How that bird had been able to get in remains a mystery today. But he was flying around crazily and the beating of his wings caused the tapping noise.

The bird and the spiritualist left the cemetery about the same time. I don't know which was the most crestfallen, but neither returned.

January 21, 1930: Some people don't realize when they are well off. A young lady came in today who had quarreled with her husband over some silly trifle. The argument started when she informed him that Rudy would not have treated her as he was treating her. He replied that, if she didn't like it, she could go live with Rudy. So she took his advice and left home.

She spent all day crying by the Valentino crypt.

January 22: The same girl has been around all day again. She says she is going to a get a job in the movies.

January 23: The girl didn't show up today.

January 24: She did this morning. When I came in, I found her asleep on the floor by Valentino's crypt. She

My Strange Experiences

came around last night and finding the mausoleum closed, she climbed through the window. Apparently she was attempting to follow her husband's advice about living with Rudy.

She was warned that if she tried the stunt again she would be liable to legal prosecution for unlawful entry. This isn't the first time somebody has tried to spend the night in the mausoleum and it won't be the last. Before closing up, we always look for people who might be hiding.

January 31: Heard today that the girl who climbed in the mausoleum window had returned to her husband. He came to get her and take her back home to the Middle West.

May 2: For more than a week now a very pretty young lady has been manufacturing her own souvenirs. Like the other girl who collected rose petals, she is from Chicago. These people from Chicago seem to do a lot of traveling. It seems as though one out of every ten visitors claims the Windy City as home.

This particular Chicagoan has been bringing a large bunch of yellow roses on her daily visits. She puts them in a receptacle by the crypt and clips off all the dying buds from previous contributions. These flowers she intends to take home as souvenirs from Valentino's grave. As she put them there, who has a better right to take them away?

July 14: I heard one of the strangest stories of my experience today. A middle-aged woman came in with an enormous bunch of flowers and made her way directly to the Valentino corridor. She seemed to know where she was going and I followed to offer her what assistance I could with her flowers.

As she neared Valentino, I heard her cry, "At last, Rudy, at last I have come. Your spirit has led me on, ever on, to view your final resting place. Rest, dear heart, rest." There was a lot more in the same vein.

Finally she turned to see me and asked for a container for her armful of flowers. When I returned, she asked if she might stay awhile. I told her certainly, and as she seemed fatigued, I brought her a chair.

While she rested, she told me her story of how Valentino's spirit had come to her as she lay ill on a hospital cot in a Southern city. Valentino whispered that she would get well immediately, but that she must make a pilgrimage to his tomb before she could find happiness.

The vision disappeared and she fell into a deep, restful sleep. When she awoke she felt nearly strong enough to leave the hospital. They discharged her two days later.

As she needed funds for the trip to California, she sought an office position and obtained one as secretary to a business executive. It was practically a case of love at first sight, and when the executive was called to Europe on business, he proposed that they take the trip for a honeymoon.

The only cause of a rift in their first months of happiness was the vision of Valentino. Her husband scoffed at the vision, calling it a hallucination of the

(*Please turn to page* 92)



Make Your Parties DIFFERENT!

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Birthday party, bridge party, engagement shower—the getting ready is almost as much fun as the party itself.

There are favors and prizes to select, games and decorations* to plan. There are crepe paper table cloths and napkins in lovely patterns, paper plates, so pretty and easy to use, nut baskets, place cards, snappers, noise makers.

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My Strange Experiences at Valentino's Grave

(*Continued from page* 91)

sick-room. But she was unable to dismiss it so easily.

When they returned from Europe, she insisted on following the advice of her vision. Her insistence forced a separation and in a small car she set out for California, narrowly escaping death in three accidents. Arriving in Hollywood, she drove straight to the cemetery.

She summed up her story by saying "Here I am at the end of my pilgrimage, exhausted but happy in the knowledge of my success. My task is done, I have kept faith. My plans for the future are not made, but if I can find work, I hope to remain in California."

July 21: It has been a week since the lady of the vision came. She appeared again this afternoon with more flowers. She told me that she had obtained work in a studio and planned to settle here. She was assured that she would find the happiness promised her by Valentino's spirit.

July 31: A man has been haunting the mausoleum for the last two days. Wonder who he is?

August 2: The mystery man is identified. He met his wife this morning, none other than the vision lady. They talked for some time in a secluded corner and apparently patched up all their differences.

He waited for his wife outside while she knelt by Valentino's crypt to say a last good-bye. She kissed the marble, whispering "Farewell, Rudy, dear heart, farewell." But she didn't stay long. Smiling, she followed her husband into the sunlight.

August 23: The fourth anniversary and a repetition of all the others. Flowers a little less profuse, but no other change.

September 3: Among today's visitors was a delightful little lady who informed me proudly that she was eighty years old and a great-grandmother. She wanted to buy the crypt directly over Valentino, but when I told her that he might be moved later on, as he was merely occupying a section of the June Mathis groups, she decided not to buy.

"He was so sweet," she said. "I loved him like one of my own children. If I cannot be near him always here, I will wait awhile until they decide where he is to be moved. Then perhaps it can be arranged." This at eighty years of age.

PETE'S diary ends here inasmuch as it concerns Valentino.

But he informs me that the fifth anniversary last August, in fact, was observed with greater interest than any since the first.

I withdraw all my contentions regarding the advisability of launching a $40,000 Valentino memorial at this time. The public, if invited, would undoubtedly subscribe $4,000,000, so dear is the memory of Valentino in their hearts.

Music in Color

(*Continued from page* 14)

who gets my vote every time. (This is a Victor record.)

DO you know that it needed ten microphones and an eighty-piece orchestra to record George Gershwin's "New York Rhapsody" at the Fox studios and that its original title was "Rhapsody in Rivets"?

"BY THE SYCAMORE TREE" is next, and this time we hear from two boys known to musicians the world over, the Dorsey Brothers—Tom and Jimmie, the big sax and trombone men. This is a peach of a record and goes to show you what real musicians can do when they get down to work. You will find good ensemble work and excellent soloists.

The other side is also by the Dorsey Brothers, the popular "O-o-h, That Kiss" from the musical comedy "The Laugh Parade." Although I don't like this so well as the preceding one, the Dorsey boys make it up with their playing. This also has a good vocal chorus. (This is a Columbia record.)

DO you know that Wayne King, who added much to his fame with his composition, "Goofus," is the proud possessor of a genuine goofus horn which resembles an oversized piece of Kentucky twist? Those who have heard the music produced by that horn say that competition would be impossible.

WALTER DONALDSON'S new tune is next, and as Walter hasn't turned out any sour ones yet, you can be fairly sure of what you will get. "An Evening in Caroline" is the title, and Ted Black and His Boys do the recording. This is a combination hard to beat. The vocal is by our old friend, Chick Bullock.

The other side is also by Ted and the boys, "Two Loves." It's a nice, easy-running tune without much snap. Frank Munn sings the vocal chorus. (This is a Victor record.)

Peter Van Steeden's theme song, "Home," is next, and this time we hear it as a vocal, by none other than Ruth Etting. As Miss Etting's records always meet with my approval, I can do nothing more than to say that this is good all the way through. The other side is also by Ruth Etting and is every bit as good, so who could ask for more? "All of Me" is the title. (This is a Perfect record.)

DO you know that the old favorite, "Pagan Love Song," is being brought to the public in a new form, this time as a full orchestra number? Lanny Ross, the radio artist, is responsible and does a good job. He and his quartet supply the final vocal chorus.

Memories

(*Continued from page* 10)

Warner Baxter and Billie Dove, who were working in the ghost town on "The Air Mail," that Death Valley Scotty did not have a dime he could call his own.

Waiting four hours for a train, at Shoshone Junction, in the heart of Death Valley.

Claire Windsor greeting Bert Lytell, at the Southern Pacific station in Los Angeles, when Bert returned from a location trip to the South Seas, and the crowd commenting on their great love. Their divorce a month later.

Charlie Chaplin and C. C. Julian, oil promoter, jousting with fists in a Russian night club on Hollywood Boulevard.

Adolphe Menjou standing on Betty Bronson's toe during a scene in, "Are Parents People," to prevent Betty trying to swing him around so she could get the close-up.

Lois Moran's mother advising Lois's colored maid to invest in a certain stock. The maid did, profited $16,000 and quit the Moran household.

Warner Baxter worrying about whether he could afford to have his roadster repainted. Then came, "Arizona," and—we can't remember how many new roadsters.

Buddy Roger's first heartbreak in Hollywood, when he came to Paramount, from the Paramount school, and thought he was going to play one of the brothers in, "Beau Geste." Ralph Forbes got the job.

George Godfrey, the colored pugilist, working in "Old Ironsides," at Catalina Island, inviting the hard-boiled extras to take a punch at his tummy.

Pola Negri's Colonial home on Beverly Drive, in Beverly Hills, furnished in Louis XIV style.

Wilbur Mack and Nella Walker, once a famous vaudeville team, married, then divorced, working in the same picture.

Victor McLaglen, the famous hard-boiled "Flagg" of "What Price Glory," raving over the beautiful roses he was cultivating on his Flintridge estate.

Will Rogers voluntarily planking down a check for $500 to head a fund for the families of studio employees killed in an airplane crash with Director Ken Hawks. At the same studio, a star in the million dollar class offering $25, which was later increased.

Raymond Griffith, when starring in pictures, carrying his entire makeup on the set in a paper bag.

The sad passing of the beautiful Dorothy Seastrom, one of the first victims of the Hollywood dieting fad.

The brave attempt of Alma Rubens to reclaim herself—and its utter failure.

MEN LIKE SWEETS

Most men like tomato juice cocktail, beef steak and onions and string beans—but they also like cocoanut cake, chocolate fudge and a variety of other sweet dishes. If you want to know precisely what the majority of men like to eat and how they like their food prepared, send 10 cents, plus 2 cents postage, to Rita Calhoun, care of New Movie Magazine, and we will send you a set of loose leaf recipes and menus giving dishes that have proved to be favorites.



April Showers TALCUM 25c

April Showers FACE POWDER 50c

April Showers PERFUME From $1. to $4. the flacon

April Showers EAU DE COLOGNE From 25c an ounce to $3.75 the flacon of thirty-two ounces.

Enhance your appeal with April Showers Perfume. It scents a complete line of toiletries including a ten cent size Talcum, Face Powder and Toilet Water of identical quality — obtainable at all "5c and 10c" stores.

April Showers
CHERAMY
PARIS



If I Had My Life To Live Over

(*Continued from page* 29)

I snatched the atrocious looking hat from my head and released the curls. Mr. Clifton turned and gazed in amazement. Slowly his face diffused into a grin. He studied me a little more and then said:

"That's more like it. Can you act?"

My word for the latter was hardly enough. The director put me through various scenes which I later learned were highlights in the picture. I must have been pretty awful because I made no impression on him. At last he asked if I could cry. Remembering my previous experience I thought that here again was failure. My heart sank, but there was no alternative—I had to go through with it Perhaps those tears were from my heart. At any rate, when the scene was finished Mr. Clifton approached me.

"I guess you'll do," he said. "But I can't pay you very much. All I can afford is thirty-five dollars a week."

I'll never know what prompted me to speak up.

"Fifty!" I said.

Mr. Clifton looked at me for a moment. Then he smiled rather wearily, I thought.

"Very well, then," he said. "We'll make it fifty."

EXTERIORS for the picture were being made in New Bedford, Conn., and so in a few days, with the wife of one of the cameramen as my chaperon, we departed for location. I was now a full-fledged motion picture actress—one who could not correctly apply makeup.

Those days at New Bedford were trying ones. I was homesick. I fretted about my mother. I was terrorized when facing the cameras. Had it not been for Mr. Clifton's patience, his understanding and his consideration, I believe the second lap of my screen career would have terminated right then and there. However, he helped me over the many rough spots and I acquired a knowledge of mechanics of motion picture acting which I have retained to this day.

In spite of my worries and cares, however, life did have its amusing side. I remember one incident which stands out clearly in my mind to this day.

The cameraman's wife was a dear, but as a chaperon she was very, very strict. Each evening, about nine o'clock, she would take me to my room, see that I was ready for bed, and then lock me in.

This hurt. I was just like every other girl and I wanted a good time occasionally. On location I had met some of the boys in the town and one, in particular, begged me to attend dances with him. He was so persistent I finally accepted.

So, that evening after I had been tucked into bed and the door locked, I got out of bed, dressed and climbed out of the window to meet my young suitor. We went to the dance. He was mystified when I refused to drink and nearly fainted when I turned down his cigarettes. What kind of an actress was I?

But when I repulsed his advances for what now would be known as "light necking," he gave up completely. I remembered two things my mother had impressed upon me.

"Clara," she had said, "always remember this. Never take a drink of liquor and never let the boys kiss you until you are old enough to know what real love is. Remember those two things and you'll come out all right."

I remembered my mother's advice, but I am afraid I ruined a nice evening for the young man at that time.

He boosted me in the window and my absence was never discovered although I was a sleepy child on the set the next morning.

BACK in Brooklyn, I spent many anxious months waiting for the picture to be edited and released. This time I said nothing to my companions, fearing a repetition of my first sorry "debut." Those were gloomy days. Mother was growing steadily worse. My father was nearly sick from worry. And, my fate hung in the balance.

Finally the great day came. "Down to the Sea in Ships"—MY picture—was being shown at the neighborhood theater. This time I took only my cousin, Billy Bow, and there again, in the darkness of that funny little playhouse I awaited the thrill which was not long in coming. This time I really was on the screen. I was playing a rôle. I stared at myself. The cold chills began running races up and down my spine. I grabbed Billy by the arm, but words would not come. There I was on the screen! Many times since that day have I been thrilled, but never like that!

I saw myself in Hollywood, a great star. My future was assured. This time I had won!

Billy and I sat through three performances before I realized the time. As we left the theater it was early evening and crowds were forming. As I passed a display of still pictures advertising the production in the lobby I made an excuse to stop. In standing in front of one of my own photographs I feigned to fix my hair and tried to call the attention of the crowd to the fact that they were gazing upon the girl who played one of the important rôles in the picture. I wanted to shout that I, Clara Bow, was the great screen star they were about to see. But disappointment again. Not a soul gave me a passing glance.

Then came the big news which was to make my dream come true. J. G. Bachmann, an independent producer who was associated with B. P. Schulberg in making motion pictures, saw a screening of "Down to the Sea in Ships." Impressed with my performance, he wired Mr. Schulberg on the Coast and asked permission to place me under contract. At this urging Mr. Schulberg saw the picture and wired his partner that he agreed I was cute, but that was all. He saw no place for me among his contract players. Mr. Bachmann, however, insisted and through an agent who had attached himself to me, I finally signed a contract to go to Hollywood at a very, very small weekly salary. My dream was now complete.

Let me say right now, that my idea of Hollywood was nothing short of my conception of Heaven. I admit, frankly, I believed the streets to be paved with gold; that all persons connected with motion pictures were

If I Had My Life to Live Over

princes and princesses; that dresses of the stars were made of silver and jewels and that life in and around the studios was just one round of happiness after another. And this was to be my new life.

I, Clara Bow, sensitive, ambitious child, hardly over adolescence was to be projected into this Utopia.

I, Clara Bow, the lonely little girl, whose youth had been full of sorrow, unhappiness and heartbreak, was to be a part of this colorful, wonderful city which gave nothing but fame and fortune with careless gestures.

I, Clara Bow, with a background far from the usual birthright of the average child, was to taste glory and riches. It was a dream, too beautiful to contemplate, but I lived it to the utmost, building the illusion to fit my childish fancies. Little did I know about the realities of Hollywood then, but little did I care. Had I known what I know now——.

IN the midst of my joy another thunderbolt of sorrow struck. My mother, who seemed to be improving, suffered a stroke and passed away.

My own plans were swept into the background and forgotten, as I gave way to overwhelming grief and for weeks I thought of nothing but the great feeling of loneliness which settled upon me after my mother's death.

It was my father, however, who took me in hand and persuaded me to continue with my plans as a means to putting my mind at rest. He showed me that grieving would do no good and that as long as my future appeared to be somewhat secure I should go to Hollywood and realize my great ambition. After a little argument, I acquiesced.

And so, in the company of my agent, I stepped aboard the train which was to take me to the land of my desires.

My mind was in a turmoil. Despite my grief and my anticipation of the future there was something on my mind which mystified me.

(*To be continued*)

Next month Clara Bow reveals, for the first time, what actually happened to her in Hollywood—her fears—her struggles — and how and why she came to be known finally as the "It" girl.

FREE! THIS DOUBLE GIFT!



MRS. SCHEIBEL IS ENTHUSIASTIC!

"You don't mean to tell me there are still people missing such wonderful labor-savers as La France and Satina!"

Mrs. L. F. Scheibel Etna, Pennsylvania

DON'T miss the chance to try La France and Satina—free! Send the coupon—today! Get your sample packages—enough for a family wash. See for yourself what labor-saving really means. La France not only soaks away dirt quickly—but *it blues and cleans at the same time*—doing away with the work of lifting clothes in and out of bluing tubs!

"I live in the outskirts where things get so muddy," writes Mrs. Scheibel, "but I don't notice any hard labor to washing and ironing with La France and Satina." That has been the happy experience of thousands of other women, too! La France takes out dirt and grease quickly and thoroughly—*and without hard rubbing!* And remember—it blues as it cleans! Blues perfectly—without a streak.

You use La France with your regular laundry soap. Wash your clothes in the usual way—(many women who use a washing machine find they need run it only half the usual time).

In an amazingly short time, your wash will be on the line. The sweetest, cleanest, freshest wash you've ever looked at! White clothes snowy white! Colored ones bright and gay! And all done so quickly and easily! La France does a beautiful job on dainty garments and delicate tints, too. It will not harm fragile things, and it keeps white silks from yellowing. Give it a free trial and see for yourself.

We'll also send you a trial-size package of Satina. Satina keeps the iron from sticking and makes it glide easily over the clothes. When you use Satina in the starch, you'll have no more arm-aches from ironing! Satina keeps clothes clean much longer, and gives a lovely fragrance. Just dissolve Satina in boiling starch, and starch as usual.

Mail the coupon—this minute! Treat yourself to a trial of these two splendid laundry helpers! © 1932, G. F. CORP.

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General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario

Your grocer sells La France and Satina. Both are products of General Foods Corporation.

From one Blonde to another



"Blondes of the screen are continually under the merciless glare of Klieg lights. To heighten hair loveliness—in the studio and out—many of us depend on Duart Hair Rinse which comes from the same laboratories that give us our Duart Permanent Waves."

Claudia Dell

Applied after the shampoo, Duart Hair Rinse softens and lightly tints the hair. Far more than that, it adds a glow as of sunlight on your hair. It brings out high lights that even you did not suspect were lurking in the shadows of your tresses. In 13 tints—from ash blonde to black. Dissolve the little packet of powdered sunlight in warm water and pour it over the hair.

DUART RINSE



that tints your hair and preserves your permanent wave.

10¢ at drug and department stores. Also Owl and Liggett stores on the Pacific Coast.

A million women, from Coast to Coast, have Duart Permanent Waves.

Should A Woman Tell?

(*Continued from page* 41)

that it was astounding:

"I am your mirror."

In those four words he summed up the eternal attitude of a man in love.

AND I agree. Let a woman look into the eyes of the man who loves her to discover what sort of a person she is. If she be fine, his whole being will be splendid. If she is treacherous, she can expect treachery . . . and deserve it.

If that woman in the play had laughed at her clown, she would have sent him back to his vaudeville a broken-hearted man . . . with a grotesquely funny face and shredded soul. I could have kissed her when all she did was to smile and draw his head down to her breast and hold him, almost as a mother would enfold her little boy. And the actress who played the part looked out over the clown's head and the audience could see her smile . . . it was a smile of happiness that comes to a woman when she feels for the first time that her man is hers.

Kindling a man's love is next to a woman's most divine task. Her supreme duty and joy are in keeping it.

I RECALL another story which told of a woman who did not laugh at a man in love. I know the man who wrote that story and I'll swear it happened to him. I'll quote the opening incident. This is how it reads:

"She lay asleep in his arms and contentment made her more beautiful than he could possibly imagine. They were in love, this Ben Ames and Fedora Mayfield; not love that had been blessed, religiously, but love that understood a great deal."

This is no essay upon what constitutes great love, but there was an incident that happened between those two which Ben could never keep to himself. He had to tell the world, but he always explained it as an incident he had heard about so that his auditors would never suspect it had happened to him. In this device he was over optimistic, for his enthusiasm, during the narration, was too vivid. Invariably his audiences congratulated him at the finish of his story.

"What do you think of this fellow's luck?" was usually the manner of his beginning . . . and the telling of his story always thrilled him immeasurably.

"It seems," and he would try to assume the impersonality of a doctor discussing an unusual case, "it seems," he would say, "that this chap knew an amazing girl . . . she understood so much about men . . . and this is the way he knew she did.

"One night they had been out very late and when he got back with her he stood in front of the window of her bedroom. He was very romantic as he looked out that window because, just above the trees he could see the moon. It was absolutely round . . . the full moon . . . and so he stood there and watched the moon and told her all the things he thought and felt. They were wonderful things . . . about how he hoped he would awake and find the soft light of that full round moon shining on her face, as she lay asleep. And she came and stood beside him and looked out at the moon and caressed him very gently for the lovely things he was saying. But she never said a word. And that was that.

"Then three nights later, he was in front of that window again. Can you imagine how he felt when he saw the same moon—as round and romantic as ever? His first sensation was one of gratification, of delight that again he could hold her in his arms before that window and, in the pale soft light tell her how close he was to heaven.

"Then he suddenly recollected that moons do not, even for lovers, remain three days in their fullness so he said softly to himself:

"'My God.'

"She asked him why the sober exclamation. He turned and asked:

"'Did you know three nights ago that the moon I was raving about was the street light?'

"She came very close to him and was almost apologetic as she nodded and whispered:

"'I have known it ever since I moved into this house.'"

There was a woman who was clever enough not to puncture a delicate little soap bubble of romance! A man adores that sort of consideration in the woman who has come to attract him.

IT would seem that, so far, the man in this courtship has done practically nothing but be the recipient of sympathetic consideration . . . that he has done nothing whereby he might be considered the aggressor.

Leave that to your man. He will play his part. He needs to know only that his attentions are meeting with a half response to plunge madly ahead. I know of few greater pleasures than watching the man one has come to adore, transformed by love.

There is something a little too sophisticated about the delicate attentions of a foreigner. His deference, his desire to please the slightest whim of his beloved, seems always a little too well thought out; too studied.

Not so your American! He blossoms like the morning glory. Sometimes his very ardor makes his extravagant adoration the least bit comic. That is the moment when to laugh would perhaps be a relief. Woe betide her who does! He has all the bounding energy of any other young animal, who asks nothing but to be admitted to the divine presence of the object of his affections and who is happiest when sent on errands of love. It is difficult to penetrate the diffidence of the American. He is too sensitive, if he is worth while. The love side of his character must be lured to demonstration by the most delicate methods.

There are no rules for such a game to be written down in cold type. We women are emotionally accurate enough to gauge our man; to know just the moment when the lyrical side of his disposition is clamoring for release and appreciation. It is in our power to bestow such release and our reward is to be loved and in being loved, to be served. And our man is only too anxious to serve us, although thereby he places another duty upon us. He puts us to the severe test of knowing how to direct and accept service without costing the servant his self-respect. It is said that a gentle-

Should A Woman Tell?

man or gentlewoman can be judged best by the manner in which he or she treats his servants.

A WOMAN can never cost her man his self-respect without their love ending in bitter hatred. Never, oh, never, belittle the man who is growing to love you! I have seen too many engaged couples go through this tragedy. How often have you noticed some fiancée, or some girl whose man openly acknowledged his love for her, put him through his paces in public; make him fetch and carry for the sheer delight of showing off her power over him? Perhaps she wants to show some other girl that she is loved. Perhaps she wants to demonstrate her lover's abject devotion for the benefit of some other man. Or she may be so utterly and despicably low that she wants only to satisfy her vanity. In any case she is a disgusting spectacle. There is only one worse: the wife who does these things. More about her later.

A woman does not have to parade a man's adoration. He will do that, in the highways and the byways: by day and night, to anyone he can find who will listen. He will do all this so long as his self-respect is intact.

I would say that self-respect is the armor of love.

It is more than that, for it not only protects love from the world without, but stimulates it by elevating affection and passion, especially the latter, to the supreme heights. Self-respect must be maintained by a woman as well as by a man. In the fascinating intimate side of growing love, how tremendously important it is!

But first let me explain what I mean by saying that self-respect is the armor of love. You must be a woman your man can be proud of. Men are as vain as peacocks. They may not care about their attire. They may be indifferent as to what people think about their work, their habits, but a man wants the world to admire his woman. He wants people to think you are wonderful: to tell him how smart you are, both mentally and physically. He would like to have you as beautiful to all as you appear to him, but he will let that pass, so long as people tell him you are intelligent and desirable. He wants to be able, when you precede him down the aisle at a theatre or a restaurant, or into a party, to address everybody within the range of his vision, under his breath, of course, and say:

"Take a good look at her. She belongs to me—body, soul and disposition."

Well, no woman ever lost love by playing up to this harmless and perfectly little-boyish side of man's vanity. It is a good thing for women to do it. It is good for a man's self-respect. If the woman is a slattern, if she does not keep herself up, if by the countless ways known to women, she prevents her man from being proud of her . . . she has done irreparable damage to his self-respect. She has stripped the protecting armor from his love . . . the public side of it, at least. The intimate side will suffer soon after.

So when a woman is in public with the man she has selected to be her

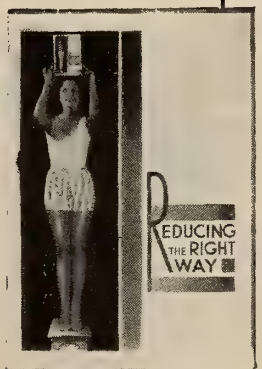
(*Please turn to page* 98)



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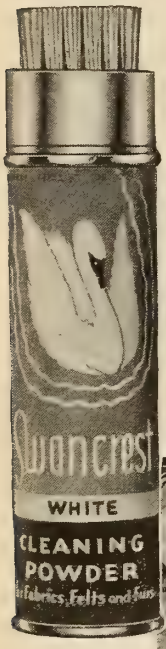


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Should A Woman Tell?

(*Continued from page 97*)

lover, let her be careful that she does not encroach upon his self-respect. It is not for her to try to outshine him among men. She must not demand the center of the stage, or try by her feminine artifices, to occupy that heady position. Not many people can do it gracefully.

Rather, she must hold back a little: encourage him to expand and do the showing-off. Again self-respect and pride enter into the situation. The proper woman is glad to let her man show his best side to others. He has no corner on pride. She is also possessed of it. A woman who is a woman wants her man to take first place in public. If she is smart she watches him with glowing eyes and feels the genuine and thrilling satisfaction of knowing she is fundamentally responsible for his attractiveness, his self-confidence and his self-possession.

I HAVE seen celebrated men, holding a vast assemblance spellbound by the force of their words. And in the moment of the climax of their power, stop for the fraction of a second to look for approbation in the eyes of just one person in all the crowd: the woman they love. What greater satisfaction can a woman know than that she alone is his inspiration; that her man desires and seeks only her approval! Take this example and expand or contract it to fit your own case. It works under any circumstances.

The woman has strengthened her man's self-respect. She has fortified his love against outside opinion. No amused grimaces: no sneers can ever penetrate beyond the fortress of his self-respect, to harm the love that is growing toward fulfillment within. That is what I mean when I say I believe self-respect is the armor of love.

What about the intimate side of self-respect?

I wonder if many women realize how much their past has to do with their man's self-respect?

Plays, novels, short stories and unpenned tragedies of life have been written about the ever recurrent question, "Shall I tell my lover my past?" I will tell you frankly that the answer is neither "Yes" nor "No."

Women who tell men all their past relations with other men are fools.

Women who tell men nothing about their past relations with men are fools.

It would almost seem that a woman is caught between these two classical rocks upon which mariners were wrecked; Scylla and Charybdis, when they came face to face with the decision as to just what they must tell their beloved.

They must tell him something, for every woman, I don't care how young and inexperienced she may be, has a past. It may exist principally in her own imagination. It may be written in bold headlines in all the newspapers . . . but it is nevertheless a past. A woman would not be perfect without a past. It is something she takes a certain latent pride in, if only in her mind.

SO we will say that there is a past. It may be wholly imaginary . . . it may be terrific. Whatever it is, a past does not count. Believe me. I know. I will qualify that and say that a past does not count so long as it remains just that; a past. If it rears its head, then, no matter how charming it may have been when it was present . . . it becomes an ugly menace to love.

Suppose we take a very innocent young girl for our first example.

Her past is a matter of a clandestine meeting after school, a quick and furtive clasp of the hand: a kiss perhaps, but such a hasty one that there has been no substance, no body to it. Or it may have been a secretly exchanged series of notes with some sad-eyed, flushing youth, who would die for her. I know one little girl, whose past consisted merely of watching a lad in her town turn cart-wheels in front of her home. But in her imagination these absurd gestures were a decided and somewhat immoral past. You see, the glamour of a past is purely relative.

SOME women have decided that their past is too gruesome to tell their lover anything about. To the question, "Who have you loved before?" they have answered "No one, my darling." I'll grant that at the moment, and especially if they have been in their man's arms at the time, their answer has been, to them, true.

When a woman loves a man she forgets her past. When a man loves a woman, he tries to forget there ever was a past. He tries to kill all thoughts of it: tries valiantly and can succeed, with a little help. It is the degree of help that is the ticklish problem. I would say that a woman ought to tell her betrothed about the men of her past only as her conscience dictates and to the degree of her love for him.

How often has a man in love asked the woman:

"How much did that man I saw you going around with last winter mean to you? Just what was he to you?"

You will notice that the man always asks how much another man meant to a woman. He is not concerned with what this woman meant to the other man. He can forgive any other man falling in love with his adored one. Why shouldn't other men love her! He does. But a man wants to believe those other loves were futile: hopeless. And the woman who values his happiness and peace of mind will convince him of just that.

Perhaps she will have to lie a little. If she does, I feel that it is done in a good cause. Let us suppose she was in love with that man of her past. She is no longer. She is in love with the man of her present and, she hopes, of her future. A woman cannot love two men at the same time. She may have countless masculine friends. I'll grant that. But no two men can occupy her emotions at the same moment.

Pola Negri will continue her interesting comments on life and love in the May issue of New Movie Magazine.

Hollywood Diet New Style

(*Continued from page* 72)

Breakfast: Half canteloupe, popovers, coffee.
Lunch: Molded spinach and egg salad, pickled beets, fruit cookies, chocolate.
Dinner: Boiled pork tenderloin, caramelized apples, onions au gratin, head lettuce, iced tea and wafers.

On Thursday Miss Dunne allows herself to have potatoes again:
Breakfast: Sliced oranges, scotch scones with currant jelly, coffee.
Lunch: Stuffed peppers on toast, hot tea biscuits with maple syrup, iced tea.
Dinner: Baked ham with whipped cream horseradish sauce, scalloped potatoes, watercress salad, hot tea, sherbet.

Friday's menu is light but satisfying:
Breakfast: Orange juice, graham muffins, coffee.
Lunch: Chicken salad, salty wafers, green peas, iced tea.
Dinner: Broiled lamb chops with mint jelly, potatoes au gratin, buttered spinach.

And for dinner on Saturday night Miss Dunne chooses a more elaborate menu although her lunch is very light:
Breakfast: One slice of ham, graham muffins with grape jelly, coffee.
Lunch: Fruit salad, buttered toast, hot chocolate.
Dinner: Rolled roast with parsley dressing, sweet pickles, rolls, mushroom caps, Lyonnaise potatoes, vegetable salad, fruit sherbet, coffee.

Certainly not a starvation menu, Miss Dunne's weekly program will keep you in good health and good humour.

Walking to Beauty

(*Continued from page* 68)

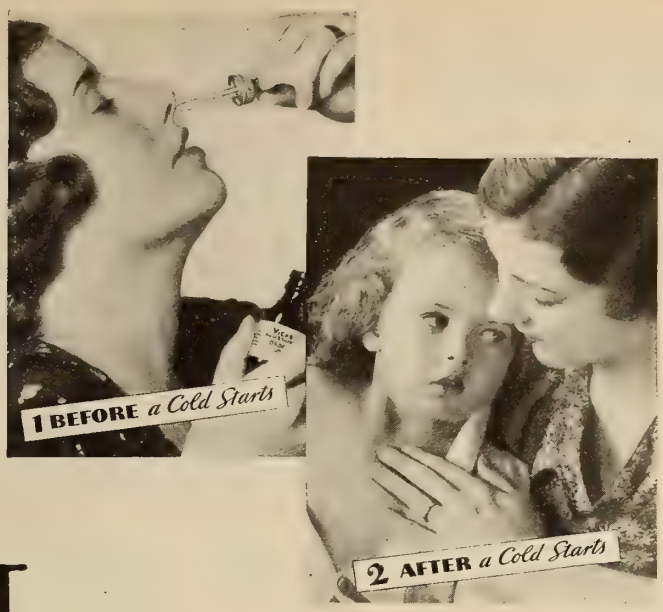
general health rebuilding effects. Leila doesn't really have to worry so much about keeping her figure down—or she gives that appearance, anyway.

She's an outdoor girl who still is delicate and dainty as any hothouse flower. Blonde, naturally curly hair and her soft creamy complexion give her an added femininity while her lithe young figure lets you know that she has more than a passing acquaintance with outdoor sports.

In the summer she allows her skin to grow brown—in pleasing contrast to that blonde hair. During these months she goes minus powder. A slight touchup of the lips with a faint shading of rouge and eye shadow suffices for her makeup then and her clear tanned skin is not concealed.

She keeps her hair in beautiful condition. Pure liquid soap with plenty of water is her shampoo method—with a lemon rinse to bring out the sheen of her hair.

Her greatest charm is that of naturalness—a naturally lovely skin, hair that is naturally curly and blonde—and all of these features kept in the pink of condition so that there will be no necessity for hiding or changing them.



Mothers adopt VICK PLAN for "Colds-Control"

Means Reduction of the Number, Severity and High Costs of the Family's Colds

Doubly welcome to mothers is news that the makers of Vicks VapoRub have perfected a Plan for better "Control-of-Colds"—to lessen the number and severity of colds and reduce their costs in money, lost time and health. The Plan is introduced along with Vicks Nose and Throat Drops, based on a new idea for *preventing* colds—companion product to VapoRub, the modern, external method of *treating* colds.

HERE, BRIEFLY, IS THE VICK PLAN:

1. BEFORE *a Cold Starts*—

When children come in sniffling and sneezing, apply a few Vicks Drops up each nostril. Use the Drops yourself at that first scratchy, sneezy irritation of the nose or upper throat—Nature's warning that you are "catching cold." If you or the children catch cold easily, use the Drops after exposure to any condition you know is apt to be followed by a cold—dry, over-heated rooms—indoor crowds—sudden changes, wet or cold—dust and smoke—etc., etc.—and there is the slightest stuffiness. Used in time, many colds can be avoided.

2. AFTER *a Cold Starts*—

At night, massage the throat and chest well with Vicks VapoRub. Spread on thick and cover with warm flannel. Leave bed-clothing loose around the neck so that the medicated vapors arising can be inhaled all night long. During the day—any time, any place—use Vicks Drops as needed for ease and comfort. This gives you full 24-hour treatment—and without the risks of constant internal "dosing," so often upsetting to digestion, especially the delicate digestions of children.

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Now It Can Be Told

(*Continued from page* 31)

I learned, much later on, that Ramon was a great admirer of my work. When he was asked if the Elsie Janis Company could come and watch him making a film, he tells me that he was quite excited about it and welcomed them royally, expecting every minute that I would appear. Meanwhile I was over at another studio, trying hard to conceal the excitement that I felt in the presence of the one and only Rudy to whom my emotions probably meant nothing! Just another case of bad casting! My company told me that evening what a nice boy Ramon was, how courteous, gentle, simple, but at the time I was looking for bigger and stronger adjectives!

SEVERAL seasons passed and I returned to California in vaudeville. Again Ramon was in the first row, but this time I was at the peep-hole watching him all through the act which preceeded my own. I had seen him in some film where he had checked the halo out of range of the cameras, and had "caught" enough of the latent rogue shining from those soulful orbs to start me asking my friends if they knew Ramon Novarro.

"No one knows him," they answered. "He never goes to parties. They say he is going to become a priest!"

"The robes will be very becoming," I observed, and immediately arranged to be shown over the Metro-Goldwyn studios the next day!

Ramon was apparently everything that I had been told, but my informants, sleuths, and guides who led me on to the stage where he was working had neglected to tabulate his greatest attribute, his sense of humour!

I met it socially in the first few phrases we exchanged, and I hope to be meeting it until I'm so old that I will have to depend on his gestures, hearing having flown on those well-worn wings of time. When I left the studio Ramon had accepted an invitation to dine at our house in Beverly Hills which we had taken for the summer. Quick and rather crude work! But one can't be coy when a lad is en route to a monastery!

For one hour before dinner, two days later, we discussed life and then religion, love and then religion, motion pictures and again religion. The strange part of it was that he became so thoroughly angelic when he talked of unearthy things that I found myself seriously reverting to a point of view I had nourished as a kid, which was to finish my days in a convent!

I argued strenuously with him against the advisability of using inexperience and innocence as a foundation for religion. How do you know whether you are really good or not when you close your eyes and mind to temptation? Don't misunderstand. I was not making any concrete proposition. I was really trying to sell him a theory that many of my friends had wished on me. See the world, see people, learn to understand what resistance means (said old lady Janis to young Novarro). Then if you can continue your march toward the peace and shelter of religion, I'm all for it.

By the end of that first evening we were real friends. I had found something elevating and spiritual in him. He had found something very earth-earthy in me. I looked at his wings beginning to sprout on his well-shaped shoulders and said, "He is swell!" He looked at my feet well on the ground and said, "She isn't as wild as she sounds!"

We were both right, and when summer was over we had struck a happy medium, which at time of going to press we are hanging on to!

ALL through that lovely, laughing summer, we swam in or lolled beside our swimming pool. My mother was devoted to Ramon. He has a tenderness for older women that is unending. Even the "Rogue" in all his pranks, practical jokes, and sometimes too frank expression is inclined to bow out in favor of Ramon the religious in the presence of matronly women who admit their age! To my friends he was a better drawing-card than any whale that ever graced a tank. To say, "Come to dinner; Ramon Novarro is dining with us," was equal to saying I have the original albatross of Ancient Mariner fame as a week-end guest! Among those who met, loved, and still love him, were Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Beth, his mother, Charley Farrell, Larry Kent. There were others; the membership was small; the club met constantly.

Today, of course, Ramon goes about a lot, but I shall always see him coming in shyly, and quietly, the battered fedora in one hand, and invariably a present of some sort in the other. His generosity is colossal. If someone gives him a lovely book, an amusing game, in fact anything which pleases him, he will not rest until he has found duplicates for several friends that he cherishes and with whom he wants to share joys. He still arrives with presents and quietly, but the quiet is one of assurance rather than shyness. Then, he was just a handsome youth who, as he is proud to admit, "got a break." Today he is a man who acts, sings, directs and is charming in three languages besides his native one. All that he has won since the "break" has been gained by working, and he knows that people rarely lose learning by playing.

ENTER Ramon, the Rogue! He loves to do stunts, acrobatic or intelligence testing. He likes to play accompaniments on the piano or guitar for other singers and does both with a master hand. He loves stories and tells them with a saintly expression which disarms most criticism, except my own. He is keen about solo dancing, having started his career as a Morgan dancer. When he goes into his rumba or bolera *Ben Hur* turns over in his chariot. I have seen him go through a formal party untieing the ties of all the male guests, regardless of age, prestige, or temperament. He enjoys talking of the days when he ushered in theatres. Today he has a perfect miniature playhouse of his own, in which he gives delightful concerts for about sixty-five guests, mostly relations.

When he arrived in New York a short time ago he went to the Savoy

Now It Can Be Told

Plaza. Being tired he took a nap and it lasted longer than he anticipated. Waking up at midnight with no plans, he proceeded to call all his pals, irrespective of where they were—Hollywood, Chicago, San Francisco, and so on—"far into the night." I received my call at two-thirty A. M. and I was one of a crowd. His great "kick" was derived from the fact that he could say he was Lloyd George, or Gandhi, and keep us guessing for minutes at several dollars a minute, then hear our cries of delight when we found out who it was.

Remember that this was playtime. He was vacationing. When he is on the job no one can pry him loose, except on Saturday night and then there is still mass the next day!

The "Rogue" was very much in evidence during his first trip to Europe. I had been describing the glories thereof for years, and finally he arrived in Paris when I was very busy staging what was billed as a death scene at the American Hospital in Paris. Somebody missed his cue, for I missed my exit and was pronounced out of danger shortly after Ramon's arrival.

Meanwhile he had gone directly to mother offering her all that he had in the way of comfort, sympathy, and even assistance in more than words. She told me in the morning that Ramon was coming to see me later in the day, and I in turn told all the nurses, who made it a point to stop in and say "Hello" each day, with the result that the corridor was buzzing with whispered "Ramon Novarros" and "Ben Hurs," the latter having been shown for over a year in "Paree." I remember thinking that the nurses were in for a shock if they expected Ramon to arrive complete with tunic and laurel wreath, but I didn't know the half of it.

I was taken out for a bit of sun in my wheel-chair after lunch, and "The Novarro," waxing bashful, did not announce himself but went directly to my room.

Finding the bed unoccupied and the door to the bathroom closed he discreetly withdrew, a lightning-like calculation leading him to the supposition that it was Saturday and perhaps bath day, even in France. He sat down in a chair in the hall and nearly an hour later, on my return from the sun porch, I found him there. It was only by grace of the fedora that I recognized him. He was practically hidden under most of the first spring lilacs. The twinkling brown "lamps" were wearing shades of smoked glass. The sensitive upper lip was hiding under what thought it was a mustache, and on the firm and sometimes stubborn chin was the funniest beard I have ever seen.

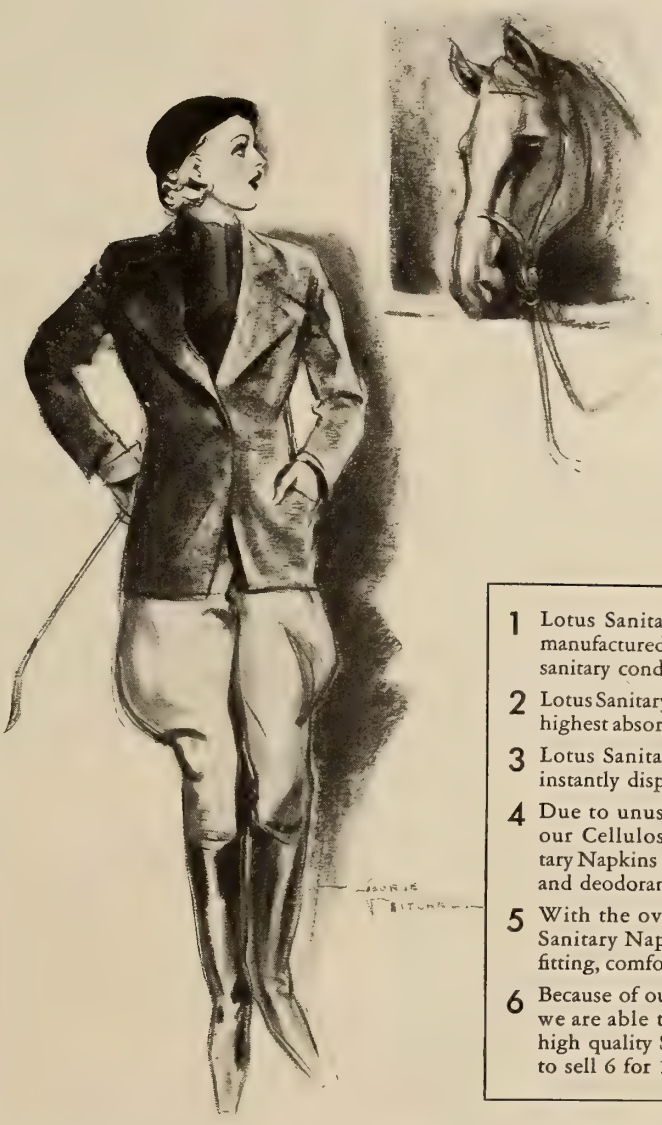
Every nurse on the floor had passed him by without even offering to buy his lilacs. I took him into my room quickly, careful not to mention his name. After all a nurse's life must be full of shattered illusions!

When I inquired why he was disguised, Ramon said, "Oh, Elseee!" (He has his own pronunciation of it.) "It's wonderful. I am seeing everything and everybody and no one recognized me." He paused, looked a bit sheepish, and added, "Besides, I'm afraid to take it off now, for I don't

(*Please turn to page* 102)

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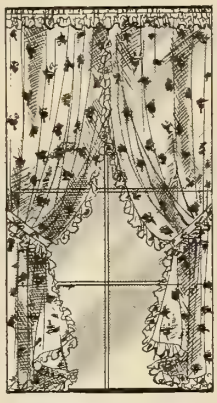


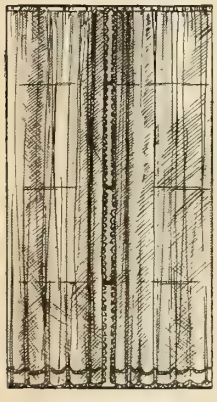
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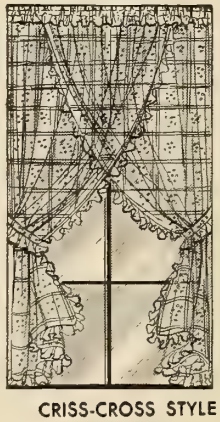
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261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Now It Can Be Told

(*Continued from page* 101)

want to know that no one recognizes me, anyway!"

That night he dined with mother in our apartment at the Crillon. She held the telephone in front of Ramon while he sang and played my favorite songs to me for at least twenty minutes. One by one the *Ben Hur* fans came in to take their turn at the telephone receiver.

"What a lovely voice!" they whispered, one after the other. "I wish we could see him!"

"I wish you could. Maybe he will come out some day," I answered, and no one knew what was tickling me. No! I don't mean the beard!

I have seen quite a bit of Ramon during the last year, as I also have been working at the Metro Studio, and to see him directing and acting in French and Spanish was a revelation to me. I think he will make a really fine director, and in this new contract he is to have a chance.

After all, he has had the advantage of watching many great ones direct, and anything he watches or hears is his if he wants it. Add to that a definite creative ability, and who knows?

Frankly, I'm sure Ramon doesn't. The peak of his emancipation is just about reached and perhaps passed. Like a child released from a well-disciplined school he had been "getting even," by saying what he thought and doing what he liked. The latter freedom is not much to worry about, for in his heart he likes to do nice things.

HIS thoughts at the moment are on the see-saw of indecision. My own rode there for almost a year, during which I thought and said, "All my life I have lived for a public. I'm tired." So I left the stage and started in to be myself. Imagine my embarrassment when I found that "myself" was not the Hot Shot that I thought. On the contrary "myself" is kind of tame and really hasn't much ambition to do or say anything revolutionary.

Ramon talks of retiring; in fact, he thinks he has been lucky to hold his position as long as he has. His destination is uncertain. One day it's Tahiti. Next day, back to the monastery. But eventually, it will be right. Meanwhile, let us watch his next few pictures (not an advertisement), for he is anxious to top everything that he has ever done in acting, and will probably do it.

Not long ago, when I was looking at him with a certain amount of disapproval on account of some Un-Ramon-like remark, he said, "Well, after all, Elseeee, you brought me out of my shell. It is up to you to push me back into it again."

Not a move would I make. Take Ramon, the Saint, and Ramon, the Rogue, mix them together and you have, literally, *Ben Hur* with a sense of humor. What more could one ask—or three or four? Sold to the man in the corner! I hate these public auctions anyway!

How Fame Came to Janet

(*Continued from page* 36)

Besides, like Duncan, Jonesy is in his grave, and after life's fitful fever, he may or may not sleep well. So may I be allowed to plant a belated rose on his grave?

He was a moon-faced man, cheerful as bright June weather, and one who had a smile for all the barbs of life.

As said before, it was Jonesy who moved to Hollywood in order that his step-daughter might get her chance. Her mother was, no doubt, a far more practical person than her step-father. But Jonesy was one of those fellows born to pursue a dream—and catch up with it, and then die.

A seller of mining properties, he was convinced that he had a cinema gold mine in his younger step-daughter—and he sold her everywhere—even if the dividends were not long to be enjoyed by him.

His faith in the girl never wavered. After seeing her upon the screen in a comedy, he advised her to obtain a more dramatic role. And he helped her to find it. Her comedy training was undoubtedly helpful to her.

Her experience in this medium was fairly extensive with Hal Roach, and later in six full length pictures for Universal. Having played in O. Henry stories, she was long known as the "O. Henry girl."

The role in the O. Henry films was first given to a girl who was never heard of again.

In a photograph taken of many of the contestants at the time, Janet Gaynor is shown seated next to the director who chose the other girl. Gaynor is huddled back, her slight body nearly hidden. Nevertheless, there is something in her face that even a director might have detected was out of the ordinary. It was a face in which the pathos of all womankind was registered. A smile blended of laughter and tears fluttered at the corners of her mouth. It embodied the soul of O. Henry, who carried a pocketful of quarters to give to beggars, and whose favorite term of greeting to high and low was "Hello, Bill."

WHEN Janet failed, she straggled home to Jonesy, who, without her knowing it, resembled O. Henry. She sobbed and found solace in the arms of her great moon-faced step-father.

"Why," he said, "don't let that bother you—you are a great actress."

Lean days followed.

There came a period in the lives of the Gainer girls when Helen was given several days' extra work with the Harold Lloyd company, and no attention was paid to Janet, who accompanied her sister in the search for employment.

This has ever since mystified the friend who used to take the girls to the different studios in their struggle for extra work.

How Fame Came to Janet

Jonesy also came upon such hard times in Hollywood that he had once consented to go from house to house with the hope of selling a book which had been denied the mails.

The plan fell through, and Jonesy scanned the newspapers each day to keep in touch with the film world. At last he heard that the Fox Company was looking for a winsome and appealing girl to play the lead in "The Johnstown Flood."

Jonesy went at once to the Fox Film Company with his demure step-daughter.

Jonesy had another valiant helper at this time. He was a young and likable fellow, as spick and span as a new Ford, and one who had made a slight ripple in his California pond. His name was Herb Moulton and he was the editor of a motion picture magazine in Los Angeles, and consequently was not without influence.

In his lighter moments he was very much in love with Miss Gaynor. They were always together. Life was beginning to open up like a new rose for both of them.

THERE are those who claim that without Herb Moulton's influence Jonesy would have been helpless in getting his step-daughter her chance. For while faith may move mountains, it has never yet budged a film producer.

She was given a test, and later, a tentative engagement, providing the "rushes" were satisfactory.

Many a well-known young woman applied for the part. It was a far step-up for the petite stenographer.

Her work in the film brought her that earthly salvation in Hollywood—a long term contract.

Her next role was that of Lady Sheila Gaffney in Peter B. Kyne's "A Shamrock Handicap." As Anna Burger in "The Johnstown Flood," she was serious and melodramatic. In the Peter B. Kyne story she was dashing, poised, winsome, and lovely.

The contrast was enough to convince cinema critics that Janet was on her way to far places.

It is only fair to Miss Gaynor to say that, in the early days at least, she gave her step-father a great deal of credit for her career. She said of him regarding her success, "It was a dream that never faded from the moment we first met until that memorable day soon after the wonderful opening of my most important picture, 'Seventh Heaven,' when My Jonesy called me to the side of the bed where he had lain for days. Ten minutes after telling me again that he loved me so much, his brave spirit went out."

Miss Gaynor's greatest role was that of Diane in "Seventh Heaven." So successful did the part become financially that she has been playing it with but slight variations ever since.

Miss Gaynor is considered more devout than are many film actresses. She says:

"In my prayers—and I do pray sincerely—I seek always breadth of vision, for height of aspiration, and for depth of discernment. That I may better express love I pray that I may love and be loved as long as I live."

These are brave words for such a little girl.

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Lilyan Goes Shopping

(*Continued from page* 39)

to me. "This will be a present from Eddie, too," she added, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

From Bonwit-Teller we wandered further down the Avenue, meeting Monta Bell, the director, in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral and stopping to chat with him. He suggested visiting a nearby speakeasy for a cup of tea, but Lil was in one of her most purposeful shopping moods and would not be decoyed. In fact, I think she almost suspected that Eddie had delegated Monta to lie in wait for us along the Avenue for just such a purpose. . . . This isn't the first time he's won wagers on football games. . . .

When we left Monta we went into Saks Fifth Avenue, which is any woman's favorite playground. There Lilyan saw a million things she admired. But with amazing forbearance, she confided her purchases to one or two, mere trifles (?).

I steered her safely past the stocking counter and almost beyond the handbag department. But suddenly she espied an unusual purse made all of tiny pieces of shell fastened together in a sort of coat-of-mail effect.

"Wait, I just must look at that. Handbags are my particular hobby." She pulled loose from my arm. "Have you ever seen anything so adorable?" she tried to address her remarks to *one* salesperson. But virtually the entire counter-force crowded up, anxious to wait upon the distinguished customer whom they had recognized immediately.

Nor were they the only ones. Almost before we knew it, the handbag counter had become the busiest section of the store. Word was fast spreading around that Miss Tashman was present and sales-girls and customers alike pushed close about her, avid to catch a first-hand glimpse of the beautiful flaxen-haired star.

"Here, let's get out of this mob," Lilyan clutched my arm and made a dive toward the door, pausing only long enough to call to one of the clerks, "Send that bag to me at the hotel, C. O. D." Then, whispering in my ear, "Eddie will have to give that to me, too."

Mr. Lowe might have suffered no more casualties at Saks had the store been arranged differently. But in our orderly retreat from the handbags, we were forced to pass the jewelry counter and all was lost.

"Oh, there's a silver chain necklace like I've been wanting for ages to wear with this coat," Lilyan gestured toward her wrap of natural silver broadtail with its huge silver fox collar. Her hat was pale grey felt stitched in silver, her sandals of grey suede, her handbag of the same shade. It's true that the necklace of heavy links of aluminum would add just the finishing touch.

"Let me try it on, please," she importuned the clerk, who fastened it around her neck with alacrity.

"I'll take it and wear it," Lil decided after contemplating her reflection for a brief moment. Then, as an afterthought "How much is it?" she inquired.

"Five dollars," was the surprising answer, at which Lilyan smiled benignly and pressing my arm, murmured, "Eddie will adore giving me this present."

From Saks we wandered all the way down to Forty-sixth Street, then decided to go over to Madison Avenue and walk up on that thoroughfare.

"There are so many quaint shops along here," Miss Tashman explained, as we started up Madison.

Soon our progress was halted by sight of an adorable wire-haired terrier peering through the windows of a pet shop. "If I had any place to keep him, I'd buy that dog right now," Lil said. "I priced him the other day and he'd cost only fifty dollars, pedigree and all. But a hotel is no place for a lively puppy."

However, we stood and admired His Canine Majesty for several moments more before another window attracted Lilyan's attention.

"Oh, this is that bath accessory shop I've heard so much about. Let's go in and see if they have red and white bath rugs for my red and white beach house."

Once inside the shop, it was a veritable fairyland of bath-room fixtures. Cunning soaps, unusual clothes-hampers, individually-designed towels, hand-woven bath-mats—in fact, everything calculated to make a bath-room



You must try this fine face powder

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It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** use daily one ounce Powdered Saxolite dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. At all drug stores.

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Lilyan Goes Shopping

look as little like a plebian bath and as much like a Roman plunge as possible.

"Have you any extra-large red-and-white chenille bath-mats to match this sample?" Lilyan pulled a small bit of red wool from her bag. The clerk took it and scanned it closely.

"I'm afraid we have nothing like this in stock but we could have one made up for you."

"How much would it cost?" Lilyan asked with surprising forethought. And with even more surprising afterthought, she decided not to order one when she learned that the price would be forty dollars.

"I think that's entirely too much to pay for a bath-mat," she whispered to me. "I'll wait and go down to Macy's some day, where I hear they have wonderful bargains." (Evidently there are limits to what can be done with Eddie's football winnings. . . .)

Then, turning to the clerk again, Lilyan pointed to a delightful little bedside bottle, clear crystal with a bright scarlet cock's head for a stopper.

After a careful examination, she decided in its favor, and told the clerk to send it over C. O. D., together with a red rubber bath-sponge about the size of a young watermelon. "I just know Eddie would want to buy these for me." The refrain was beginning to sound strangely familiar. Never before had I realized just what an indulgent husband was the genial Mr. Lowe. . . .

ONCE out onto Madison Avenue again, we hiked steadily to Seventieth Street. Lilyan was going strong but old Aunt Laura was beginning to weaken under the strain.

"This walk certainly makes me feel good," my companion remarked cheerily. "I could go on like this for hours, couldn't you. Let's go on down to Bergdorf-Goodman and look at scarves!"

Smiling bravely and calling upon all my spirit of the Old South, I limped along as best I could, each block growing longer and longer—or so it seemed to me. Over to Fifth Avenue again, past Sixtieth and the inviting Sherry-Netherland with its visions of Lilyan's comfortable divans and chairs, further on down to Fifty-Ninth and into Bergdorf-Goodman.

It did not take Lil long to find something there unusual enough to please her. Her glance took in the entire assortment of scarves, then, with unerring judgment, lit—and held—upon a muff-and-scarf-set, of creamy velvet, cut square and simply and bearing the "Suzanne Talbot Original" tag.

"That will look lovely with the black and white dinner dress I brought from Paris. And I can wear either a black, white or red hat with it." Taking the scarf in her slender hands, she twisted and tied it this way and that until she was convinced that it was entirely becoming. Without further ado, she ordered that it be sent—but this time she omitted the familiar quotation. My curiosity was aroused. "Aren't you going to let Eddie give this to you, too?" I inquired.

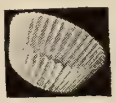
"Well, no. I think I'll buy this for

(*Please turn to page* 106)

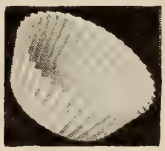


"HERE'S GOODBYE to the 'DISH PAN PART' of BAKING"

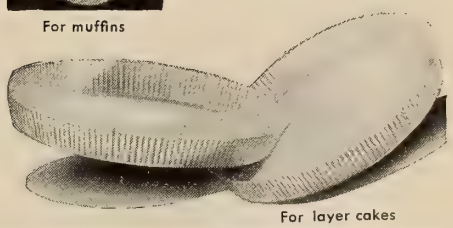
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Resinol Ointment will relieve it. Don't take chances with soreness or irritation from *any* source. Use Resinol. Physician's formula, proved in more than thirty-five years of worldwide use. Soothing and delicate, gentle and agreeable to sensitive skins, safe for infants, yet strong and effective enough for severest cases of eczema. Your druggist sells Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. Buy—and try—today.

SEND—FREE—for your copy of new booklet "Skin Treatment for Health and Beauty" with trial samples both Resinol Soap and Ointment. Address Resinol—Dept. TM3, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol
AT ALL GOOD DRUG STORES

Lilyan Goes Shopping

(*Continued from page* 105)

myself," she answered with true wifely unselfishness.

As we turned to leave the shop, I uttered a silent prayer that our next stop would be entirely beyond walking distance. And to my relief it was.

"I've only one more place to go today and that's to the Emmet-Joyce Dress Studio to order several gowns," I was informed.

So, hopping a cab, we went over on Seventh Avenue to see Mr. Joyce, who designs all of Lil's clothes when she is in New York.

When we entered that emporium we were welcomed with deep salaams from everyone. I thoroughly enjoyed it. Even the vicarious thrills of importance-by-proxy are not to be despised. . . .

And did we get service!

Virtually the entire staff sprang into action to see that Lilyan was well-pleased. Every mannequin in the shop asked to be allowed to model gowns for her—but she refused.

"I NEVER select gowns from mannequins as there's no way in the world to know that a frock will look well on me just because it happens to be becoming to some other girl. I think the most important lesson in learning to dress well—if one needs to learn—is to acquire a 'feeling' for clothes.

"No matter how much or how little a woman spends on her wardrobe she can always be well-dressed. Good taste is not a matter of dollars and cents. Rather, it is a question of common sense and intelligent planning.

"In selecting a season's clothes, the first thing to be considered is color. If a woman has unlimited means, she can plan any number of ensembles carrying out every color she fancies.

"But if she can afford only one coat, she should buy every article of her entire wardrobe with that coat in mind. Whether she can have one dress or many to wear under that coat, they should all be in tones that will harmonize with it so well that in each frock she will look as if she had on a perfect ensemble.

"With a heavy coat, the first sort of dress to be bought is an all-round dark silk. It can be either of plain crêpe, canton, or one of the new rough, pebbly weaves. If it is exactly the shade of the wrap, so much the better.

"For her second frock, she should select a simple, tailored woolen. This year, there are so many delightful sheer wool materials on the market that there is opportunity for every individual to indulge her taste to the utmost.

"If it is possible for her still to remain within the limits of her budget and purchase a third dress, it would be best to select one of the dressy afternoon or Sunday night type.

"Shoes and hats should always match the coat for street or tailored and for dressier occasions: variety can be achieved by carrying out the keynote struck by the frock.

"One thing always to remember. During the cold winter months, shoes should never, under any consideration, be of a lighter tone than that of the coat!

"But there are no set rules for correct dressing as good as the simple plan of cultivating that 'feeling' I spoke of at first.

"Fortunately, I've always had an intuitive knowledge of whether or not a thing looks well on me. Furthermore, I know *before I try on a gown* whether it will be becoming. I try it on only to choose between several that I may like."

With these words Lilyan stripped down to her fragile lace chemise and stepped into a smart black canton crêpe street-dress with collars and cuffs of cream-colored suede lace. Over this she slipped on a coat of black in one of the new spongy woolens, with huge collar of silver fox and sleeves made in huge puffs.

"This will go perfectly with a little black beret I brought from Paris—an Agnes model," she decided, as she signalled to Mr. Joyce that she would take both the dress and coat.

The next model offered for her inspection was a black velvet suit with enormous collar and cuffs of silver fox. The sleeves were elbow length, which means that long gloves will always be a necessary part of this costume.

As a final fillip of fashion, the ensemble was completed by a puffy round muff of the fox.

It was the sort of suit that no woman could resist—Lilyan had in her eyes the gleam of the true connoisseur as she ordered it delivered to her hotel.

The next dress she donned was a black crêpe evening gown, which had an accompanying short jacket of snowy ermine. She looked divine in it, and ordered it forthwith. Then, she had an inspiration. Turning to Mr. Joyce, she innocently inquired, "How much are all these things I've selected?"

"The black coat is $225 and the plain black dress to go with it is $7500. Very reasonable, don't you think?" And as Lilyan smiled her acquiescence, the eminent couturier went on. "The suit, of course, which is an original import, is a little more—it has so much fox on it, besides, and the muff, you know . . ." he hesitated for a moment, then broke the news. "The suit is $575 . . . but it is a very good value!"

My eyes were almost jumping out of my head at this pleasant little interchange of words. But Lilyan seemed in no way surprised—in fact, on her face was the benign expression of a woman who is getting a bargain. "I think that is very reasonable, Mr. Joyce," she told him. "Be sure to send everything out today!"

After we left Emmet Joyce's salon, we started back to the Sherry Netherland. From the admiring glances that were cast our way, I knew that Lilyan was being recognized by everyone. And our cab-driver was so elated at drawing the elegant Miss Tashman for his fare that I'm sure he was tempted to tell us not to pay him when he delivered us safely at the hotel.

It had been a grand and glorious day! I hadn't bought a thing, but I had indulged my yen for shopping, and had learned once and for all how it would feel to be able to go through the shops free-handed. To be able to buy anything I wanted, no matter what it might cost.

And after all, isn't that every woman's secret ambition?

A Gallery OF Hollywood's FILM FOLK



THEY FOUND FAME AND FORTUNE

IN THE NEW MOVIE ALBUM YOU CAN READ THE FASCINATING STORIES OF GREAT STARS...

How Gloria Swanson began her screen career as extra in a mob scene; how Norma Shearer entered the movies to recoup the family fortunes; how college dramatics first gave Edmund Lowe the idea of becoming an actor, all this fascinating fact-information appears in the New Movie Album. The pictures of your favorites show them at work and at play!



If you do not find New Movie Album in your favorite Woolworth store, send ten cents plus three cents postage and give yourself a lot of pleasure.

TOWER BOOKS
INCORPORATED
55 Fifth Avenue . . New York

The Stars Make Merry

(*Continued from page* 74)

Silver Wedding

ONE of the outstanding affairs of Hollywood's current social season was a surprise party given by the George Fitzmaurices in honor of the twenty-fifth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. John Robertson.

Everyone was in on the secret but Mrs. Robertson. Hers was a real surprise when she walked into the Fitzmaurice home to find a group of friends dressed in the fashions of 1907. The hostess, Diana Fitzmaurice, wore a bustled gown of bright red velvet, while George, the host, was dressed as one of these good old New York bartenders.

Constance Bennett's gown was of black lace, while her sister, Joan, was dressed in white embroidered in seed pearls. Joan's fiancé, Gene Markey, was dressed as an English gentleman of that period.

Mrs. Dick Barthelmess was lovely in a pale pink tafetta trimmed with black lace. Dick's costume was the outstanding event of the evening. He appeared dressed in a daring bathing suit of the early nineteen hundreds with knees and elbows well concealed.

The party of more than fifty guests spent the evening in singing old songs and drinking old toasts.

Tea for Tallulah

IT took Hedda Hopper to lure the beautiful Tallulah Bankhead out of retirement. Hedda gave a very swanky tea and Miss Bankhead was the center of attraction. The many guests who showered her with attention included: Mr. and Mrs. Earl C. Anthony, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Goulding, Laura Hope Crewes, Gene Markey, Mr. and Mrs. John Breeden, Marie Dressler, Edward Davies, Edgar Allan Woolf, Paul Bern, Lois Wilson, William Richards, Margaret Richards, Ann Harding, Harry Bannister, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Young, Madge Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leonard, Mrs. Ben Schulberg, Julanne Johnston, Zasu Pitts, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farrell, Guinn Williams, Gilbert Adrian, Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Dinehart, Louise Closser Hale, Frances Dee and Joe Mankiewicz.

At the John Mack Browns'

THE John Mack Browns gave one of the largest parties of the season at their Beverly Hills home. The invitations were for Sunday afternoon tea to meet Henry David Sleeper of Boston.

Some of the best-known people in the film colony were present including: Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg, Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farrell, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Marion Davies, William Bakewell, Russell Gleason, William Randolph Hearst, Mr. and Mrs. George Arliss, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Chevalier, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable and many others.

Dinner Party

THE Richard Wallaces recently entertained at a dinner party. Among those present were: Hedda Hopper, Tallulah Bankhead, Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor, Genevieve Tobin, and David Rollins.



Lustrous Color for
STREAKED HAIR

[Test Bottle **FREE**]

HAVE ever-youthful looking hair this SAFE way. No matter how streaked —how faded or gray your hair is, you can easily bring color to every strand. And the color will have a rich sheen and lustre like nature's own. Your hair will stay soft and fluffy. It will wave and curl as easily as before. The color will not rub off on hat-linings, linens or clothing. Nor will shampooing affect it in the least.

This way you simply comb a clear, water-white liquid through the hair. The gray goes —streaks disappear. The color wanted comes to your hair, whether black, brown, auburn or blonde. Why hesitate when young-looking hair is so easy to have and keep.

Sold Everywhere at Drug and Department Stores

Your druggist or department store can supply you with the full-sized bottle on money-back guarantee. Be sure and ask for Mary T. Goldman's. Feel free to use it. Does not contain aniline. No "skin test" required. Leading medical authorities have pronounced it harmless to hair and scalp.



FREE TEST

Or if you prefer, test it free first. No risk. No expense. We send Complete Test Package. 3,000,000 women have asked for it. You snip off a lock of hair. Test it on this and see results. Mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN

OVER TEN MILLION BOTTLES SOLD

FOR *FREE* TEST PACKAGE

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
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Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

CHECK COLOR OF HAIR ✓

☐ BLACK ☐ DARK BROWN
☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ LIGHT BROWN
☐ DARK RED ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ BLONDE



AN EYELASH BEAUTIFIER

•

that actually is

WATERPROOF

THERE IS one mascara that's *really* waterproof. The new Liquid Winx. Perspiration can't mar its flattering effect. Even a good cry at the theatre won't make Winx smudge or run.

It's easy to apply, too. It doesn't smart or burn. And instantly your lashes appear long and dark, soft and smooth. Your eyes take on a new brilliance—a new sparkle!

Beauty editors of the foremost magazines have voiced their enthusiasm over Winx in no uncertain terms . . . Now we invite you to try it. Just send 10¢ for the Vanity Size—enough for a month's use.

ROSS COMPANY, Dept. B-9
243 West 17th Street, New York
I enclose 10¢ for Liquid Winx, Vanity Size.

Black_____ Brown_____

*Name*_____

*Address*_____



RIDMICE
(IN SEED FORM)

DRIVES THEM OUT!

Rid your home of destructive, disease-spreading mice. They eat Ridmice and *go outside the house* to die. Safer, because there is nothing about Ridmice to attract children or pets. Exterminate mice at low cost.

Sold at the counters of many Woolworth stores. Also in 25c packages at leading drug and department stores.

HICKS LABORATORIES, Inc., NEW YORK



Pardon Me—but have you heard?

(*Continued from page* 12)

Bill Haines and Fifi Dorsay. Hadn't heard a word about it. And now I wonder if it's new news or just old stuff—or nothing. However, I did remember, when I was rolling cross-country last Fall I saw them both play Columbus, Ohio, together; and some folks asked me one evening in another Ohio city to meet them. Just good friends, I suppose.

And a New Hostess

IRENE PURCELL is rapidly becoming the Mary Pickford of 1932. Never saw so many cars as are parked from five to past midnight at her Garden of Allah. Perhaps she is playing Scheherazade to oil millionaires from Signal Hill, Huntington Beach and Compton. She has the sophistication that enchants. Sounds like an ad, doesn't it? But's meant as a compliment, I assure you.

I first met Irene with my friends, the Dave Browns, in New York, many winters ago. Geze, because her initials are G. Z., (Grace) Brown, told me to keep my eyes on her. How could I take them off? Suffice it to say she scintillated across the stage and blew her way into Hollywood on a zephyr. Before she leaves there'll be a typhoon.

LILY DAMITA, tiny, feminine star says that only European men know how to make love. They propose, she admits, whilst we Americans proposition!

Yet I think she's got the cart before the horse this time. If all the bologna about Lily and Prince George is correct then what about Sidney Smith?

Incidentally, I saw Lily and Sidney lunching at the Embassy in Hollywood the other day. Sidney is indirectly a relative. His brother Earl is married to Consuelo Vanderbilt, formerly a cousin of mine. Both Earl and Consuelo are extremely happy. They went honeymooning years ago in a Ford, down on the west coast of Florida!

Sid came over to chat a moment after lunch. Seems he was on his way back to New York. Lily wanted to go, but couldn't. She had a contract or something that had to be done.

THOUGHT at first it was simply publicity when Bernice Speer and Bert Wheeler separated again. Bert had just had released "Peach o' Reno" —well worth seeing by the way, and it would have been good business for the profession to have thought his troubles reverted to that.

Understand though it's the McCoy this time. Saw Bert at the Brown Derby. Romance to him wears a sickly greenish smile nowadays. In fact, there's a lot of truth in "Peach o' Reno" that comes right home to him, I should imagine.

UP in Jericho, Vermont, W. A. Bentley, world authority in photographing snowflakes, snuffed the candle. Bentley, besides other things, is responsible for all our great motion picture educationals that feature winter. He taught the silver screen artists how to fake real life. In fact he did this so effectively that it will be difficult in future to feature much of his art.

Taps blew all too soon for this snow genius.

TEN years ago when Carmel Myers didn't look any older than she does today, she told me one evening at the Charlie Rays, in Beverly Hills, of her great love of children. She was then scarcely more than one herself. She belonged to that coterie of charming youngsters who'd just come to fame—Carmelita Geraghty, Julanne Johnston, Mary Miles Minter.

The other day lunching at the Brown Derby, Ralph Blum, Carmel's able husband said they'd decided to adopt a child. He added they'd been swamped with offers; most of them from parents in straitened circumstances.

The children ranged from 2 to 8 years.

HOLLYWOOD was sorry to see the young Fegtes of Paramount go through the mill. Gretchen has had two experiences now. Her first one with Halsey Gulick, the outboard motorboat enthusiast.

Just can't understand why Gretchen has such hard luck. Through all the years I have known her I don't think I've ever met a more interesting child. She's ever vivacious, interesting, amazing.

She knows everyone, everywhere; all sets—stage, society, sports.

She and Rudy Vallee came from the same home town; and many are the interesting early-day yarns she can tell of the the well-known crooner, whom she personally admires sincerely.

Gretchen is back in Hollywood again. This time with a new urge tugging at the old heart strings; and I shouldn't wonder—well, if it's true dear child, may I be among the very first to say the good word!

JUNIOR LAEMMLE thinks we're in for a "horrorscope."

Says the "Frankenstein," "Jekyll-Hyde," "Raven" type of picture is coming into its own. Believes "Dracula" started the fad. Feels it is being fed by the public's devotion to detective yarns which are still best sellers.

My most "embarrassing movie moment" featured him. I was calling on his father some years ago, at Universal City. I happened to be the publisher of the first pictorial tabloid newspaper on the coast at that time. Waiting in daddy Laemmle's outer office, was much annoyed by the office boy's insistence at questioning me concerning trade secrets in our newspaper photographic departments. Youngster, clad in white shirt-sleeves, quizzed me insistently.

After he had shown me into the Tzar's sanctum, I said to the old man, "Think you've got about the freshest office boy I've ever seen."

"Thank you," said the Omnipotent. "He's my son; and he, on the other hand, admires you very greatly."

Imagine MY embarrassment!

IF Doug Fairbanks' trip to South America is not indefinitely postponed, my next column may come from down there. He's asked me to make the trip with him; and there's nothing I'd really like better!

UNDERSTAND Lois Moran and Douglass Montgomery are just about to announce it. She's one of the sweetest girls I know of in films; and I wish her a lot of luck if it's true.



Regains sparkling eyes, velvet cheeks, *thanks to* DR. EDWARDS

INSTEAD of rouge and powder, many women need internal cleansing. That is why you should know about Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. A safe, efficient substitute for calomel, much easier to take. They gently regulate the liver and intestines, help nature clear the way for a lovely skin and the alluring glow of health.

"The Internal Cosmetic"

More than 20 years ago, Dr. Edwards first prepared this famous compound of vegetable ingredients for his patients. Because it is so mild and sure, it removes the cause of many headaches, blemishes, pimples, and that dull lifeless feeling.

You cannot realize how much better you will feel and look until you try Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. Know them by their olive color. At all drug stores, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY, Limited
955 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.



He never noticed this BLONDE *until*

THAT memorable night when she looked so different—so lovely. Her blonde hair glowed like a halo—sparkled with thrilling golden lights. No wonder she won him!... Any blonde can make her hair irresistible the same easy way. Simply use Blondex regularly. This special shampoo—a fine powder that bubbles instantly into a creamy, searching foam—puts new life and lustre into drab, listless light hair. Restores natural blonde color—*without any injurious chemicals.* Delightful to use. Leaves hair soft—silky—manageable. For real hair allure—try Blondex today. At all drug and department stores.

Pardon Me!

They make an ideal couple even now.

And the same thing may be true of Elissa Landi and Rouben Mamoulian. I have been seeing them everywhere together lately; and they're considerably more than just friends. Elissa is, I think, the most talented child I know in Hollywood. Besides her screen work, she's written deep, intuitive novels. Her quiet dignity is refreshing. She's never in a hurry; and yet she seems to get more things done in an hour than I can in a week.

THE Lou Stevens are off for a year in Europe. He's just finished a script for John Barrymore; and Nancy, once a fiery red-head and now quite platinumed, has been studying voice, which she plans to continue on the continent. Lou, by the way, wrote "Here Comes Pancho Villa," a successful novel on the great Mexican brigand. And Lou has NEVER been to Mexico.

NO APOLOGY NECESSARY

FUNNY that Albert Conti seemed so engrossed in Zasu Pitts. It's above the eyebrows, they say. Yet Albert makes no specialty. He's equally interested in Judith Wood, and goes quite often up that steep little roadway in Cahuenga. In fact, bumped into him myself there, the other evening. Neither of us apologized.

THEY tell me that Julius Fleishmann Holmes has the best collection of undersea colored movies in existence. For two years now he has been taking a crowd of Park Avenueites cruising the little known islands of the Caribbean. This winter they're spending at the mouth of the Orinoco, in South America, tarpon fishing and collecting seaweeds.

EDWINA THIS AND THAT

FUNNY thought, maybe it's because I'm short sighted, but I thought I'd noticed Gary Cooper with Billie Dove more than once of late. Billie likes the type.

And speaking of Edwina Booth, who used to be seen with Gary, there's something fascinating in the name. Edwina Ashley, now wife of Lord Louis Mountbatten, the Prince of Wales' favorite cousin, is on her annual pilgrimage to Hollywood. In New York she confided to me her admiration for Gary. Next to him she thinks Doug Fairbanks, Senior, "an angel"; and next comes Clark Gable.

Going into the nobility is not at all Gary's fancy. If there's one thing any married man can say of him, it is that that Cooper youngster shoots straight.

Miniature Meals

Here's help for the young housewife who has to prepare meals for two—with recipes and menus that are economical and appetizing. Send ten cents, plus 2 cents postage, to Rita Calhoun, care of New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., and a set of loose-leaf circulars—called MEALS FOR TWO—will be sent to you.



"Girls, I've found that the secret of beautiful, lustrous, alluring hair is: Sta-Bac Curl Set."

LOOK— 4 Lovely WAVE SETS for 10c

The big 3½-oz. bottle of Sta-Bac Curl Set (twice as large as the illustration below), contains enough for 4 complete applications.

Just think—for a couple of cents you can, in a few minutes, create a soft, lustrous wave which has all the smart, finished look of a "beauty shoppe" wave set — and lasts just as long!

Sta-Bac Curl Set is a preparation of the highest quality—the *perfect* waving fluid for either finger or water waves. Contains no grease, oil or wax. Positively will not injure nor discolor the hair or scalp. Leaves no white flakes. Over 3 million bottles sold last year! Try Sta-Bac.

— at many F. W. Woolworth Stores

VI-JON LABORATORIES, ST. LOUIS

P3



Are You HAPPY *About Your Skin* ?



Are you afflicted with eczema, that irritating skin eruption which gives the sufferer no peace? Or are you embarrassed by pimples, blotches, an unduly red or oily skin? Poslam, famous for its quick action in clearing the complexion, can help you as it has helped thousands. 50c at all drug stores.



Write for free test box and booklet of complexion advice.

POSLAM, Dept. A
254 West 54th St., New York



Relieves **TEETHING PAINS** *Within 1 Minute*

When your Baby is suffering from teething pains, when the tender little gums are swollen or inflamed, Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion will bring relief within 1 minute. Just rub this cooling lotion on the gums and see how quickly Baby quiets down to restful sleep or breaks into happy smiles.

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist and has been used by mothers for almost 50 years. It is safe and harmless, contains no narcotics and may be used as often as necessary with perfect safety. Approved by doctors and superior to unsanitary teething rings which may cause crooked teeth and spoil Baby's mouth.

Buy Dr. Hand's teething lotion from your druggist.

MAIL COUPON FOR
Free Trial Bottle

Hand Medicine Co., 107 No. 5th St., Dept. 54 Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send sample of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion.

Druggist's Name_____

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Forbidden Pictures

(*Continued from page* 51)

the action halted and the picture was second-rate. The picture may have been spoiled, but your morals are still spotless. At least, not any more spotted than before.

Perhaps you saw a man with a "rod" who was plainly intending to kill another man. The would-be killer, gun in hand, stalked his prey, and found him. Just at the critical moment, there was a break in the action, and then you saw the victim dying in agony. Perhaps you were shown the killer with a smoking weapon in his hand. You may even have heard the shot. You may have seen the murderer led off to jail. You know very well he has killed his man.

But you didn't see him *actually fire the shot.* The censors have kept that degrading sight from your eyes. So your morals are still safe. How thankful you should be!

IF you live in Chicago, you don't realize how careful your screen guardians have been of you. Did you happen to see a picture called "Gentleman's Fate," with Jack Gilbert? If it hadn't been for the watchfulness of your censors, you might have learned from that picture that gangsters sometimes use such phrases as, "Stick 'em up" and "Squealer" and "Take him for a ride." But the scissoring censors removed those words from "Gentleman's Fate"—and here I am ruining you by introducing them into your vocabulary for the first time.

That was a picture, you will remember, of a young fellow who came home after an absence to find, to his surprise, that his brother and his father were bootleggers and gangsters. Because of his family loyalty he was drawn into the gang and came to the inevitable end of the gangster sudden death.

It was a regular gangster picture of the sort that we saw so frequently last year and, naturally, there were occasional brushes between gangs and frequent killings and much talk about killings.

Chicago censors passed the picture after numerous eliminations. Here's one of them:

"Keep 'em covered. When they come over, stick 'em up."

Now that sounds like rather mild talk for Chicago—not even any profanity in it—but those words were carefully cut out. Perhaps they were afraid Chicago movie-goers wouldn't understand such underworld lingo.

Then there was a scene of a man in an auto taking his gun out of his pocket and getting out of the car holding the gun in his hand. They cut that scene out, too. You see, they are probably afraid that it might tip off some gangster in Chicago as to how to handle his gun when alighting from an automobile.

And see if you can explain why Chicago cut out the words, "I know that guy was a squealer," or the words, "This is where I take Mr. Florio for a ride."

While you are thinking about it, remember that Kansas passed this same picture without eliminations, and that forty other states let it go without expurgating it.

Chicago certainly knows how to keep shooting off the screen—off the streets is another matter. But you've just got to make up your mind that Chicago is a little bit funny on this censorship of picture business, because that's the only way you can explain the elimination of these words from another picture before it could be shown in Chicago, the words, "They put him on the spot."

Now you could read those words in the headlines of the Chicago *Tribune,* or you might even hear a preacher repeat those words from a Chicago pulpit, if you were in that breezy town on a Sunday following something like that famous St. Valentine's Day massacre, when seven gunmen were shot to death in a garage by another murderous crew. But you could feel entirely safe from any such horrible language in a movie-house.

Why do words that are all right in newspaper headlines suddenly become wrong when flashed on the screen or spoken in the talkies? For the same reason, I suppose, that you can see a prize-fight in New Jersey or in New York, but you can't see a motion picture in either state of a fight which took place in the other. There isn't any reason to it.

SPEAKING of New York reminds me that the Empire State motion picture censors have their own little eccentricities.

Do you remember the big riot at that New York State prison at Auburn? Now there was a real riot. Mutinous prisoners fighting so hard that guards, state police, and even militia had plenty to do for a while. They used enough rifle ammunition, machine-gun clips, and gas bombs to supply a fair-sized South American revolution.

And do you remember a picture with Wallace Beery, Robert Montgomery, Chester Morris, and Leila Hyams, called "The Big House?" It was a lively picture of life inside a state prison, any state prison, showing the intimate doings of the inmates, and the ways in which these desperate men are sometimes driven to the point of almost suicidal revolt.

Well, when the picture, not long after the Auburn prison riot, was submitted to the New York state chief censor, that individual himself was sort of "on the spot," wasn't he? Get a flash of his situation—state censor in a state which had just had a terrific prison riot which drew headlines throughout the world, faced with a motion picture of prison life which included a similar riot. Whichever way he acted he would be subject to criticism.

He met the situation by liberally allowing the picture to go through, but he eliminated every shot which showed a prisoner shooting a guard. Plenty of shots showing authority shooting rebellious prisoners, but none of the other.

The New York movie-goers, who had just been reading front-page stories of the Auburn riot, who had seen in those same newspapers photographs of guards who had died in performance of duty, were not allowed to see on their screens the slight hint contained in that movie that prison riots were battles in which men fell on both sides, the side of law and order as well as the side of the underworld. Why not?

I suppose that the theory is that po-

NEW WEAR SOLES
Save Shoes



ADD MONTHS of WEAR to the FAMILY'S SHOES

When shoe soles wear out the uppers are still good for months of wear if you apply a pair of tough NEW WEAR SOLES. They make old shoes wear like new—give them a water-proof, non-skid, comfortable walking surface. Excellent for tired feet. Put them on yourself in 5 minutes, without tools.

OUTWEARS LEATHER

New Wear Soles are made of the toughest auto tire rubber, tested to outwear leather. Cuts shoe bills in half. Sole Grip Cement FREE with soles. Get a pair today!

Guaranteed to Stay On

Sole Grip Cement holds New Wear Soles tighter than nailing or sewing. Once on they can't come off. A money saver for the whole family

For Men, Women, Children
All Sizes Sold at
5 & 10c STORES
BROWN RUBBER CO.
Lafayette, Ind.

Be Sure It's NEW WEAR

SOFT COLLAR LAYRITE

Invisible gold-plated device keeps soft collars tidy and free of wrinkles. Eliminates starching. Saves collars. Every man needs the Layrite for that smart appearance which women admire.



Sold in ALL 10¢ STORES

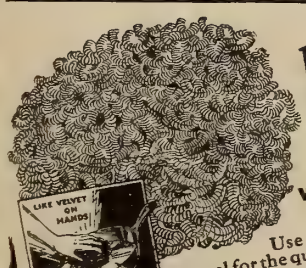
Make Big Money

raising Rex rabbits for us. Send 25c. for full information and contract, everything explained. Send at once and find out about this big proposition we have to offer you.

THE EASTERN RABBITRY
Route 1, Box 247 New Freedom, Pa.

FOOD QUESTIONS

If you have any questions about the preparation and presentation of foods, ask Tower's Home Service Editor. She knows the right answer.



10¢
Look for the gleaming copper sponge
At All Woolworth Stores

Use The Mystic Marvel for the quick, efficient, safe cleaning of *all* kitchenware. Rustless, rinsable, all-copper, cannot shed splinters to irritate fingers.

The MYSTIC MARVEL
Mystic Mit Makers, W. Orange, N.J.

Forbidden Pictures

licemen and guards would lose prestige if they were shown to be vulnerable to prisoners' bullets. But what about the better prestige they would gain if the fact were emphasized that they are brave men running real and serious risks in the performance of duty?

Censors keep from the public some pictures and parts of pictures that should be shown: do they ever allow objectionable ones to appear? You be the judge.

Come back to New York and consider the case of the picture called "Unguarded Girls." I won't attempt to go into the story. This picture was shown at one of the big legitimate theaters—not a regular movie house—and was advertised as being, "For Men Only."

Wouldn't you naturally think that if censorship cuts out a lengthy kiss and eliminates anything which might be sexually suggestive, that it would be impossible to approve a picture which could be advertised in this manner?

PERHAPS we should excuse the censor for making that slip, for while this was going on he was busy saving you from being contaminated by a certain scene in a beautiful horse-racing picture. It was called "Sporting Blood" and it gave to the screen the same wonderful characterization of a horse that "Black Beauty" gave to the world of books.

Doping horses before a race is occasionally practiced by unscrupulous men, but all lovers of horses and horse-races condemn the practice and make it hot for the dopers when they catch them.

In working out the dramatic climax of "Sporting Blood" the horse was doped just before a race. Of course the acting horse was not actually doped, as any movie-goer would know. But the censor cut out all reference to, and actions of, doping the horse.

Why do you suppose he did it? Let's guess.

He was protecting the horse? No, for the doping was only make-believe.

He was protecting you from the knowledge of how to dope a horse. You New Yorkers see so many horses, you know. You might sneak up on one of those old night-crawling cab-horses you see on Fifth Avenue about 2 A. M. and give him a shot of dope so that you would get home quicker than by taxi.

No, I think the censor didn't really have you in mind. He was out to protect the race-horse men from finding out how to dope horses. Not the decent horse-racers, for they wouldn't be interested, but the ones who do sometimes dope horses. He was afraid they might learn a better technique from the picture.

Can't you see them dashing out of the Capitol Theatre or Roxy's in the middle of the picture just after that scene and getting together out on the sidewalk and saying, "Goody! Goody! Now we know how to dope a horse!"

And the censor who cut out the doping scene from the horse-racing picture was the same censor who approved the picture, "Unguarded Girls."

How well we are protected by our careful, consistent and all-wise censors!

The Hollywood Kindergarten is a regular feature of NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

Five Women Wanted Him So!



...*but* Her Clear White Skin Won Him!

Bob *could have married* any of them. All were wild about him. Yet she triumphed—against others of flawless features. The reason? . . . "Bob simply said, 'I just love your clear white skin!'"

A Secret Any Woman Can Use!

DON'T fool yourself—no woman is truly beautiful without a clear complexion—a smooth, youthfully white skin. You can have it—even if your skin is now dark and coarsened by wind, sun, dust, age and worry. The secret is Golden Peacock Bleach Cream, a truly wonderful new discovery, which makes skin *shades whiter* in a night—*or your money back!* And so easy to use! Just smooth this cool, fragrant cream over your skin before bed time. Next morning—your complexion is clearer, whiter, smoother. Even freckles, blackheads and other imperfections quickly fade with this *natural* aid—the gentlest, daintiest, of all bleaches that *work*. No excuse now for rough skin — dull, dark, "muddy" complexions. Just ask at druggist's or toilet goods counters for Golden Peacock Bleach Cream—the *safe* discovery. See how *little* you use because it works so fast—therefore *more economical*. Over half a million women use it. Get *your* jar TODAY.

Golden Peacock
BLEACH CREAM

"Little Beau-Keep"
LIPSTICK

This new *modern* lipstick makes *ordinary* lips charming. Indelible—so it can't rub off. Non-drying. Non-greasy. Triangular shaped—therefore *always pointed*—exactly what women everywhere appreciate. Tints lips with a warm, glowing loveliness that *keeps natural-looking* for hours. And so irresistible!



Introductory size now on sale at all 10c counters

OFFENSIVE **Odor**

stopped for sure . . .

Clothes saved!



Armpit glands, because they're confined, perspire abnormally—cause odor repulsive to others (though seldom noticeable to oneself).

The one sure, safe way to avoid offensive odor is to use Odorono. Odorono is a doctor's prescription that prevents underarm odor and saves dresses from ruinous perspiration stains.

There are two kinds of Odorono. Odorono Regular is for use before retiring—gives the longest protection of any product, 3 to 7 days. Instant Odorono is for quick use, at any time. It gives 1 to 3 days' protection.

Three sizes, 35¢, 60¢, $1. Only Odorono has the New Sanitary Sponge Applicator.

ODO·RO·NO



Callous-ease



New Medicated MOLESKIN Cushions, Absorbs Painful Growths

Quick, lasting relief now, for sore, calloused, tender feet. Velvet-soft moleskin, treated with KINOX adhesive medication ends pain of Callouses and corns soon as applied. Hard growths are gently absorbed. Antiseptic; cannot harm healthy tissue. Liberal 10c size sold in many **WOOLWORTH STORES**; or we will send big, wide, family-size spool for only $1 postpaid. Many applications, to cut as desired. Money cheerfully returned if not delighted with quick, permanent relief.

KINOX CO., Inc., Dept. W, Rutland, Vermont

ZiP 50¢

DEPILATORY CREAM

Perfumed—White—Quick—Safe. Just spread it on and rinse off. All Stores. Giant Tube 50c. Small 10c.

ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

(Formerly $5.00) Now in a new $1.00 size package

Permanently Destroys Hair

First Class Hokum

(*Continued from page 43*)

The great mistake of the producers of motion pictures—certainly the most magical and vivid form of entertainment that has been produced on this planet—has been to defend the movies as *an art*. It may be an art incidentally, but primarily it is—or should be—sheer entertainment.

As a matter of fact, anything that pleases is, first of all, entertainment—whether it is "Hamlet" or "Morocco," a Beethoven symphony or "Animal Crackers," Durant's "Story of Philosophy," or Ed Robinson in "Five-Star Final." Entertainment is the highest form of hokum. Tell us a story! cries the world. Give us this day our daily hokum! shouts humanity. And when the motion picture came the greatest wish-release of the human being had been achieved. He entered the Kingdom of Hokum!

Max Reinhardt recently said:

"Yes, I think the pictures must go their own way and work out their own art. They can do it, especially if they get poets to join in the making of films and do not concentrate on the commercial side. That is the danger of the cinema: it is thinking all the time in terms of business only. But if poets and thinkers gave themselves to film production they could evolve a new meaning and a new style."

NOW this wheeze of Reinhardt's is really hokum in the vulgar acceptation of the term (which, by the way, that famous authority on words and their origins, Frank Wilstach, says must not be confused with hooey, bologna, tripe or applesauce, for hokum originally meant something that was always *sure fire*.) *When poets and thinkers take over the screen, that will be the end of the motion picture.* We will then have psychology, stills and long soliloquys on stone benches: but the *motion* picture will be through. For the very life of the films depends on solid hokum.

Real poets and thinkers will never be interested in the picture medium. A poet *writes* a poem or poetic prose or imaginative literature, and a thinker's business is to put his thoughts on paper. When a Poe or a Pirandello, an Aldous Huxley or an O'Neill begins to think or create in terms of the screen it will be the death of poets, thinkers and screen.

I am both a poet and a thinker, the author of about sixteen books that are not for the general public. My life work is poetry and thought. But I am completely sold on the pictures—especially since the advent of the talkies. I panned the old silents in print many times because they were *not* good hokum.

In those days I, too, made the mistake of thinking of the pictures in terms of an art. I wanted them "to tell me something." I wanted them to "indict" something or other, just as Theodore Dreiser the other day put up such a squawk because the film version of his "An American Tragedy" did not "indict society." This last phrase of his—"indict society"—is really the worst cliché among all the clichés of this novelist. How can you indict society? Where is it? And why should society be indicted? When pictures go consciously propaganda, let them die, for then they will be tripe.

Pictures are my greatest mental recreation. They are my relief from my heavier mental work. I care very little what a picture is about or who is in it. I go to be told a story—some old story, some amazing piece of hokum, or some common piece of hokum.

Nothing—not even music or a book—so completely rips me out of my skin as the antics of these marvelous phantoms and their hokumifications. I am a child again. I yank the crust of forty years off my brain. Vividness, movement, life—these illusions are so real that, so far as I am concerned, nothing would compensate me for the loss of this entertainment.

I don't want to think while I am in the picture-house. I don't want to think about the story when I come out. It is a two-hour swim in hokum that renews me for my real work. For it is nonsense that sets us free. And when those two Caziques of Sheer Intellect, Theodore Dreiser and Ben Hecht, put themselves seriously to analyze this superb hokum and bawl it out in public I'm split between a grin and pure piety. And their verbal antics are somewhat paradoxical, for while both of them are purveyors of literary hokum (in its common meaning), they yet reject the higher hokum, one because pictures do not "indict society" and the other because he had a tiff with Sam Goldwyn. Now fancy that, Hedda!

Of course, I have my favorites, and I've walked and ridden many blocks to see Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, Adolphe Menjou, Elissa Landi, George Bancroft, Edward Robinson, Tallulah Bankhead, James Cagney, Maurice Chevalier, Sylvia Sidney, John Barrymore, George Arliss, Lew Stone, and, of course, that greatest and most marvelous of all pieces of fantastic and grotesque hokum, Mickey Mouse. Now, I do not care what pictures these stars appear in. I enjoy them because they are good actors and actresses.

Yes, I the author of what have been called the highest-browed poems and philosophical essays ever written in this country, I who am a mystic and a man passionately interested in the profoundest and most remote metaphysical problems—I follow the fortunes of my heroes and heroines of the screen, gasp and laugh at and with them with the same childish gusto and unashamed joy as the most rabid, autograph-hunting movie fan in Hollywood!

Why? Simply because I do not enter a picture house to learn anything, to become wiser or better, because I want to see some "wrong righted" or because I want to emerge a better or a worse man or because I am looking for Art. I go in there to play, to play mentally, to *play*, to *play* in the full infantile meaning of that word. I go there to see things exaggerated, lied about, caricatured, hokumized.

I call those pictures inferior hokum that portray "life as it is." I call those pictures (two such entirely different pictures, for instance, as "Morocco" and "Front Page") good hokum, high hokum, fascinating hokum just because I do not believe they ever happened or ever could happen. "Morocco" and "Front Page" are masterpieces. So are "The Smiling Lieutenant" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." So are "Doctor

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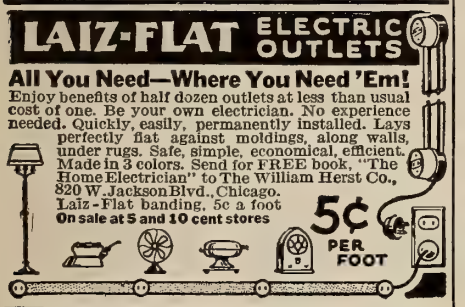
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First Class Hokum

Caligari" and "The Unholy Garden." And I think the screen version of "An American Tragedy" far superior to either the book or the stage play, both of which are tripe, while the film version as made by Samuel Hoffenstein has raised this tripe to the dignity of good hokum—that is, it took out the "indict" hooey of Dreiser and made it the straight story of a weak, flabby nobody, one Clyde Griffiths, whose soul, in my opinion, as it went out in the electric chair was not worth indicting any one for.

Some of those pictures I have just mentioned were partly made by Ben Hecht, and I want to tell him how much better I have enjoyed his class A hokum on screen and stage than I have in his books. Hecht was born to the screen—to the Kingdom of Hokum, and when he says he has deserted it for good, I know that that is just *pfft!* stuff. Hecht and Hokum almost rhyme—and I mean this by way of congratulation and not nastily. When he learns to laugh at himself, he'll come back to the screen, for no one can tell a screen story better than he can. And that was the reason his denunciation of pictures made the first page all through the West and South and was played up big all over the East: a master of hokum was deserting us!

I WONDER why the same vigor is not put into denouncing the common run of books, paintings, music, poems and plays as the Dreisers and the Hechts put into denouncing talkies.

Although pictures are not thirty years old and the talkies are not ten years old, I believe it will be found that the percentage of good pictures will rate far higher to the total product in that time than the percentage of good books, plays or pictures or poems.

Come to think of it, how many books, plays, poems, pictures and pieces of music have survived in those arts that are thousands of years old? Very few. Although we have been a nation for a hundred and fifty-six years we have only produced one first-class dramatist, Eugene O'Neill. And how many first-class poets, first-class novelists, first-class composers, first-class essayists, or first-class philosophers have been produced? You can count them on your two fingers. Almost all the books, pictures, poems and about *all* of the music being produced today throughout the world are tripe and lobscouse. They are neither inferior hokum nor quality hokum, such as pictures can be divided into.

Why, then, do the Dreisers and the Hechts rant and rave because pictures are not all the equal of the best arts-products in other fields? Well, I'll whisper the answer in italics: *They rant and rave,* mes enfants, *because in the talking pictures they have found a medium that will finally supersede their own!* Therefore their foaming and fuming are quite human and natural.

I prefer the more honest attitude of Sinclair Lewis, who takes the cash and lets the Art stuff go. Lewis in his books has given us first-class hokum. His picture, "Arrowsmith," is also first-class hokum. Society is not indicted and Art is sent to the right-about. And I say this with hosannahs—I who have been indicting everything and shouting Art at the top of my voice for thirty years. But I don't want any indict-

(*Please turn to page* 114)



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First Class Hokum

(*Continued from page* 113)

ments or Art in my movies any more than I want them when I go out to the Stadium to root for the Yankees. Strindberg is Strindberg and Eddy Robinson is Eddy Robinson, and I'm not mixing my æsthetics and my hunger for hokum.

There's that old story of why papa goes to the circus. *Of course* papa is too big and too serious to be amused at clowns and tight-rope walkers. He goes to amuse the children. *Yes—yes!* Well, papa who-goes-for-the-sake-of-the-children has his counterpart today in the so-called intellectual who denies furiously that he is interested in pictures—but, hist!—ssh!—who is that fellow who sneaks into the little picture house at 11 o'clock in the morning (long before his fellow-Idealists are up) and comes out with his coat turned up, his hat turned down over his eyes and hops a car before he can be caught in the act?

I have been a playgoer since my early youth and a dramatic critic for the last ten years. I am in the theatre every night. Yet I have never seen in the talkies such utter rubbish as I see in seventy per cent. of the plays I am compelled to sit out or walk out on. (I have walked out on only three pictures in fifteen years.) For relief from this mess of incompetent stuff I turn to the talkies.

In many instances I see many of these very stage plays that have given me a pain that was not in the neck turned into first-class screen hokum, in which the acting, the treatment, the composition and the structural work are just about one hundred per cent. better than they are on the stage. Added to this are the magic of phantomic men and women and the swift changes of scene.

It is the very *hokum* that I miss in the average Broadway ham-fat play that I get in the pictures. It is the deft trickery, the illusion, the vivid projection of the commonplace—so vivid that it seems almost new—the infinite variation on the trite, the iterant and reiterant sex and crime themes—in a word, the *hokum*—that constitute for me the lure of the pictures.

To "swear off of the movies" is like swearing off drinking: you know you are a liar. When I think I am through with pictures I recall those actors and scenes that have made an indelible mark in my brain-matter, far profounder and deeper than anything I can remember on the speaking stage: Jannings as King Lear, Henry VIII, as the Czar in "The Patriot," as the King in "The Loves of Pharaoh," as the old man in "The Last Laugh"; George Arliss as "Disraeli" or in "Old English"; Janet Gaynor in "Seventh Heaven"; Adolphe Menjou in "Front Page," or Eddy Robinson in "Five-Star Final." I never want to see such fine hokum laid aside for "Electra," "Hamlet," Moliere, Strindberg or the filmed versions of Hardy's great romances. God forbid! I want no literature, art, æsthetics, philosophy, social, religious or political propaganda on the screen.

I salute and demand first-class hokum. And I would write above the door of every motion picture house:

ABANDON SOLEMNITY ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE! THIS IS THE ABBEY THELEME, WHERE NOTHING SERIOUS IS PERMITTED!

The Boulevardier At Home

(*Continued from page* 55)

they chirp. "It's a freak place."

As they scampered away one called back, "See you in Lil Tashman's salon some day—or why not drop into ours?"

THE day the midgets moved into Malibu, Hal Wallis rushed to his wife, Louise Fazenda, exclaiming, "My God, Louise, some people have moved in next door with a bunch of kids, and two of them are on the front porch smoking pipes!"

THE prettiest girl I've seen out here is Arlene Judge. At Malibu she gave me her diamond-studded wrist watch to hold while she took a dip in the surf.

"And she had never seen me before," I boasted.

"And has she seen you since?" asked Willis Goldbeck.

THOSE who have cruelly suspected the Boulevardier (Old Man Berger) of being a bit blasé should have seen him projecting the turtle neck in the Brown Derby to get a view of his favorite star, gentle Jimmy Cagney. I admit I was a little disillusioned when my roosterish hero failed to wham the missus as the check was presented. Some one tried to tell me that she slammed him in a restaurant one evening, and he just whimpered. This I refuse to believe. People are always trying to shatter one's beautiful ideals.

THE next day I went to Warner Bros.' theater to see "Taxi" and had to wait half an hour for a seat. I guess if they'd recognized it was Gus Berger they were making wait they'd have been pretty mortified. Jimmy was handicapped by Loretta Young in this picture. Loretta is too kissable to be sockable. Also it is evident that she's being voice-cultured by some professor in the pay of the British. I suggest she switch immediately to Prof. Cagney.

I'D like to see Cagney matched with bantam Velez. That would be a scrap. I like James and Guadalupe for their spontaneity. They do not appear to be suffering while acting. They spit out their lines as though they were their own. Art doesn't seem to afflict them. Perhaps that is why they fail to impress critics as much as do those artistes who drag around owl-eyed, lowing their lines like heifers bereft of their calves.

What with learning their lines and torturing their eyebrows the little

The Boulevardier

ladies of Hollywood are just too exhausted to bother about characterization. They play waitresses, college girls, and Fifth Avenue matrons with the same enunciation, costuming and weary deportment. The principal aim of both male and female just now appears to be refinement. And with the usual Hollywood exaggeration they're so infernally refined that by contrast the King and Queen appear to be Min and Bill.

JUST as it appeared that the screen was to be monopolized by Jewish comedians, as the vaudeville stage is, Jimmy Durante the Italian, muscled in . . . and with a bigger nose than any of them! You can't beat us wops at anything, be it growing noses like Jimmy's, ears like Bull Montana's or feet like Carnera's. (Say nothing of operatic bosoms!) I don't know why the producers suddenly decided the Jews were the funniest comedians unless it was from seeing "Once in a Lifetime." With the return of good wop comedy we may expect the come-back also of Pat and Mike and Heinie and Ole. For comedy, you can't beat a League of Nations.

JUST as Will Rogers flew over Vesuvius the old volcano started erupting. No matter how big they are they all like publicity.

JUAREZ, Mexico, has come to the relief of depressed Hollywood by circularizing the stars with offers to grant divorces by mail. Now if some benefactor will only provide postage.

TO dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carr at La Golondrina in El Paso, the Mexican street of Los Angeles. This is my favorite spot out here, the Mexicans rating with Italians in providing charm and food. Señora Bondo, the hostess, honored me by asking me to sign the guest book. The page to which she turned bore the names of Billie Burke Ziegfeld and daughter Patricia. I noted that Billie signed from Hastings-on-the-Hudson while daughter signed from New York. Evidently the three offspring of Will Rogers' caught the idea. Signing just below, Jimmy gave his home as Santa Monica, Billy signed Beverly Hills, and Mary scrawled Rogers, Ark. The Ziegfelds should outclass the Rogers!

I'm going to write more about this place another time. It is a rendezvous for other celebrities besides us kiddies. Dolores del Rio and Ramon Novarro are official patrons. Harry Carr's book "Old Mother Mexico" earns him a serenade of his favorite Mexican songs every time he enters. I added to his thrill this evening by telling him I'd bought his book in Paris and that the cocottes voted it the book-of-the-month. This alone should give a circulation of not less than two hundred thousand.

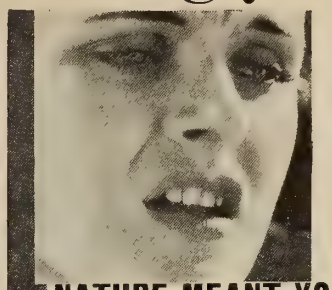
BROTHER MILT of the Paramount publicity department suffers the family curse of feeble memory. When asked right quick for the names of the Four Marx Brothers he mumbled. "Ah lessee . . . Harpo, Chico, Groucho and . . . ah . . . Garbo!"

Variety lists the biggest cash stars of last year in alphabetical order!

Femmes: Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich, Marie

(*Please turn to page* 116)

Bring your mouth back to normal . .



Scientists say that modern conditions—hurry, strain—cause our mouth glands to slow up. And that this hastens tooth decay—makes our breath stale and our mouths unhealthy. What shall we do?

NATURE MEANT YOUR MOUTH TO BE SELF CLEANSING

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Color of my hair _____

The Boulevardier At Home

(*Continued from page* 115)

Dressler, Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer.

Hommes: George Arliss, Wallace Beery, Maurice Chevalier, Ronald Colman, Clark Gable, Edward G. Robinson, Will Rogers.

THERE will be fluctuations during the current year. Already James Cagney is collecting more for Warner Bros. than either Mr. Arliss or Mr. Robinson. Jackie Cooper is not to be ignored at M-G-M, and Madge Evans looks promising.

Of those listed I look to Mr. Gable to make the strongest advance, to Miss Shearer for steady increase.

And if I have my way, Walter Huston, most versatile actor, will be a high contender.

DASHED out to lunch at M-G-M to see Johnny Weissmuller, the big swim champ, whom I last saw in the Lido pool in Paris. A great boy in every way, he ought to be an easy winner as Tarzan . . . but that's another story.

The M-G-M commissory is a din of all the jargons of Babel. . . . Among my lunching competitors were Jimmy Durante, Hank de la Falaise, Clark Gable, Clarence Brown, Gaston Glass, Jim Tully, Jean Hersholt, W. S. Van Dyke, Bob Montgomery. . . .

Harry Eddington, Greta Garbo's manager, who is now in charge of the foreign versions department of the studio, told me that they are now dubbing all foreign languages to match the lip movements of the stars. Thus Norma Shearer speaking English lines in "Private Lives" appears on Italian screens speaking the equivalent in Italian.

"*Si?*" I murmur skeptically, and am invited to pass on the Italian versions. Next month I'll let you and Mussolini know my verdict.

STROLLING the studio streets after lunch I noted a sleek roadster parked in state before the sacred bungalow of executives. I was about to shout for the police when informed that it was Clark Gable's parking privilege in return for signing a new contract. When Clark appeared smiling broadly I stepped over to congratulate him, and was invited to step out for a dinner. You can gather from this that the boy is generous toward rivals. . . .

SERIOUSLY, if you know what I mean, this Gable is a swell guy. He has been compared (always part of a new star's routine) to Rudie Valentino and Jack Dempsey. Nothing odious in that comparison. But in attempting to define his personality let's not lose the fact that he is essentially one of the finest actors the screen has divulged. (Loud applause.) With this thought, ladies and gentlemen, Gus Berger retires into his garbage can to lead his own life.

Which House to Vote For

(*Continued from page* 70)

From Philadelphia, comes the following:

"I am a young architect and am interested in your articles in this magazine. One of the reasons why I have so much interest in your idea is because it will give all home builders a comprehensive idea of what they should expect in a well-planned home.

"If I were to have the choice of one of those three homes, I would choose the English Type Home. It lends a thought of beauty in its compound roof, and has more of the appeal of coziness, while the French and Spanish Houses take on more of an appearance of 'wayside inns.'"

A reader in Baltimore writes:

"The homes shown in your magazine have been well chosen and planned to meet more pockets than are most homes shown today for the average working class family.

"May you continue these interesting articles for some time to come. I myself am a draftsman and enjoy them immensely as does my entire household."

A New York City reader, writes:

"I always enjoy reading your magazine and after I am through with it I despatch it to a friend in Scotland who tells me she looks forward ever so much to receiving it.

"As I am planning to build a home next year, I was delighted with the little home and accompanying sketch of the floors.

"I like the old English type very much but would like a house where I could have a large room in the basement for studying, etc."

From Washington, D. C., we have:

"I have a lot 50 x 110 at the sea shore. I am thinking of building a home some time in the future. The lot is 50 wide but will reserve 10 feet for drive, making the lot 40 feet wide. I like the English type house in December number of the HOME MAGAZINE only I would want a pantry, and laundry with tubs on the first floor, a room added to kitchen, so constructed that I could have a garage underneath it which I would enter from my ten feet driveway leading from the front."

In praise of the English house a Kansas City reader says:

"I think the English house is one of the most attractive homes, modestly priced, that I have seen in a very long time."

A Flushing, N. Y., reader writes:

"I find the English house almost exactly the kind of home I have planned for many years and am interested in all the details you can give me that will help in its construction."

And from Westmont, New Jersey we have:

"The old English house seems ideal

Which House to Vote For

to me, but I will reserve my vote until I see the others. They will have to be pretty good to beat this."

And from New York City:
"I am greatly interested in the English house; in fact I have been searching everywhere, where new houses are being built, always with my mind fixed for such a house, nothing else will do. It fulfills my desire in every way for a beautiful and practical home, for a small family. I may like and appreciate the drawings of the next three issues but this type wins my vote."

A reader in Detroit says:
"My girl and I are thinking seriously of getting married soon and so far we think this house of yours is the best we've seen. We have not been so completely in favor of all of the requirements and the spacing of the rooms of any house we've seen as the one you have written about. We think your other plans will be equally good so we may select another type and we would like first to see your three other styles before deciding.
"What would have to be your neighboring surroundings so as to set this English house off to the best advantage? Could you build it in the city? In a subdivision? Just where would be best?"

A reader in Sioux City says:
"I think the Spanish house is the most popular of the three houses so far. I favor the floor plan and the design of the house and also the patio and connecting garage."

An interesting opinion comes from Cleveland, Ohio:
"I certainly appreciated that article on different types of homes and especially the Spanish one. It is the most attractive small house of its kind I have seen."

The French house has received its quota of praise. A reader in Scranton, Pennsylvania, says:
"If I could build a house to please myself I should not hesitate to build the French house. The arrangement of the rooms is so convenient to the housewife, there is no wasted floor space and yet the house is exceptionally dignified. It's an ideal house for the up-to-date American family."

Another reader says:
"I feel sure that the French house will win the vote. I have never seen so many fine characteristics combined within one small house, and there is something exceptionally attractive about the architecture. I am surprised that this type of house has not become more widely used in this country."

Letters in praise of the Colonial House are just coming in. A reader in Evanston, Illinois, says:
"Of course, the Colonial house will win the vote. It is the most truly American type of architecture and the house you have shown is the most convenient I have ever seen. We were planning to build within a year or two and now that I have seen this house I feel impatient to begin."

"For 10c?..That beautiful window shade?"



...exclaimed June Collyer

when we showed her a CLOPAY Shade.....



"WHY, it seems impossible!" Miss Collyer went on. "You're sure you are right? Well, that is one of the most astonishing things I've ever heard of!"

CLOPAY fibre window shades *are* astonishing—not only for their handsome appearance and amazingly low price, but for their wearing qualities. They will outwear shades costing five and ten times as much, as hundreds of thousands of users will testify.

In colorful chintz patterns, as well as solid tan, green, white, and blue. Attach to old rollers without tacks or tools. 10c each, at 5c and 10c stores everywhere. In Canada and Far West 15c.

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

OLD WAY



...and the NEW CLOPAY Throw-Away Vacuum Cleaner Bag

A boon to housekeepers . . . this new attractive green fibre bag for vacuum cleaners. When it's filled you throw it away, with all its filthy germ-laden contents, put on a new bag in a jiffy. Only 10c each in home furnishings departments of leading stores. Or send 25c for one bag and metal fastening which attaches permanently to your vacuum cleaner. Be sure to specify make of your cleaner.

10c



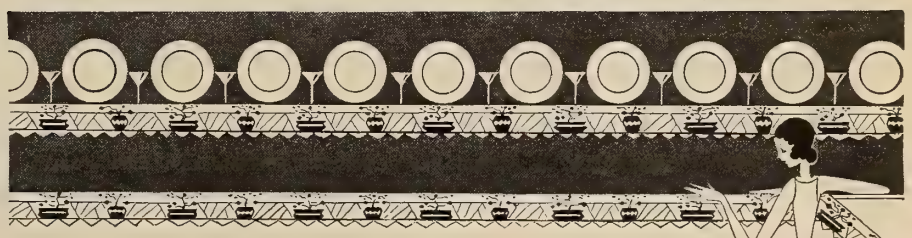
NEW WAY



CLOPAY CORPORATION · 1242 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

DO YOU ENJOY DESSERTS, TOO?

ONE of the most popular food articles ever printed in TOWER MAGAZINES was the recent January one entitled "Desserts Are In Again." Nearly 13,000 individual orders came in for the circulars offered. We can still supply requests for the set of nine. Send Ten cents for the set.



Brighten your shelves!

Spring cleaning time! Gay, fresh shelves in every cupboard with Roylace Shelf Papers!... Quaint flowerpots... moderne motifs... demure little nosegays — countless lovely patterns, and they bring "interior decoration" to your shelves for just a few cents...

Convenient lengths — wrapped dust-proof — the name "Roylace" embossed in selvage.

Ask for Roylace Shelf Papers and Doylies at 5-and-10c stores; Stationers and Department Stores (stationery or house-furnishings).
Write for booklet by famous magazine editor — specify shelf paper or doylie book. FREE!

The Royal Lace Paper Works, Inc., Dept. 54, 842 Lorimer St., Bklyn.



Roylace shelf papers and paper doylies

Insist on GOTTSCHALK'S
The Original
METAL SPONGE
in the Sanitary Cellophane Bag



ASK FOR IT BY NAME AND AVOID IMITATIONS

Remember, it's the original metal-scouring device. It has stood the test of years and is now being used in more homes than ever.

Five million women cannot be wrong. Get one today and be sure it's GOTT-SCHALK'S



METAL SPONGE SALES CORP.
2726 Mascher Street, Philadelphia
The Little Fellow That Does the Big Job

CORNS

Instant Relief!

No waiting! In *one minute* the pain and cause of corns and sore toes are ended when you apply these thin, mildly medicated, soothing, healing pads. 100% safe.



SIZES FOR
CORNS
CALLOUSES
BUNIONS

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

One Gray Hair today
20 Tomorrow



The worst of GRAY HAIR is that it gets GRAYER and GRAYER. Are you satisfied to see your pretty hair go to pieces when your friends are "touching up" theirs with FARR'S, a modern type of preparation, easy to use, clean, odorless, not sticky? They use FARR'S with no thought of deception, simply to LOOK and FEEL their best. FARR'S is absolutely harmless. Gives the hair a soft, NATURAL, lively appearance. $1.35. Sold everywhere.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

FREE SAMPLE
BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. T.G. 3
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Send FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.
Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
STATE ORIGINAL COLOR OF HAIR.....

The Bandwagon

(*Continued from page 49*)

IMPORTANT CLUB NOTE: Jackie Cooper was recently elected president of a very important organization. The club has no name as yet, but it will have as soon as the members can reach an agreement. It is composed of boys who live in Jackie's neighborhood and Jackie was elected president because the clubhouse is in his back yard.

It is a green and white house, with hinged roof and walls so that it may be moved to other locations. The inside is painted a dull tan. Jackie wanted dark brown so that "It wouldn't show the dirt." It was a Christmas present from his mother and was originally intended for a playhouse. But the club moved in. Each member has a key to the door and no outsiders may enter.

MARIE THE SPEED - DEMON: Marie Dressler has a yen for motoring. She simply can't stay "put." She likes nothing better than to get in her black sedan and go places. For the last few months her favorite week-end jaunts have been to La Quinta on the edge of the desert and to Santa Barbara.

In La Quinta, Marie stays at a quiet hotel, sits in the sunshine, plays croquet and takes walks on the desert. In Santa Barbara, she visits at the homes of friends.

Marie likes speed, too, in her motoring. She'd have to go fast to get around the way she does. After her recent radio broadcast, she left the Los Angeles broadcasting studio at a little after six and was eating dinner in Santa Barbara before eight.

Who says you have to be young to enjoy life?

BUT WHAT ABOUT SUNDAY? Marion Davies received six pairs of gorgeous velvet dinner pajamas for Christmas.

Since her recent accident Evalyn Knapp has received more than thirty good-luck charms from admirers near and far. The latest is a Hindu god supposed to ward off all evil if he is carried in a right-hand pocket.

PAPA WALLY: Wallace Beery is spending his evenings, after he finishes work for the day in "Grand Hotel," playing electric trains with his newly adopted family, George, age nine, William, six, and Carol Ann, fifteen months. Wally and the children are living in an apartment while Mrs. Beery is in the hospital, recovering from pneumonia, and while Wally's Beverly Hills home, which was recently burned, is being re-built.

MONTGOMERY GOES POLO: Robert Montgomery is spending all his leisure time in his new white-and-green polo suit, exercising his three new ponies and, incidentally, endeavoring to master the fine points of the game which has triumphed over tennis and golf in his athletic affections.

Kay Francis, known as one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood, is not especially fond of nice clothes and detests visits to the dressmaker. She prefers a kitchen apron and being comfortable.



AT HOME WITH THE STARS

Laura La Plante isn't very keen on bending over the kitchen stove, but she does like to make a delicious salad which she calls "Favorite Salad." In the delightfully new cook book, "Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars," Miss La Plante and many other of your favorite movie folk give you their pet recipes.



If you cannot find this book in your favorite Woolworth store, send ten cents plus three cents postage, and we will mail it to you promptly.

10c a copy

TOWER BOOKS
55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

The Bandwagon

NEW DECORATIVE WRINKLES: Norma Shearer's bedroom in her new Santa Monica beach home displays several new wrinkles in the art of interior decorating. The headboard of the bed is upholstered in chartreuse velvet. The unusually wide windows have ivory enameled venetian blinds in addition to the linen draperies. The chair which accompanies her magnolia wood writing desk is upholstered in white satin.

BACK AMONG US: Among the old-time screen favorites to stage comebacks in films recently are Ethel Clayton, Clara Kimball Young, Henry B. Walthall, William Farnum, William Desmond, Franklyn Farnum and Priscilla Dean. More are expected to join the comeback ranks.

CHEVALIER, BUSINESS MAN: Maurice Chevalier is on a concert tour of the country.

He's stopping at some of the largest cities and will be back in Hollywood soon for another film. Chevalier probably has made more money for himself in the past few years than any screen actor has ever made. Paramount gets no cut on his personal appearances.

THE WAYS OF A DOG: Miriam Hopkins got a dog, but she almost lost her happy home.

She bought one of those huge sheep dogs. The first day it playfully knocked her down, jumped on the table during dinner and knocked over several lamps.

In the middle of the night the dog got into her bedroom, nosed up the covers and started licking her feet. Lese Majeste, they call it. Miriam leaped to her feet with a scream and the pooch was put in the back yard.

BIOGRAPHICAL BRIEF: A new blonde Polish beauty who is very ha-cha-cha, has been signed by Paramount.

Name's Lyda Roberti. Used to be a circus performer in Europe and worked in Shanghai as a waitress one time when her show went broke. Father's the famous continental clown, Roberti.

May be seen in "Dancers in the Dark."

Believe it or not, Estelle Taylor always wears long sleeved nightgowns. She says she would feel too undressed in sleeveless ones. Now that the long-sleeved variety is the last word in smartness (even Constance Bennett wears 'em) you may expect to see them in pictures soon. They button up high under the chin with tiny ruffles at the neck and wrists and are just too quaint for anything.

GARY A SOCIAL DARLING: Gary Cooper, who gave Paramount the go-by when he sailed for Europe on what was supposed to be a two months' vacation, but what turned out to be an indefinite stay, is now the darling of London society. Gary has found that he is equally as popular, if not more so, among the blue bloods of Merry Old England, as he is with one of his dude-ranch broncos.

FASHION NOTE: Madge Evans always wears dark blue flannel pajamas, driving back and forth from the studio to her home.

(*Please turn to page* 120)



TOWER READERS Certainly Must Keep Their Magazines Filed!

We believe that a great many Tower readers must keep the service articles in a handy reference file because orders and reorders for patterns and cooking circulars come in months after the article is published. Nearly 31,000 orders have come in since May, 1931, for a pattern page devoted to lingerie, collar-and-cuff sets, and more are arriving every day.

Sudden changes in temperature, whether hot or cold, are bad for your skin—it becomes dry, rough and scaly. Protect your skin every day with Nivea Creme—it contains Eucerite, goes deep, works deep—lubricates, smooths and keeps skin lovely in any weather.



GENEROUS SIZE TRIAL TUBE

FREE

Send coupon with 2c postage

P. Beiersdorf & Co., Inc., Dept. T-4 200 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me your generous trial tube. I enclose 2c postage.
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Nivea, Eucerite Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WISE MOTHERS NOW INSIST ON STERILIZED POWDER

IN a recent test Scientists found germs in every baby powder they examined that had not been sterilized! If you use an *un*sterilized baby powder and your baby has a little raw skin . . . imagine what might happen!

Laco Baby Powder is thoroughly sterilized — a special heat treatment at 235° F. for six hours — right in the sealed container. This positively destroys all chances of germs . . . Makes it safe for your baby.

Laco is made of soothing ingredients, it is velvet-soft, waterproof — yet contains no stearate of zinc. Laco relieves diaper rash, sunburn, eczema. Strongly recommended also for after shaving, for rashes, sunburn and as a general toilet powder for all the family. To be safe buy no powder that is not marked STERILIZED. If you do not find Laco Sterilized Baby Powder send four cents for generous trial can. Ask for Laco Castile Soap and Laco Castile Shampoo at all ten cent toilet goods counters.

LACO

LOCKWOOD BRACKETT CO.
Dept. T-4, Boston, Mass.

Enclosed is 4¢ in stamps for a generous trial can of Laco Sterilized Baby Powder.

Name_____

Street_____

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I purchase toilet goods at_____

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FOR SALE AT F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. STORES

...A FRAGRANCE FOR EVERY MOOD



Feel gay . . . or pensive. Feel dashing . . . or dreamy. Feel sophisticated . . . or romantic. The three alluring fragrances of Rajah Hindu Incense enable you to surround yourself with an atmosphere to suit your mood.

Obtain a box of this delightfully perfumed Incense today, on sale at most

F.W.WOOLWORTH CO.
5 and 10 Cent Stores

Hindu Incense Mfg. Co.
Chicago, Illinois



The Bandwagon

(*Continued from page* 119)

TOM'S CALENDAR: Tearing off the leaves of the calendar this year should be a pleasure for Thomas Meighan. His New Year's gift from his wife, Francis, was a loose leaf calendar, from which a page was given each of Tom's friends to autograph with some greeting. His closest friend, John McCormack, chose the seventeenth of March for his message.

JOAN AND GENE: Joan Bennett and Gene Markey have made frequent visits to the Catholic Church in Beverly Hills, where they confer with Father Mullins regarding their coming marriage. Joan and Gene were both raised in the Catholic faith and Gene is still a regular attendant, but Joan, being a divorced woman, has lost some of her rights in this religion. If the ceremony, which is scheduled for early Spring, takes place it will probably be performed by a judge or justice of the peace.

PILLOWS FOR SOUND EFFECTS: Constance Bennett doesn't use a pillow to rest the famous blonde head on when she goes to bed, but when the early morning sunlight starts shining in her eyes, she reaches for a large one which she places on top of her head. In the case of unusual noises she has a second one nearby for sound-proofing.

Jackie Cooper in organizing his back-lot football team had to swallow his pride and ask two neighbor girls to complete the team. Now Jackie says they are the best ends he ever played with.

GLIMPSES OF GARBO: Unwittingly, Greta Garbo's negro chauffeur aided approximately two hundred thrill-seekers in their attempts to get a close-up of the Swedish actress, when she returned from her visit to New York.

Coming back to Hollywood, the "gray ghost of the Hotel St. Moritz," chose to get off the Santa Fe Chief at Pasadena to avoid the crowds she hoped would be waiting for her.

So quickly and secretively did she flit off the train that all the crowd saw was a fur coat and a hat moving along as though propelled by some mysterious force until——

Greta got into her car.

Then, in his haste to escape the crowd, Greta's chauffeur drove off without her baggage.

The mistake discovered, he had to return and this time the curiosity-seekers gazed to their heart's content while the bags were being loaded.

James Cagney, now going great guns at Warner Brothers-First National, got his start in the dramatization of Jim Tully's "Beggars of Life" in 1926. The stage producers looked all over New York for an actor who looked like Tully, and Cagney, a little red-headed Irish lad from Third Avenue, was the choice. Cagney and Tully have been warm friends ever since.

TROUT CLUB REGISTER: Noah Beery has a unique "register" at his Paradise Trout Club, in the Sierra Madre mountains, 100 miles or so east of Los Angeles.

It is the huge stone fireplace in the dining-room of the club.

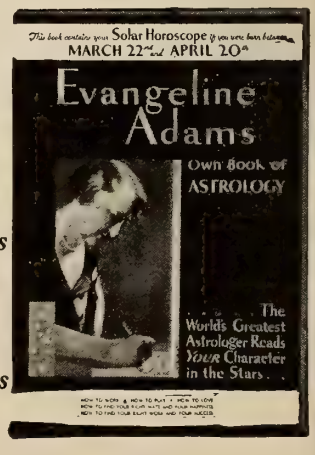


EVANGELINE ADAMS Offers FUN and Facts for THOUGHT

In these twelve intensely interesting books, the world-famous astrologist gives horoscopes for every month, tells about the life-influence of every Zodiac sign.

Here's plenty of fun for you and your friends, reading about each other's characteristics, interests, futures, as seen by the stars. And plenty of facts for more serious thought. Read the horoscope of your own birth month and see how many times you have to say, "That's me all over!"

Send ten cents plus four cents postage for each. Tell the Birthdates



TOWER BOOKS, Inc.
55 Fifth Avenue, New York

The Bandwagon

There, upon the rough stones are inscribed the names of many of the most famous folk in cinemaland. The visitors write their names with a pencil, a clerk who is adept with a paint brush outlines in color and puts a coat of varnish over the whole thing.

Buster Keaton, never too busy to put over a good gag, sneaked into Marion Davies' dressing-room during the filming of "Polly of the Circus" and donned her trapeze tights.

Director Al Santell didn't discover the deception until "Marion" leaped recklessly from the flying bar in midair and took a nose dive into the protecting net stretched far below.

NEXT WEDDING FORECAST: The next wedding in the so-called tennis crowd that gathers at the home of Cedric Gibbons and Dolores Del Rio probably will be that of Carey Wilson and Carmelita Geraghty.

BLANK CHUCKLES: Every once in a while you can get a real chuckle from a biographical blank. They have them on file at all the studios on every contract player from bit girl to star, you know.

I was once glancing over the biography of a youngster—I won't tell you her name because she's a big girl now and one of our leading stars—and it said in part:

"From a fine old Southern family. Did not attend public schools but educated at home by private *tooter!*" And how!

CHARLIE A PICTURE STUDENT: Charlie Farrell is a movie fan. He probably sees more pictures than any other Hollywood player. He sees them not only for enjoyment but to study them and keep abreast of the changes constantly being made. When he was in Europe last year he spent a large part of his time viewing foreign pictures to see what went big with the Europeans.

MUSIC FOR INSPIRATION: Elissa Landi has had a piano moved into her dressing-room. She is at work on her fourth novel and finds that strumming on the keys of her piano is often an inspiration. In addition to her writing she is a clever pianist and sings exceptionally well. Quite a talented little woman, Hollywood would say.

EL AND MISSUS IN VAUDEVILLE: El Brendel is spending his ten weeks' vacation from the Fox lot in vaudeville and is getting a big kick out of it, for El likes to hear his audience applaud. His wife, Flo Burt, a former vaudeville and musical comedy star, is his teammate. Flo gave up her own career to stay in Hollywood and keep house for El. Meanwhile, they have built a charming home in Westwood Hills.

Walter Catlett was given a rôle in a picture recently after being "at liberty" for a long time. With his first pay check he went to the nearest market, where a friend found him buying a big supply of canned goods.

"Laying in a supply for the winter, Walter?" inquired the friend.

(*Please turn to page* 122)

Actual photograph of Miss Ruth Tonnberg after and before using VANKAI Wave Set



Why be a *morning martyr*

***Shorten make-up time 10 minutes with* VANKAI**

Untidy to bed, untidy to rise! Start the day right the *night before!* Let VANKAI Wave Set ripple your locks into lovely waves and send you to breakfast rejoicing—in ten minutes less time for make-up.

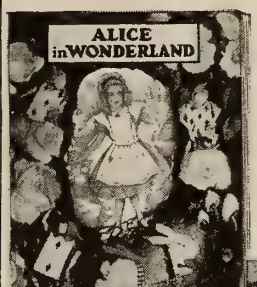


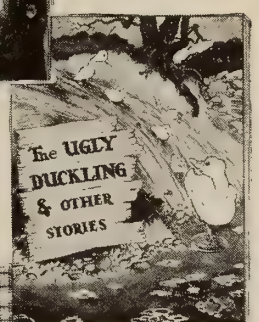
Don't let stubborn, straggly hair spoil your charm. VANKAI *easily* keeps hair beautifully wavy, naturally soft and lustrous. It makes longer-lasting finger waves, adds weeks to the life of permanents. VANKAI contains no harmful grease or wax—leaves no discoloration, no sticky white flakes. It is used and praised by thirty thousand beauty shops.

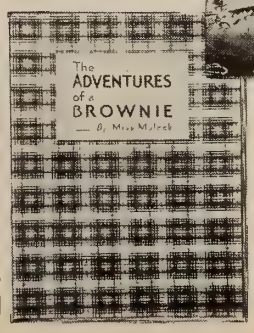
Get VANKAI Wave Set at most 5 and 10c stores (extra-large 10c bottle): 25c size at druggists'. For trial bottle send 10c, stamps or coin, to Briar Products Co., Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

VANKAI WAVE SET

POPPING DOWN A RABBIT HOLE TO ENCHANTMENT







10c each

From the very moment that Alice in Wonderland pops down the rabbit hole and lands in an enchanted country, childish interest is absorbed, spellbound. No child ought to miss knowing "Alice in Wonderland." Tower books present it In such an inexpensive and thoroughly charming form that every mother will want it for her children.

The Adventures of a Brownie, the Ugly Duckling and other stories are just as charming and just as inexpensive.

If your favorite Woolworth Store hasn't copies of these three books, send ten cents for each, plus three cents postage, and we'll speed them back to you.

TOWER BOOKS, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York

The Bandwagon—Movie Gossip Off the Stage and On

(*Continued from page* 121)

"Just buying a little wolf powder," was Walter's comeback.

BICYCLE JOKE: Bert Wheeler will have his little joke—but this is the story of a joke which turned on him.

When Gene Fowler, author of "The Great Mouthpiece" and other best sellers, arrived at the R-K-O-Pathé studios to write original stories for the screen, he was given a rousing welcome.

As master of ceremonies, Wheeler turned over the keys of Hollywood to Gene—and presented him with a bicycle.

And if you think Fowler didn't take the bicycle, you're just crazy. What's more, he rides it to and from the studio daily and parks it in its own garage each night at the fashionable apartment where he is living with Mrs. Fowler.

Gene now warmly recommends California climate (even if it does snow occasionally) and bike riding for one's health.

Roscoe Ates is one screen actor who isn't worried about the clock while radio broadcasting. One night on a national hook-up, he took a squint and saw he still had a minute to go. Stuck for something to say, he started to stutter and kept it going until the final second.

THE SPECIALIST REPLIES: Charles ("Chic") Sale replied to his holiday greeting cards with a typewritten letter, in the "Specialist" style. He takes great pains in answering his fan mail.

Tom Mix's famous horse, Tony, cost the western star just twelve dollars cash. Today you couldn't buy the same horse for twelve thousand dollars. When Mix first saw the horse an Italian was riding him up Sunset Boulevard with a "For Sale" sign on him. Tom bought him and named him "Tony" in memory of his Italian owner.

SECOND HONEYMOON: William Powell and Carole Lombard have returned to Hollywood from their second honeymoon this one spent in Yosemite National Park, enjoying the winter sports. Their Honolulu honeymoon was not so successful, as Mrs. Powell was taken severely ill on the trip.

MOUNTAIN RIDING FOR RUTH: Ruth Chatterton spent a week at Arrowhead Mountains before starting her first Warner Brothers picture, "The Rich Are Always With Us." Miss Chatterton's favorite diversion is horseback riding over mountain trails.

HURDLE HOUSE: George Arliss has a new hilltop home east of Hollywood which offers some of the steepest hills to climb in Southern California. It is his favorite diversion, and the spectacle of a monocle-clad gentleman hurdling boulders and ravines is a sight that astonishes the tourists.

AND WHY NOT: It looks like a budding romance between Tom Brown and Adrienne Dore. They are playing together in "The Famous Ferguson Case" at the Warner-First National Studios daytimes and playing around Hollywood together some evenings.

The day prior to Tyrone Powers' sudden death, he spent at the Paramount Studio enacting what was to have been his death-bed scene in the new version of "The Miracle Man." The last scene he played he had the following line to speak. . . "I have not long to live."

BREAD ON THE WATER: Ricardo Cortez was waiting his turn before the judge for a minor traffic violation.

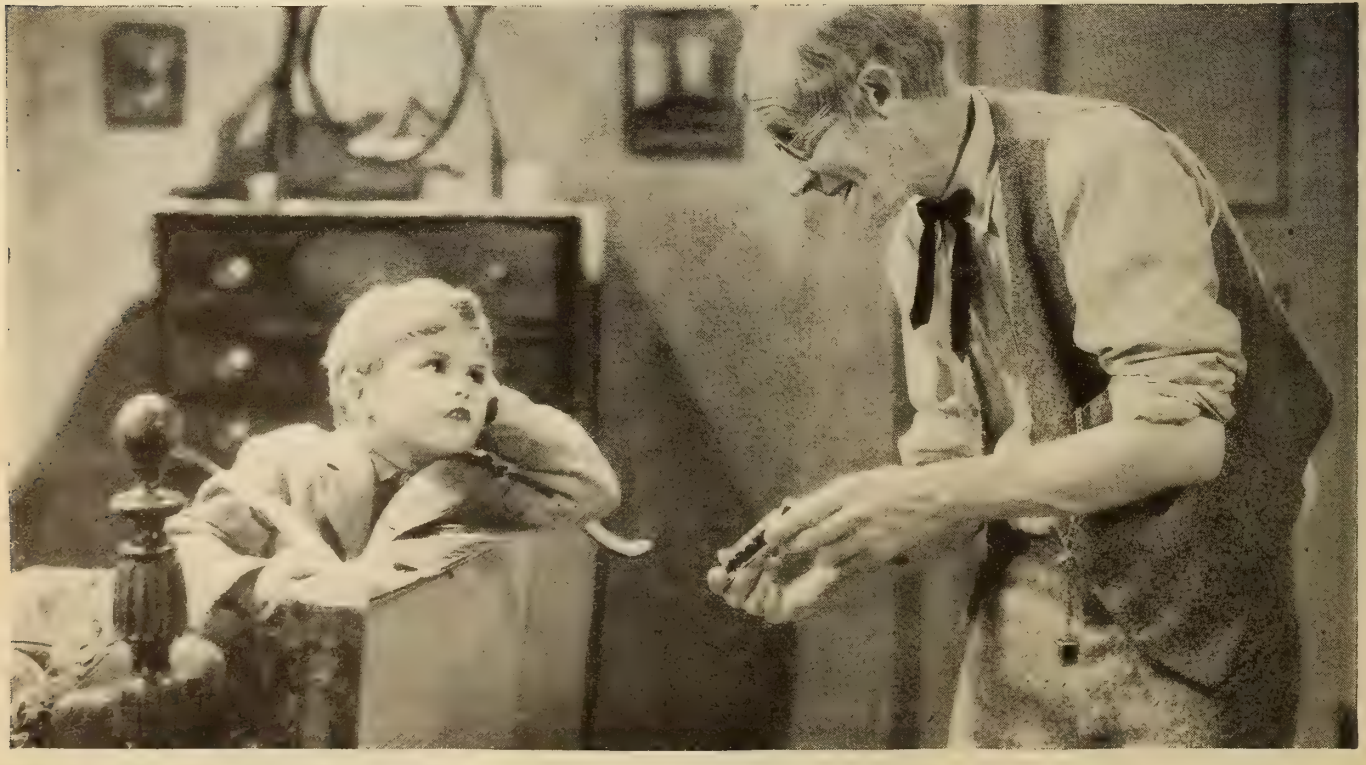
A three-dollar fine was imposed against a Mexican youth who couldn't pay and was about to go to jail for three days, when Cortez stepped forward and paid the lad's fine.

The Mexican boy left the court, profuse in his thanks to his savior. A few days later came a letter thanking Ricardo in a crude way for his kindness and enclosing thirty cents in stamps.

This so pleased the actor that he showed everyone at the studio the letter. Every few days came another remittance in stamps until the three dollars was paid in full.

With the final remittance was a note asking for a receipt in full—and signed by Harry Brand, one of Hollywood's most confirmed jesters. And the laugh was on Ric.

"Old Man Minnick" features DICKIE MOORE and CHIC SALE



"Old Man Minnick"—Warners—Class B—Sympathetic portrayal of old man, by Chic Sale, going to live with son and daughter-in-law. His quest for companionship connects him with little Dickie Moore, and they remain inseparable pals right through to the gripping dramatic conclusion of the picture. Dickie becomes a full-fledged star in his next picture, "From Rags to Riches."

How to Make Up Your Lips to Last 8 Hours or More



9 A. M.—*You apply when you go out*

5 P. M.—*Eight hours later—lovely red lips!*

New 8-hour lip coloring discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. Formulated on entirely new principle. Waterproof . . . . Wearproof . . . . Indelible . . . . Ends constant "making-up."

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type, different from any other you have ever tried . . . *Kissproof or any other kind.*

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

Utterly NEW Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no other lipstick does or has ever done . . . *actually seems to last indefinitely.*

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear.

Then, too, it is a true, NATURAL color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quickening loveliness—trust the *French* for that!

What to Ask For

To obtain, ask for the NEW Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). AND—remember it is NOT the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is ENTIRELY NEW.

Edna Wallace Hopper paid $2.50 for the original in Paris. Owing to tremendous demand the price is much less in this country. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick—lip and cheek rouge. Remember—Kissproof gives you imported lipstick quality without imported prices. Money cannot buy a finer lipstick.

NEW Kissproof *Indelible* LIPSTICK



Where Turkish tobacco comes from



Let's all go to Turkey...



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THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

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by the PRINCESS KROPOTKIN

HOW I DISCOVERED CHEVALIER
by ELSIE JANIS

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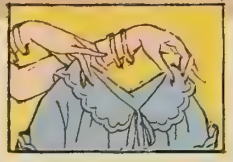
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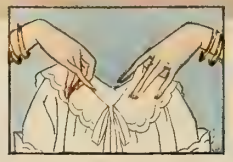
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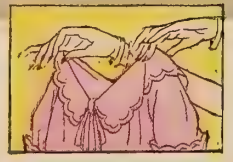
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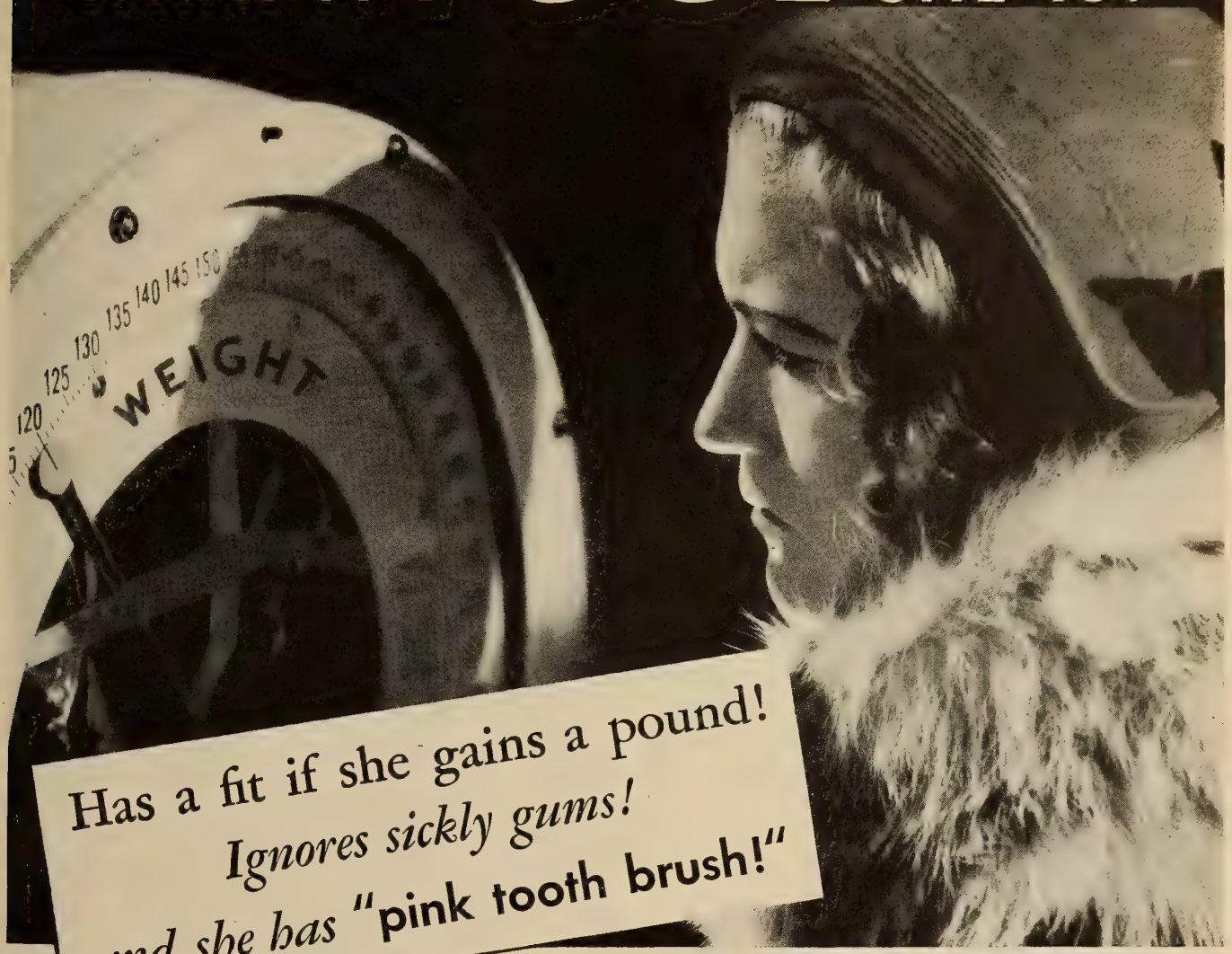


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Has a fit if she gains a pound! *Ignores sickly gums!* and she has "pink tooth brush!"

OF *course* you watch your weight! YOU don't intend to sit in a corner with an overstuffed figure, while some slender girl gets all the attention!

But what about your *face?* What about your *smile?* You aren't going to have a beautiful, alluring smile for very long unless your *teeth* stay sparkling white and sound! And your teeth aren't going to stay white and sound unless you pay some attention to those soft, sickly gums of yours!

Practically every bit of food you eat is soft, cooked food—far too creamy to give your gums the stimulation they *must* have. Your gums have been getting lazier and weaker with every year. Now they tend to bleed. You have "pink tooth brush."

And "pink tooth brush" dulls the teeth. Moreover, it can lead to gingivitis, pyorrhea, Vincent's disease and other serious gum troubles. It may even endanger the soundness of your teeth.

Get a tube of Ipana. Do it today. First of all, it's a fine tooth paste. And when you clean your teeth with it, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip and massage it right into your unhealthy gums.

The ziratol, the toning agent in Ipana, with the daily massage, will firm your gums. It won't be long before your teeth are whiter and brighter, and your gums harder. You can forget "pink tooth brush." And you'll be able to smile and still be alluringly beautiful!

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HUGH WEIR, EDITORIAL DIRECTOR VERNE PORTER, EXECUTIVE EDITOR

VOL. V. No. 5 MAY, 1932



GEORGE JEAN NATHAN distinguished dramatic critic, has written his first article for any film magazine. It will appear in the June issue of THE NEW MOVIE on sale May 15. In it Mr. Nathan makes one of his most audacious challenges, "THERE IS NO SEX APPEAL IN THE FILMS."

Cover Design by McCLELLAND BARCLAY

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Ivan St. Johns — Western Editor

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TWENTY-NINE — nearing thirty! Is that an age to dread? The screen stars say no!

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"I'm 29," says Esther Ralston. "No one need fear birthdays. Women on the screen, of course, *must* keep their youthful charm. And a young-looking skin is absolutely necessary! For years I've used Lux Toilet Soap and I think my complexion is younger looking than ever."

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Photograph by Russell Ball, 1931

ESTHER RALSTON, the lovely star who owns Esther's Beauty Salon in Hollywood. "A young-looking skin is absolutely necessary," she says. "That's why I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years."



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, 1931

ANITA STEWART, charming screen favorite, says: "From the day I discovered Lux Toilet Soap I've never worried about my skin. With this nice white soap I keep it smooth—so easily!"

Lux Toilet Soap—10¢



Photo by Max Munn Autrey

Myrna Loy, the exotic girl with red hair and jade-green eyes, has just signed a long-term contract with M-G-M.

RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE

Are the old-time wicked women of the screen to come into popular favor again?

THE vampire is coming back.

Of course, in real life, there have always been vamps. Cleopatra, for instance, was far more deadly than even the Royal Northwest Mounties—she not only got her man, but got lots of them who belonged to somebody else. And plenty of modern Cleos are still with us.

But in the movies there has been quite a lull in the vampire business.

Now, however, a super-vampire is in the offing. Myrna Loy, the exotic girl with the jade-green eyes, has lately been signed to a long-term contract at M-G-M. And it's a cinch that young Mr. Thalberg didn't sign a girl like Myrna Loy to play Peter Pan roles.

Ever since the eclipse of Theda Bara's career there has been a great, gaping hole in the screen. She set the high-water mark in real, honest-to-God vamping. To be sure, we've had sirens galore since the days when Bara fluttered the veils in "Salome," but they've been sophisticated and explainable—and merely sirens.

Gold-digging baby blondes—too many of 'em. Intellectual brunettes who "understood" men. "It" girls with their handbags full of tricks and their bodies full of perpetual motion. Tabloid vamps. Flappers having their fling. Even crooning ladies who did their luring to the strains of Boop-boop-a-doop and O-de-dough-ee-o-day.

But the real, black-magic vampire, the one Mr. Kipling wrote about when he said:

"A fool there was, and he made his prayer
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair;
We called her the woman who did not care
But the fool he called her his lady fair,
Even as you and I."

—has been conspicuous by her absence since Theda Bara left the screen.

Since then, we've been given a post-graduate course in sex appeal whether we liked it or not. It's been psycho-analyzed, columnized, exhibitionized and exploited until there isn't a trick left in any woman's repertoire for us to find out for ourselves. They even have college courses nowadays in how to snare your man; it's become as much a science as salesmanship, advertising or showmanship, and includes all three.

With most of the modern sirens, you can see the wheels go 'round and know just how the motor works.

BUT Cleopatra didn't work in any such unimaginative way, and neither did Theda Bara. Nor does Myrna Loy.

It's instinct and not practice, with any super-vamp. She doesn't make any effort to analyze and understand any particular man; she doesn't ask what his golf score is; she doesn't play on his weak points—she doesn't have to. That's all amateur stuff. But there she is: strange, remote, imbued with some nameless witchcraft before which no man can call his soul his own. She plays her sex-game as a fundamental, inexplicable, magical attraction. Something hypnotic, something which the scientists call "biological," but which no man can actually classify. Down through the ages, ever since history began, an occasional woman has possessed that fatal power and it has always wrought all sorts of havoc, disaster and drama—and, incidentally, made more history.

Myrna Loy has just that sort of personality on the screen. Anybody who saw her in "Sky Line" and "The Connecticut Yankee" knows that. Mr. Thalberg did—and Mr. Thalberg signed her on the strength of it. And now that she is signed, he is far too smart to submerge such a personality. Much of his success has been gained through developing unique personalities; look at Garbo, Shearer, Crawford, Dressler and the rest.

Then, Myrna Loy showed both her ability and versatility as an actress in "Trans-Atlantic." Previously a "heavy," she won and held instant sympathy in a "straight"

(*Please turn to page* 118)



Drawing by Vince Callahan

She Learned About Washday From Him —— by C.A.Voight



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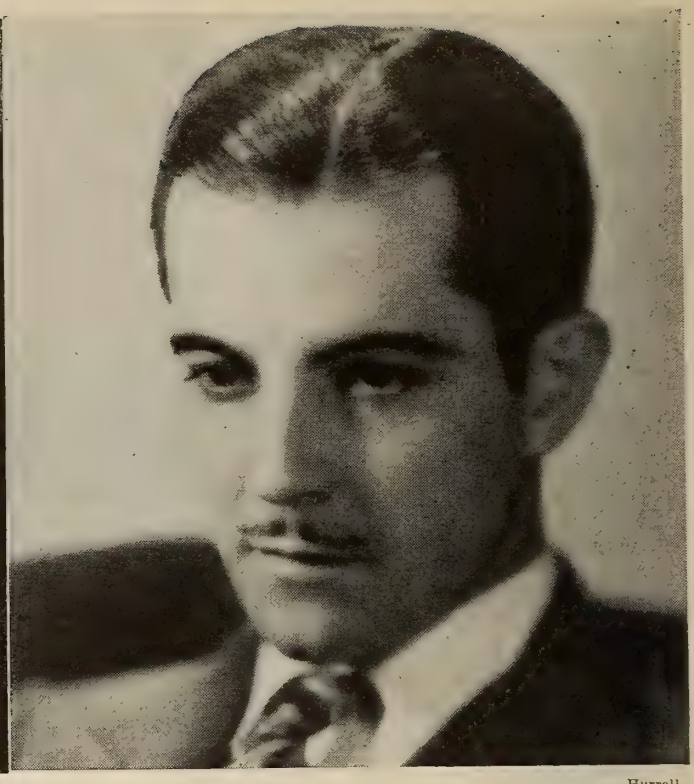
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Greta Garbo



Hurrell

Ramon Novarro

The MOST ELIGIBLE COUPLE Will NEVER Marry

by REGINA CANNON

"GRETA GARBO is my ideal woman, but I shall never marry."

This was Ramon Novarro's somewhat startling statement regarding the two subjects concerning him in which his fans are most vitally interested—women and matrimony. For, with Richard Dix safely launched on the matrimonial high seas, Ramon finds himself unanimously elected Hollywood's most eligible bachelor.

Since the casting of "Mata Hari," rumors have seeped through the tightly guarded Garbo set to the effect that Novarro has fallen deeply in love with the Swedish star.

To back up their assertions, those claiming to know cited the fact that, though Ramon is a star in his own right, he was perfectly content to take second billing in this production, a concession seldom made by one who has fought every inch of the way to his place on the cinematic heights. Further, that he actually requested to be considered for the role he ultimately played, and finally that he spent every available moment during production in Greta's decidedly exclusive company.

"Perhaps Ramon admires her work and his interest is not personal, after all," we suggested.

To which our informant retorted such a withering and disgusted "Oh, Yeah?" that we decided to, as Jimmy Durante would say, "ups to Novarro" and ask him.

This procedure, as you may suspect, required a certain temerity if not a little good old-fashioned brass, but we gritted our teeth dutifully and breathlessly hurled, "What's all this talk about your being in love with the Garbo, Ramon?"

And poor defenseless Novarro, taken completely unawares, couldn't hedge if he wanted to.

"GRETA GARBO is marvelous," he declared. "No other woman has ever impressed me so much; not even poor beautiful Barbara La Marr. Greta is everything that man desires. She has beauty, lure, mystery and an aloofness that only men understand, for it is a quality which is usually to be found only in men.

"It is not a coldness either, for she has emotion and fire, else she could not be the greatest artist the screen has ever known. But Greta keeps her emotions repressed and the audience somehow knows that she is, with difficulty, holding back something greater than she is giving."

Ramon's eyes were aglow with love and admiration for his ideal as he sang her praises in the enthusiastic vocabulary of the Latin and we, who had come prepared to cagily though painlessly extract a word from him now and then about Garbo, sat a little dazed by his rhapsodizing.

RAMON NOVARRO, in a startlingly frank interview, tells why Greta Garbo and he have no right to marry.

"Yes," he reminisced, "Greta has everything. A sense of fairness and perfect companionship. And those are the things a man looks for in the woman he marries. Those are the qualities that endure. This red-hot romance business doesn't last. It is often over before the

(*Please turn to page* 112)



The magic symbol of great achievement

1927 The BIG PARADE
1928 BEN HUR
1929 The BROADWAY MELODY
1930 The BIG HOUSE
1931 TRADER HORN

And in 1932

the eyes of the world are again on

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with **Walter HUSTON**

Dorothy JORDAN • Lewis STONE
Neil HAMILTON • Myrna LOY • Wallace FORD
John MILJAN • Virginia BRUCE

PARDON ME ... BUT HAVE YOU HEARD?

by CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

The scion of a famous old American family, world traveler and author, jots down a few items about the movie industry and its members.



Photo by Tower

THOUGH lovely Loretta Young has been going the rounds constantly with Leslie Fenton, that talented young man from across the seas, I don't personally believe they'll ever mate.

Loretta has had enough of marriage for quite a while. She's too sensible to try again without a great deal of consideration.

Besides, Fenton is really a jack-of-all-trades and a specialist at none. He is equally as talented a young author as he is a character actor. He has no desire to settle in any one place yet a while. All of life is ahead; and there is so much to see in this old world yet. Be friends, of course; but never marry a friend.



Photo by Wm. E. Thomas

Helen Twelvetrees and Robert Montgomery are teaing and supping together these days.

THE teaming up of Ronald Colman and Dick Barthelmess had been expected for some time. Ronald is one of those very high-principled young men who love once or twice deeply in life and spend the rest of their time musing about it. Friendship is to him vastly more important a thing than love. Vastly more lasting, too, perhaps.

Dick's second marriage seems to have fared well. Jessica is an interesting person. Her reactions to life are strangely perfect. What she has been able to do for Dick has been unfathomable. He is at home and on the set a real person once more.

To Ronald's rather lonesome life Mr. and Mrs. Dick have been able to bring some of the many things he craves. Therefore when Ronald insisted that Dick accompany him in the Orient to see the fighting, they went as on a lark instead of a grim and rather serious adventure. And when Ronald was picked up by a Marine patrol in Shanghai the other evening this was real stuff and not a publicity agent's story. Ronald wanted to see things first hand. He did.

RAN into Billie Dove down at Palm Beach recently.

If I were to believe press reports, I would have thought that Howard Hughes was his ghost or something. Funny how the columnist gossips must destroy public characters in order to build them up *again.*

Howard and Billie were riding in a bicycle wicker chair when I espied them down near the Everglades late one morning. It made me smile to think what columnists' readers would have thought if they could have seen them at that very moment.

HOLLYWOOD'S gone nutty on polo.

A little while ago Snowy Baker told me he expected within a year to have the colony polo mad. Seems he's been able to accomplish this in considerably less time than that. Out toward the beach from Los Angeles the colony has spent more than half a million dollars in equipping fields, and morning, noon and night you'll find them black with players.

Too bad Tommy Hitchcock can't be induced to do as Bobby Jones has done. The nation would then be able to enjoy in a big way this clean sport.

With the Olympics coming to California so soon, it seems as if the whole southern portion of the state at any rate has gone sport mad.

RAN into Pola Negri supping late one evening recently in an after-the-theater rendezvous. Was not looking so well. Strange how fast the vamps go. Theda Bara, who is still one of the most charming women in Hollywood, dropped out almost overnight.



Photo by Hurrell

One of the most enthusiastic of the followers of Hollywood's latest rage, polo, is the versatile Bob Montgomery.

PHIL WRIGLEY is making em shiver over on the Paramount lot.

With the death of his wonderful daddy came the reins of the Publix group to him. William Wrigley had for months been talking to Philip and telling him what he would do when he gained complete control. The schooling has been been most valuable to the young man.

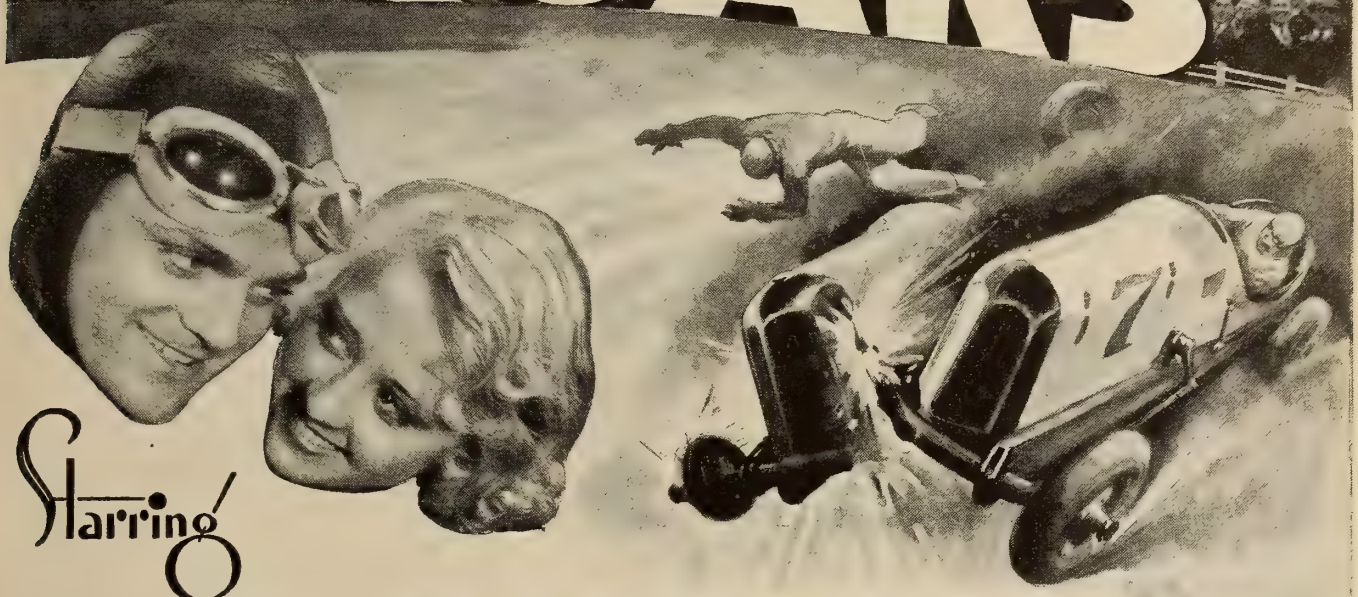
"There is nothing so important to life as romance," said the chewing-gum king just before he died.

Philip K. will remember those words a long, long time; and when the helm of the ship of state rests securely in his hands I'll bet that Paramount will take a new lease on life through romantic channels.

EVERY Winter finds delightful Norma Talmadge on the sands at Palm Beach. She is one of the stars who has been able to build herself into that exclusive colony's life.

THE CROWD ROARS

It's a matter of LIFE and DEATH!



Starring

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with

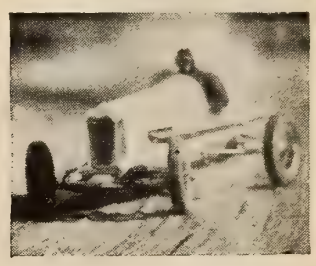
ANN DVORAK
ERIC LINDEN
GUY KIBBEE

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Dialogue by
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Direction by
HOWARD HAWKS
of "Dawn Patrol" fame

Speed demons with goggled eyes glued on glory . . . Grinning at death . . . laughing at love! . . . Breaking necks to break records—while the Crowd Roars—FOR BLOOD!...Never—never—never has the screen shown such nerve-racking ACTION—lifted right off the track of the world's greatest speedway! It's the thrill epic of all time—the talk of every town that's seen it . . . Forty men risked death to film it. Miss it at your own risk!



12 of the world's greatest race drivers in the most thrilling action pictures ever shown!



She fought for her man—with every trick love knows!

THE HIT of the YEAR - FROM WARNER BROS.

An ESKIMO beholds Hollywood



Photo by Stagg

An opening night in Hollywood. At the right: Aug Nie Cheeak.



Aug Nie Cheeak, mighty hunter from the frozen wastes of the Arctic, gives his impressions of the capital of filmdom

By TED LE BERTHON

TO Hollywood recently came Aug Nie Cheeak, a mighty Eskimo hunter, huge, brown, graceful. He came from the Arctic, from frozen immensity. From his igloo he saw only sky and snow. The only colors he saw, and then but a few times a year, were in that fiery heavenspread fan, the Aurora Borealis. The only sounds he heard were lonely, weird voices of winds.

From the never-never lands north of Nome to Hollywood Boulevard is a tremendous leap. But one day Cheeak made it. He made it through the air with the aviator-explorer-director, Ewing Scott. It was Scott who had discovered Cheeak, a Kotzebue tribesman, and had made him the star of "Manna," a screen saga of the Eskimo tribes.

After flying through several days and nights within the body of a mechanical bird called an airplane, Cheeak arrived in the strange country of Hollywood.

After giving him due time to observe this curious country, and the amazing ways of its inhabitants, I called on him for an interview at the office of Edward Small Productions. Great with laughter was Cheeak's beautiful, heavily modeled, nut-brown face, as he shook hands bashfully. He seemed very happy that he was to be interviewed. His coarse black hair was bobbed. He wore a well-tailored Oxford gray suit with peak lapels, a solid yellow cravat that blended well with brown skin, and if I had not known who he was I might have exclaimed: "Ah! Hiawatha gone Hollywood!"

I asked him what he thought of Hollywood, and he grinned happily, great furnace fires of joy leaping in his dark, shining eyes.

"Oh, I like it very much," he finally spoke in a gentle, childishly precise voice, "I like the people, the flowers, the trees. I go many nights to the picture shows, and last night I saw a musical comedy, 'Topsy and Eva.' The Duncan sisters—ah, I like them!"

"How do you speak such good English?" I asked, baffled.

"I went to a Quaker Missionary school at Kotzebue. It was conducted by Mr. Replogle."



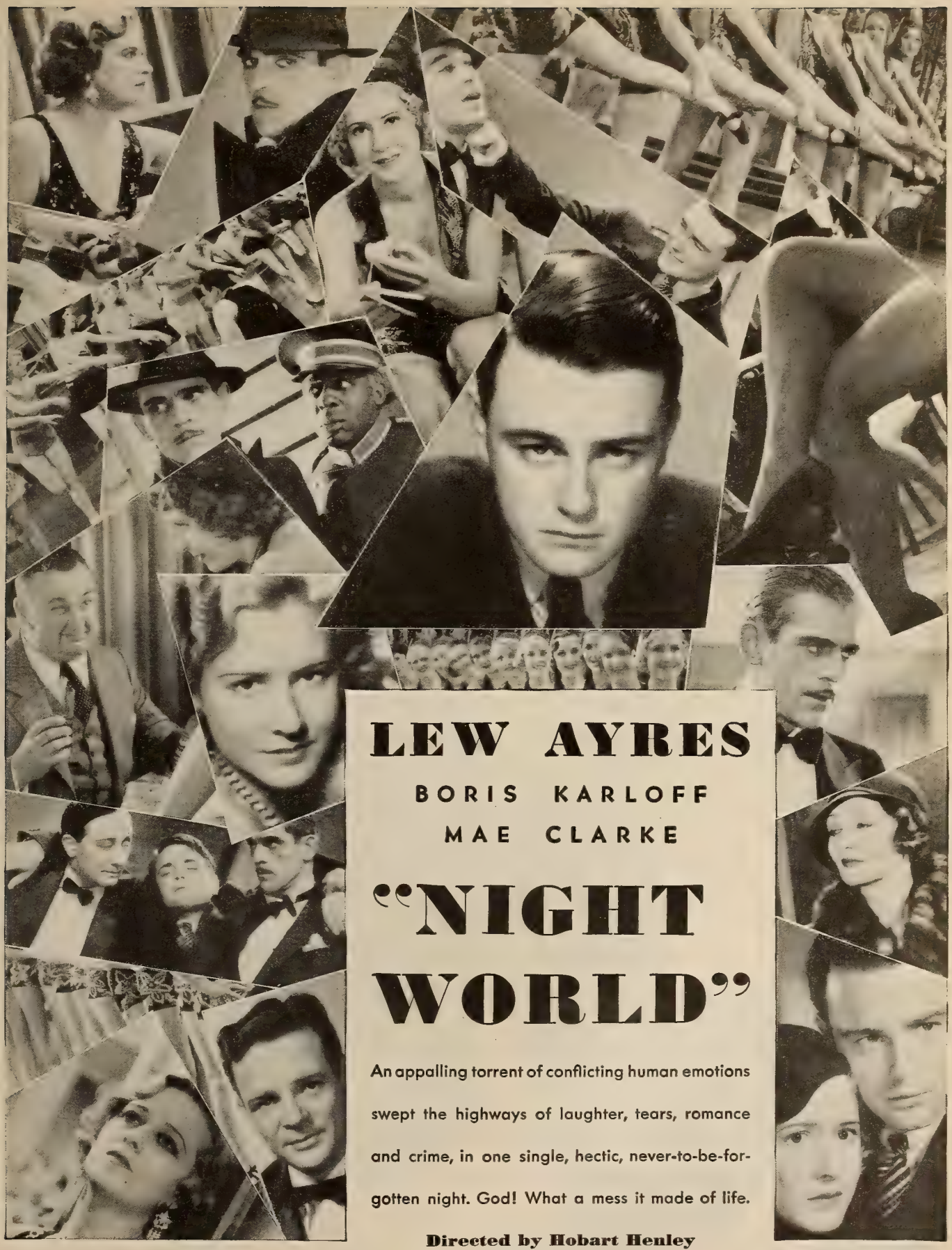
Kyatuk (left) and Aug Nie Cheeak in a scene from the picture "Manna," a screen saga of the Arctic.

THEN he told me of his amazing discoveries in Hollywood. "People look sad and water comes from their eyes. Yes, it is called weeping, and no Eskimo ever does that. Also people's faces look unhappy in Hollywood. They do not laugh like the Eskimo, who laughs—oh yes!—a good part of the time."

"And what makes the Eskimo laugh so much?" I queried.

"Because his belly is always full of food," he laughed, shaking all over with joy as he contemplated the idea. "The Eskimo eats all the time. Sometimes he stops to rest. Here he eats only breakfast, lunch, dinner. And what he eats, does not make his belly hot, so he

(*Please turn to page* 100)



LEW AYRES

BORIS KARLOFF

MAE CLARKE

"NIGHT WORLD"

An appalling torrent of conflicting human emotions swept the highways of laughter, tears, romance and crime, in one single, hectic, never-to-be-forgotten night. God! What a mess it made of life.

Directed by Hobart Henley

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

Universal City, California

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What would you do if you had only

48 Hours to LIVE?

"'THERE are many men,' said the doctor, 'who have died within forty-eight hours after exhibiting symptoms not as serious as yours.'

"I was dazed. I had felt perfectly well until three days before.

"As I was soon to go into strenuous training for a Tarzan picture, my trainer had become alarmed over things that I had considered of no importance, and had insisted that I see my physician at once.

"I have told you what he said."

It was Neil Hamilton speaking. An appointment with Neil had been made, and he had come bustling into the office where I was to meet him.

All smiles, he had said: "Have you anything to do this afternoon?" I said, "No, nothing but to interview Neil Hamilton."

"Well," said Neil, looking a bit confused and a little shy, "I have a very special errand to do this afternoon, and I wonder if you would care to come with me. We could talk as we go."

A half hour later, after much conversation on the way downtown, as we alighted from the car, Neil said: "I'll bet I'm the first actor you ever went buying prayer books with."

Because that is just exactly what we did.

We had to exchange a nice white leather-covered one for a sensible black one. Neil, in his exuberance, had

(*Please turn to page* 81)



Photos by Hurrell



Neil Hamilton, M-G-M star, and his wife Elsa pose affectionately for the cameraman on the porch of their Hollywood home. At the extreme left is a photo of Neil in evening clothes, taken during a recent picture. At the left, as he appears in street attire.



But . . . *you don't Need to be* OVERWEIGHT!

This is one of the group of simple, effective exercises that do slim things to your waistline



DON'T complain about your weight. Discipline it. Conquer it. Follow the schedule in "Reducing the Right Way," and enjoy a new figure. A few exercises, persisted in for a reasonable length of time; a few simple diets followed honestly and faithfully morning and night—and off they go, those unfashionable extra pounds. No mystery. No miracle. Just plain common sense—and you, too, can wear the new fashions, confident that those smart frocks and coats which emphasize the waistline are really right for you, really becoming to you.

SEND FOR THE BOOK TODAY!

It tells the way to keep slim and keep good-natured while you are doing it. Just ten cents, plus three cents postage and you can look as slim as you'd like to look. Fifteen cents in Canada, plus three cents postage, and we'll send the book to you.

TOWER BOOKS, Inc.

55 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

The NEW MOVIE Magazine's HOLLYWOOD KINDERGARTEN



Photo by Otto Dyar

Arthur Pierson was discovered by a Paramount scout in a Denver stock company. You saw him in "No One Man," and in "This Is the Night"



Photo by Hurrell

Virginia Bruce had a small part in "The Love Parade" and decided she liked picture work. You will next see her in "Sky Bride" and "The Wet Parade"



Photo by Otto Dyar

Randolph Scott, six feet two and athletic, is very much the Gary Cooper type. He was in "The Broken Wing" and "The Miracle Man"



Photo by Hal Phyfe

Cecelia Parker was signed by Fox, after a year's work in extra parts. Her first important role was in "The Rainbow Trail," with George O'Brien



Photo by Freulich

Tala Birell, born in Vienna, studied to be a farmer, but the stage attracted her. She has been signed for "Mountains of Flame" by Universal

Can you pick a STAR? Is there a Gable or a Garbo here? Who is your candidate for Fame?



Photo by Ferenc

Bette Davis came to the screen after a Broadway career. She plays small roles in "The Man Who Played God" and "So Big," both Warner's-First National

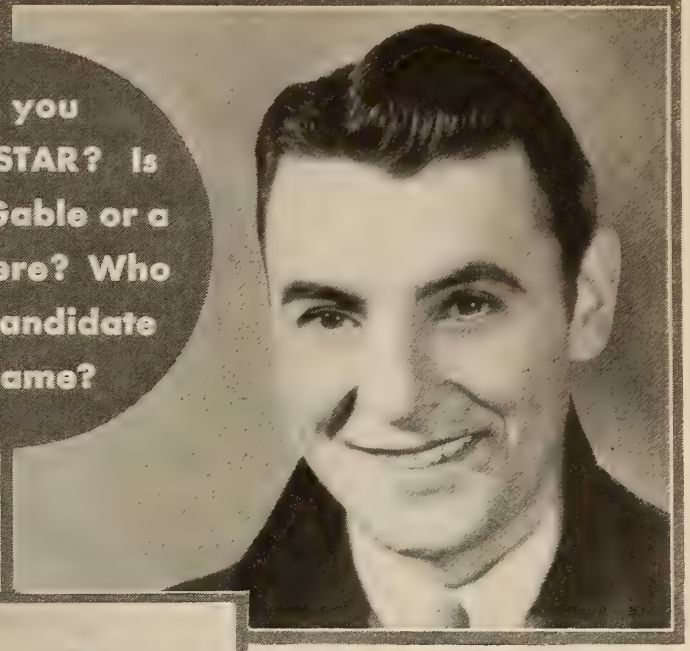


Photo by Ferenc

George Brent, of Dublin, Ireland, has appeared on the Irish and the American stage. He has been given the male lead in Constance Bennett's picture "The Dangerous Set"



Photo by Hurrell

Mary Carlysle drifted from small bits on the stage to extra parts in the movies. Her latest picture is "Now's the Time"



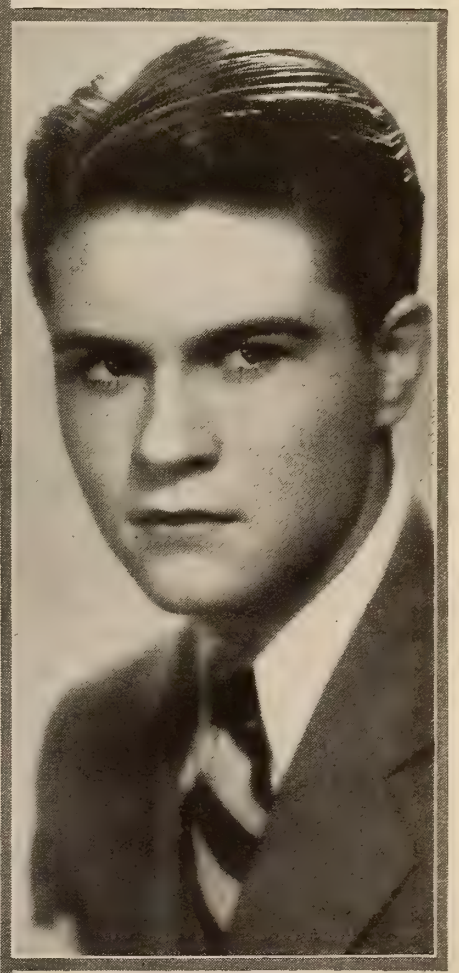
Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

Rochelle Hudson's first screen appearance was in "Laugh and Get Rich." More recently she has had parts in "Fanny Foley Herself" and "Are These Our Children!"



Photo by Otto Dyar

Cary Grant has played in stock, vaudeville, and musicals. Paramount has signed him for Chevalier's next: "Love Me Tonight"



Tom Brown has been on and off the stage since early youth and has had radio experience. His next pictures include "The Ferguson Case" and "Information Kid"

THE SWEETHEARTS BEYOND COMPARE!



Supreme stars in the realm of romance, ruling by right of the joy they bring you, are now destined to triumph once more in a picture aglow with youth.

JANET GAYNOR

CHARLES FARRELL

IN

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm

Directed by ALFRED SANTELL

From the play by KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN and CHARLOTTE THOMPSON
Screen Play by S. N. BEHRMAN and SONYA LEVIEN

FOX



The New Movie Magazine's GALLERY of FAMOUS FILM FOLK

Photograph by Preston Duncan

OTHER NEW MOVIE GALLERY PORTRAITS APPEAR ON PAGES 22, 29, 36, 37 AND 42



Tower Studios

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

Descended from the world's oldest royal line, daughter of Prince Peter Kropotkin, world-famous scientist, and herself internationally noted as a linguist, explorer and authority on dress and manners. The Princess was banished by the Soviet because she does not approve the Soviet regime.

By THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

HOLLYWOOD'S Bad Manners

A CLEVER French woman was asked to give her opinion of another lady. "Oh, yes, I know her quite well," said the clever one. "I am *told* she is charming."

Do you get the neat snub? Not, "Yes, I know her. She's awful," as cruder women might put it—yet the disapproval made perfectly clear, though conveyed in a manner more graceful, more indirect—and more cutting.

Such well-bred repartee is a refinement of taste which the screen has yet to achieve.

I often wonder why it is that in matters of taste and good manners the otherwise highly developed medium of the screen remains so immature. Perhaps "immature" is too kind a word.

It is hard to shock any newspaper woman. It is *very* hard to shock one who has also had the experience of living through the unconventionalities of a revolution, as I did in Russia.

But the movies shock me again and again. When they don't shock me they make me laugh—out of turn—and from the director's point of view that reaction on the part of a picture fan must be just as deplorable.

In self-defense I want to add that I am not, however, one of those jeer-at-everything people. Far from it. Whenever a film story calls for pathos I weep buckets of real tears, and am not a bit ashamed of my sentimentality.

Sob scenes do not annoy me. These may not be artistic or realistic, but they are rarely shocking. Humorous episodes or scenes that are "fraught with meaning" are the ones most likely to shock.

Two, which scandalized me, come to my mind:

First, a bathroom scene in "The Prodigal," with Lawrence Tibbett as the nude beauty, and his mother (played by Emma Dunn) as bathroom attendant.

When the son splashes bath water over his mother—supposedly a refined Southern lady—the horseplay becomes grotesque and in the worst possible taste. Mama runs around handing underclothes to him. True, she does not go into the bathroom, nor would it be very terrible if she did so in real life. But as shown on the screen, with the splashing roughhouse, the incident is not pretty. It is downright vulgar. I believe it was *meant* to be vulgar, meant to appeal to vulgar minds.

This is the sort of thing which causes so many people to call the screen a "bad influence."

A very much worse infringement occurs in the picture, "Cimarron."

COOK-COO GOSSIP

Scrambled by the famous humorist—TED COOK

OUR contest for the worst verse in praise of a movie star is, we fear, a great success. We intend to continue this competition despite all opposition from the Postman's Brotherhood. The prize will be a likeness of the winner's favorite actor or actress, modeled in Camembert. A bust.

Here is the verse submitted by Wincie Winterbottom, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa—one of the best examples received thus far:



Connie Bennett, talented RKO star, is the subject of one of the cook-coo poems this month.

America loves you, Mister Clark Gable,
And I, for one, would like to be able
To run my fingers through your black locks,
Do all your mending and wash all your socks.

* * *

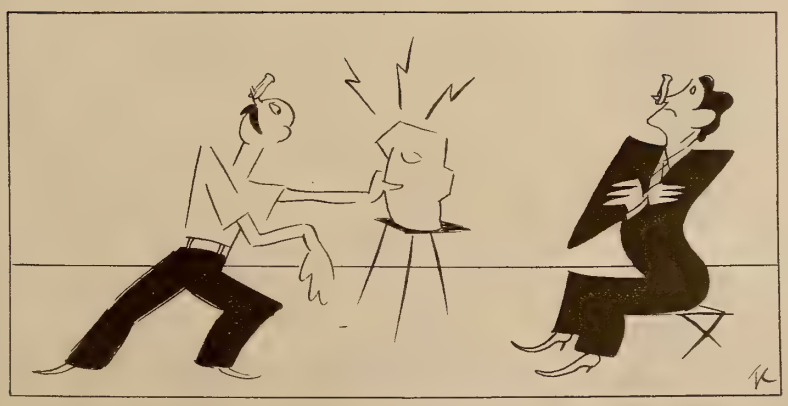
Another palpitating minnesinger is Miss Phoebie Eberhardt, of Quincy, Illinois, who hands down to posterity the following lilt:

Maurice Chevalier, please let me say
From greasy - haired heroes you've lured me away—
You are just forty, and I'm forty-two,
I know you'd like me and I think I'd like you.

* * *

Just one more verse, before we take up the collection. This one comes from J. Hamilcar Tidder, of Marblehead, Mass.:

Constance Bennett, nice and naughty,
You're so frail, so proud and haughty—
I am just an earnest plumber,
Some are smarter, some are dumber,
If the Marquis proves to be
A washout you can then have me!



The prize will be a likeness modeled in Camembert.

THESE eager ears have heard thrice told tales of Hollywood for eleven years, come September—eleven years, man and boy.

And if you and you and you ever come hop-scotching to the Fillum Capital, and gain entrance to the chicken-wire and stucco palaces of the celluloid celebrities, you'll hear the same stories. Over and over and ovah.

They are the stories mothers, dripping mascara, tell their violet-eyed babes. The lore of Hollywood.

For example, there's the story of the Naughty mans. If you grown-up kiddies will pay strict attention we will retell it, just as we heard it from Ray Coffin of the Roach lot, after colliding in the doorway of the loan library the other day:

A director returned home sooner than expected from location. He was disturbed to recognize an orchid roadster parked in front of his Beverly Hills abode. He inspected the ownership certificate on the steering wheel. His suspicions were confirmed. The car belonged to an actor who had a way with women. His own way. The irate director boiled over as he glanced toward his wife's boudoir window where a dim light glowed.



Dick Barthelmess has gone to Shanghai to watch the Sino-Japanese fireworks. He was accompanied by his wife, and his friend Ronald Colman.

Stroking his receding chin, the great director tiptoed into the house. In a moment he cautiously returned to the visitor's car, laden with his wife's sable coat, a small Bokhara rug, and this and that. He dumped the things into the visitor's car. Then he hurried to a drug store and phoned the police. "Somebody," he said, "is burglarizing the house at . . ." And he gave his own address.

Police arrived just as the handsome Casanova was preparing to drive away. They stopped him, searched the car, found the loot, while the husband watched from the shadows. The wife, called down by the commotion, was questioned.

"Know this man?" asked the police, pointing to her fleeing lover.

She was about to answer as her husband stepped into view. The wife glanced swiftly at her husband, then replied to the police:

"I never saw him in my life."

* * *

WHO CARES? DEPARTMENT

Billie Dove paid 20,000 bucks for her new chinchilla coat.

Director Eddie Sutherland (and whatever became of his wife-before-last, Louise Brooks?) joined Fairbanks in Tahiti. Another travel film.

Herman Mankiewicz, Paramount writer, who seldom refuses and never wins a bet, picked China to win at Shanghai.

German producers hired a mob to give the bird to Marlene Dietrich at the first Berlin showing of "Dishonored."

(*Please turn to page* 84)





Eugene Robert Richee

Elsie Janis, star of the stage and screen, and author of the article below.

Elsie Janis tells—in her own way—how she first met the future screen star, and some high lights of his varied and interesting career

WHENEVER I run out of adjectives I fall back on my Etc. It is not as painful as it sounds and it permits me to save the superlatives for that mentally cloudy day when I am writing about some personality who needs them! Maurice Chevalier could be described in one word, "complex!" but his producers, directors, authors, press agents and apparently even Maurice himself prefer the word "obvious" — obviously gay, witty, charming, happy, and possessing a smile that is as ever present in his photographs as his "Etcetra" is in real life!

Shortly after this article is published you will probably read that I had a very impressive funeral and if you are interested enough to inquire the reason for my sudden exit from this "Platitudinous Plane" you will be told that I had the temerity to suggest that a God had toe nails! Nevertheless, as one who "knew him when" and loves him now, I say that Maurice Chevalier does not smile all the time, that he is moody, often morose, and that he gets depressed just like us ordinary mortals. Furthermore he couldn't explain why this is so if he would. There! Go ahead press agents, do your worst—I've been shot at by Big Guns! Personally I can imagine nothing more boring than a man who did smile all the time, unless it might be a woman who did.

We all love the Chevalier of the stage and screen. He is probably the most fascinating

Otto Dyar

Maurice of the engaging smile, poses in a typical Chevalier manner. He is one of the few men to wear a straw sailor with a tux and get away with it.



Maurice was about fourteen when this photo (above on the right) was taken. On the left is a shot taken while he was in a German prison camp.



Above is a family group consisting of Maurice, his mother, and his wife, Yvonne Vallée. The mother, to whom they were both devoted, has since died.

HOW I "Discovered" CHEVALIER - by ELSIE JANIS

and attractive personality of the day, but the other Chevalier, the one who sits back with a "What the devil is it all about" expression in his somewhat sad violet eyes, adds that Etc. which makes him quite the most interesting man I have ever known, and I have been around a bit! When I see him today, looking very much the same as he did in 1914, I realize that there would have to be two of him to "carry on." The sad Chevalier is the dynamo, he charges the batteries that furnish the undisputed electricity which flashes around the world whenever the "gay one" turns it on!

THAT same eventful 1914 stands out for me as high as the Empire State Building sticks up. In a few short months I had three great experiences: I made my début in London; I subsequently became an infinitesimal bit of a World War, and I saw Chevalier for the first time. Just before we started rehearsals for *The Passing Show,* which was to open at the Palace Theatre in April, Mother and I did our usual annual ten days in Paris, clothes every day and shows every night.

In a very stuffy little theatre, watching an equally "dirty" little revue, we sat trying to look as if we understood all the risque sketches and songs. If Mother had understood them we wouldn't have sat long, but the audience gobbled every morsel of well salted wit. A long gangling young comedian was obviously their special pet. He wore a suit that was much too small. From the sleeves of the coat dangled the expressive hands which today hold half the world in their palms. His thin legs formed an exaggerated bow. A false and elongated red nose hid the aquiline and sensitive member we know now, and the justly famous lower lip was non-existent. It was made up for a button hole. His French was of the machine-gun variety, and between Mother saying "What did he say?" and trying to expurgate as I translated what I could catch, I didn't have much time to laugh. I did definitely feel that same electrical something through the disguise.



Elsie Janis in the costume in which the boys who "went across" remember her.

Being a bit bored by smoke, garlic and the beards which were still *de rigueur* in France at the time,I was about to put on the befeathered lid when the finale started. Standing about two from the center of the stage in a white flannel suit, looking like a cross between Douglas Fairbanks and Georges Carpentier, the Beau of Boxers, was the same young man without his comic makeup. Reaching for the programme which I had thrown away I found and drew a circle around the name which today draws circles around most of his contemporaries of the theatre.

A FEW months later, when after a successful debut in England I was signing contracts for Berlin, St. Petersburg and Paris, the most important clause in my French agreement was the one which stipulated that Maurice Chevalier should be my *jeune premier* (leading man). Monsieur Montcharmont, who was to produce "The Girl on the Film" for me, thought I was quite mad and didn't hesitate to say so.

"Chevalier," he said, "is very clever but he is a comedian."

"Never mind that!" I countered. "He is tall and manly."

The only leading men I had seen in Paris came about to my ear and sang soprano compared to my husky voice. We had quite a long discussion, but I wanted Chevalier (*Please turn to page* 116)

CLARA BOW continues her DRAMATIC STORY

If I Had MY LIFE TO LIVE OVER

Through recklessness and impulsiveness Clara made many mistakes in Hollywood. And she gives her viewpoint with absolute frankness and understanding

THIS was my first experience on a Pullman. I knew we were going to sleep on that train but where I couldn't figure out. I searched everywhere for a bed. My pride held me back in asking such questions of my agent. I thought we were on the wrong train. Hours went by and still the mystery. We had dinner. And then, upon my return to my space, the porter asked if I cared to have my berth made up.

I nodded dumbly and then watched him go through those deft motions which are known only to Pullman porters.

He probably thought I was crazy as I sat and giggled in open amazement.

I have purposely given the reader an insight into my childhood to show that, in answering the question: "What advice would you endeavor to give a girl who was trying to make good in Hollywood?" I can give my viewpoint with absolute frankness and understanding.

I, too, had the dream. I, too, was ambitious and at the same time I was shy and super-sensitive. I





Above: Clara Bow and Victor Fleming. This photo was taken in 1926 just after Clara had announced her engagement to Director Fleming. At the right: Clara and husband, Rex Bell.



At the left, above, Clara is shown with Gary Cooper, to whom she was reported to be engaged. At the right, with Harry Richman.



At the time this picture was taken, Clara was engaged to Donald Keith, in the center. Later she became engaged to Gilbert Roland, left of the group.

saw Hollywood as Utopia. I see Hollywood now as it really is. I've tasted fame and wealth and love—true love—and I've also suffered heartbreak and disappointment as much as any individual in the motion picture world. Some scars I shall carry on my soul forever, despite the fact that I now am in a safe harbor of love. Through recklessness, thoughtlessness and impulsiveness, I had made many mistakes. But I've profited by such errors and that is why I am attempting to assist those who will take the advice of one who knows.

I do this in a spirit of appeciativeness. During my recent troubles, when broken in health and on the verge of despair, my many friends of the vast motion picture audience came to my assistance with countless messages of faith and good cheer. To them, I am profoundly grateful and this writing, in a small measure, is to let them know just how much I appreciate their feeling and thought. And, if I do make another motion picture, it will be to please to the best of my ability those fans and friends who at no time lost faith in me.

NOW then, my advice to a girl trying to make good in Hollywood.

In the first place, don't under any circumstances ever come to Hollywood for motion picture work unless you have a contract, or definite assurance that you will be used in the making of screen plays.

Secondly, don't try pictures if you are unduly sensitive. The work is hard and in the thick of battle many things may be said on the spur of the moment which are not to be taken at face value. It is part of the game, but it will cause heartache unless one's sensitiveness can be overcome.

Thirdly, destroy the illusion from the start. Hollywood is no fairyland. Success comes to those with talent and ability who are willing to face hard work, to make such sacrifices as are demanded.

Take good advice and ignore bad, but be sure you are able to differentiate between the two.

Don't let your feelings run away with your good judgment.

When you realize you are wrong, admit it. When you know you are right, FIGHT!

Be yourself at any cost.

And, above all, don't be what is known in Hollywood as "a good sport"—that is, going against your better judgment for the sake of sparing someone's feelings. It isn't expected in any other line of work and it should not be expected in motion pictures.

But it is!



Clara and Antonio Moreno in a scene from the picture "It", which Elinor Glyn wrote especially for Clara.

ALL my illusions about Hollywood were quickly dispelled. Here was no Paradise. Here was a busy little community devoted, for the most part, to the manufacture of motion pictures, a business which ranked near the top among the country's greatest industries. Big business: here were no princes or princesses. Charming men and women, yes; and many who were not so charming.

My trip across the country had not been a happy one. After the first night, the balance of the trip was made in tears. I was homesick, terribly so. My father had been unable to leave Brooklyn and I missed both him and my mother. Settled in a tiny Hollywood apartment with some friends, the agony grew worse. At



Eddie Cantor, musical comedy and screen star, and Clara in one of the scenes from "Kid Boots."

the studio they were considerate but not impressed. Mr. Schulberg was kind but he was also busy with his screen interests. I had nothing to do but think and that became a bore after a while.

Then came news that I was to go to work after all. Mr. Schulberg could not use me in any of his productions at the time but there was nothing to prohibit him from "farming me out" to other producers for small roles. This he did and for many months I seemed to run from one studio to another.

Looking over my records I find that I played in twenty-seven productions in not so many months. But, as time went on, I was getting no place. Always the instructions were the same:

"Clara, X Blank wants you for a 'bit' in their picture which starts Thursday. Run over and find out about wardrobe, will you?"

ALWAYS a "bit." If this was Hollywood I wanted no more of it. This thought I included in my letters to my father, finally threatening to throw over the whole business and return home. Worried at my unhappiness, he heeded my plea, sold his business and arrived in Hollywood to make his home with me. We took a small bungalow in the hills and, under his comforting and advice, the world began to look brighter.

Romance had touched lightly upon me up to this time. Of course, I met many nice boys and went to dances and to the theatre with them just as any other girl would do. But even the intimation of love was far from my thoughts. I had a career to think of.

Gradually, I became better known. Occasionally my name would creep into the billing on pictures and executives of the various studios were nodding now and then when I ran across them on the lot. I was getting somewhere.

It was at this time that I got my first taste of what is known as adverse publicity. What made a tremendous impression on me was the fact that I was entirely innocent—a victim of circumstances.

I had been invited to attend a party at the Ambassador hotel and included in the guests was a young man by the name of Robert Savage. We had a pleasant evening and I saw him several times later. Imagine my consternation when, one morning, I picked up a newspaper and found that Mr. Savage had slashed his wrists after writing some verses which purported to have been directed toward me.

That was my first realization that my name meant something; that Clara Bow was news in the eyes of the public, something which I have realized to a much greater extent during subsequent years, many times to my great humiliation and regret.

That is something every girl who goes into motion pictures must learn. If you do make a success of your work, your name is of public interest and where a girl in non-professional may be allowed certain liberties, a screen player is allowed none without attendant publicity.

I WAS making headway and more money and, as I look back on it now, I believe I must have been quite happy. At this time Mr. Schulberg moved over to what was then Paramount-Famous-Lasky—now Paramount Publix Corporation— (*Please turn to page* 86)



Eugene Robert Richee

William Austin and Clara Bow in a scene from "Red Hair."



Clara appeared with Clive Brook in the picture, "Hula" in 1927.



Photograph by Richee

CHESTER MORRIS

Born of theatrical people and bred in New York, it was only natural that Chester Morris should turn to the stage at the age of sixteen. Paramount has signed him to a long-term contract and you will see him in a talkie version of "The Miracle Man."

MERCHANDISING

WARNER FABIAN, famous author of "Flaming Youth," "Forbidden Fruit," "Men In Her Life," "What Women Want," and other successful movies, tells you of the millions that producers gamble on personalities

"SEEING," states a proverb with that irritating cocksureness so typical of axioms, "is believing." "Beauty," declares another, "is in the eye of the beholder." Both go wrong in Hollywood.

Beauty in the screen world is in the eye of the camera. It may not actually exist at all; that charming creature who has quickened your pulses in so many pictures, you might pass without a second look if you encountered her when she was off parade. But, once the camera has caught that special quality which fits the screen and presented it to the shrewd judgment of the studio gods as a profitable article of commerce, it must be put over to the public by methods as painstakingly contrived as the carving of a statue or the construction of a dressmaker's mannequin. Who ever heard of a plain star?

It might be supposed that in an art which is ninety-nine per cent visual, the impression made on the eye would be enough. But seeing is far from believing for the seventy-five million pairs of eyes of the movie public. The owners of those eyes must be assured not once but repeatedly that their favorite is all they would wish her to be in beauty, charm, and personality. The establishment in the American mind of a screen star is one of the most laborious, difficult, and uncertain departments of a business which is, itself, more uncertain than any other known form of enterprise, except perhaps crap-shooting—another prevalent Hollywood industry.

Never shall I forget the shock, on my first professional visit, occasioned by the sight of a girl less famous then than since, as she crossed the elaborate little park enclosure of one of the principal studios.

"What rubberneck wagon dropped that awful little brat?" I cautiously asked the supervisor who was with me.

"Awful? Brat?" He stared at me in dazed surprise. "Don't you know who that is? She's going to be the biggest thing on the screen one of these days."

"You've got to prove it to me," said I, blinking at the discolored hair, the brickish complexion, and the lustreless eyes of the prospect.

For answer he seized me by the arm and pushed me through the door of a projection room. "Put on those last rushes," he ordered.

There floated across my charmed vision a presentment of young girlhood, dainty, trim, provocative, altogether delightful, and yet recognizable as the weird little figure which, in the flesh, had roused my distaste.

"That cameraman must be a genius," was my comment.

"Oh, no! You just happened to catch the child before we've had time to sandpaper her down."

SOME years later I saw her give a most charming performance in a picture of mine and later met her. She had become a masterpiece; all the earlier coarseness and raffishness eliminated. She was, externally



Clara Bow was built into national fame by Paramount as the personification of "it." Every bit of advertising copy played up this angle.





Photo by Don English

When M-G-M realized what a stellar attraction they had in Greta Garbo, plans were immediately put into effect for her glorification. She became the much sought after, and unapproachable, type of star.

Marlene Dietrich was inducted from Germany by Paramount. The fans immediately started a Garbo-versus-Dietrich controversy, which Paramount made into good publicity and advertising copy.

A STAR



Photo by John Miehle



Janet Gaynor, above, sponsored by Fox, was developed as a sweet ingénue type. Her pictures and her personality have aided in building her into one of the best loved of the stars.

Mary Pickford, in her early pictures and later as an independent producer of her own pictures, constantly was held before the public as a portrayer of the Pollyanna type of rôles.

at least, what the studio wanted her to be for her public. It had cost money and taxed brains. But the rewards ran well up into the millions. I realized then that the camera had discerned beauty and allure where my unpracticed eye was blind to it, and that the personality-building of an expert staff had done the rest.

Results are not always so happy. Some years later I was sent for to go to the coast and write a story for an ex-chorus girl whom her "discoverers" destined for a first-string star. How they got that way I was never able to understand. She had nothing but a good "camera face," a trick expression of sad wistfulness, and a noisome reputation which, a year or so before, had been smeared all over the front pages of the newspapers. Some erring genius of the staff had conceived the idea of capitalizing this by exploiting her as a repentant Magdalen, and story plots were needed to fit the case. When I arrived, she was out of location, so I fell back upon what "shots" of her were available, deriving an impression which, if not very positive, was by no means unpleasing. At work on my story one morning I was interrupted (against studio orders) by an excited assistant supervisor pounding on my bolted door.

"She's here!" he announced. "Don't you want to meet her?"

"I don't know. Do I?"

"Take a look."

My office window gave on the courtyard. There stood a tall, really splendid specimen of young womanhood beside a luxurious car. She was far more beautiful than on the screen. As I observed her with artistic appreciation, reflecting that it ought to be easy to write for so ornamental a personage, she turned upon her chauffeur and proceeded to give him a bawling out in the manner and with the voice of an infuriated bob-cat. It was all the more startling because the undeviating habit of most studios (believe it or not) is patience, self-control, and courtesy.

"*Do* I want to meet her?" I inquired.

The assistant supervisor went away, looking pained, and I returned to my story.

(Incidentally, it turned out a bad story. Realizing this, I resolutely divorced my mind from the star as a person and wrote a second story, which was promptly rejected because it did not "fit Miss X's personality," and which, sold to and subsequently produced by another company, turned out a successful picture. Just what sort of rôle would fit her personality I am unable to surmise, unless some day they film "The Taming of the Shrew," in which case she would be unanimously nominated by the whole studio staff for the part of Katherine, the Shrew.)



Colleen Moore was probably the first of the flapper types to win publicity.

LATER I had occasion to watch her—from a distance—during the shooting of one of her pictures. No matter what she was doing, she exhaled an atmosphere of cantankerousness, angry egotism, and ill will. By contrast I thought of other stars I had seen under stress of hard work (and it is hard work, make no mistake about that!):

(*Please turn to page* 104)

THE STARS TAKE TO TROUSERS



CONSTANCE BENNETT

Radio Pictures photo

These blue crêpe pajamas become Connie, as you may notice when you see her wear them in RKO Pathé's "Lady With a Past." The jacket, which is removable, is of pale blue lamé, and the full trousers are of a deeper shade of crêpe.



SARI MARITZA

Formal dinner pajamas of blue, too. Twilight blue taffeta this time, embossed with a motif worked in silver thread. The trousers are hardly discernible as such, and a tiny removable cape covers the shoulders and the low décolletage.

Pajamas for every occasion and every hour of the day are the current favorites in Hollywood—on the beach, in the studios, and at the swankiest evening parties.

MAYBE it wasn't a movie actress who first appeared at a formal dinner party in a gown that turned out on closer scrutiny not to be a gown at all but an elegant pair of pajamas. It most certainly was, however, the streamlined Hollywood dieters that turned a daring innovation into a commonly accepted fashion.

Hollywood's gone even farther than that today and found a place for the trousered mode on every occasion and for almost any activity. Beach pajamas, of course; lounging pajamas, certainly; formal pajamas, why not? And then there are sports pajamas, strolling pajamas, play pajamas, studio pajamas—almost any variety except the original sleeping pajamas.

Saunter down Hollywood boulevards today and you'll find the town citizens have taken up the mode—girls wear them to work, housewives on shopping tours. Well, so does Joan Bennett. Her blue sports satin culottes fit into the Malibu Beach scene perfectly and yet won't cause a stir on the streets, and make a convenient outfit to use when going to and from the studio.

Loretta Young takes to white pique and takes 'em right along with her into the studio. Daytime pajamas, hers are, with extra full trousers and tiny buttons down the front of the blouse and a bolero jacket. They're charming on her—but then so is everything.

Pajamas for Sari Maritza, however, mean something else again. The latest importation in foreign languor has found a pair that hardly deserve the plural. But they're lovely.

A soft, dull blue taffeta, embossed with silver, they trail to the floor in a wide, sweeping fashion. For shoulder protection there is an abbreviated cape, removable, if she wishes. Sari wears these for a formal evening.

Sari's outfit is indicative of later trends in the culotte mode for formal wear. It's all a part of a guessing game to enliven the early, ice-breaking part of the evening. As each feminine guest arrives, you chalk up your guess as to whether it's skirts or pajamas.

Connie Bennett's ensemble isn't quite so difficult to identify. She's going in for blue pajamas, same as Sister Joan, only hers are blue crêpe,



RUTH SELWYN

Black satin and gold brocade combine in the favorite formal pajamas of Ruth Selwyn, the charming young Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer actress who appears with Marion Davies in "Polly of the Circus." The trousers and sleeveless bolero top are black; the girdle and lower part of the blouse, gold; and a gold brocade jacket completes the ensemble.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull–Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



Elmer Fryer photo

LORETTA YOUNG

A pajama suit for street and studio wear is shown at the left —the favorite outfit of Loretta Young, Warner Brothers-First National player. White piqué is used for the one-piece pajama, and the bolero jacket is made of the same material.



Ernest A. Bachrach photo

JILL ESMOND

Formal lounging pajamas of richly-draped blue velvet show off to their best advantage on Jill Esmond, young RKO-Radio Pictures player. The jacket consists mainly of voluminous sleeves fitted tightly at the wrists and snapping to bodice at either side.

with a lighter blue lamé jacket and something unusual in the way of sleeves and a belt that ties in a knot. The jacket is removable if you wish, but generally you don't because it's really too handsome.

Formal pajamas with a distinctly sophisticated air were chosen by Ruth Selwyn. Her gold brocaded jacket is of the really removable type because it conceals a bodice of gold cloth topping the shiny black satin trousers. The gold cloth is repeated in the girdle.

And Jill Esmond lounges gracefully in deep blue velvet pajamas, distinguished by a jacket that is really an overblouse, snapping on at the sides. The romantic mood is captured in her voluminous sleeves that gather into a wide, tight wristband. The trousers flare softly into fulness. These are meant for lounging of the more formal type—when guests are in for dinner or on a Sunday evening.

Pajamas for play and for sports are even more varied. It is in this field that Hollywood has distinctly led the way, evolving the Leila Hyams or football sweater type of ensemble and the theory that your sports pajama should be especially and particularly your own. They depend upon what your sport is.

Leila is a jaunty figure in wool jersey, straight-lined pajamas when the breeze is cool, and when it's warm she wears a black-and-white bath-towel material affair. The overblouse is white, hip length, high-necked and long-sleeved. The trousers are long and not particularly full. She wears a white, roll-your-own cap to match along with white tennis shoes.

Cool, crisp shantung is chosen by Elissa Landi for strolling under the tropical foliage. The long, straight coat fastens at the neck and the tailored trousers gain their fulness through unpressed pleats at the knee.

Rosalie Roy has concocted a pair of play pajamas that are really "overalls." Navy blue crêpe fashions the trousers and the bib, and cream wash satin is used for the blouse.

It's a gray day in Hollywood when some star doesn't appear in a new pair of pajamas planned for a new occasion. They've worn them on almost every conceivable occasion already—the only miss that keeps them from being absolutely universal is that no one's yet appeared at the court of St. James in them.

PAJAMAS follow the clock around in HOLLYWOOD'S FASHION PROGRAM



LEILA HYAMS

Hurrell photo

These pajamas were made for Leila Hyams, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer actress, and she for them. There's a roll-your-own cap to match the slip-over white bath-towel sweater combined with black trousers of the same material. A tie belt of black, and white tennis shoes complete the ensemble.



ELISSA LANDI

For lounging out-of-doors on a warm summer day, Elissa Landi, Fox Films player, selects pajamas of nude shantung worn with a blouse of eggshell satin. The trousers are fitted and flare into fulness below the knee, making a cool and practical outfit.



JOAN BENNETT

Strolling along the seashore, you'll find Joan Bennett in these blue sports satin pajamas with white satin blouse and Eton jacket of blue. Her hat is a wide-brimmed Milan straw in blue and white. This costume is her favorite to wear to and from the studio.



ROSALIE ROY

Just for fun Rosalie Roy, Fox film player, selects something else in runabout pajamas. They are navy blue crêpe "Overalls" worn with a cream wash satin blouse. Miss Roy romps about the beach in these and tries out the latest step.

TROUSERED FASHIONS win out for SPORTS and STROLLING on the beach



Photograph by Hal Phyfe

WARNER BAXTER Warner Baxter has held the favor of the film fans for over ten years with his consistently good performances. He was the winner of the 1929 Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences award for his splendid performance in "In Old Arizona." "Bachelors' Affairs" is his next release.



Photograph by Hurrell

NORMA SHEARER

Along in 1920 Norma Shearer left Montreal to come to New York for a career in motion pictures. It didn't take Norma long to reach the top of the ladder of success—as we all know. She will next create the part of Nina Leeds in O'Neill's "Strange Interlude," in which Clark Gable will portray the doctor.

WE LIVE BUT ONCE



OFTEN I have seen a woman in the presence of two men: her lover and her past lover. It is a most amusing sight, for the onlooker. If she has forewarned her man, if she has told him that the other man was madly in love with her last month, or last year, or whenever it was, she is serene under the circumstances. Her man is superior in the security of his position. He knows all about that other man . . . may even know what the other man said when he declared his hopeless love. And that is very self-satisfying information. It enables him to be extremely hospitable to the other man. Nothing the other may say or can do, so long as he is not a cad, can avail. They are a happy trio. A little ironic, perhaps, but each perfectly confident.

If the lover knows too many details about the past affairs . . . if he has been told that his woman was in love with the other man, how different the situation is. Your lover then is on the qui vive every second, he is super-sensitive to every inflection of those other two voices and he is seeking every second to detect some slight gesture, an expression of the eye whereby he can convince himself that some vestiges of this old love still remain in his woman's heart.

I can't remember who the poet was who wrote the line, but I do know he packed all of such a man's attitude into it when he said:

"With all its beauty and its faultless grace,
"Your body, dearest, is a haunted place."

A woman in love, if she be really in love, will have too much regard for her man's feelings, too much sympathy to make him suffer thus.

THERE is another type of love affair which is coming to be more and more openly prevalent in this country. Wherever there is marriage for convenience, there is the Triangle. The wife, the husband and the lover. Personally I have little sympathy for such an arrangement. It is always debasing to some one of the trio and generally to all three. I believe fewer wives would indulge in this form of love affair if they could really understand the masculine attitude of mind toward it.

The best example of this I know is contained in a passage from James Branch Cabell's most amusingly delightful novel, "Something About Eve." Every wife who contemplates a secret romance, ought to read it. Gerald Musgrave, Mr. Cabell's principal character in that novel, is discussing his plight with another character who is one of the author's most charming creations.

" 'Every marriage gets at least one man in trouble,' he (Gerald) philosophized, 'and it is not always the bridegroom. You see, sir, by the worst of luck, this Evelyn Townsend was already married, so that ours had necessarily to become an adulterous union. It is the tragedy of my life that I met my Cousin Evelyn too late to marry her. Any married person of real ingenuity and tolerable patience can induce his wife to divorce him. But there is no way known to me for a . . . gentleman to get rid of a lady whom he has possessed illegally, until she has displayed the decency to become tired of him. And Evelyn, sir, in this matter of continuing her immoral relations with me has behaved badly, very badly indeed—'

" 'All women—' Glaum began.

" 'No, but let us not be epigrammatic and aphoristic. . . . You

POLA SAYS:

"No man recovers as quickly from anger as a woman. A man gets angry in his mind . . . A woman can turn tranquil in the arms of her man in less time than it takes to tell. A man must find peace in his own mind first."

Pola's life has been more dramatic than any of her stage or screen productions. Read her brilliant comments on life and love

know as well as I do that every pretty woman ought, bye and bye, to remember what she owes her husband and her marriage vows, and to act accordingly. Repentance, when suitably timed in a liason makes for everybody's happiness. But some women, sir, some women stay more affectionately adhesive than an anaconda. They weep. They reply to their helpless paramour's every least attempt at any rational statement, "And I trusted you! I gave you all!"'

"Glaum nodded, not unsympathetically. 'I also in my time have heard that observation without active enjoyment. It is, I believe, unanswerable.'

"Gerald shuddered. 'There is, for a gentleman at all events, no really satisfactory reply save murder. And against that solution there is of course a rather general prejudice. Therefore a woman of this bleating sort exacts fidelity, she makes every sort of unconscionable demand, and she pesters you to the verge of lunacy, always upon the unanswerable ground that her claim upon your gratitude, and upon your instant obedience in everything ought not to exist. Oh, I assure you, my dear fellow, there is no more sensible piece of friendly advice existent than is the Seventh Commandment!'"

AND I can assure any woman that there was never a more ironic summing up of a man's attitude toward the woman, who bleats, "I trusted you! I gave you all." I should very much like to meet Mr. Cabell, for I know no author who gives more the impression of enjoying his art than he.

But let us get back to our woman in quest of her man. Their love has progressed now to a point of mutual understanding. Their congeniality has stood the test of intimate association. Their minds are responsive to each other and their physical attraction for each other has been indicated: their passion stirred.

This may have been the first step, or it may have grown so gradually that neither was wholly aware of its presence or power. A first kiss does not always bring into being a grand passion. It hardly ever does. But these charming preliminaries, these overtures of love, they are the fabric of dreams: the colors of Romance.

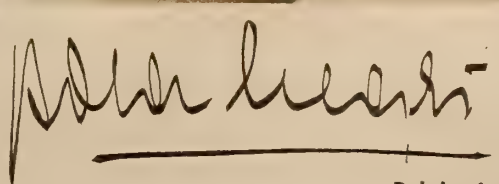
Our man and woman have looked into each other's eyes and read there their mutual respect, mutual understanding and mutual passion. It is now time for the woman to surrender; for the man to take.

I have used those two words, "surrender" and "take" with malice aforethought, I chose them because they represent the general attitude of a woman . . . that is the attitude of the woman who presently wonders why, when she had been so successful in getting her man, she has utterly failed in holding him. This poisonous point of view is more general among American women than among those of Europe and the Orient.

I am thankful to Mr. Cabell for ridiculing that phrase "I gave my all." The woman who uses it is a selfish beast, with a mind that is incapable of even sensing the fulfilment of love. She is the woman who has made her bridal night the goal of her material ambitions . . . who would forge out of the consummation of her love the fetters to hold her man; to enslave him by public opinion and private reiteration of that empty phrase.

There ought to be some sort of a school or something where the men and women of the world could be taught the true spiritual and (*Please turn to page* 95)





Pola's signature



Tarzan, played by Johnny Weissmuller, and the girl, played by Maureen O'Sullivan, in a jungle scene from the picture, "Tarzan."



The Lord of the jungle, Tarzan with Tantor, the Elephant..

HERB (What-an-Ape!) HOWE talks in the Simian language with Tarzan, the Ape Man, and Emma, his monkey mother . . . on

An APE'S-EYE VIEW of Hollywood

WE wanted to be the first to greet Tarzan, the Ape-boy, on his arrival in Hollywood.

We know how difficult it is for one of our countrymen arriving in your strange land.

Well do we remember our own arrival, a forlorn, friendless chimp (that's an "i" not a "u," you editing apes!) and not a cameraman to meet us.

(How far away it all seems now as we recline in the Louis Quinze drawing room of our hacienda surrounded by friendly mirrors and autographed photographs of us. Whatta struggle! Was it all worth while? we sometimes ask ourselves, counting the circles under the eyes. Our fan mail is the answer—ten thousand letters a day more than any other star on the lot gets! God bless the fans, so intelligent!)

Such were our mingled emotions as we went to meet Tarzan, the perfect Ape-lover. . . .

Arriving in the $100,000 jungle which M-G-M built for Tarzan we were received by Emma, his mother, swinging graciously from the chandelier boughs of a pepper tree.

"Have a limb, honey," she said hospitably, and soon we were jabbering of old jungle times.



Tarzan is six feet three and weighs 190 pounds.

"HOW do you like Hollywood?" we asked, the first question always asked the stranger.

"Eeet eez all so strange," replied Emma in her delightful simian accent. "I am frightened. Your reporters, they are horrible! They ask, 'What eez ze luf life?' They try to make monkeys of us. We are not Hollywood stars; we are apes. (Ed. note: In jungle society there is marked caste difference between apes and monkeys). In the jungle one does not ask, 'What eez ze luf life?' What one ape does to another is their own affair."

"How mid-Victorian!" we chortle, flecking a flea. "Hollywood seems strange at first but you'll soon find, as we have, that apes are apes the world over."

"I do not think ze luf life is the same," she demurred.

"You'll be surprised."

"And ze language eez ver' difficult, not?"

"Not," we said. "You'll find it's just chatter, as in the jungle. Indeed, the intelligentsia want to change the name of the town to Chatterton."

"But here in America eet seems all eez bizness, all rush, rush, rush. Eez there no happy carefree gaiety? Do they never take time to throw cocoanuts or pick fleas from one another?"



Here is an excellent portrait of Weissmuller in every-day clothes. Before his picture rôle as Tarzan, he was known far and wide as the swimming champion of the world, and has given swimming and diving exhibitions all over the globe.

Photo by Hurrell

"THERE are no cocoanuts," we explained, "but there are bottles. And we pick on our neighbors for fun, not fleas. We can't afford fleas. In America, you see, fleas are artists, too. There are performing fleas just as there are performing apes. Everyone here performs."

Emma shook her head: "I no understand. In the jungle we laugh, we scream, we make what you call luf life, because—because that eez ze life!"

"You'll feel at home here," we said, "after you've attended a banquet of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences."

"I know those monkeys," Emma sniffed. "An ape hasn't a chance. What did they do to Joe Martin, the greatest actor who ever came to Hollywood? (Ed. note: Joe Martin, referred to, was the first great thespian ape). Yeah, what did they do to Joe? They shot him, that's what they did. They said he went mad. Well, other actors go Hollywood too, but they don't shoot them. . . ."

"They will," we soothed. "If there's much more of it."

"And then there are these local columnists—what you call?—chatterers." Emma continued. "They are against us. They say. 'Why should producers employ foreign apes when there are so many old-timers.'"

"That's patriotism, Emma. You talk like a Red."

"And you talk like a capitalist gorilla," shot Emma. "You're always giving publicity to Bull Montana. One thing you gotta admit: Men have imitated apes, but we've never imitated men. Didn't Will Hays bar 'Ingagi' as a fake until the Ingagi bunch threatened to show that 'Trader Horn' was faked too? Ingagi was a man dressed up like an ape. He dragged Hollywood girls into what you call ze luf life. As though they had to be dragged!" Emma emitted a dry chuckle. "No ape would drag your Hollywood girls into a luf life. Never has an ape-man dragged one of your women into captivity, but you've taken plenty of ours!"

"I've heard enough of your (*Please turn to page* 113)



Photograph by Freulich

BORIS KARLOFF Since the release of "Frankenstein," Universal has signed Mr. Karloff to the dotted line. They are making extensive plans for his future and have just purchased H. G. Wells' "The Invisible Man," in which he will be featured. He has just completed work with Lew Ayres and Mae Clarke in "Night World."



HOLLYWOOD BANDWAGON



Drawings by Vince Callahan

Chatter About the Stars Off the Set and On



Greta Garbo and John Barrymore enjoy a chat on the sidelines during the filming of "Grand Hotel," in which both play leading rôles. They are still friends.



Wide World

Clark Gable is one of the autograph seekers' best bets. He just grins and signs—and signs and grins.

BRIGHT AND NEW: Joan Crawford likes to start a rôle with a clean slate, so to speak. With every new picture she has her portable dressing-room, which she uses on M-G-M stages, repainted and refinished inside. New surroundings help get a new perspective on a rôle, she believes.

Daily wisecrack from Estelle Taylor's bedside:
When surgeons were sewing up that gash in Estelle Taylor's head following her automobile accident, Estelle said: "Hurry up, Doc; I feel a draft."

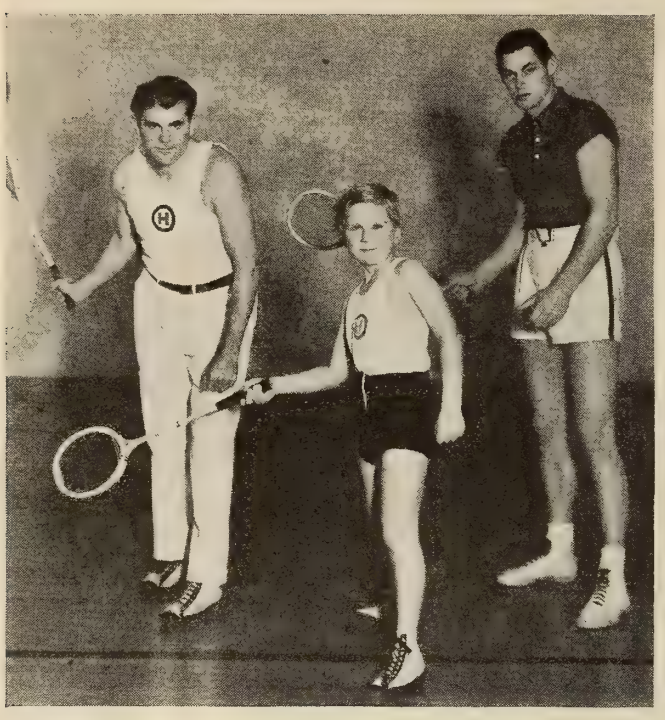
MOTHERS-IN-LAW: Here's one man who doesn't see anything amusing about mother-in-law jokes. He is Laurence Olivier, the young English actor now under contract to RKO. Olivier is married to Jill Esmond, whose mother recently paid the young couple an extended visit. Whenever Laurence brought home flowers, candy or a gift for his wife, he duplicated the present



Wide World

Papa Ben and Mother Bebe with their newly-named Barbara Bebe Lyon, just after the christening.

Jimmie Starr tells one: "Dracula" and "Frankenstein" were walking down the street with "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," when they saw Groucho Marx approaching. And they all ran away, scared to death.



Ready!—Action!—Camera! Three champs here: Jackie Cooper, co-star of "The Champ," Johnny Weissmuller, star of "Tarzan," and "Chet" Cooper, National professional swimming champ.

for his mother-in-law. Times or mothers-in-law have changed.

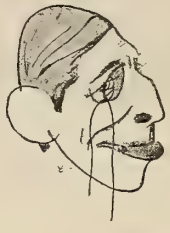
ON HIS OWN: With numerous character actors vying for the title "a second Lon Chaney," it is interesting to note that the most logical contender utterly refuses to do anything about it. When the son of the late "Man of a Thousand Faces" signed with RKO, one of the things he insisted on in his contract was that he always be billed as "Creighton Chaney" and never, under any circumstances, as "Lon Chaney, Jr."

George Arliss dislikes crowds. An example of this was evident at a recent opening in Los Angeles at which he was to make a personal appearance. He arrived at the theatre after the show had started, and when it came time to go back-stage, found the engineer and had him pilot him through the basement so as to avoid going through the auditorium.

At the "Hard Times" party held at the exclusive Mayfair Club recently, Jeanette MacDonald and Robert Ritchee came attired this way. They are expected to take the fatal two-step any day now.



Wide World



COTTON IS KING AGAIN: According to Mrs. Brock Pemberton, style consultant at RKO Studio, linens, ginghams, and even calicos will be favored for summer sport wear. Both Constance Bennett and Ann Harding will bow to this trend in some of the costumes to be worn in their forthcoming pictures, "Free Lady" and "Westward Passage."

STARS OF YESTERYEAR: How many of you old-time movie fans remember these names? Now working in "bits" are many players who in their day were as prominent as Clark Gable, Fredric March, Joan Crawford or Nancy Carroll.

Here are some who are frequently seen around the studios playing small parts: Florence Lawrence, Florence Turner, George Ovey, Ed Coxen, Charley West, Melbourne McDowell, Ford West, Bill Franey, Grace Cunard, Frances Ford, Ella Hall, Clara Horton, Helene



Just a group of actors and actresses waiting for a camera. Left to right: Mona Maris, Buster Keaton, Irene Purcell, and Polly Moran. The director is Edward Sedgwick.

Chadwick, Claire McDowell, Alice Lake, Barbara Tennant, Vola Vale, Ruth Rennick.

At a recent luncheon given in honor of Edward R. Tinker, newly-elected president of Fox films, Cecil B. DeMille said:

". . . . and it was I, perhaps, who got Mr. Tinker into motion pictures."

"And what Mr. Tinker is wondering, perhaps," said Jack Warner, "is who is going to get him out."

WOUNDED HERO IS ACTOR: Louis Van den Ecker, French war hero and member of Marshal Foch's staff, is in Hollywood making a living doing "bits." He was wounded twenty-two times during the world war. He did a bit with Lionel Barrymore in "Broken Lullaby," new title of "The Man I Killed."

When Dolores del Rio sailed for Honolulu on location, she took three trunks of wearing apparel with her. But the only trunks her leading man, Joel McCrea, took along were in his suitcase—many and different colored bathing trunks.



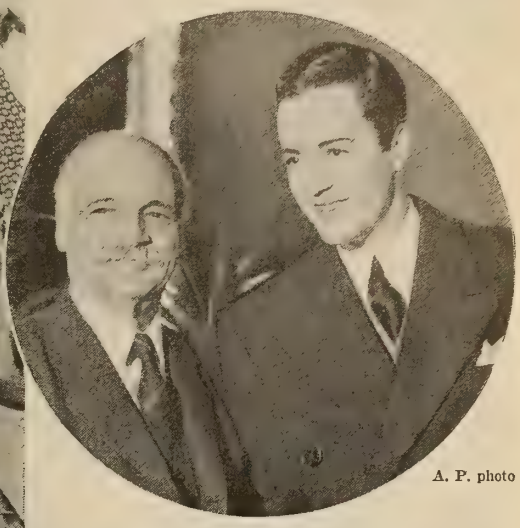
Wide World

Virginia Cherrill has sailed for Tahiti, South Seas, where—it is reported—she may be married to William Rhinelander Stewart.



A. P. photo

Beautiful Dolores Del Rio has returned from location in Hawaii, where she made "The Bird of Paradise," and learned how to do the Hawaiian dances. This photo was snapped at the time of her departure.



A. P. photo

When Buddy Rogers was in Washington, D. C., recently, he visited with his fellow Kansan, Vice-President Curtis. Buddy is now appearing in the Ziegfeld show, "Hot-cha."

LAST FLIGHT: Richard Arlen, Jack Oakie and Francis Dee witnessed the death of Leo Nomis, the stunt flier who was killed doing a scene for "Sky Bride." The plane was doing a spiral, according to orders, but when it approached the ground it didn't straighten out. Nomis is believed to have fainted at the controls.

SEAGOING ANN: Ann Harding is beginning to believe that fate must have an extended sea voyage in store for her. In her last picture, "Prestige," she sailed from France to Indo-China. Her forthcoming one, "Westward Passage," deals with a trip across the Atlantic. Trans-oceanic jaunts have also figured in two previous films, "Holiday," and "Paris Bound."

James Cagney declares that being slapped around by two husky pugilists who are training him for his next picture, "The Main Event," is child's play after working in some of his recent pictures where he has been slapped by his leading women. It was his luck, in them, to have playful directors, who instructed the leading lady to keep on slapping until told to quit, so they could watch Cagney squirm.

AND HER HUSBAND'S NAME IS WOODY! Honors for the most unusual dressing-room sign at the RKO studio go to Helen Twelvetrees. Her door is identified by a placard upon which are sketched two rows of trees, six in each. Figure it out for yourself.

THE BREAKS: Wynne Gibson is getting the break she's been waiting for ever since she arrived in Hollywood. She's to be starred in "Damaged."

When Linda Watkins decided to marry Gabriel Hess it took only about half an hour to obtain her release from her contract with Fox.

Hess is a lawyer.

Linda's contract was adjusted on Monday, she and Hess left Hollywood on Tuesday, and were married Thursday in Chicago.



Wide World

A new snapshot of lovely Billie Dove, the girl on our cover this month.

"We were married between trains and two aldermen," Linda telegraphed some of her friends in Hollywood.

WHY DELIVERIES ARE LATE: Miriam Hopkins' mother is exceptionally proud of her.

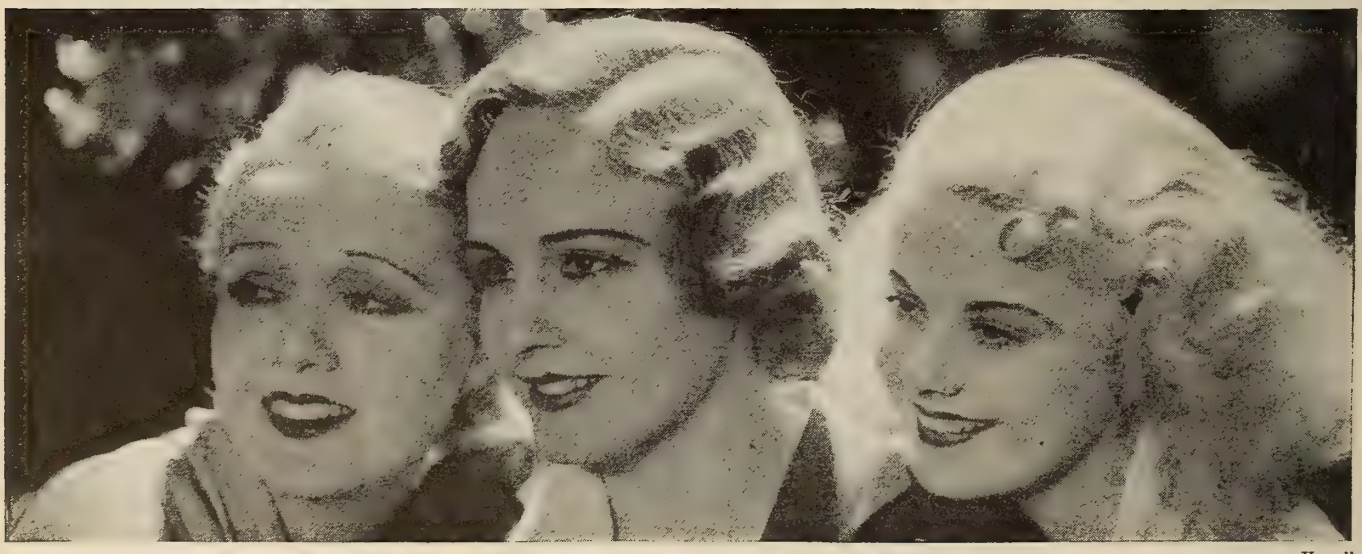
When Miriam was on the stage few people outside of New York ever heard of her. Now everybody has heard of her.

Miriam's mother lives in the East and recently wrote Miriam how proud she was of her daughter.

The milkman and the iceman and the grocery boy have all seen Miriam on the screen and mother is nothing loath to discuss her famous daughter with them while other customers impatiently await deliveries. So, if your groceries are late, maybe there's a screen star's mother or cousin or uncle or something on the route.



When Vic McLaglen (shown above, with Beryl Mercer) was making "The Devil's Lottery," he wore this gaudy suit. His wife, visiting the set at noontime, refused to dine with him—perhaps, because!



Hurrell

These three charmers, Anita Page, Madge Evans and Joan Marsh, play sisters in "Are You Listening?" William Haines gets the swell job of being leading man in the picture. Ye olde Editor sighs!

When Bob Montgomery works in a picture he reports at the studio barber shop at eight A. M. and at two P. M. Those fast-growing beards don't screen well.

LIKE MOTHER—LIKE DAUGHTER: Ann Dvorak comes by her histrionic ability naturally. Her mother is Anna Lehr, well-known stage and screen star of a few years ago.

PHONE BILLS: Mervyn LeRoy's telephone bills are now greatly reduced. Ginger Rogers is back in Hollywood and is working with Joe E. Brown in "The Tenderfoot."

Former Russian generals and other "white" Russians are playing in support of George Bancroft at Paramount. Of the 2,500,000 who were exiled by the Soviet, 1,500 ended in Hollywood, with most of them working in pictures.



Fredric March, Kay Francis and Stuart Erwin find time for a bit of gossip between scenes of "The Black Robe."

DOG—GONE! Kay Francis is mourning her Scottie dog, "Snifter," lost recently. Radio appeals and ads failed to bring "Snifter" back home.

When physicians set the vertebrae in Estelle Taylor's neck after one of them was fractured in an automobile accident Christmas Eve, they

suspended her by her head for one hour and ten minutes.

A steel and leather harness was adjusted about her head and under her chin and she was hoisted until her feet cleared the floor by about six inches.

"And there I hung," says Estelle, "just like a ham."

FASHION NOTE: The old groundhog wheeze means nothing to Loretta Young. She has already discarded her winter pajamas for light linen ones of summer . . . and defies the cool breezes around the studio.



Wide World

Away from the Kleig lights for a time, Charles Farrell and the Mrs., Virginia Valli, wait for the horses to be brought around for the morning canter. Here they are at the El Mirador, Palm Springs, Calif.



Wide World

Don Alvarado and Marilyn Miller, caught by the cameraman at the "Hard Times" party at the Mayfair recently. Our own private canary tells us that the engagement will soon be announced.

Patsy Ruth Miller, a favorite of a few years ago, is making a comeback via Thalian Comedy pictures.



Freulich

VACATION TIME NEARS: Joe E. Brown declares that the big event in his life is to be his vacation. He asserts he has not had one in three years . . . and can hardly wait. His time between pictures has been devoted to stage shows, and he is longing for a real siesta period when he can "unlax" and spend his time taking care of the baby. But first he will do another stage play, "Square Crooks."

Wallace Beery discovered something new about himself when he clipped his hair and wore glasses in "Grand Hotel" to play Preysing. When he gets on the glasses and shows his teeth he bears a striking likeness to the late Theodore Roosevelt.

DOUG RECOVERED: Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has finally discarded his cane. He has completely recovered from his injuries received in an inter-studio football game.

Lieut. Cedric B. Davis, known as "Skippy," one of America's war aces, is a Hollywood bit player much in demand.

NO CHAPLIN PICTURE: Carlyle Robinson, Boswell to Charlie Chaplin's Dr. Johnson, says Charlie may not return to America for another year and it may be still another year before he gets down to actual work upon a motion picture.

DID YOU KNOW——? Nacio Herb Brown made plenty of jack selling real estate in Los Angeles during the boom years around 1925?

And he just happened to be available when M-G-M



Stax

Thelma Todd, center, and two players, show how they take their daily dozen. This is the way the girls retain the figures that producers demand for picture work.

was looking for someone to write "The Broadway Melody"?

And that Brown went to Manual Arts High School in the same classes with Lawrence Tibbett and Frank Capra?

And Rob Wagner was their history teacher?

Harpo, the silent member of the Marx brothers, is a self-taught harpist. In fact, the one and only teacher he ever consulted told him it would take more than a lifetime to unlearn all the wrong things he did.

Harpo never consulted another.

After he had been playing for over a year, he saw a picture of a harp-playing angel, and discovered he had been holding the instrument on the wrong shoulder.



Wide World

Mary Carr, famous motion picture mother, looks at her first grandchild, Mary Ellen. The mother is Mrs. Louella Walsh, wife of Frank Walsh, assistant film director.

KIDNAPING FAILS: With the police admittedly not interested, only one Los Angeles newspaper went for the latest story of an attempt to kidnap Ann Harding's and Harry Bannister's baby. Considerable publicity resulted from the first "attempt" about a year ago, but that was soon proved a hoax.

KISS NOTE: Ivan Lebedeff is kissing Vivienne Osborne's hand these days.

Believe it or not—

Clark Gable, changing a tire on his car in a pouring rain on Wilshire Boulevard while a sightseeing bus passed with the announcer pointing out the new Beverly Hills fountain.

HOLLYWOOD NIGHT LIFE: Bramwell Fletcher took Singer John McCormack's daughter, Gwen, to the ice-cream festival last week.

George Bancroft gets up at six every morning. That helps he-men to stay he-men. In fact, only a he-man could do it and live.

George uses the early morning hours for studying dialogue, eating breakfast and reading the morning paper. He gets dressed, too.

BUSINESS ON THE UP-GRADE: Another screen favorite in business. . . . May McAvoy is interested in a Beverly Hills circulating library.

SARI AND JACK: Sari Maritza hasn't taken the spotlight away from Garbo or Dietrich, but she has turned Jack Oakie's eyes away from Joan Marsh.

Just before the Richard Barthelmesses sailed for the Orient, a few of their close friends gathered at the Town House to wish them bon voyage. Many warnings were given about the trip which took Dick and Jessica into the war zone . . . someone even suggested that a jump out of the window would simplify matters, making it easier to identify the bodies. But Dick said, "Oh, well, we'll enjoy the ride."

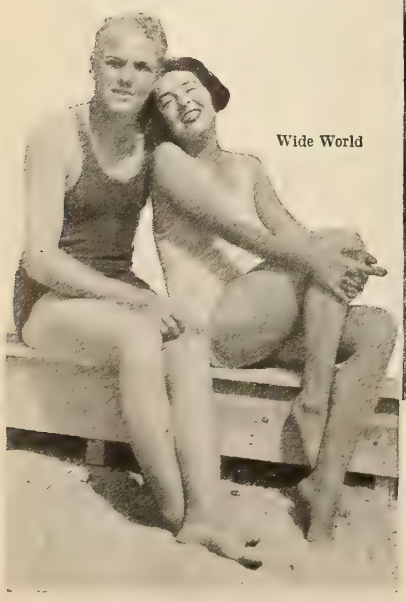
HOSPITAL NEWS: Marie Prevost and Buster Collier, That Way for the last two years, occupied rooms on the same floor at the Hollywood hospital recently.

Marie was in for a course in dieting by which she hoped to lose twenty pounds and Buster had a cyst removed from his eye-lid.

Roland Young, playing in "This is the Night," accidentally slipped and (*Please turn to page* 122)

Real Romance Comes to Three Film Romancers

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Scott, of New York, on their honeymoon at Miami Beach. She was Colleen Moore, film star.



Wide World



Wide World

Tom Mix, veteran film star, and Mabel Hubbell Ward, circus star, up and married recently. Here is a photo taken just after the ceremony. The little lady on the right is Tom's daughter, Thomasina Mix.

What—more newlyweds? And if it isn't Una Merkel, MGM featured players, and Ronald Burla this time!



C. S. Bull



Photo by Hurrell

LEILA HYAMS Smiling in the Rain would be an appropriate title for this picture. Apparently Leila Hyams doesn't mind April showers. She has just finished working in "Freaks" and is taking a rest before she starts on her next picture.

JIM TULLY—in a gentle mood—tells why **ADOLPHE MENJOU**

REFUSES TO BE A STAR



Adolphe surveys movieland from the veranda of his Hollywood home.

Poised and urbane, Adolphe Menjou has all the native shrewdness of a long line of peasant ancestors.

LONG considered in all parts of the world the finest example of sophistication and worldliness on the screen, Adolphe Menjou's ancestors on both sides were peasants the past four hundred years.

Neither is he a Frenchman as is commonly believed, but a Basque on his father's side. His mother, still living, is a native of the County Galway, the most Irish section in Ireland.

"Would you like me to call you a peasant?" I asked.

"It's all the same to me—that's what I am," was the answer.

Menjou has all the shrewdness of the peasant who gets a horse to ride. He has been in films sixteen years. He is now forty. No part that he has portrayed on the screen is as colorful as his own life.

Student at a military academy, he later attended Cornell University, where he studied civil engineering.

A laborer on a farm, coal-passer on ocean-going vessels, and, until he made his strike in pictures, a soldier of fortune at war with destitution—Menjou came out of it all every inch a man and lacking but one thing to make him complete—a sense of humor in connection with his tribulations in Hollywood.

THERE are men, whose intelligence I respect, who say without reservation that Menjou is the greatest linguist in the movies. He is the master of nine languages, and lacks humor in all of them when he talks of pictures.

German, Spanish, French, and English films in which he has appeared are now playing over the world. As he plays the part of a gentleman in each picture, his speech must be above criticism. When chosen for a German film, he did not know the language. Before the two weeks' rehearsals had finished, Menjou had lines and language letter perfect.

"Had they changed a comma in the script, I'd have been lost," he smiled.

Menjou is a highly entertaining, even a brilliant fellow. His egotism is not in the least offensive. He backs it up with great ability.

While not generally known, it was Menjou who saved "New Moon" at the box-office. It was his lure that brought in the shekels of the ladies who were neither interested in the fading Grace Moore nor the romantic Tibbett.

Menjou first made his entry into films in Eastern studios.

HIS success was not flattering. With little money and large faith he arrived in Hollywood. Friends were few, engagements were fewer. Hope was deferred often between engagements such as "The Three Musketeers," "The Sheik," "The Eternal Flame," and—Menjou winces to this day—"The Fast Mail."

Born in America, and absorbing its middle-class atmosphere, he had heard the riddles of success explained until he knew them by heart. Another man also knew them. His name was Roscoe Arbuckle. The heavy comedian, doomed too soon to a quick oblivion, was the first person to observe the subtle talents of Menjou.

"Take my car, Adolphe, you've got to have a front in this business." And the adroit Menjou would roll off



Master of more than nine languages, and a collector of rare books, Adolphe Menjou also finds contentment in music. Here you see him at the keyboard of his piano in his own home.

to studio doors in a twenty-thousand-dollar automobile.

But neither persuasion nor a bold front made any impression on the citizens of a city with the boldest front in the world.

Menjou was by this time about thirty, and had been an army captain in the World War, and was at home in the countries of Europe.

Two years passed and the big chance was still far away. Menjou had managed to get his salary raised to three hundred dollars a week—"when he worked," which was not often.

In the meantime Peggy Joyce had given Charlie Chaplin one of her very few ideas. Banal and trite as a copy-book maxim, it struck Mr. Chaplin forcibly. It was the nucleus of "A Woman of Paris."

Chaplin, to escape boredom in Hollywood, will dine a half-dozen times a day. At his sixth encounter with food, he brought Peggy Joyce along.

Not far from their table sat a gentleman of the world.

Peggy gazed at him and said to her habitually dining companion, "There's your man, Charlie, for 'A Woman of Paris.'"

Mr. Chaplin was convinced at once.

He made, however, no overt demonstration. Such things might prove expensive.

The next day Mr. Chaplin's assistant was sent to interview Mr. Menjou.

The assistant began with the ancient Hollywood badinage—several men were being considered for the part—Mr. Chaplin had about decided on one—however, if Mr. Menjou wanted to take a chance—he, the assistant, would be willing to give him one—the salary, of course, considering such a magnificent opportunity, would not be a great deal——

Mr. Menjou saw his chance, too eagerly. He explained to the assistant that he would want five hundred a week but would work for much less—even half as much less. The assistant returned to his job.

The next day came Menjou to Chaplin. He was given a test, and handed a contract—at five hundred dollars a week. The assistant, who evidently thought five hundred a week a small enough salary for a leading man, is quite certain not to have told his renowned superior, in the ways of money, that Menjou could be obtained for less.

The rest is history. Menjou nearly stole the picture from the director, who was Chaplin. His work was so dazzling that he blinded the critics to the bad acting of the other members of the cast.

The sophisticated gentleman of an easy amour, who was too resourceful to require sympathy, he was to raise his salary to seven thousand dollars a week within a few years.



Mrs. Adolphe Menjou before marriage was Kathryn Carver.

MENJOU is one of the wealthiest of film players. He remembers always the lean and bitter years when he worked all Summer as farm hand on the Vincent Astor estate at Rhinebeck, New York. Returning to the city with his small savings, he played extra parts whenever possible, and eventually did a bit with Mabel Normand in "Head Over Heels." He followed this with his first important role, that of a heavy in "The Faith Healer."

It was while playing in "A Woman of Paris" that he attracted the attention of Monta Bell, who was Chaplin's right-hand man, and at least half responsible for "A Woman of Paris."

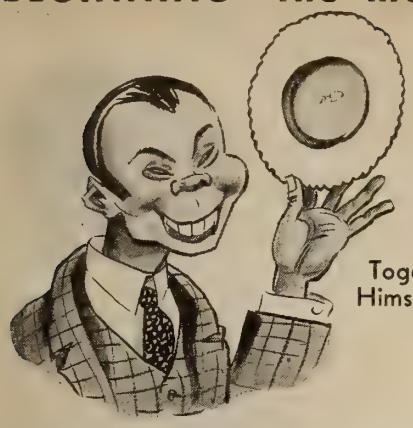
(*Please turn to page* 99)



Photo by Shalitt

SARI MARITZA This lovely newcomer has been signed by Paramount. She has already distinguished herself in English films, and her début in American films is awaited with interest. She was born in China, of English and Viennese parents.

BEGINNING—the most hilarious magazine feature of the year



Togo, Himself

HASHIMURA TOGO RETURNS

WALLACE IRWIN

brings back his Japanese Schoolboy—one of the most popular features in publishing history—for The New Movie Magazine—and he's funnier than ever before.

To Editor, New Movie Magazine, adorable publication for housekeepers and other patriots.

Dearest Sir:

EXCUSE, please, will you notice the postage stamp on this letter and know I are in Hollywood, doing so what you see.

Hon. Mr. Sir, all style people comes to Hollywood for following reason:

1. To get rich and famus without brains or any other injurrius habits.
2. To get experience.
3. To come home after a while.

These three (3) nobile pupposes fetched me here where I now am in this land of scenarios, ranchos, sombererios & photos. I have remained sifficiently long enough to find one Great Wisedom. It are easier to get experience than to get rich. Yet I have tried both ways.

A few days of yore I were setting in Hollywood Hotel, looking pretty stylish, by golly, and hoping that Mr. Warner or his twin brother would see me and teach me to act. Then long come two (2) Talkie Gentlemen and I hear them say so:

"Sylvester de Mire are getting 67,000 $ per week for doing nothing and worse."

"Miss Glamour Haze have a contrack for 88,000 $ a day because she are such a fool."

"The Catamount Pictures Inc. will give millions to any poor ½ wit."

"O goshes!" I holla to myself. "That are place for me!"

So with speed resembling Hon. MacSennett playing he is funny I enrush through palm trees, architecture and other Hollywood vegetables till I got to Catamount Pictures, a large pretty factory where they make love by machinery. And there by fashionable gate I see one Admiral, keeping people out.

"What you wish, if anything?" he ask to know.

"Hon. Sir," I divulge, "I are looking for some place where I can be less unemployed."

"Are you a Extra?" he ask it.

"Very much," I narrate.

"Then pass-in to Lot where you ask for Mr. Ogre. Mr. George F. Ogre are the name."

SO rapidly I promenade in. Ye gods and goddesses! What I did see then!!! 777 persons wearing clothes not to look like theirselves. Cow-punches, French nobility, Arab shrieks, Honalooloo shudder-ladies and 206 species of female sugar so delicious because of their faces. Jumping around these was so many cameras I feel sure Mayor Walker were coming.

O what joyful fashion for Japanese Schoolboy to see it!

Behind a pretty glass cage filled with electricity, lightning, blue flashes and talcum powder I could see a lady so lovely she knock my hat off. She got on a diamond crown & stand there making faces because somebody stole the back off her dress. Befront of that glass cage were a man holding (*Please turn to page* 102)



Drawings by Herb Roth

I could see lovely lady. She got a diamond crown and stand there making faces because somebody stole back off her dress. . . .



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, versatile screen star, and the master of Pickfair.



Photo by Russell Ball

MARY PICKFORD, mistress of Pickfair, and one of the screen's most talented members.



PICKFAIR: A front view of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, showing a portion of the newly built guest house at the left.

The DOMESTIC SIDE of MARY and DOUG

By E. R. MOAK

In Hollywood they are Mary Pickford, actress, and Douglas Fairbanks, actor; at home they are just Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks.

THE same imaginary wall that serves as a boundary between a pair of picturesque California communities erected with celluloid gold is also the wedge that keeps separate the two widely varied personalities belonging to Cinemaland's best loved feminine star.

"When I'm in Hollywood, I'm Mary Pickford, the actress. But the minute I cross the line into Beverly Hills, I become Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, the housewife!"

It was this chance remark, dropped by America's *sweetheart* to friends with whom she was lunching in the talkie capital's Embassy Club, that sent me off on my most recent journey to the beautiful yet homey Pickford-Fairbanks estate nestling in the hills to the north of Beverly, and overlooking the peaceful blue waters of the Pacific in the distance.

For almost a decade, I'd been paying occasional visits to Pickfair, always to interview Miss Pickford, of whom the world has heard so much. Now I was determined to talk with Mrs. Fairbanks, a personage really known only to her small circle of intimates.

A week has passed since our chat, and I'm still puzzling over the mystery of where she finds any time for her screen career after daily discharging the enormous task of being Douglas Fairbanks' helpmeet. It is in the latter rôle, however, that she finds her greatest joy!

Yet with all the wealth and fame and happiness that have come her way, she feels that a cruel Fate has robbed her of many of the things in which others of her sex find real pleasure.

And I'll let you in on a secret:

Mary CAN'T cook!

Even so, I'd designate her as a super-housewife!

PICKFAIR assumes high rank in the affections of Mrs. Fairbanks. And why should it be otherwise?

When she first entered its portals as a bride twelve years ago, the now spacious and magnificent mansion was little more than a glorified hunting lodge, where Doug, in his bachelorhood, had played host to his cronies, while bobcats, coyotes, rabbits and quail infested its grounds.

Three times since then she has personally planned and superintended its rebuilding and enlargement.

Mrs. Fairbanks' countenance reflects her pride in Pickfair as she explains the metamorphosis from which the home itself has just emerged, with its west wing flanged by a new guest house that will shelter the future Fairbanks guests.

When Maurice, Pickfair's perfect major domo, ushered me into his mistress's presence in the library, I found her standing before one of the French windows, her big hazel eyes intently following the movements of the artisans at work on the guest house across the broad lawn.

The very simplicity of Mary's angora jersey sports frock seemed to accentuate her English beauty. Sunbeams played down on her natural blonde coiffure. Fingers barren of jewelry except for a narrow platinum wedding band held a paint manufacturer's sample color card.

"Building is a lot of fun—and grief," she offered by



The delightfully cool-looking porch of Pickfair from which one looks out over the swimming pool and the spacious grounds.



The living-room at Pickfair is reminiscent of the simple grandeur of the 18th century French. The narrow curio shelves on either side of the fireplace are a particularly interesting note.



The east end of the living-room showing the doorway into the hall. The hanging on the wall hides the noses of the modern talkie projection machines, which throw the pictures on to a screen at the front end of the living-room.



The wide upstairs hall is furnished with the comfort and cosiness of a sitting room. The decorative scheme exudes the hospitable atmosphere of an 18th Century English drawing-room.

way of greeting, and it dawned on me that *our* Mary was once more reveling in her favorite pastime—remodeling the family abode.

"What now?" I wanted to know.

"Oh," she replied with all the enthusiasm one might expect of a child in describing his Christmas gifts, "it's been almost like constructing an entire new home. Pickfair proper, with the exception of my suite, is finished, and we're down to the decorating on the guest house!"

I didn't have to be told that Mrs. Fairbanks was in her glory!

"You know, if I had my life to begin over again, I'd be an architect," she went on. "I think it's the most intriguing profession there is."

Her second choice, she added, would be interior decorating, leading her to reveal for the first time an ambition she has long cherished.

"I should like very much some day to head, or at least be associated with, a movement to construct and furnish small but truly artistic apartments that could be rented at reasonable costs to couples who appreciate fine and beautiful things, yet can't afford to have homes of their own."

"PICKFAIR has been growing constantly all these years," explained my hostess, "but in spite of the changes we have made, we've never been able to provide proper accommodations for our over-night guests without either Doug or myself having to give up our own suites.

"So now we've added a suite for Gwen (Lottie's daughter whom Mary has legally adopted) and her governess, in addition to the guest structure that will comfortably take care of six persons.

"Then we've enlarged other rooms, and practically



The west room of Douglas Fairbanks' suite at Pickfair, from the wide French windows of which the blue waters of the Pacific can be seen in the distance.

redecorated and refurnished the entire house."

As I was led off to inspect the changes that had taken place since my previous call, I discovered that this same Mrs. Fairbanks is something more than an architect, builder and interior decorator. She's a mechanical genius, as well.

Take the screens that adorn the windows, for instance. Self-closing contraptions, and a product of Mary's brain!

"Really no great brilliance on my part," she enlightened me. "Instead, it was a case where necessity actually proved the mother of invention. With a husband like Doug, who positively refuses to use a door when there's a window handy, and who never halts to replace a screen the way he found it, I had to do something. I finally figured out a way to make them close automatically."

But that isn't all. There are those sliding mirrored-doors that secrete the fireplaces when not in use.

"Just another case of a great need being the parent of an idea," declared Mary. "A fireplace without a fire is ghastly to me, so I conceived these mirrors that slide out of the walls and hide the openings."



The lovely stone fountain gives an air of simple dignity to the flagstone patio

AND one mustn't overlook Mrs. Fairbanks' very modern substitute for the old-fashioned clothes closet, for the casual visitor would never suspect that Doug's Chinese lounging room also harbored his extensive wardrobe and vast stores of linen. The uninitiate sees only the canopied bed upon which weary royal oriental bones were rested a thousand or more years ago; a small table with a lengthy Far Eastern history, and a chair or two. The panels that grace its walls were once screens in the palaces of old China.

Push an electric button—and presto! The panels roll back and we gaze upon a long rack laden with carefully hung suits and great coats; over here shelves with dozens of pairs of shoes and boots; a few feet farther, and tiers of glass drawers containing shirts, underwear, handkerchiefs and socks; a step or two and an opening reveals a tall dressing mirror.

"Ordinary clothes closets have always been atrocious things to me, and I've tried to get around them as we developed Pickfair," said Mrs. Fairbanks.

"Very neat," I commented.

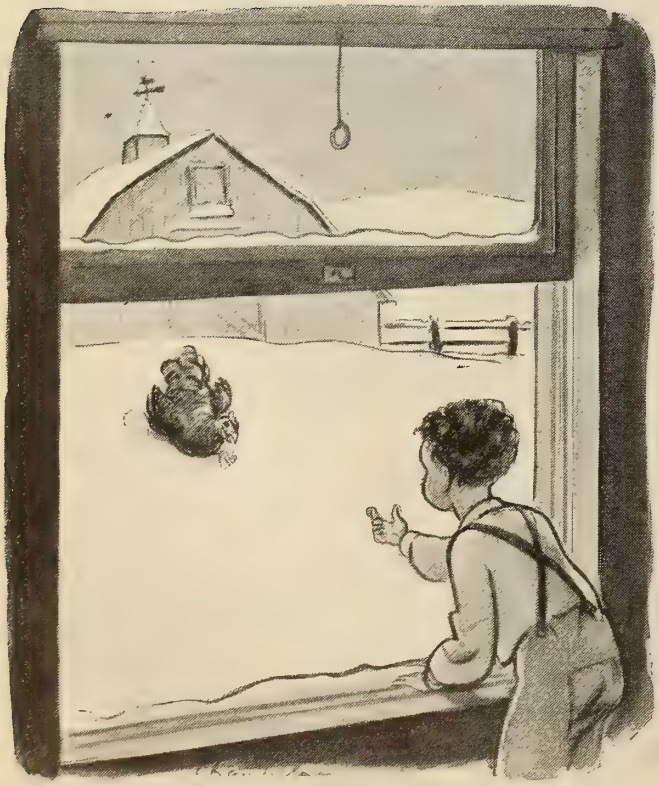
"Right now, yes," she answered, laughingly, "but after Doug gets through dressing it resembles nothing more than the spot where the cyclone struck its most devastating blow!" (*Please turn to page* 107)



Drawings by
Ken Chamberlain

From all sides and all countries the pro-Garbo and the anti-Garbo armies gather.

The Boulevardier ON PARADE



Clark Gable recollects that at the age of four he cried bitterly to his grandpa to get him a chicken that he saw outside in the snow.

Herb Howe, that grand old marcher, leads his battalions of doubles up and down the Hollywood main stem.

WELL, to get back to Garbo——

You know about the dinner party at which guests found notes beside their plates requesting them not to talk about the depression. Every one was stricken mute the first half hour. Then a guest with sudden inspiration cried: "Well, what do *you* think of Garbo?"

The party was a roaring success.

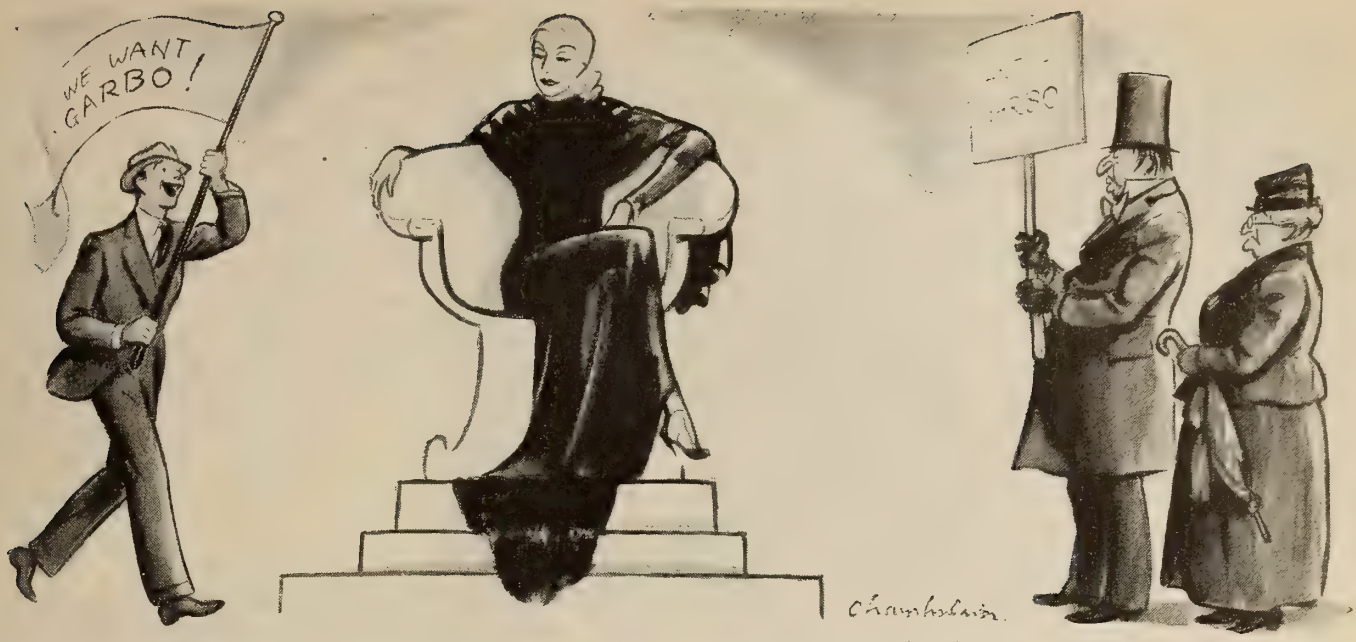
BARRING the depression, the greatest subjects for controversy are Russia and Greta.

Rebecca West, musing editorially, says she admires a certain distinguished woman very much and the woman admires her, but they simply cannot like each other because they hold contrary views about Russia.

Such tolerance is inconceivable between women differing about Greta; they couldn't admire one another even editorially. It will take at least sixty years before the pro-Garbos and the anti-Garbos can parade together like the Blues and the Greys.

IT will take even longer for a certain gentleman (name withheld for obvious reasons) to get back in the favor of a late friend with whom he viewed "Mata Hari."

In a burst of youthful reminiscence the cavalier said that Mata's gowns reminded him of the trappings of a



It will be years, says Herb Howe, before they can march together like the Blues and the Greys.

Ringling palfrey, and her make-up of Toto the well-beloved. The words were spoken in the exuberance of boyish recollection, for the lad had loved Toto and the circus trappings. Consider his consternation when he felt the flesh beside him chill into the corpse of a departed friend.

Later he attempted to retrieve by saying that when Mata hooched before the idol of Shiva she reminded him of the Queen of Sheba. It was a crafty stroke, for, you see, the lady beside him was none other than Sheba. 'Twas no avail; he remained ice-bound.

While man freely admits he was made in the image of God, woman seems to consider it sacrilege to liken herself unto the Vestal of Hollywood.

HOLLYWOOD dervishes attended the première of "Mata Hari" as prayerfully as Mohammedans go to Mecca. They hoped, God with them, to behold the super-goddess Garbo in the flesh. Betting was 2—1 she wouldn't appear. Some wagered she wouldn't even appear in the picture.

Pent-up celebrity worship was somewhat relieved by the apparition of Einstein. Sid Grauman rushed to embrace him. The celluloid folk applauded as he came down the aisle. The next day the Los Angeles *Record* revealed that Mr. Einstein was a tailor named Goldberg, who took great pleasure in being a double. It's too bad that the dancer who doubled for Garbo in the picture didn't get the idea. She'd have had a wonderful time.

THE way Greta took those New York columnists for a walk has them still sore. Every time their corns ache they write a mad paragraph. Driven crazy by their own rumors, they've been seeing doubles ever since. That wasn't Garbo in New York at all, they say now; it was a double. What's more, this isn't Garbo out here either; just another double. Fact is there never was a Garbo—just a lot of doubles.

Incidentally—and no boasting—my double happened to visit a certain house in Brentwood the other night and heard the doubles' laughter. Or was it the doubles' doubles . . .?

I guess I'd better stop right here before I become a N. Y. columnist.

REMEMBER how they had Gloria Swanson doubling for her departed self?

Seems boys haven't changed much since Francis X. Bushman terrified them by the first personal appearance. As he walked down the aisle they shrank back in their seats. Thought he was a ghost. Only a foolhardy few reached out to touch him, and they haven't been heard from since. . . . Woow!

They're even whispering that Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde had a double. It was really Dr. Jekyll and Harpo Marx.

Bulletins about round-the-world flyers were never as exciting as those about Gloria and the Stork:

Gloria Swanson Arrives in Paris to Await the Stork.

Gloria Swanson Goes to Cannes to Await the Stork.

Gloria Swanson Takes Château at St. Moritz to Await Stork.

Gloria Swanson in South Germany to Await Stork.

Gloria Swanson Leaves Berlin for Paris to Await Stork.

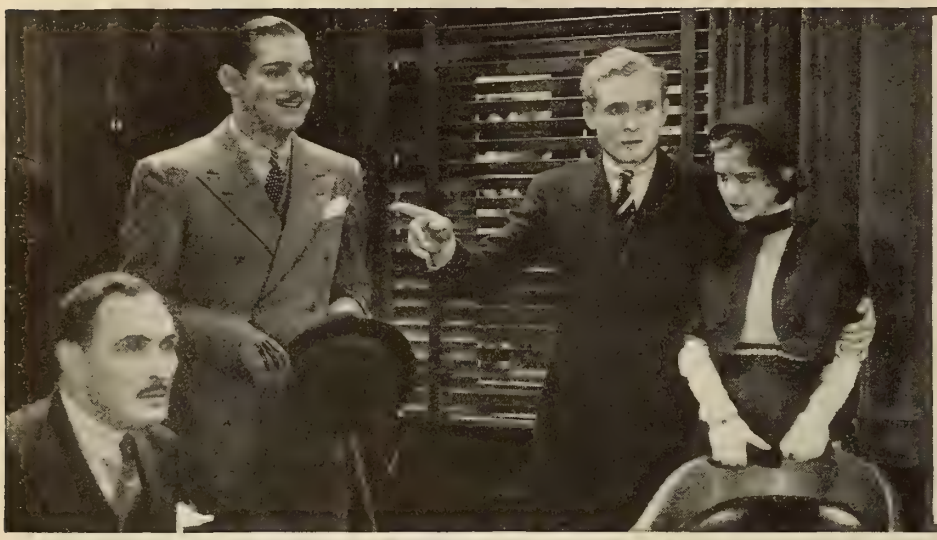
Looked to me like Gloria Swanson were giving Stork the run-around.

Hope Stork didn't get (*Please turn to page* 110)

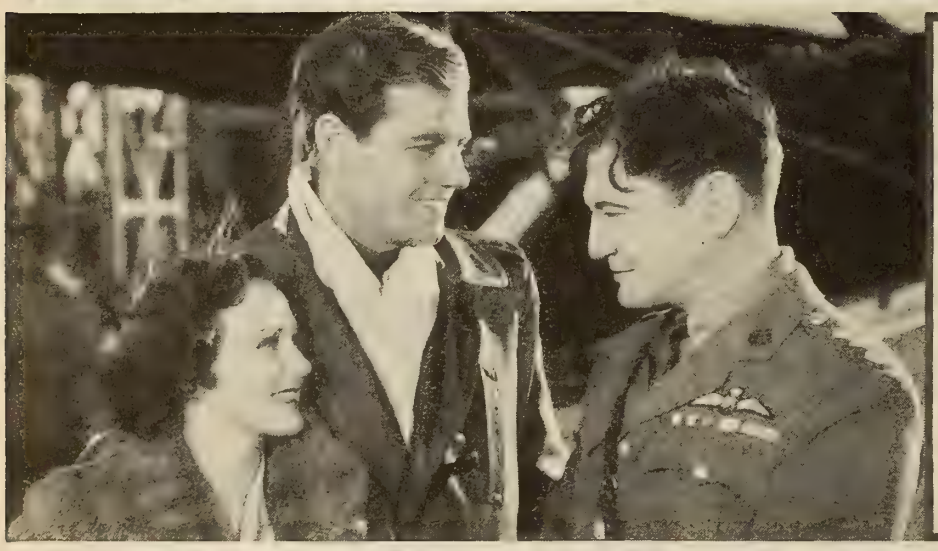


We saw Lupe Velez lunching at the studio restaurant, surrounded by a bevy of generals, extras and executives.

The NEW FILMS at a Glance



THE SILENT WITNESS — CLASS A—Fox—Lionel Atwill, Branwell Fletcher and Greta Nissen, principles. Murder in London, the ensuing trial and many unexpected developments before close of play. Atwill, an excellent actor from New York stage, takes first honors, with Fletcher coming close second. Miss Nissen gives portrayal of designing woman in case. This is excellent entertainment.



THE LOST SQUADRON — CLASS A—Radio—From the magazine serial by Dick Grace. A yarn of army fliers who drift about after the war and finally settle down to stunt flying in Hollywood. Picture has thrills and real drama. Cast headed by Richard Dix and Robert Armstrong with Mary Astor, Eric Von Stroheim, Joel McCrea and Dorothy Jordan giving strong support.



ALIAS THE DOCTOR — CLASS A — Warners — Richard Barthelmess scores heavily in this. First he takes foster brother's place in prison, to save foster mother and sister from shame. Then he again steps into shoes of dead foster brother and becomes great surgeon, although practicing without diploma.



TARZAN THE APE MAN—CLASS B — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer — Johnny Weissmuller, swimming champion, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Neil Hamilton in cast. Plot built around white traders in quest of secret burial ground of elephants where, legend has it, there is fabulous fortune in ivory. Children will love it.

LADY WITH A PAST — CLASS A — RKO-Pathe — Constance Bennett, Ben Lyon, David Manners as principals. Story concerns a young girl who, for some reason, fails to be attractive to men. The task falls to Ben Lyon to develop a bogus past, putting the heroine on the road to a successful romance. It is light, swift-moving sophisticated farce that will prove highly entertaining. Cast give excellent portrayals.



SHANGHAI EXPRESS — CLASS B—Paramount—Cast includes Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Anna May Wong, Warner Oland, and Eugene Pallette. Entire play takes place on three-day train journey between Peiping (Peking) and Shanghai. Arrest of revolutionist general's lieutenant causes train to be stopped and held for twelve hours in small town while general picks hostage to guarantee return of aide. Clive Brook gives outstanding performance of cast. Picture timely, with much color. Based on story by Harry Hervey. Exciting and very good entertainment.



A-Excellent
B-Good
C-Fair
D-Poor





AFTER TOMORROW — CLASS B — Fox — Story revolves around two youngsters (Charles Farrell and Marian Nixon) and their desire to get married. This however is delayed for some three years, due to the fact that they both have families dependent upon them. Good entertainment.

STRANGERS IN LOVE — CLASS B — Paramount — Fredric March and Kay Francis in delightful sophisticated comedy drama. March plays twins. When one returns after many years' absence the other drops dead from heart failure. The prodigal continues dead brother's life. The result is very amusing.

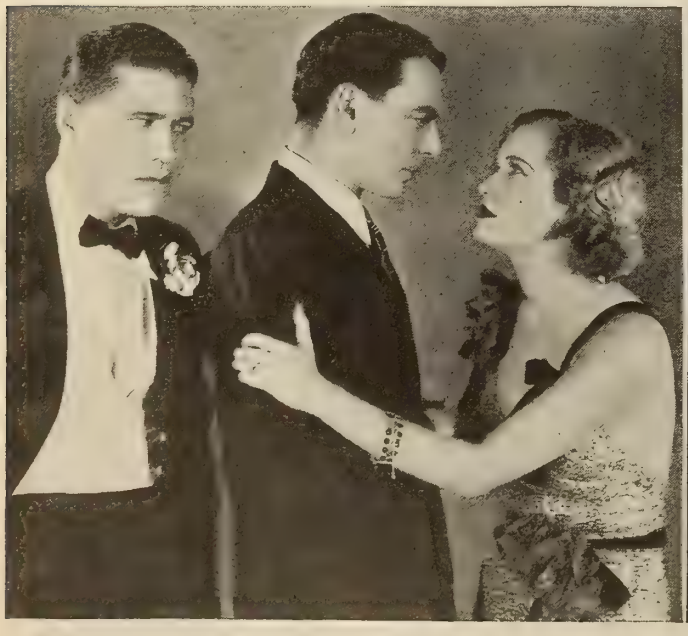


THE NEW FILMS at a GLANCE



FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD—CLASS B—Warners-First National—The wide and loud mouthed comedian, Joe E. Brown, gets a quantity of laughs as a baseball player with a passion for fires. Original and amusing picture, with Evalyn Knapp playing the fire-chief's daughter, and Lillian Bond, in a blonde wig, the adventuress who almost ruins Mr. Brown. Brown's admirers will be delighted with this.

ARE YOU LISTENING?—CLASS B—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—Here is a graphic description of comedy and drama played daily within walls of radio studios. William Haines departs from wisecracking and gives serious and sympathetic portrayal of misunderstood husband. Karen Morley and Madge Evans contribute excellent work. Joan Marsh, Anita Page, Neil Hamilton, Jean Hersholt all help make this delightful.





DANCERS IN THE DARK—CLASS B—Paramount—From the play, "Jazz King," by James Ashmore Creelman. Jack Oakie, Miriam Hopkins, William Collier, Jr., and Eugene Pallette are the principals. Story revolves around taxi dancers and boys in band of New York dance hall. A good play, some thrills, and Jack Oakie giving the outstanding performance. A picture that will entertain a great majority.

ONE HOUR WITH YOU—CLASS B—Paramount—Maurice Chevalier as star in play by Lothar Schmidt, with Jeanette MacDonald, Genevieve Tobin, Charlie Ruggles and Roland Young. Chevalier as Doctor Bertier relentlessly pursued by his wife's best girl friend with almost disastrous results. Songs for this picture not quite up to Chevalier's standard but excellent comedy overcomes this, resulting in good picture.





THE GREEKS HAVE A WORD FOR THEM—CLASS B—United Artists—The American word for this trio of girls-about-Park Avenue continues to be "golddigger." Ina Claire, Madge Evans, and Joan Blondell (above) are amusing.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE — CLASS C—Fox—A comedy that ought to be funny, but most of the way just fails to click. Will Rogers (left) is amusing at times, as a mid-western business man.

PLAY GIRL — CLASS C — Warners—Loretta Young and Winnie Lightner (right) work in a department store. Loretta weds Norman Foster unaware that he makes living as gambler. This causes a break, but the pair are reunited just before birth of their baby.







WAYWARD—CLASS C—Paramount—If you miss this one, never mind. Nancy Carroll and Richard Arlen make a brave attempt to pump the breath of life into the tribulations of a chorus girl wedded to wealth, who meets with opposition from members of her husband's family. Pauline Frederick plays the rôle of the dominant mother-in-law.

SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE—CLASS C—Fox—Rather grim tragedy shadows the path of a beauty contest winner, played by Joan Bennett. Though she gets her millionaire, played by James Kirkwood, and gives up her sweetheart, Spencer Tracy, the marriage ultimately goes on the rocks. The story has most of the elements of a tabloid sensation.

RADIO RAMBLES

Interesting Chats with and about the people on and off the air.



Helen Nugent left a Cincinnati opera company for the radio. She speaks five languages and likes spaghetti.

Playtime with the Strong Man: At home on his yacht Count von Luckner entertains his dinner guests by bending half dollars and tearing telephone directories, but when he lunches in Billy Lahiff's Tavern on 48th Street, the waiters are not impressed with such child's play. For them he has to bend the fireplace pokers into pretzels.

The Count does not eat breakfast. When he was very young he was surprised to learn that lions do not eat three meals a day, and decided that if he wanted to be as strong as a lion he would have to give up some meals too. He estimates that by not eating in the morning he saves 12,000 heartbeats a day and will live that much longer.

Beating the Wolves: Georgie Price, the latest stage comic to take the air regularly, escaped the stock market crash by a unique system. When he heard that his bootblack was buying stock, he decided it was time to sell.

George made his first broadcast twelve years ago over the Detroit News Station. He tap danced and sang through a "mike" made out of a telephone and a paper funnel.



Singing Sam, whose fifteen-minute period on the air has endeared him to a host of friends, used to be a blackface comedian with Al G. Fields' minstrels.

His next memorable broadcast of those early days was on an R.K.O. hour in a small town. The studio was located in an out of the way church, and George being the only one of the troupe to find it on time had to play all the parts—a Russian Count, an English gentleman, a Swedish baseball player, an Irish cop, a rube and the announcer.

No More Wild Life: Eleven years age, three of the Four Eton Boys—Charlie Day, Jack Day and Earl Smith—were acrobats, and the blonde girl who turned cartwheels and flip flopped in their acts was Frances Williams.

One day they were told that they'd have to put some music in their piece, so they started singing.

They were surprised to find that singing was more restful than jumping around. Therefore, Frances gave up her exercises to become a musical comedy queen, and the boys formed a quartet. The fourth Eton Boy is Art Gentry.

At night the Eton Boys cut loose in the Village Grove Nut Club in New York's Greenwich Village. "Nutsy" Fagan, their master of ceremonies, sang with Artie (Reis and Dunn) several years ago.

Artie Dunn, by the way, used to run away from home whenever his music teacher came to give him a lesson.



Jane Froman was a newspaper girl — that is, until a radio executive heard her sing at an evening party.

Lovers of the Air: No, radio stars don't cast their wives aside when they achieve fame. Not at all!

Do you remember the night when Morton Downey sang: "I Found You," "Oh, Promise Me," and "Who Cares Now That I Have You"! That was for Mrs. Barbara Bennett Downey's third anniversary as Mort's wife.

And did you wonder why Charles B. Driscoll started his "Story of Women's Names" series over NBC with Genevieve, instead of Eve? That was because Genevieve Driscoll is his wife.

But think of the pitiful case of Bing Crosby and Dixie Lee. Bing is color blind and can't appreciate what a gorgeous blonde he married.

Lowdown on Announcers: Al Bach, the diction award winner, is putting the award insignia on his dishes. Now his guests will have something to take as souvenirs. . . . Frank Knight's black hair is graying around the temples. . . . Louis Dean who doubles up with laughter throughout the Stoopnagle and Budd programs was the original "Budd" when F. Chase Taylor created Colonel Lemuel P. Stoopnagle in Buffalo. He prefers blondes but likes brunettes, too. . . . James Wallingford might have become a minister if a teacher in his theological seminary had not objected to his playing the piano for a dance.



Irene Bordoni ran away to Paris at the age of thirteen to become an actress. She is one of the favorite guest stars on radio programs.

Figures Don't Lie: Vincent Lopez does not waste his time making up his mind about things. He does it all by numerology.

Lopez has never been killed in a train smash-up because he never rides in a Pullman car whose name does not vibrate right. He even chose his press agent, George D. Lottman, because his name added up to an ideal figure.

His two exceptions are in picking food he likes and in accepting a higher figure on his contract.

Sob Story: You've heard her over many programs —Raising Junior, March of Time, Old Curiosity Shop, Piccadilly Circus—but did you ever suspect that it was the same girl who used to hold you gasping in the galleries (1916), while the villain tied her to kegs of dynamite, stretched her across railroad tracks, cast her into furnaces, and even threatened her with a "fate worse than death"?



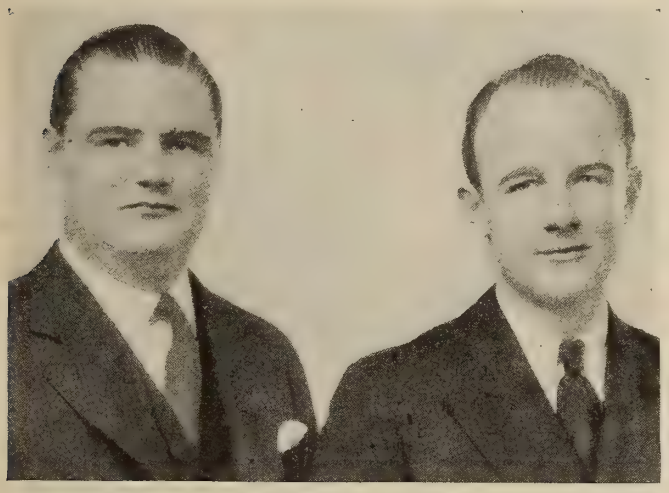
Countess Olga Medolaga Albani was born and raised in a castle in Barcelona, Spain. She is a proficient golfer.

You probably didn't, but she is Jean Sothern, the same one who thrilled you in the "Mysteries of Myra" and touched you in the "Two Orphans."

Nine years ago, while Jean was playing vaudeville in New Orleans, three timid little girls came backstage to ask for her autograph. Now she has written a song, "Creole Lullaby," and last month the same three little girls introduced it on the air over a national network. Their names are Connie, Vet and Martha Boswell.

Mama Loves Papa: On Broadway, where divorce is rumored to be a byword and infidelity the order of the day, it is interesting to find two happy couples—the Olsens and the Oaklands—making actual homes of their night clubs.

Ethel Shutta first talked to George in the Follies when she went over to him to complain that his orchestra was making too much noise. Now she has to listen to it every night at the Montmartre and she actually enjoys it. Maybe, though, now that she is George's wife, the boys don't play too loud any more.



Col. Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle and his air-partner, Budd Hulick, have won international recognition for their remarkable inventions. Their latest is a vest-proof bullet that will not enter or pass through a vest.

Ethel also laughs at all of George's jokes. But so does his orchestra, so maybe there's a catch to that, too.

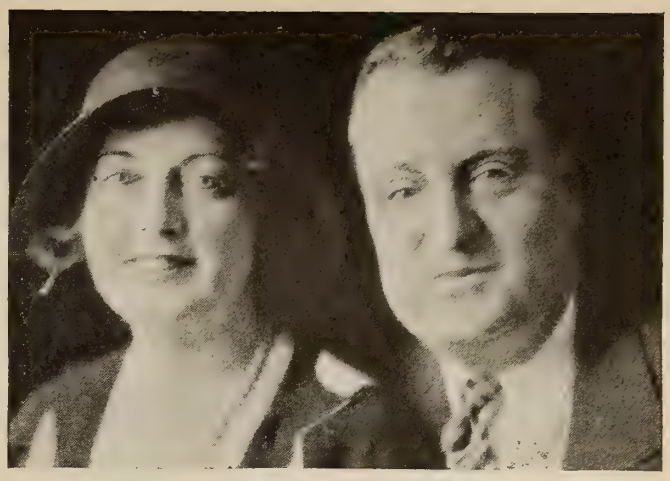
Mrs. Oakland met Will when he gave her a job in his vaudeville act in Michigan. The Oaklands have their own table at their club and make you feel just as if you were at home in their dining room.

Will is an organizer of "The Thirteen Club," a bunch of boys who don't believe in being superstitious. They go about walking under ladders, patting black cats, and letting pins lie. New members are initiated by breaking a mirror.



Count Felix Von Luckner has spent so much of his life on the water that he makes his home in his yacht, "Mopelia."

The Little Things that Count: Mildred Hunt is overjoyed at losing a pound and a half a week for eight weeks, and Vee Lawnhurst, the NBC pianist, drinks two quarts of milk a day, eats six eggs, candy, bread and potatoes and still can't top 115 pounds. . . . Leo Reisman attends all auctions of expensive violins, not to buy any, but just for the fun of playing them. At the last sale he played the "Tiger Rag" on a Guarnerius. . . . Frazer (Spike) Hunt saves his shoes. He has 275 pairs. . . . Howard Lanin's orchestra has a spare brass section. The regulars work so hard that they have to be relieved to catch their breath and save wear and tear on their lips.



One of the most popular married teams on the air waves is Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson. Julia, by the way, has held three royal flushes in poker games. Frank and Julia met, wooed and were married during the stage run of the musical comedy, "Tangerine."

How the Early Birds Live: It is nothing new for Arthur (Tower Health Exercises) Bagley to get up for his 6:45 broadcasts, for he used to get up even earlier when he delivered milk as a boy. Nevertheless he takes no chances and goes to bed with three alarm clocks, besides leaving orders with his hotel clerk to phone him at 5:40 and 6:00.



Mary McCoy was born in South Bend, Kansas. She is wild about airplanes, but roller coasters frighten her.



"Uncle Don" Carney has been called "The Pied Piper who brings up children with a microphone."

Little Jack Little set three alarm clocks, too, for his first early morning broadcast at Columbia, and also begged his wife, his valet, the doorman and the elevator boy to be sure to wake him. But he need not have bothered. He was so nervous that he did not sleep all night. We hope he has got over that now, though.

Recently a Tennessee banker wrote Bagley that since he started taking the chin-up exercise his patrons have regained confidence in his bank and have stopped withdrawing their funds.

Incidentally, Bagley, who keeps a nation of early radio listeners in good physical condition, is losing his hair.

Life is like that! (*Please turn to page* 85)

THE BOY nobody wanted

Wally Ford spent the early years of his life in an orphanage—but he has fought his way to Hollywood success

By J. B. WOODSIDE



Photo by Russell Ball

Wallace Ford was born Sammy Jones. He has traveled extensively and has been everything from prizefighter to dishwasher.

WALLACE FORD, successful actor and one of the sound screen's outstanding sensations, was born Sammy Jones. His poverty-stricken mother, Catherine Jones, unable to care for him, deposited his tiny person on the steps of Mrs. O'Reilly's Home for Girls, in Bolton, England.

Then he was a homeless boy nobody wanted. Now he is a fine specimen of ambitious, virile manhood. If he were a boxer he would be a natural welterweight—flat-stomached, alert—with the agility of a panther. He has the clear-cut features and ruddy skin of most of Albion's sons and looks fearlessly out of laughing eyes as he tells of 100 years of adventure packed into thirty-one years of life.

Now, everyone in Hollywood, and in other parts of the world, where motion pictures are spreading his fame, is talking about him—particularly the girls.

To have the girls of Hollywood talking about you is regarded by the best-informed wiseacres as an omen of future good luck. It doesn't matter so much what they say about you so long as you are on their minds. Hollywood girls are picture-wise—picture-conscious. If you click with them you click with girls everywhere. Even screen villains want the Hollywood girls to hate them sincerely and deeply. If a screen villain can keep Hollywood girls scowling and gnashing their teeth at him, he is supremely happy.

However, the girls don't (*Please turn to page* 92)



At the right: Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Ford. She was Martha Hayworth, daughter of the famous playwright.

There's more Chicle in it

. . that's what makes it better

It's the amount and quality of chicle used that makes such a big difference in chewing gum—Beech-Nut Gum contains a larger proportion of the world's finest chicle than any other gum on the market. This EXTRA CHICLE gives Beech-Nut its long-lasting smoothness—makes it easier, less tiring to chew—keeps it fresh and smooth-flavored much longer. It's this EXTRA CHICLE that makes Beech-Nut so truly refreshing and enjoyable.



Beech-Nut GUM

Makes the next smoke taste better

There *is* something NEW under the sun

DIFFERENT DELIGHTFUL DELICIOUS

Now—the world's most popular flavor—CHOCOLATE—in a package handy for pocket or purse. A crunchy, delicious bit of sweet for everyone—and everyone enjoys chocolate. A single package will convince you that they are delightfully different from any candy you've ever tasted. Now on sale throughout the United States at 5¢ a package.

Beech-Nut

CHOCOLATE *flavored* DROPS



These new Chocolate Drops have the same double-wax wrapping that preserves the flavor and freshness of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops.

Dressing Up Your Home For Spring and Summer

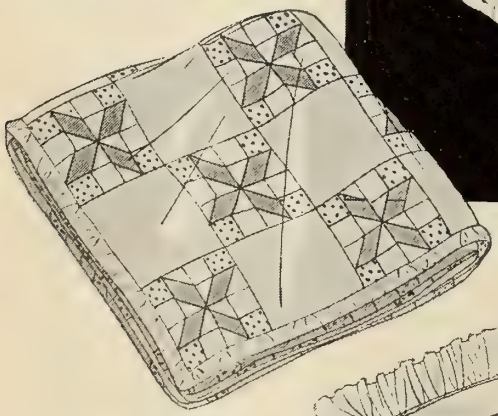
Here are bedspreads, curtains, rugs, quilts and other aids to a well-furnished house that you can make for your summer cottage or use to give new charm to your year-round home



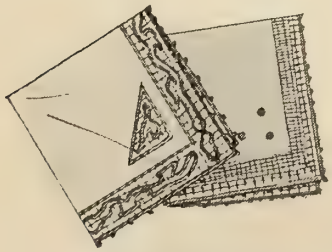
My116—Make flowers of colored cellophane with the help of this circular.



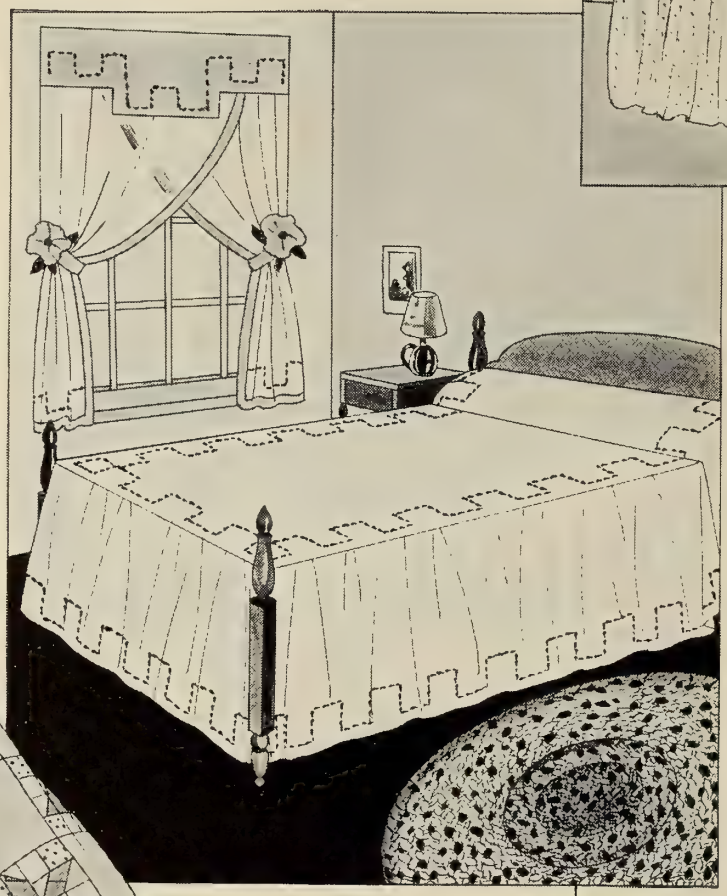
My117—Here you have clever mottoes to use in every room of the house.

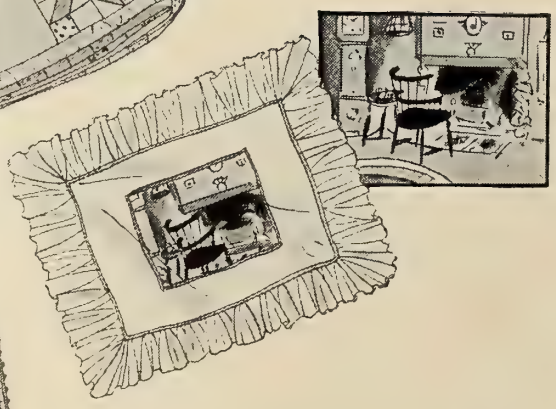


My118—This contains patterns for three old-fashioned piece-work quilts.



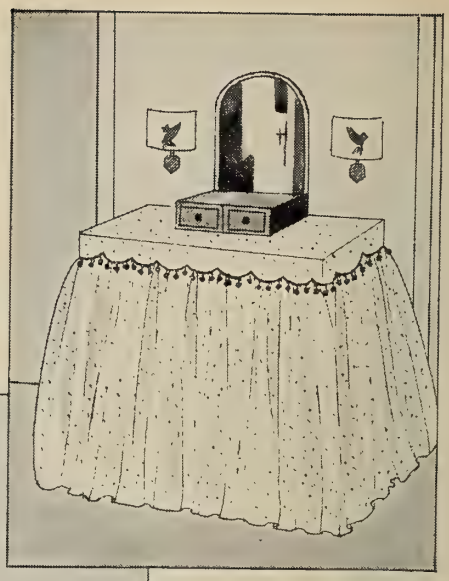
My119—Learn to make the new Italian table linen with net edges with the aid of this circular.





My120—Here's the new picture and pillow set made from chintz in Colonial design. Circular gives full directions.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars or twenty cents for all ten circulars. Be sure to indicate which circular you want by the number given beside the description.



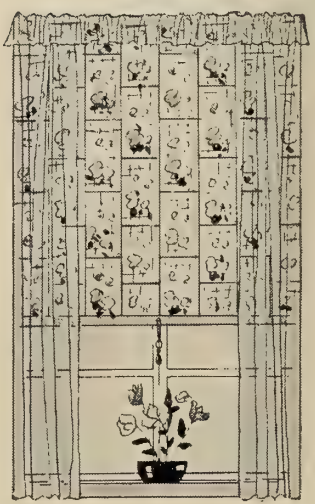
My121—Directions for draping three charming dressing tables are given here.

My122—Matching bedspread and curtains at left are explained in this circular.

My123—Here you have directions for making three old-fashioned rag rugs.



My124 — Directions for making six crochet and bead-trimmed light and window-shade pulls.



My125—Use inexpensive paper shades and make harmonizing straight or tie-back curtains, described in this circular.

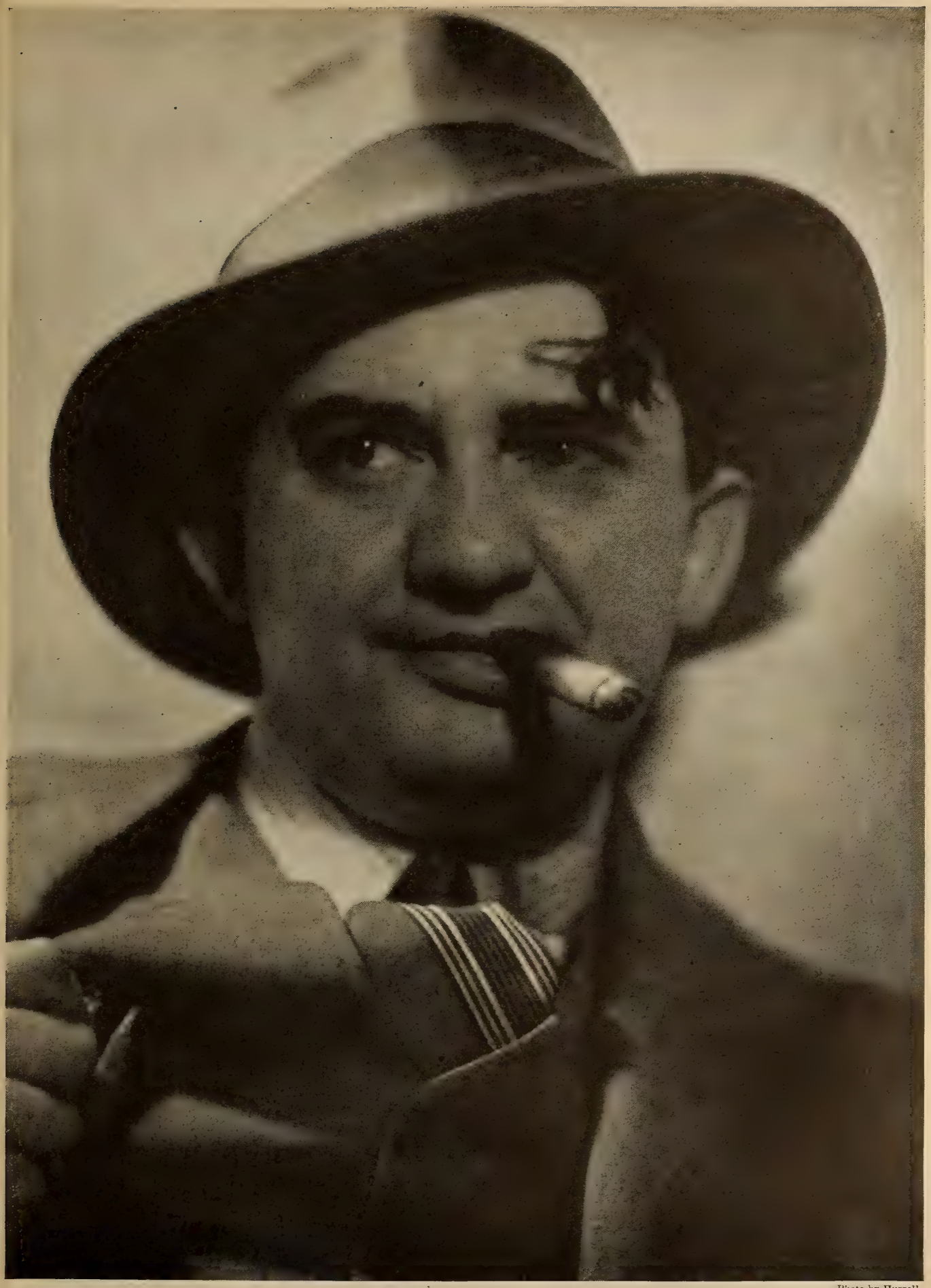


Photo by Hurrell

JEAN HERSHOLT—as he appears in the M-G-M production, "Beast of the City."

Sylvia Sidney introduces the DUTCH LUNCHEON

This new star plays to an appreciative audience when she serves Kalter Aufschnitt—Dutch lunch to you—for Sunday suppers.

CAVIAR is dead! Long live rye bread and cheese—and Sylvia Sidney who started the fashion.

In Hollywood the cycle of unrecognizable French concoctions has just passed and simple hearty old-fashioned foods have come in for their share of glory.

Buffet tables are now laden with an alluring array of dishes that smack of the good old Dutch lunch. Dill pickles are classed among the pièces de résistance, salami is a tidbit, while the supply of German potato salad always runs low before the party is over.

Among the first cinema hostesses to champion the vogue for simple foods is Sylvia Sidney, Paramount player. Her after-theater suppers and Sunday evening teas are highly popular with any one fortunate enough to wangle an invitation.

Rich conversation is served at all gatherings in the Sidney house, but the food is without flourishes or ostentation.

A typical Sidney buffet supper menu includes a platter of cold cuts, including Swiss cheese, American cheese, cream cheese, tongue, turkey, chicken, ham, salami, roast beef, and veal. Slices of buttered rye bread are available for those who wish to create sandwiches from the cold-cut platter. A huge bowl of potato salad is never missing, while the second salad might be a combination of cold vegetables or flaked salmon in lime aspic. Dishes of ripe and green olives, celery, spiced cucumbers, figs, apricots, and peaches vie with guava jelly and Damson plum jam. Of course, there is a dish devoted to pickles of all varieties, the dilled brand being the predominating favorite among film folks at the moment.

Dessert usually comprises a mold of Bavarian cream, an English trifle, or an upside-down cake. Drip coffee is always served.

MISS SIDNEY offers the following recipe for potato salad that has won applause from her guests.

Boil potatoes, then cool. Peel and cut in quarter-inch slices. Mix potatoes with olive oil, and permit to soak for several hours. If onions are preferred, slice two small ones very finely and mix thoroughly. Chives may be used in place of onions.

Add several tablespoons of tarragon vinegar to the salad shortly before serving, as well as salt, pepper and paprika. Cut up several hard-boiled eggs, and mix. Add some mayonnaise, and sprinkle top of potatoes with chopped parsley and paprika.

The recipe for Ripe Cucumber Pickle is as follows: Cut cucumbers in halves lengthwise. Cover with alum water, allowing two teaspoons of powdered alum to each quart of water. Heat gradually to boiling-point, then let mixture stand on back of range for two hours.

Remove from alum water and chill in ice water. Make a syrup by boiling five minutes two pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, with two tablespoons each of whole cloves and stick cinnamon tied in a piece of muslin. Add cucumbers and cook ten minutes. Remove cucumbers to a stone jar, and pour in the syrup. Scald syrup three successive mornings and return to cucumbers.



"Another helping of potato salad?" asks Sylvia Sidney. "And how about some more cheese and salami?—and, of course, a dill pickle."

Photo by Richee

NANNETTE SAYS "NO" . . . by ALBERT DORNE











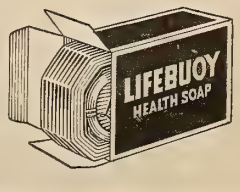
You may be guilty of "B.O." (Body Odor)

. . . and not know it!

WE quickly get used to an ever-present odor—seldom notice "B.O." (body odor) *in ourselves.* But how soon *others* are aware of it—especially as the weather grows warmer! Take no chances. Wash and bathe always with Lifebuoy. Its rich, creamy lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—ends all danger of offending. Removes germs from hands—helps guard your health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent, that vanishes as you rinse, tells you, better than words how Lifebuoy protects.

A real complexion soap

Lifebuoy's gentle, yet thorough, cleansing keeps your complexion clear, healthy. Pore-clogging impurities are gently washed away—skins glow with new radiance. Adopt Lifebuoy today.





Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald in a scene from their latest picture, "One Hour With You."

NEW SONG PICTURES from Abroad

by JOHN EDGAR WEIR

"SUNSHINE SUSIE," an outstanding hit of the talking screen in England, will be released in the United States by RKO-Radio Pictures. It is a Gainsborough production, featuring Renate Muller, favorite of the German musical stage; Jack Hulbert, English comedian; Owen Nares and Morris Harvey.

The three songs sung by Miss Muller in the picture will be published by Harms, Inc., "Today I Feel So Happy," "Just Because I Lost My Heart to You," and "I Have an Aunt Eliza." Paul Abraham is the composer.

PARAMOUNT is the only company producing pictures with musical scores at the moment. "One Hour with You," Chevalier's current release includes "One Hour with You," "What Would You do?", "Oh, That Mitzi!" and "We Will Always Be Sweethearts." Chevalier's next picture, "Love Me Tonight," will also be a musical. The score was written by Rogers and Hart.

Three new songs have been written especially for Vitaphone's short release, "Subway Symphony." They are—"Rhythm of the Wheels," "Doin' the Subway," and "It Cost Me Just a Nickel to Find the Girl I Love."

LEO REISMAN is on top this month, and believe me is playing one sweet tune, "How Long Will It Last?" from Joan Crawford's picture, "Possessed." I liked it the first time I heard it. If you have seen the picture, you will want this record.

Reisman does a smooth job of recording. The vocal chorus is very good, but the singer's identity is kept a secret.

The other side is, "When We're Alone," otherwise known as the Pent-House Serenade, played for us by Victor Arden, Phil Ohman and their orchestra. I think you'll like this one too. It's tricky and rhythmic. The vocal chorus is sung by Frank Munn. (This is a Victor record.

HERE'S one that makes an appeal to all dance lovers, "Kickin' the Gong Around," played for us by none other than the Hi-De Hi boy himself, in other words Cab Calloway. As you probably know, this is the sequel to Cab's famous "Minnie the Moocher." Of course, Cab sings all of the vocal choruses, and there are plenty, too. Don't miss this one if you like hot music.

The other side is also by Cab, singing and playing "The Devil and the Deep Blue Sea," a somewhat smoother tune, but even at that, plenty hot. I know you'll like the last chorus when you hear it. (This is a Brunswick record.)

THE next is from Janet Gaynor's picture, "Delicious," and the title is

(*Please turn to page* 91)

The Month's Biggest Hits

"How Long Will It Last?" (fox trot)
Played by Leo Reisman and his Orchestra—(Victor).

"Kickin' the Gong Around" (fox trot)
Played by Cab Calloway and his Orchestra—(Brunswick).

"Delishious" (fox trot)
Played by Nat Shilkret and the Victor Orchestra—(Victor).

"You're My Everything" (fox trot)
Played by Ben Selvin and his Orchestra—(Columbia).



THIS WIFE GREW CARELESS AFTER MARRIAGE . . . . .



THE "OTHER WOMAN" IS ALWAYS SURE OF HERSELF!

THE "Other Woman" IS ALWAYS SURE OF HERSELF

The moment the telephone jingled Mary knew. Tom was staying at the office. An absurd little fear prickled at the back of her neck as she took down the receiver and said, "hello." She hated to have her voice tremble that way. But somehow she simply couldn't help it.

She knew exactly what he was going to say. Same old excuses — desk piled high with work — important meeting tomorrow — don't wait up, darling, I'll be home as early as I can.

Of course all wives have to expect little disappointments like this. She was a jealous little fool to imagine anything. Still, this was the third time this month.

Was it possible? Could there be, *ever* — another woman?

Does Familiarity Breed Contempt?

After-marriage carelessness leads to more unhappiness than most wives realize until it is too late.

Despite her desire to please, often some little familiar liberty she takes may become the fabled "molehill."

In the case of the complexion, for instance, a good night cream is of course a necessity if one is to keep one's skin fresh and youthful.

But fortunately it is no longer necessary to go to bed with a face all smeared with greasy cream, a condition that most men frankly find disgusting.

Try this Marvelous New Greaseless Texture Cream

With the introduction of a new line of cosmetics, A. S. Hinds Company, for 56 years producers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, presents *Hinds Texture Cream,* a skin-softening cream for night use, that is absolutely greaseless.

If you wash your face with soap and water, you will find this cream of wonderful assistance in correcting dryness and in keeping the skin soft and smooth.

When applied after cleansing with Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Toning Cleanser it produces really remarkable results, leaving the skin velvety soft and youthful.

You will be surprised, quite agreeably, by the reasonably low price of *Hinds Texture Cream,* only 40 cents for a generously large jar. Later, of course, once you have learned its benefits you will want the larger, 65-cent jar which is even better value.

Why go on smearing your face with greasy night creams that soil your pillow and make you look so dowdy and unattractive? Ask for *Hinds Greaseless Texture Cream.* It is sold by all drug and department stores.

Hinds Preparations For Cleansing and Toning
(SEE SPECIAL OFFER)

HINDS CLEANSING CREAM: Because it melts 2 to 7 times faster, Hinds Cleansing Cream flushes deeply into pores, soaks up dirt, dust, make-up. Cleanses thoroughly, safely, leaving the face as refreshed as a dew-kissed rose. In generous-sized jars, 40c and 65c.

HINDS TONING CLEANSER: A delightful liquid pore refiner and cleanser. Penetrates deeply and thoroughly — refines the texture of the skin by reducing enlarged pores. Non-drying. Apply after using Hinds Cleansing Cream, before using the *Texture Cream.* Also excellent for morning use. In flacons, 65c.

A Special Limited Offer

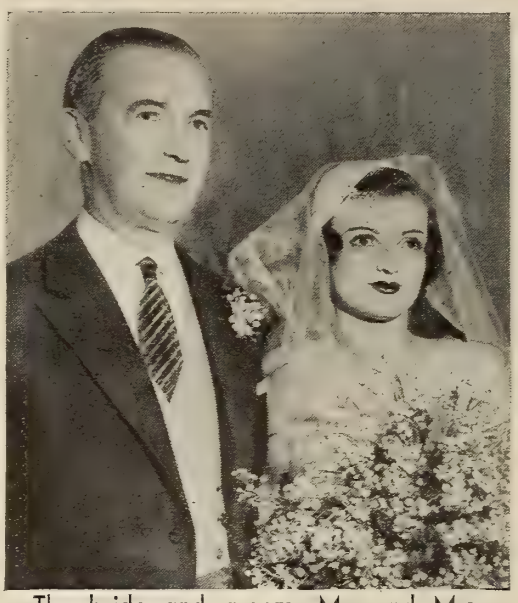
To aquaint you with two other very important Hinds beauty aids, we are making the following offer for a limited time only. Send 10c at once (in coin) to cover posting and we will forward you a trial tube of Hinds Cleansing Cream and a bottle of Hinds Toning Cleanser (liquid). Address A. S. Hinds Co., Dept. B-62, Bloomfield, N. J., makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

This offer expires July 1 in U. S. A.—Not good in Canada

HINDS *Greaseless* TEXTURE CREAM

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HOW Hollywood Entertains



The bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. John Considine, Jr. She was Carmen Pantages.

EILEEN PERCY, one of New Movie Magazine's Hollywood correspondents, tells the intimate details of the fashionable and much publicized Pantages-Considine wedding

AT an altar of white peach blossoms Carmen Pantages became the bride of John Considine, Jr. The immense gold room at the Ambassador Hotel was transformed into a bower of peach blossoms—tall trees of them—fluttering petals—an aroma of subtle fragrance was everywhere. The Ambassador string orchestra, almost hidden in a canopy of flowers, played the melody of "Trees" until the ceremony began and then broke into the familiar strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march.

Hollywood has never beheld a more beautiful bride—and in this veritable peach orchard, an awed silence held sway when Miss Pantages appeared on the arm of her father, Alexander Pantages. While Father Mullins was saying those fatal words, the orchestra played very softly, "O Promise Me." The ring John placed upon his bride's finger was a narrow circlet of platinum with tiny baguette diamonds.

Miss Pantages was charming in her bridal gown of white soufflé de soir with tiny seed pearls. A cape effect was long and suggested a train. She wore shoes of crêpe encrusted with pearls and hand-loomed Alencon lace mittens. Her bouquet was a shower of lilies of the valley.

MARION DAVIES, who was maid of honor, wore a gown of platinum gray, with fox fur of the same shade on her short coat and a touch of blue velvet ribbon under the lace of the gown.

Mrs. Dixie Martin, one of the matrons of honor, was dressed in artichoke-green lace made on Empire lines, while Mrs. Rodney Pantages, the other matron of honor, wore the same style dress in soft corn-yellow. Both had tiny bolero coats with hats of net.

Neil S. McCarthy, well-known attorney and polo player, was best man. Dr. Harry Martin, Dr. Frank J. Clancy of Seattle, William Anthony McGuire, the playwright, Rodney Pantages, Lloyd Pantages, the bride's brothers, and Samuel Armstrong served as ushers.

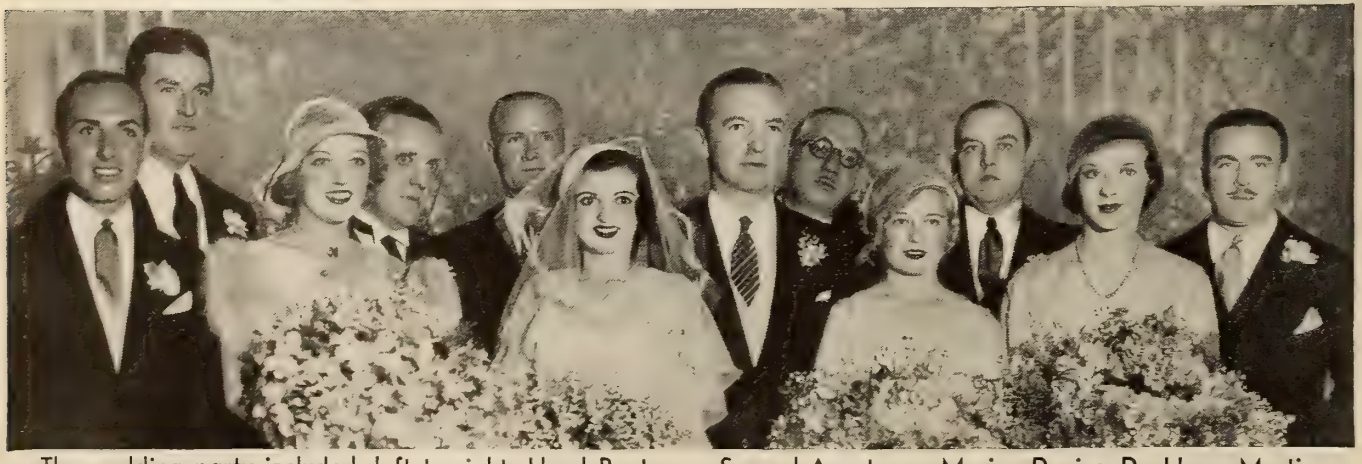
Mr. Considine's gift to the bride was a beautiful mink coat, Miss Davies gave Carmen an exquisite diamond and platinum wrist watch.

AT the reception following the ceremony four hundred and fifty friends attended. Glimpsed were, Miss Lois Wilson, charming in a brown and beige ensemble, brown chiffon velvet dress, fawn colored wrap with matching fox fur. Connie Talmadge looked smart in an all-black creation. Her black crêpe gown had a wide banding of small tulle gatherings around the bottom and large puff sleeves of the same material. Marian Nixon favored royal blue satin with matching turban and veil. Norma Shearer, arriving late, wore an informal grayish blue frock with the new brass button trimmings and hat of matching straw.

Many of the guests showed partiality for all-black ensembles of velvet, satin, crepe and lace, and those very new and smart chapeaus, tilted well forward, with their trimmings of flowers were much in evidence. A few who came in black attire were Una Merkel, Ruth Selwyn, Aileen Pringle, Mona Maris, and Sally Eilers.

After the reception the bride and groom made a hurried exit for San Pedro where they boarded the Panama-Pacific liner California. Their honeymoon destination is Palm Beach. They will spend a few days in New York before returning to Hollywood. Miss Pantages, pardon, Mrs. Considine, sailed in a light-blue ensemble—her suit of soft woolen was trimmed in gray fox.

THE wedding unites two pioneer theatrical families. The late John Considine, Sr., was one of the greatest showmen of his time, as owner and operator of a large chain of theatres. His son, John Jr., is associated with the film industry in an executive capacity. The bride's father, Alexander Pantages, (*Please turn to page* 90)



The wedding party included, left to right: Lloyd Pantages, Samuel Armstrong, Marion Davies, Dr. Harry Martin, Neil McCarthy, the bride (Carmen Pantages), the bridegroom (John Considine, Jr.), William McGuire, Mrs. Rodney Pantages, Dr. Frank J. Clancy, Mrs. Orlando Martin, and Keith Weeks.

"Sure, I use Colgate's! I like it . . . that's why!"



She's a good scout—*my* mother is! She's going to be tickled pink when she sees these two beauts—even if I did tear my pants a little comin' through Bailey's fence. Ma believes in lettin' a feller do things the way he *likes* to do 'em. That's why she buys me Colgate's to brush my teeth with. I *like* it—that's why. Boy—does it taste keen! I guess mother knows what she's doin'. Doctor Ellis told her there ain't *any* toothpaste can beat Colgate's for keeping teeth clean—says more people use it than any other kind. An' Ma says 'cause Colgate's only costs a quarter—mebbe she's savin' to buy me a new fish pole. Anyhow—she don't have to bother about me brushin' my teeth reg'lar—so I guess *she's* satisfied, too.

Would you like this picture of the little fisherman, in full color, without advertising matter, suitable for framing? We'll gladly send you one, without cost. Address: Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, Dept. 157, P. O. Box 1143, Chicago, Illinois.



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Also in handy 10¢ size

25¢

A woman's good breeding is reflected in the care she gives her hands, says DOLORES DEL RIO





Dolores' hands in closeup, beautifully cared for and expressive of her personality and changing moods.

Languor is the pose here, and is as well expressed by Dolores' drooping fingers as by her calm face (for the moment) and dreamy eyes.

BEAUTIFUL to YOUR FINGER-TIPS

"WITH the possible exception of her eyes, no feature of woman's loveliness has inspired such lyric enthusiasm as shapely, graceful hands," declares Dolores Del Rio, sparkling Latin star of RKO-Radio pictures.

"Hands express character in so many ways. And they may express the type of character we wish them to have to a certain extent. Certainly a woman's good breeding is reflected in the care she gives her hands. Hands that naturally assume graceful poses are enhanced by perfect grooming, and awkward hands are less noticeable when they are well cared for."

Miss Del Rio's slim hands with their long-tipped nails are an essential part of her allure. She knows how to use them to their best advantage. They are always an integral part of the picture she presents.

The first essential, of course, she believes is absolute cleanliness. Daintiness should be basic here as in every other characteristic of a well-groomed woman.

"Never have a disagreeable smudge mar the perfection of your hands. If ink stains the fingers while writing, scrub them immediately and if necessary follow with a light bleach to remove the spot. Lemon juice or one of the prepared bleaches with handy little applicators will do the trick for you. Dust gathers on anyone's hands in the course of any daily routine, but that is no excuse for letting it remain."

Dolores recommends rubbing the hands with a good softening lotion morning and night—one that tends to tighten the skin somewhat, giving a smooth, velvety surface. This is especially good for hands susceptible to chapping, and should be applied just before going outdoors and after washing the hands at any time.

Hands that are rough and lumpy will be immensely improved by massage with a good nourishing or tissue cream. Improved in appearance and in grace as well. A tired, nervous hand is never as graceful or as expressive.

"THERE is no excuse for unpleasant and unsightly hangnails. Prevent them by massaging the cuticle about the nails with a cotten-wrapped orange-wood stick dipped in oil. Olive oil is effective, as are several of the cuticle oils and creams on the (*Please turn to page* 85)

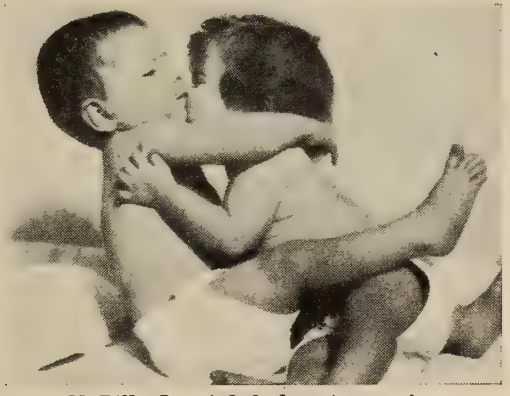
"WE'LL GIVE THE STORK SOME GOOD ADVICE!"



● *"Oooh, Bill—see what the papers say!*
'The Stork—Expected Here To-day!'
My goodness... he should know the news
About the powder babies use!"



● *"I'll call him now!—Hello—hello—*
Say, Mr. Stork, you ought to know
We have a baby powder here
That makes the chafing disappear!"



● *"Oh Bill—I can't help hugging you!*
And think how glad the stork is, too!
For now he knows as well as we
That babies can live comf'tably!"

Baby powders differ—
and your thumb and finger
will prove it!

Do this. Rub several different kinds of baby powder between your thumb and finger, one at a time. Some kinds, you'll discover, feel harsh and unpleasant to your touch. Now . . .

Try Johnson's Baby Powder! Feel the velvety softness—the fine, silky smoothness!

What makes this great difference? . . .

Johnson's Baby Powder is made from finest Italian talc, which is composed of soft, tiny flakes. But—the *inferior* talc used in some baby powders contains sharp, *needle*-like particles! You wouldn't want them to touch your baby's skin!

Another thing to remember: Johnson's Baby Powder contains no *stearate of zinc.*

Be careful, too,
about your baby's soap! . . .

Try Johnson's Baby Soap! Notice its smooth rounded edges and delicate fragrance. See how quickly the rich lather comes—how gently it cleanses—and how swiftly it washes away! Even the finest, most expensive castile soaps cannot equal Johnson's Baby Soap—for it is made *especially* for babies, from purest high-grade olive and other vegetable oils. Try it—*to-day!*

To give your baby extra comfort,
use this cream . . .

To relieve chafing, chapping "diaper rash", prickly heat, and other mild irritations of the baby's skin, use Johnson's Baby Cream. It is made from purest ingredients, and is bland and soothing. It will prevent windburn and sunburn, if you rub a little on your baby's face and hands, before going outdoors.

FREE SAMPLES! *Send for our free Gift Box containing a generous sample of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream. Write to Baby Products Division, Dept. F5, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.*

Johnson's Baby Powder



Johnson & Johnson

World's Largest Manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, "Z O" Cartridge Spool Adhesive Plaster, etc.

California architects give unstinting praise to this house as a particularly fine example of its type.



Renderings by Schell Lewis

Hollywood Applauds the French House

From the home town of Spanish American architecture comes praise for New Movie's French House as well as votes for all four.

VOTES are pouring in from California to Maine. The four houses shown by NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE in recent months are being put to the test. Early returns in the race to decide which of the four types is most representative of American tastes give the English and French houses the edge. But the Colonial and Spanish houses are not far behind and it's still anybody's race.

Illinois and Michigan gave the lead to the English house in the first ballotings; Wisconsin and Pennsylvania helped pile up the total for the French house—along with the surprise votes from California.

Rhode Island, Washington and California went strongly Spanish, and Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Ohio were heavy supporters of the Colonial type.

Next month we announce the final result of the voting and the resultant program of our home furnishing and building department.

The privacy of the English house appealed to a Jersey City voter; its compactness and hominess appealed to a young girl in Grand Rapids, Michigan who will be married soon.

A Chicago voter finds the Spanish house is truly her castle in the air; a Philadelphian, who favors the French house, approved its dignity and the Colonial house was picked by a voter in Holyoke, Massachusetts because of its central hall and open stair—by a New Yorker because she thought it would grace her country lot.

From two California architects come comments on the houses, both praising the French house in particular. Roy Seldon Price, who was architect for the home of the late Thomas Ince, for those of Raoul Walsh, George Fitzmaurice, Lita Grey Chaplin, Carl Laemmle and many others of motion picture fame, writes:

"The English house in your December issue with its closely knit plan has some economical arrangement with the minimum of hall space. Its clean cut, simple partition lines, also tend toward economy of construction. The living-room would be pleasant with its three exposures. It appears to have that happy balance of windows and wall space which is so essential to a liveable, comfortable room.

"Although the kitchen arrangement is very unusual, it would indeed be cheerful as well as practical. The second floor bedroom would make a comfortable, charming room. The doors to the two closets might be arranged to afford better wall space for twin beds.

"The front elevation is a simple expression of the plan without useless, extraneous ornament or meaninless bric-a-brac. So many small homes are spoiled by attempting to incorporate too many motives or features and, as a rule, the smaller the house, the greater is the need for simplicity and restraint. Small houses are seldom planned by thoroughly trained architects because their builders imagine that an architect's service would be extravagant in proportion to his cost. This, however, is not true, since a good architect usually saves his entire fee on the front elevation alone, by not using in his design the expensive motives which the unskilled designer imagines necessary to make a house attractive. In the design of your little English house, there is not affectation or pretense. It is sincerely conservative.

"Your February Spanish house has a nice balance between simple dignity and picturesque charm. I would suggest, however, that, if the garage doors were paneled or studded in Spanish fashion and painted in a light color similar to the plaster, the design would be improved. The plan is practical, extremely livable and has no expensive, uneconomical construction features. The living-room with its windows to the patio and porch, can be made very fine. The front bedroom with its three exposures and patio outlook would be enjoyable.

"The design of your French house is fine indeed. It has a quiet distinction and, of all your designs, would attract the most

(*Please turn to page* 80)

The Spanish house is bringing its quota of votes, too.



Now . . 10¢ WILL BUY PARK & TILFORD BEAUTY AIDS

IN CONVENIENT SIZES AS PURE AND FINE AS THE WELL-KNOWN BRANDS PRICED FROM $1.00 TO $3.00



Faoen Cosmetics are the biggest beauty value ever offered to American women. Equal in purity, quality and texture to the most expensive—and only 10c. Sponsored by Park & Tilford, who introduced many of the most distinguished French perfumes and cosmetics to this country. No wonder Faoen Beauty Aids are already the favorites of thousands of fastidious women.

A famous firm of chemical analysts tested every Faoen product. Here is a part of their report:

"—and after a complete and careful chemical analysis and investigation, we have found that every Faoen product tested, is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1.00, $2.00 and $3.00."

The purity of Faoen Products needs no further proof than this!

Every Faoen Product has received the Good Housekeeping Institute seal of approval.

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PARK & TILFORD
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FAOEN *Beauty Aids*

At work with the CANDID CAMERAMAN



Photos by Wide World

MANY stories have been written about the daring and the ingeniousness of the man who takes the photographs you see in newspapers and magazines.

Views from high buildings, from airplanes and from speeding automobiles have no terrors for this hardy group of men. Anything to get the picture is their motto.

This month the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE presents a view showing just how these men set about a difficult task.

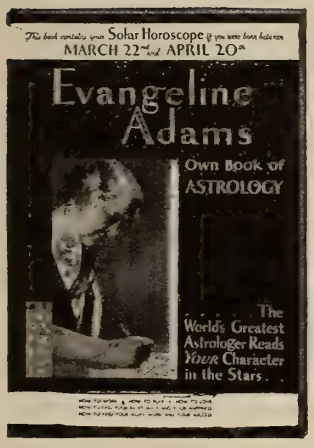
Just above you see an unposed photograph of Constance Bennett, RKO screen star; her father, Richard Bennett, and Connie's husband, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye.

This picture was taken by the man on the ladder on the right. If you look closely at the top of the picture you will see the Marquis just to the right of the candid camera. A little to the left you can distinguish Connie.

For Real Fun

Get *the* Crowd *together and* Give *an* Astrology Party





Evangeline Adams' OWN BOOKS can Furnish all the entertainment needed for a successful affair.

IF YOU want to give a really successful party, one without a single dull moment . . . get the crowd together and supply them with Evangeline Adams' own Books of Astrology. A set of twelve books will furnish horoscopes for everyone's birth month. Start reading the horoscopes out loud and listen for the excited giggles and the hilarious laughter. They're so amazingly shrewd, so penetratingly true, these horoscopes, that everyone's interested in them.

In working thru your own particular horoscope you will find so much that is helpful, so much that is keen and analytical, and all done in such a vivid fashion, that you will thoroughly enjoy it. The price is ten cents for each book, plus four cents postage for each. Just tell your birthdate and we will forward your horoscope book or the complete set of twelve will make a party a genuine success.

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When you take a Laxative play safe!

For your health's sake, take care! Don't gamble. Be safe instead of sorry in the selection of a laxative.

Many laxatives, the doctor will tell you, are violent in their action. Such laxatives are not good for you—they invite after-effects that more than nullify the temporary relief they bring. Other laxatives are habit-forming.

What Doctors demand of a Laxative

You will discover that the medical profession has a very definite standard of requirements for a laxative.

It's important, doctors say, that a laxative shouldn't be absorbed by the system, and that it should limit its action to the intestines.

It should not rush food through the stomach. It shouldn't over-stimulate and irritate the intestines. It should not gripe. And it should not be habit-forming.

Ex-Lax actually checks on each of these points the doctor looks for in a laxative. That's why physicians everywhere approve of Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Yet, it contains one of the most scientific of all laxatives — phenolphthalein — of the correct quality, in the correct proportion and the correct dose.

Ex-Lax is safe and gentle —just like Nature

The next time you need a laxative, take an Ex-Lax before you go to bed at night. You'll like its rich, chocolaty flavor. And the following morning, you'll like the easy, complete way that Ex-Lax works.

Its safeness and gentleness make Ex-Lax the perfect laxative for children as well as for grown-ups.

At all drug stores, in 10c, 25c, and 50c sizes. Or mail the coupon for a free sample.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

—the safe laxative that tastes like chocolate

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Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y. B52

Please send me a free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Hollywood Applauds the French House

(*Continued from page 76*)

attention. It takes no great skill to design a formal symmetrical house such as this is and yet this design has a certain individual flare seldom found in such a small house. This particular expression of its designer's talent can be easily lost, however, if, in building, his lines and proportions are not followed very carefully. Of course, this

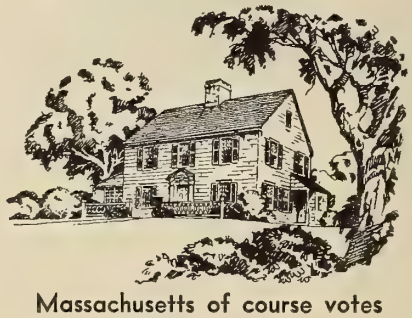


The English house springs into an early lead.

house in its plan arrangement is most suitable where the best outlook and exposure is to the rear, or for that slowly growing minority who build their homes in close and proper relation to their own gardens rather than to display their furniture and window dressing to passers by."

John R. Kibbey, who was instructor of Architectural design and Architectural history at Armour Institute and who has designed many fine homes in Hollywood in recent years as well as California schools, clubs and hotels, writes:

"The four houses are excellently chosen for variety in room arrangement and exterior types of design to show very different possibilities in houses of approximately the same cost. The plans are all economically and conveniently arranged, the French House being, in my opinion, the best on both counts, artistically, and regardless of personal preference for type or possible location, I consider it the best exterior design.



Massachusetts of course votes for the Colonial.

"It is not for an architect to express or even feel a preference for English, French, Spanish, Colonial or any one of the many types. All types are good if well done and well fitted into surroundings that are suitable to that particular style. The final result should be a pleasing picture in which background, surroundings and house seem fitted to one another.

"In choosing a type, climate is a big factor. Eastern sections of the country with much rain, snow and dull weather call for formal designs, dark colors and conventional treatment. Western sections with much sunlight, warm weather and brilliant coloring in the country call for bright-colored roofs, light-colored walls and unconventional, playful treatment in design.

"Fixed rules are impossible but, in general, countries that have great stretches of seemingly flat land, or slightly rolling country, call for low rambling buildings with flat or low-pitched roofs.

"Mountainous countries call for buildings two stories, or part one story and part two stories high, irregular in outline with steeper pitched roofs.

The type, or style, will depend upon which one best fits into the particular location.

"On city or suburban lots, where different types of architecture are all mixed in together, the type of design becomes a question of individual taste and the problem of completing the picture becomes one of landscaping the grounds with the proper planting to fit the type used.

"Here in California we have so many different kinds of country that locations exist for practically every type of design. For example, the houses of both Lionel and John Barrymore, the actors, are up in the rolling Beverly Hills with backgrounds of low mountains covered with a natural growth of shrubs. They are houses, part one story and part two stories, of the Spanish type, built around inside patios and gardens and have white walls and red tile roofs. Bright, cheerful spots of color in the countryside. English, French, Colonial and Spanish houses are scattered all over the same hills, but the type that looks as if it belonged there is the informal, warm Spanish type dwelling.

"Adela Rogers St. Johns, the writer, built beside a running brook, between a dense grove of high eucalyptus trees and a walnut orchard, in a section so surrounded by woods and groves that the effect is similar to sections of England. There she developed an English type of house, with soft brown shingles and mellow variegated red brick walls, that melts harmoniously into its background.

"Charles (Chuck) Riesner, the director, built on a steep hillside near and overlooking the ocean, so high up that a long, low effect was desirable. He chose the Old California type of house. It has long low porches and long overhanging roof eaves that give deep shadows to emphasize the horizontal lines and make the house seem lower than it really is. The low effect is still more emphasized by a low pitched green shingle roof that blends into the landscape development of the hillside behind.

"No one type is good for all places. It is the particular location that should govern the choice of the type of building."

If you wish more information about the four houses we have shown, write to the Tower House Editor, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and on the receipt of 2 cents postage for each, illustrated booklets will be sent to you describing the architectural features and construction of each. Ask for the French House—the English, Spanish or Colonial.

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48 Hours to Live

(*Continued from page* 14)

bought the white one the day before, and his sensible wife, Elsa, had pointed out that the world being what it was, less comment would be aroused if he carried a black one. And the black one it was, though Irish Neil fingered a beautifully worked scarlet and gold binding, and put it aside with a sigh. "It would be as bad as the white one, of course—"

"BEFORE I went to the doctor," said Neil, "I had a sudden but powerful and distinct premonition of death. It had not come to me for no good reason. Then, after the doctor told me that, there indeed was Death. Not Death, rapping, but Death clamoring for admittance.

"I had been raised an only child. Mother had had none other on whom to lavish her affection. She was capable of much feeling, but her emotions had been suppressed. Her longing had been to become an actress; but she had married, and after my birth, she was in constant pain, sometimes agony, from a curvature of the spine.

"Her thoughts had been constantly with me and of me, all my life. She was profoundly spiritual, in the way that some Irish are. You see, with them there is that easy feeling that they can just reach out and touch God.

"I had been raised to think of myself as a candidate for the priesthood. This idea for me was intensified in my mother when she was cured by faith of her lifelong torment. Surely her son was the best thing she had to offer God in gratitude.

"As I grew older, I found I did not feel the religious ecstasy of my mother. I felt myself unworthy of the high aims she had for me. I went to New York, as a young boy, to follow her first love, the stage.

"Many a thing she denied herself to send me five dollars; rubbers, that should have protected her against the wet and cold; all those things that women know how to deprive themselves of for their children. Mother had been ostracized by her family for marrying outside her faith; her pride in me, and the fact that her boy was getting along the road to fame a little faster than most other boys, helped her justify her marriage.

"I HAD been so long removed from home and the things mother taught me at her knee, that it was all very far away on that day in Hollywood when the doctor told me his news. Suddenly I found myself reaching back to her and what she stood for, across the years and the life I had lived since I had left her. I was terrified. I did not want to die.

"Well, here I was, looking at Death. Only yesterday my chief worry had been whether I would get the lead in Norma Shearer's new picture. What did it matter, with me looking my Creator in the face, and a lot of things to answer for.

"I lay in bed, alone and quiet, and my first thought was for Elsa, my wife. I wondered if she would have her little fortune, that I had accumulated for her, taken from her by some fortune hunter. I did not wish her to remain single, if she found a man she loved after I was gone.

(*Please turn to page* 82)

JUST ABOUT FIVE MINUTES



...and this

Delicious Dessert is Ready-to-Serve

MOST women seek to avoid spending hours in the kitchen—baking pies and cakes and preparing other complicated desserts to please the family.

These women enthusiastically welcome Kre-Mel Dessert—the smooth, delicious, wholesome pudding everyone enjoys.

And think of this: Kre-Mel is ready-to-eat in just about five minutes! No complicated recipe—just follow the simple directions on the package.

Kre-Mel comes in four delicious flavors—Chocolate, Vanillin, Caramel and Coffee. Each package contains four servings. As for economy, you will be amazed that so fine a dessert costs so little.

When you serve Kre-Mel to your family, remember, too, that Kre-Mel is not only a delicious dessert—it is a genuine FOOD, rich in Dextrose, that vital food element active bodies need to maintain energy and vigor.

All food stores sell Kre-Mel—why not try a package or two and convince yourself that Kre-Mel is actually a perfect dessert?

4 SERVINGS PER PACKAGE

4 FLAVORS

CHOCOLATE VANILLIN
COFFEE CARAMEL



AT ALL GOOD FOOD STORES



As SAFE
as pure water to
freshen SILKS

Keep your printed silks as fresh as flowers with Ivory Snow!

Any fabric . . . any color . . . you can trust in clear water, can be washed safely with Ivory Snow. For Ivory Snow is the same pure soap doctors recommend for a baby's tender skin. It is Ivory Soap blown into tiny, soft puffs for instant dissolving in *tepid* water, which is the only safe temperature for colors, for silks, for washleather gloves and for woolens.

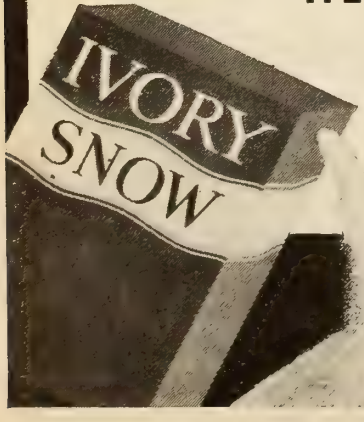
No need for hot water with Ivory Snow! No flat soap particles that can cling and cause soap spots or streaking! Every puff of Ivory Snow melts like snow itself. Its rich, thoroughly dissolved suds rinse out swiftly and clearly.

You can use Ivory Snow lavishly because it is pure and mild —and that nice, big package costs only 15¢!

HERE'S AGREEMENT!

"A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers, and Truhu.

"Ideal for woolens," say the weavers of fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets, and the Botany Worsted Mills.



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99 44/100 % PURE

48 Hours to Live

(*Continued from page* 81)

"Elsa loves a home and companionship, and I could not think of her being happy alone. But I burned at the thought that some unworthy man might make a play for her affections to gain control of the little fortune I was leaving her.

"I wrote a note to her—I intended it to be inclosed with my will, and to be 'a voice from beyond the grave.' Something to warn and guide her about choosing a second time. There are so many charming and seemingly harmless men in this town; insidious and deadly. I feared for her.

"I worried about the studio's losing money on the picture I was working on. I had never held up a picture before. . . .

"I wondered detachedly if I would be wearing wings and a golden harp, or suffering the torments of the damned. Terrible to find it so near, touching one insistently.

"I wondered if it were possible that my illness had come to me out of the air, or how? I had felt so well.

"Those beauteous ladies whom I was to have rescued from alligators in the new film; who would rescue them now?

"Perhaps I would recover; but possibly in some way I might be disabled or unfit for acting. I wondered if I knew enough of the business of film making to qualify for some office job. Perhaps I could tutor some young actor; teach him to avoid all the pitfalls I had blindly staggered through. I might be a good butler. There are so darned few good butlers in the world. I would learn to be the pink of perfection of all butlers.

"What kind of flowers will they send to the funeral? I picked at the fold of the coverlet. It's a swell season for chrysanthemums, but then, they have no scent, and I presume it will be roses after all.

"My dear friends in New York, from the old days. Would it be such a shock to them? Or would distance and separation rob my death of poignancy for them? Would they really care a lot? I felt an awful need of being missed. It's terrible to face oblivion.

"Here I am: sound of limb, my teeth are good, I love the things of the world so dearly; life is so good, so full of flavor and color, so much laid out for me to enjoy. I can not bear to leave such a wonderful world.

"Then came resignation. After all, we all have to die sometime. Why not now, rather than some lingering disease at eighty. There is something grand, something romantic in puffing out while one is still top notch.

"Then came revulsion. I would not die. I prayed frantically. Forgotten prayers came to my lips. I made myself promises. I would be a better man.

"TWO voices fell to arguing in my soul. One said cynically; 'These resolutions and promises are all very fine, but you know you won't keep them.' The other said: 'Yes, I'll be a better man for this if I live through it.'

"Fame seemed so remote and worthless. When Valentino and Wallie Reid died, they got whole front pages, and headlines. I was not important enough for that, I knew. It made me a little angry to think I'd get less space than they did. After all, only the week be-

fore I had had a fan letter from Bombay, and another from Paris. Well, what does it matter. So many in this business live for fame. It's so foolish.

"Gratitude swept my soul. I might easily have been any one of a million men, with a brood of children totally dependent on my weekly wage. Such men have their incomes cut off during an illness . . . my pay check came as usual. Such men would be forced to go back to work before they were half well, if they got well; and here am I, with everything that medical science can do for me, and an indefinite time in which to rest and get well.

"My obituary, both formal and informal? How many people would have something good to say of me? Outside of my father and my wife, my only remaining close kin, who could be genuinely sorry because of my taking off? People eat your dinners, enjoy your home, but how many really care?

"I wondered about my new home; would Elsa finish furnishing it and live in it, as we two had dreamed of for so long before it actually became a reality? Perhaps she would feel it too large for her and the baby alone; she would sell it, and who would buy it? I wondered what changes the buyer would make in it?

"I thought of the baby—how old would she be, before she would come to Elsa and say: "My father—what was he like?" At ten, perhaps, Elsa would take her to see an old film of mine run off. Would the film seem hopelessly outdated? What technical improvements would have taken place by then to make my work seem old and funny? Would the sound of my voice ring out clear and true from the film, to disturb and upset Elsa? Or would it be faded from the film by age?

"My watch—I had liked it so much. Elsa had given it to me for Christmas. Would she bury it with me, or keep it as a souvenir? And my wardrobe; I had been so proud of it. It would be sold of course. Would it fit the person who bought it? I lay picturing the kind of looking man who would be wearing my clothes, and what alterations might have to be made for him. I hoped he would find them a good fit, and that he would enjoy them. They're good cloth, I reflected proudly.

"What would happen to the big car? It's hard to leave it. It's a grand car. Hope the guy that gets it looks after it.

"I thought of all the things I had been putting off; a letter of introduction for this one, an autographed photo promised to that one. I hoped my procrastination, ended by such a finality as Death, would not inconvenience these folks who had trusted me. I had thought I had all the time in the world to attend to these small requests. And now—

"I looked around at all my friends and acquaintances in Hollywood. All busy, rushing here and there, totally occupied. With what? How few of them giving any thought or time to spiritual values. Just yesterday I had been like that.

"I'm well now; it's five weeks since I made all those frantic promises to my better self and so far I've kept them all. Who knows? Well, I'm back rescuing beautiful ladies from alligators, thank God."

do smart **business** *women wear* **tinted** *nails or* **natural?**



Miss Jerry Maxwell, Fashion Publicist, Saks-Fifth Avenue

Both! . . . Like other smart women they vary their nail tints with their gowns . . . says world authority on the manicure.

You absolutely can't tell the Girl with a Career from the social butterfly these days. She wears the same elegant clothes, lunches at the same smart restaurants, and goes in for the same alluring Variety in nail tints.

The truth is they both know they can't afford *not to be smart*. And to be smart—in or out of business today—you simply can't stick to a single shade of nail polish.

Besides, *Variety* in nail tints actually PAYS. Rose nails can make the simplest little dark blue frock look like a Paris original! And Coral finger tips with the new beiges make your arguments twice as convincing!

Don't worry about choosing the right shade for the right gown. You can always refer to the panel on the right.

And remember, there's the necessity for quality as well as color. Cutex is famous for both. You can depend on Cutex Liquid Polish to have a grand lustre, go on smoothly, dry almost instantly, and never crack, peel, streak or fade.

Natural just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes—is best with bright colors—red, blue, green, purple and orange.

•

Rose is a lovely feminine shade, good with any dress, pale or vivid. Charming with pastel pink, blue, lavender . . . smart with hunter green, black and brown.

•

Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray . . . black and dark brown. Wear it also with deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

•

Colorless is conservatively correct at any time. Choose it for "difficult" colors!

Go right out and get your favorite Cutex shades today. You can start with a couple—but with good planning, you'll find time to use all four.

THE EASY CUTEX MANICURE . . .

A booklet in every package describes it in detail. Give your nails this simple manicure each week . . . once a day push back the cuticle and cleanse the tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Before retiring, use Cuticle Oil or Cream.

NORTHAM WARREN • New York • London • Paris

Cutex Liquid Polish



Release the enchanting Beauty in your Eyes

by the simple magic of the NEW, improved NON-SMARTING, TEAR-PROOF **MAYBELLINE**

It's in *your* eyes right now—that wonderful, bewitching beauty sought by every woman and admired by every man. But it's a captive there; a dormant power that can be brought into play only by the magic of Maybelline. Release it—by fringing your eyes with naturally dark, long-appearing, luxuriant lashes. Just a simple, easy application of Maybelline and the marvelous transformation takes place. Your eyes instantly become a thousandfold more interesting—your whole self, more charming!

But, be sure you get *genuine* Maybelline, for this preparation is non-smarting, tear-proof and very easy to use. And *perfectly* harmless! Its continued use actually tends to stimulate lash growth. Black or Brown, 75c at any toilet goods counter.

Maybelline



EYELASH BEAUTIFIER

Special Purse Size for trial, on sale at all 5 and 10c stores or sent postpaid for 10c and coupon below.

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5900 Ridge Avenue, Chicago
10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size of the new Maybelline. ☐ Black ☐ Brown

Name_____

Street_____

Town_____ State_____

Cook-Coo Gossip

(*Continued from page* 23)

Bandits entered the Beverly Hills home of Director John Francis Dillon, held up five people, and forced Mrs. Dillon to open a wall safe. Escaped with $600 cash, $10,000 in jewelry.

"And that," exclaimed the big movie executive, "is the straw that changed the leopard's spots."

Sam Goldwyn's immortal exclamation, "I'll answer you in just two woids—Impossible!" is in the dialogue of the stage satire on Hollywood, "Louder, Please."

Mrs. Somerset Maugham went from London to Hollywood to design and decorate a room in the home of Lilyan Tashman.

Two thugs robbed Carmel Myers of $20,000 in jewelry.

Estelle Taylor all-over pain in the neck. Wore plaster cast for two months after Christmas eve auto accident.

Barthelmess is suing for return of $210,750 in real estate deal.

Doug Fairbanks gets back $71,400 from treasury department . . . contested income taxes for three years.

Pola Negri hit a new low of ninety pounds after illness.

* * *

THEY gave a luncheon for Edward Tinker, the new exec. president who is supposed to put Fox back together again.

"I've known Mister Tinker a long time," said Cecil DeMille, addressing the celery crunchers. "In fact, I believe I am the man who got him into the motion picture business."

Now the only thing Mister Tinker need worry about is who's going to get him out of the picture business.

* * *

HIGH LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD
(Society Note)

"Everybody at the party went into hysterics over the antics of Zeppo Marx, who lay on the floor and caught morsels of food in his mouth as they were tossed to him by one of the ladies."

* * *

HE'S A CASE.

* * *

EVERYTHING is upside down in the motion picture business—what with threats of receiverships, hysterical economy cuts and so on. But everything is going to be all right, because an item in *Film News Daily* says:

"Among the more important economy moves yesterday were the switch of Eugene Zukor's desk into Morris Greenburg's office, while John Balaban moved into the office vacated by Eugene Zukor, thereby setting him a few steps nearer the desk of Sam Katz."

* * *

That ought to fix things up.

* * *

Why doesn't some big film executive try the plan of having everybody in the organization wear the left shoe on the right foot and the right shoe on the left foot?

* * *

Charles Bickford, Pic's Bad Boy, has opened an exclusive shoppe where gals who can afford it may have fancy lingerie designed especially for them.

Which is about like an announcement that Janet Gaynor is training prize fighters.

* * *

A WAITER at the crowded Brown Derby Restaurant held a booth two hours for a well-known actor.

"See," boasted the actor to Jimmie Starr, "what an important guy I am?"

"Better tip the waiter liberally," cracked Jimmie. "Next year you'll probably be holding the booth for him."

* * *

WARNER BAXTER tells about the actor who called his home and said:

"Hello, darling—may I bring a couple of fellas home for dinner? Is it all right?"

"Why, of course, darling," came the sweet reply.

The actor hung up quickly, exclaiming, "Wrong number again!"

* * *

SIMILE—

Contented as a juvenile lead alone with his mirror.

* * *

"ONLY when we suffer do we become great artists," said the great Coquelin.

Disregarding this advice with typical Hollywood indifference, M-G-M executives have placed a guy at every stage entrance on the lot to spray throats of actors who cough or complain of flu.

* * *

On the other hand, Garbo's colored maid, Alma, has just had her appendix removed.

* * *

And Lupe Velez, with a load of pleurisy on her chest and John Gilbert on her mind, is making hooked rugs. She is so. Hooked rugs.

We haven't been able to find out what plans she has made for her spring jellies and preserves.

* * *

BUT getting back to old young wives' tales—have you heard the pathetic story of The Gardenia?

It has long been one of Will Rogers' favorite stories.

The studio was all set for its first big Western talkie. But the fellow cast for the male lead was a sweet and mild-mannered puzzle, too charming and too inane for woids. The part called for a hard-chewing guy.

"What we better do," said the director to the producer, "is send this actor out to rough it for a couple of weeks with some old miner—let him get weather-beaten. Send him out into the hills with a pack mule. Make 'em sleep on the ground and eat chuck."

It sounded like a good idea. The sun and the wind and the leathery old companion would do something for the actor's soul.

The studio got the toughest mug they could find to go out with the actor. When they waved goodbye, the director noted with disappointment that the actor was wearing a gardenia.

At this juncture Will Rogers just chews gum until you casually ask, "What happened?" or "Did it do any good?" And then Rogers says:

"They came back in two weeks. The old miner was wearing a gardenia."

Radio Rambles

(*Continued from page* 65)

Pre-Depression Follies: Today Rudy Vallee is working on his third million and he thinks he's good. But five years ago, when his band was playing over WMCA, Donald Flamm, the president of the station, raised his salary from $85 to $115 and Rudy tried to return the $30 increase because he felt he was being paid too much.

Life Is a Racket: One day Buddy Wagner decided that there wasn't much money in piano playing and went to a pawn shop to buy a saxophone. As he was going home through West 46th Street in New York City, where the unemployed musicians hang out, a manager seeing him with the instrument under his arm, asked him if he could fill a place in his orchestra that night. Buddy said "Sure!" and ran home to spend an hour learning how to play the sax. . . . Jesse Crawford is another piano player who did the same thing, only he worked it on a larger scale. Without ever having taken a lesson, Crawford accepted a job as organ soloist in Graumann's Theatre. . . . But Nat Brandwynne beats them all. He became orchestra leader for the Waldorf-Astoria without ever having owned a full-dress suit.

Beautiful to Your Finger-Tips

(*Continued from page* 74)

market. A nightly application of oil rubbed gently around the cuticle of each nail before retiring will keep them healthy and firm and in perfect condition.

"Don't have your nails manicured carelessly. Just because pointed nails look well on the hands of your neighbor is no reason why they will become your own fingers which are shaped totally differently. Study the size and type of your hands before deciding to wear your nails oval or pointed, short or fairly long.

"Colored nail polish is another item that should be approached with discretion. Bright vermilion nails may be suitable with certain hands and with certain personalities, but they are not in good taste for every one."

THE girl who does her own manicure should keep in touch with expert practice by going to a manicurist occasionally and carefully watching the process. And the woman who does her own housework can keep her hands from showing it if, in addition to spending five minutes morning and night on them, she wears rubber gloves while working at household tasks. These gloves will prove to her one of the best investments she ever made.

"It's not an elaborate process," says Dolores, "this keeping the hands in the pink of condition. The morning and evening minutes dedicated to them, plus frequent washings in between time followed by application of lotion, and a weekly manicure, will work wonders for any pair of hands. Then it's up to the woman to show off these lovely hands she has achieved to their best advantage."

IS YOURS A *Good Morning* COMPLEXION



WHEN YOU'RE READY TO SAY *Good Night?*

Retain your "9 a. m. Freshness" all day long with this simple 5-Minute Beauty Program!

● How FRESH you look in the early morning! Skin . . . clear, smooth and radiant as rose petals. As glowingly young as Spring itself.

But, along about 4 in the afternoon. What of your complexion *then?* . . . Blotchy make-up? Shiny nose? . . . Have your good looks vanished with the hours?

Millions of smart women have discovered an effective way to combat this afternoon let-down—to keep their complexions clear and lovely under even the most trying conditions. They rely upon the smooth, adhering qualities of OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Face Powder and other famous OUTDOOR GIRL beauty products to maintain that look of "morning freshness" all through the day.

5 Minutes a day for Beauty's sake

Pure Olive Oil is the precious ingredient which gives to OUTDOOR GIRL preparations their marvelous beautifying qualities. First it was the two OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powders that won the praise of millions of women. Now, it is a complete range of exquisite make-up aids, each with a base of rich, luxurious Olive Oil.

Begin tonight—remove dirt and make-up with OUTDOOR GIRL Liquefying Cleansing Cream. It's so much more effective than mere soap and water. Follow with a thin film of nourishing Olive Oil Cream . . . *Two minutes*—that's all!

Tomorrow morning spend *three minutes* this way. First, apply OUTDOOR GIRL Skin Freshener to awaken and "pep up" your skin. Then, for protection and a perfect powder base, smooth on a light veil of OUTDOOR GIRL Vanishing Cream. Now a touch of rouge for the lips and cheeks, using either the Lipstick or Lip-and-Cheek Rouge. Finish with OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Face Powder if yours is a normal skin, or with *Lightex* if your skin is oily.

You'll be amazed to see how lasting this make-up is—how smooth and fresh your complexion remains from morning until night!

Free Trial Packages!

OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Beauty Products are surprisingly inexpensive. You can purchase generous "purse-size" packages of exactly the same quality as the larger packages, for as low as 10c—and more economical sizes from 25c to $1.00 at leading chain, drug and department stores.

If you want to sample 3 of the most popular OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products, send 4c in stamps for liberal trial packages of the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream and the two face powders. Crystal Laboratories, 132 Willis Avenue, New York City.

Be good to your LIPS AND CHEEKS



Try the new *improved* OUTDOOR GIRL Lipstick and Lip-and-Cheek Rouge . . . Indelible, waterproof and lasting! Guaranteed pure colors.

5 Popular Shades

OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* BEAUTY PRODUCTS



THE microscopic-bubble lather of the new formula Lavender Shaving Cream makes for greater economy as well as greater satisfaction. By softening your beard more thoroughly and in less time than any other, the bristles come off so easily—so much easier—that you find yourself securing 1 to 3 more shaves to the blade.

Lavender Shaving Cream saves you money in the more-shaves-per-blade it gives and in its first cost. Just 10c buys a giant tube of this better shaving cream. Try it! A giant size tube of this 10c-in-price shaving cream will give you greater satisfaction and service than any other shaving cream you ever bought at any price.

CRAIG-MARTIN

Lavender
SHAVING CREAM

10¢

Sold Exclusively at
F. W. WOOLWORTH
COMPANY
5c and 10c Stores

If I Had My Life to Live Over

(*Continued from page 28*)

as general manager in charge of studio production and I, being under contract to him, was taken along. It was here I got my first real "break." It was also here that I met a man who later was to become, not only a dear friend, but for a time, my fiancé. After playing important rôles in "Dancing Mothers" and "The Runaway," I was cast for the leading feminine part in "Mantrap," to be directed by Victor Fleming.

During the filming of the production a beautiful friendship developed between Victor Fleming and myself. He was an older man, a man of the world, intelligent, well-read, courteous and kind. He had everything I had not.

Here I was still a mere child and this director was doing everything in his power to advise, guide and assist me. He tried to tell me of the ways of Hollywood.

"Clara," he said, "you are destined to go far. You laugh at that now because you do not know your real potentialities. In one year you will be a star, and a great one.

"Promise me one thing. Be sure you pick the right kind of friends in Hollywood. You'll find all sorts, real and otherwise. With your heart, you are likely to mistake true friendship. Be careful."

HOW many times were those sterling words of advice to ring in my ears—after it was too late.

"Mantrap" was a decided success. When studio executives saw the "dailies" in the projection-room they immediately made plans to take me from the featured player class and make a star of me.

When I learned of this I was frantic. It sounds strange to say that I did not wish to become a star but it is true. I was making good money as a featured player. I wanted to continue as one, "stealing" pictures through good performances if I could, but I did not think I was ready for stardom. I shirked the responsibility. I wanted nothing but to go along as I had been doing.

I went to see Mr. Schulberg and begged him to use his influence in changing the minds of the heads of the distribution department, those who wished to star me in future productions. I explained that I was happy as a featured player; that seeking the goal of achievement in fine portrayals was more important to me for a while because of my youth; that once stardom was attained I probably would let down instead of striving always to better myself.

But my plea was of no avail. Mr. Schulberg was sympathetic. He listened to my argument without a word. When I finished he said:

"Make up your mind to it," he said. "Not only does the distribution department want you as a star, Clara, but the public is demanding it. I know how you feel. But this is the right time and I'm afraid you'll have to face it. Be a good sport."

I made the best of it. Imagine a girl who didn't want stardom. Well, I didn't and that was that. At home that night I shed bitter tears and everyone thought I was crazy.

Romance—with a capital R—entered my life just as I was becoming a star. I had met a charming, handsome, dark-haired youth whose quiet demeanor impressed me greatly. He was an unknown in pictures at the time and our friendship ripened into deep-rooted affection.

When we were planning futures, however, I soon found that the quiet demeanor was only on the surface. The young man was filled with the fire of ambition and, as time went on, I found that he was filled also with the fires of jealousy. His name is Gilbert Roland.

I do not think I have deliberately hurt anyone in my life. But it is true that I am impetuous and thoughtless. Also, I am independent. I do things without thinking, only to regret them later on. And, I am afraid I did just that to Gilbert Roland. Ours was a marvelous relationship when things were sailing along. But our temperaments clashed. Our friendship was sincere, but so were our quarrels. Being a "good sport" on my part probably brought hurt to Gilbert as I shall explain later.

The studio was in a mad scramble attempting to select a story suitable for my first starring vehicle. Because of my youth, spontaneity and an outward sparkle—which if the truth were known, was nothing but a veneer to cover up my shyness and sensitiveness—it was decided that a story with a great sex element in it would be the proper sort of production to launch me on a starring career.

Madame Elinor Glyn solved that problem by coining the word "It." Some alert individual in the studio immediately saw picture prospects in the title. Madame Glyn was commissioned to write a story under that title and that story was to be my first as a star.

While the story was being prepared, I was idle, so the studio cast me for a featured rôle in "Wings" and also for a co-starring part with Esther Ralston in "Children of Divorce." Sent to Texas for a few scenes with the "Wings" company, I departed for San Antonio after bidding Gilbert Roland a fond farewell. I did not consider myself engaged to him but our relations were of a very friendly nature.

Arriving in San Antonio I found not only the "Wings" company but also another Paramount producing unit which was filming "The Rough Riders." Directing the picture was Victor Fleming, and our friendship was renewed. We talked engagement sincerely but here again I thoughtlessly did something which placed both Victor Fleming and Gilbert Roland in embarrassing positions.

The publicity man on the picture was doing everything in his power to let the world know that "Wings" was being filmed. He knew of the real friendship between Victor and me. He also knew that we were discussing an engagement—how, I never did find out. One afternoon he came to me.

"Clara," he said. "Why don't you announce your engagement? It's a swell story for me and you know in your heart it's on the up and up. Why don't you give me the break?"

"It's neither the time nor place for such an announcement," I replied. "Victor would be furious."

"Then you do admit it," he shouted. "Come on, let's go!"

To be a "good sport" and give a publicity man a "break," I allowed that

If I Had My Life to Live Over

story to be released. Both Victor and Gilbert were furious, for which I cannot blame them. It is an incident for which I am truly sorry, although its foundation was truthful. Again I was to suffer for being a "good sport."

BACK in Hollywood I again found romance, this time with Gary Cooper. Thrown together in "Children of Divorce," we found we had a great deal in common. Gary was quiet, shy and sensitive. He didn't belong in Hollywood. He was at home on a ranch, or in a saddle. Motion pictures bewildered him but, as he had picked acting as a career, he was determined to get to the top. Again came a marvelous friendship for a long period of time. But it was not love, the real love that I know now. We parted the best of friends.

I now found myself in a strange predicament. While in Texas, Madame Glyn had completed the story which was to launch me as a star, and the studio was getting behind it with great gusto. The publicity campaign was so designed as to hold me up as the one star who was the personification of "IT."

This meant that I had a mysterious appeal; that I exerted a tremendous effect over others through sheer personality, and in a rather vague manner through sex appeal.

Here, indeed, was a problem. It is true that to the general public I appeared to be a bit of a hoyden. To them I exemplified a carefree, wild, irresponsible, good-time-loving youngster, a typical product of this generation, as they imagined it. Perhaps I was, on the surface. But down deep I had never been able to shake off that inherent shyness and sensitiveness. Whether or not I was at heart the "IT Girl" is beside the point. The fact remains that it was a business proposition and from an external standpoint I was forced to live up to the ballyhoo.

Frankly and sincerely it hurt because I was not only interpreting a rôle on the screen, but I soon found that it was essential even in my own private life. Unlike other girls who, when their day's work was done, could throw off business cares and "be themselves," I was forced to play-act night and day.

I will show you an example of what I mean. Invited to attend a dancing party at one of Hollywood's more popular hotels, I attempted to be myself. I was quiet and tired, and yet enjoying myself immensely. Suddenly at an adjoining table I overheard the remark passed by persons who were in no way connected with the motion picture industry:

"That's Clara Bow. She's the 'IT Girl' you know. But she's putting on 'the quiet act' just as a pose. She's really not like that. She's a hot baby!"

So that's what I was supposed to be. It wasn't enough to stay in character during the daytime and interpret such a rôle on the screen. No, I had to carry it with me at all times.

I was heartsick. I remembered those times, not so many years before, when missing out in pictures meant so much to me. So this was what I had bargained for. So this was what the public demanded. All right, if that was

(*Please turn to page* 88)

mail the coupon! get this double gift!

FREE!



MRS. SMITH KNOWS!

"La France is a marvelous dirt-remover . . . a washboard-eliminator . . . and the method of washing and bluing at the same time is wonderful."

Mrs Edwin A. Smith

Babylon, Long Island

SEND to-day—for your double gift package of La France and Satina—enough for a family wash! Prove to yourself—at our expense—that La France is a marvelous laundry helper. Thousands of grateful women everywhere know it! You'll know it, too—after one trial!

Quickly, thoroughly, and *with no hard rubbing*—La France soaks away every bit of dirt and grease from your clothes. That's a great help—but that's only the half of it! For *La France blues your clothes while it cleans them!* It blues them beautifully, evenly, in hard or soft water. It does away with the labor of lifting clothes in and out of bluing tubs.

La France is so simple to use, too. Just use it with your regular laundry soap. Wash the clothes in the usual way—(many women who use a washing machine find they need run it only half the usual time).

In an amazingly short time, you'll be hanging your wash in the sun. And what a wash! Clean, fresh, sweet-smelling. Your white clothes will be whiter than you've ever seen them. Your colored clothes will be bright and gay. Use La France for dainty garments and delicate colors, too. It will wash them beautifully, and will not harm them. And use it for your white silks. It keeps them from yellowing.

With the sample of La France, we'll also send you a gift package of Satina. Mrs. Smith says, "Satina in the starch gives a sweet, clean odor and keeps things fresh and crisp unusually long." Satina, in the starch, gives clothes a finish like new; keeps the iron from sticking and makes it glide over the clothes. Just dissolve Satina in boiling starch, and starch as usual.

Clip the coupon before you turn the page! Have your double gift, with its double help, on hand to help you with your next laundry! © 1932, G. F. CORP.

MAIL COUPON NOW!

General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich. T.M. 5-32

Please send me a free test package of La France—enough for a family wash. And P. S., please include a free sample of Satina.

Name

Street

City

State

(Print name and address—fill in completely)

If you live in Canada, address
General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario

Your grocer sells La France and Satina. Both are products of General Foods Corporation.



AT A NEW LOW PRICE

WHY risk discomfort for *the* fifty trying days of the year? The easy comfort of softly fluffed Modess makes these difficult days more endurable—happier. Its safety backing saves you from fear of embarrassment.

Johnson & Johnson have reduced the price of Modess. It is the same quality—nothing changed but the price. And the price is most decidedly in your favor.

Try Modess. If it isn't completely satisfactory, write your name, address, and the price paid, on cover of box, and mail to us. We will refund your money.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.

Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS

If I Had My Life to Live Over

(*Continued from page* 87)

part of the game, I would carry the rôle with me day and night. Foolishly and against my better judgment I again was the "good sport."

I tousled my hair, left the table and went into a wild dance which should have been photographed. I was the "IT Girl" all right—on the screen and off. My whole evening was ruined but as we departed I again overheard remarks at that adjoining table!

"What'd I tell you? I knew she'd snap out of it. Can you imagine Clara Bow trying to be demure?"

I cried myself to sleep.

That was the first time. How many times thereafter was I to overhear similar remarks. At this dance, at that party or at another tea. It was always the same old story.

There was only one person in Hollywood who really understood my feelings. That was Elinor Glyn herself.

"Clara," she said, "you really are just a child. You don't realize you're famous, and that fame is one thing, yourself another. Don't let it worry you. Detach the two to the best of your ability and play the game."

MADAME GLYN was a stabilizing factor in my life at that time. I admired her gentleness, intellect and breeding. And I found myself talking to her by the hour in her famous green room at the studio.

She advised well but I am afraid I was careless in carrying it out. She introduced me to a new group of people, all of whom were in a different world. They were charming but spoke a different language. Around them I was not myself and I preferred the company of those who were closer to my heart. Many times I made mistakes in choosing certain associates but I was happier under those circumstances.

By this time I was really finding out what stardom meant. The picture "IT" was a smash success, but I carried the brand of an "IT Girl." I couldn't shake it off, much as I tried. My house became a rendezvous for almost any and everyone. People I had never seen before were listed among "my guests." Even they seemed disappointed when, in the confines of my own home, I attempted to be myself.

Branded is the term. I could either be the "IT Girl" or what is known in Hollywood as "a wet smack."

I made other pictures, but the title stuck. A newspaper never carried a story without designating me as the "It Girl." "The flaming-haired flapper," "the Brooklyn bonfire," or the "red-headed spitfire."

THEN came rumblings of a different nature. The industry was buzzing with rumors. Overnight the screen had found a voice. What was to become of the stars of the silent days? They had no training in reading lines. They were to be wiped out at one blow. Players from the legitimate stage were to replace them all. So this was the end of what promised to be a so-called "brilliant," career?

To be truthful it was a shock to me. I knew nothing about the stage. I knew nothing about reading lines. I was considered the biggest star on the Paramount lot. Was I doomed to oblivion after my sensational screen success?

Worry over the impending situation brought a nervous breakdown which sent me to a hospital and here, again, as it has always turned up at a crisis in my life, was romance.

At the hospital I met a young interne. He went out of his way to make me comfortable and when I was discharged he became a frequent visitor at my home. It became eventually an infatuation until he left for Europe to resume his studies. But more of this later on.

Strange, but two things happened at about this time which were to have a direct bearing upon my future although I did not realize it at the time. I met Daisy De Voe and Rex Bell.

Daisy De Voe was a hairdresser employed at the studio. Although I had had a speaking acquaintance with her, it was not until she was assigned to my production that any friendship started between us. Daisy appealed to me. She filled a gap which hitherto had been missing in my life. Daisy was witty, gay, and effervescent. She was always a sure cure for the blues. She was capable and efficient. With me continually during the day, she was always doing something nice which did not come under her duties as a hairdresser.

Daisy's life, like mine, had not been an easy one. I understood her and liked her. So, when the picture was finished, I offered her the position of secretary which she readily accepted.

DAISY was more than a secretary. As time went on she became companion, advisor and confidante. Having a taste in clothes and being about my exact size, I allowed her to purchase frocks for me. I have no head for figures and before long Daisy, in addition to her other duties, had complete charge of my accounts.

Rex Bell came into my life during the filming of "True to the Navy." He had a small role in the picture and made slight impression on me at first meeting. But there were continued meetings and our friendship grew.

There were two things about Rex which appealed to me immensely. He had a head on his shoulders; he was tolerant. He realized that I was impulsive and made allowances. And his loyalty was a thing of beauty.

I had other men friends, but Rex didn't mind. He was gracious about everything, even in the tiny quarrels which are bound to crop up at times.

Then I met Harry Richman, whom I now list among my very dear friends. Harry came to Hollywood to make his first picture and was introduced to me by Joseph Schenck. Harry was ambitious. His first motion picture meant a great deal to him. He was eager to learn and naturally sought me out for consultation. Although Harry Richman is misunderstood by many, he proved to be a marvelous companion to me and our friendship deepened.

Harry was fond of Daisy too, and not once did he bring me a present unless he had a little gift for Daisy also.

A breakdown put me in the hospital at this time and Harry was most considerate. His visits and cheerfulness did much to make for my rapid recovery, and when he protested his love,

If I Had My Life to Live Over

I agreed to an announcement of the engagement.

Harry returned to New York to fulfill his contracts and I plunged into another picture. I saw Rex only occasionally.

But the picture proved more strenuous than I had anticipated. The long hours, the strain of production delays and worry about the story hurt my health again and by the time the final scenes had been filmed I was a total wreck.

I wanted to get away. I wanted to be alone, far from Hollywood, motion pictures and my "friends." I wanted a change. Daisy and I decided to travel. The young doctor had returned from Europe and was practicing in Dallas, Texas. We planned our itinerary so that we could pay him a visit and, without letting anyone know our plans, we departed from Hollywood.

My visit in Dallas turned out to be a nightmare.

Hardly had we arrived at a hotel and registered when I was discovered. I had gone directly to my suite wearing a beret which completely hid my red hair. In addition to this I wore large "smoked" glasses. I thought my disguise was complete but I was sadly mistaken.

Newspapermen literally kept me a prisoner in that suite. The telephone rang incessantly. Every subterfuge was resorted to by the resourceful reporters to gain admittance. They wanted an interview and they were going to have it, regardless of my wishes or my health. I finally broke down and agreed to see them all at once.

When I admitted that perhaps I might see the young doctor they immediately went back into the past and dragged out an incident which I thought had been closed forever. When I first met the doctor I did not know he was married. I was then informed that he had separated from his wife. The result of that disastrous affair was a closed book, a thing of the past, but the newspapers made headlines out of it.

IT is true that I paid a settlement in order to avoid adverse publicity. I admit that. But the whole matter had been buried for more than a year. Why did they have to drag out the past and flaunt it before my eyes?

The telegraph wires flashed the story to all parts of the world. Headlines shrieked all over the country. Ill as I was, this added trouble nearly drove me out of my mind. The newspapers were relentless. They called at all hours of the day or night. The studio in Hollywood was in an uproar. Almost every hour brought a telegram or a telephone call from executives begging me to return home. But Hollywood was the last place I wanted to see then, despite my troubles.

Daisy did her best, but even she was helpless in facing the barrage of questions. Rex stood by in Hollywood, ready to do anything he could, but, poor fellow, he could do nothing under the circumstances.

In the middle of the turmoil, I received a long distance telephone call from New York. It was Harry Richman.

(*Please turn to page* 90)

How to win the BEAUTY CONTEST you engage in every day!

Eyes glance your way—and you are in another of life's Beauty Contests! Today—get a dozen cakes of Camay. Use only this gentle, *safe* beauty soap, and your skin will be so fresh, so soft and flower-like, that all eyes will find you charming!



This girl is in a Beauty Contest—just as you are, wherever you go. And if your *skin has the lovely, soft, clean look that always attracts others,* you *will win!*



Fresh, glowing cleanliness—it is the first step toward natural loveliness! But never let any soap but the delicate beauty *soap, Camay, touch your skin.*



Here it is—Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. It is the finest beauty soap you can buy . . . luxurious, gentle, safe *for your precious skin!*

The beauty of your skin depends on the soap you use. Camay—the Soap of Beautiful Women—is a pure, creamy-white soap, free from coloring matter, free from the "chalkiness" that dries out the skin. Camay is so delicate, so safe, that 73 leading skin doctors praise it! A brief minute with Camay's luxurious lather and warm water—then a cold rinse—and your skin is radiantly clean, smooth as satin. Today, get a dozen cakes of Camay, take care of your skin with it, and you will find yourself winning so many of life's little Beauty Contests—and big ones, too!

CAMAY

Copr. 1932, Procter & Gamble Co.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

I have a date every night—Now!

"One night Mary and I went riding with a couple of boys. I was in front with the boy who was driving. He paid more attention to the road than was strictly necessary . . . if you know what I mean.

But I could see Mary in the rear-view mirror.

She smiled.

The boy snuggled closer.

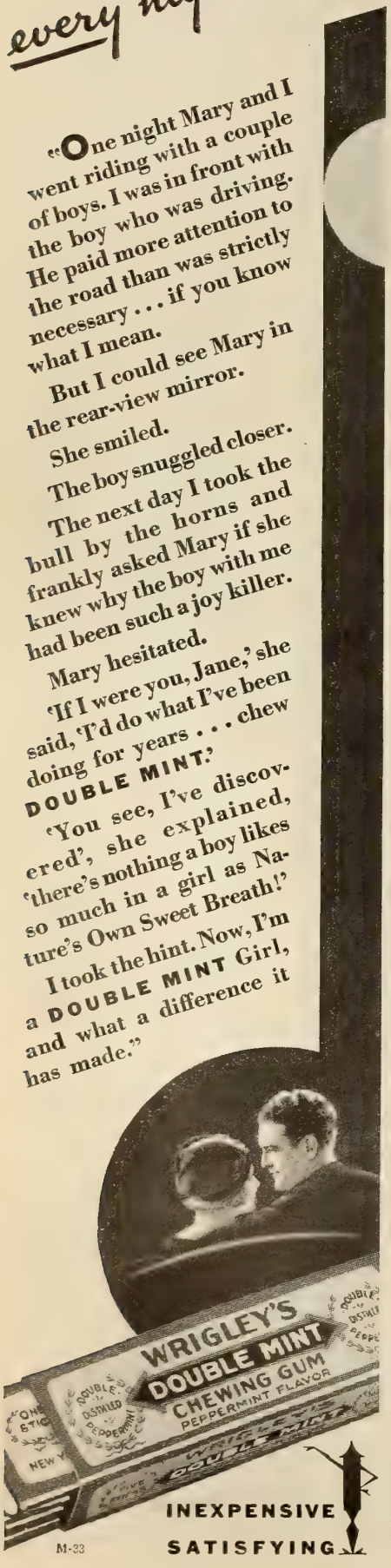
The next day I took the bull by the horns and frankly asked Mary if she knew why the boy with me had been such a joy killer.

Mary hesitated.

'If I were you, Jane,' she said, 'I'd do what I've been doing for years . . . chew DOUBLE MINT.'

'You see, I've discovered', she explained, 'there's nothing a boy likes so much in a girl as Nature's Own Sweet Breath!'

I took the hint. Now, I'm a DOUBLE MINT Girl, and what a difference it has made."



INEXPENSIVE
SATISFYING

M-33

If I Had My Life to Live Over

(*Continued from page* 89)

"Poor child," he said. "Why don't they let you alone? Clara, why don't you do this. Why don't you take the train, come on to New York and get away from it all. No one will know where you are. I'll turn my house over to you and Daisy and you can get your health and peace of mind back. Why don't you?"

Thoughtful Harry. It was a splendid suggestion. No one would dream I had gone all the way to New York in the event that I could leave Dallas under cover. It would be a chance for a complete rest.

In a second my mind was made up. "Thanks, loads, Harry," I said. "I'll do it."

WE stole away from Dallas with what we thought was the greatest secrecy and soon were en route to New York congratulating ourselves that no one, outside of ourselves, knew our secret.

We were mistaken.

Through those mysterious underground channels known to newspapers and newspapermen, the news had leaked. The press in New York was eagerly awaiting my arrival.

Despite the fact that Harry had been so considerate and thoughtful I was forced, at this time, to play a rather shabby trick on him. It is rather amusing and he laughs about it now, but at the time it seemed rather serious, particularly from my standpoint.

As the train stopped at Harmon, New York, imagine my complete surprise when a publicity man from the Paramount home office stepped aboard and entered my drawing-room. I had known him on the Coast. He wasted no time.

"Clara," he said. "Unless you do as I say you are certain to run into all the newspaper reporters in New York. They have the tip that you're on this train and they will be at Grand Central to meet you. Do you want to see them?"

What a mess! Here I had traveled two thousand miles to get away from the newspapers and now they were awaiting my arrival.

"Golly, no!" I said. "I'm ill; I can't see them."

"Then you'll get off at 125th Street before the train goes on through to Grand Central Terminal."

"I can't do that," I said. "I promised Harry to meet him there."

Finally Daisy and the publicity man persuaded me that to get off at 125th Street was the only thing to do. We scrambled out and took a cab to Harry's home on Long Island. Poor chap; he was waiting at the train, all right, but so were scores of newspaper reporters with their cameramen.

Harry turned over his home to Daisy and me and within a week, with rest and quiet, I began to improve. Harry and I talked things over. I was fond of him, but something in the back of my mind prompted me not to marry at this time. I wanted to think it over from a distance. I wonder now if the thought of Rex out there on the Coast had anything to do with my decision. Harry and I parted the best of friends —which we are to this day—and I returned to the Pacific Coast to begin a new picture.

How Hollywood Entertains

(*Continued from page* 72)

is well-known throughout the country as a theatre operator.

John and Carmen are two of the younger set's most popular members. Some prominent guests at the reception were: Mr. and Mrs. George Archainbaud, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bellamy, Mr. Clarence Brown, Miss Sally Blane, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, Miss Lily Damita, Miss Billie Dove, Mr. Daniel Danker, Miss Marion Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farrell, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. K. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hawks, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Huston, Mr. and Mrs. George Hearst, William Haines, Howard Hughes, Hedda Hopper, William Randolph Hearst, Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton, Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis, Elissa Landi, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Rod La Rocque, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe.

Carl Laemmle, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lukas, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Meighan, Miss Colleen Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, Joan Marsh, Jeanette MacDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Ramon Novarro, Maureen O'Sullivan, Seena Owen, Sally O'Neil, Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Pantages, Mr. and Mrs. William Powell, Gilbert Roland, Mrs. Mae Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Seiter, Norma Talmadge, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg, Theodore Von Eltz, Lois Wilson, Adolph Zukor, Loretta Young, Polly Ann Young.

Those who attended the wedding were:

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Conlon, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Beauford Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend Netcher, Dr. and Mrs. Harry Martin, Mr. and Mrs. William K. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Hoot Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis, Dr. and Mrs. F. J. Clancy, Mrs. Elvina Mendenhall (grandmother of the bride), William Randolph Hearst.

Surprise Party

The Ben Lyons recently had a double celebration. It was Ben's birthday, and their baby, Barbara, was christened as well. Mrs. Lyon (Bebe Daniels) gave a surprise party to Ben. Among the guests present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Meighan, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Mr. and Mrs. Skeets Gallagher, Mr. and Mrs. George Archainbaud, Mae Sunday, Mrs. A. W. Lyon, Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, Richard Rowland and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth MacKenna.

New Song Pictures From Abroad

(*Continued from page 70*)

"Delishious." This time we hear Nat Shilkret and the Victor orchestra. The tune was written by George Gershwin but I don't think it sounds like it. Maybe, I expected too much. Paul Small ably sings the vocal refrain. The other side is also played by Nat Shilkret and this time we hear, "Somebody from Somewhere." I think you'll find that the best part of this one is the vocal by Miss Sylvia Froos. (This is a Victor record.)

BEN SELVIN is still very much on the job and this time he plays for us "You're My Everything" from the musical comedy success, "The Laugh Parade," a peach of a tune. Ben doesn't fail us a bit, for he has turned out an excellent record. You'll like the vocal.

The other side is also by Ben Selvin, "When We're Alone." As I have already told you this is a good tune—follow my advice and hear this record. (This is a Columbia record.)

THE next one is from that very excellent picture, "Private Lives," and it's called "Some Day I'll Find You." I know you'll like it. This is a waltz, and a very beautiful one, too. The fact that I saw the picture makes the record doubly enjoyable. If you like a waltz, you can't go wrong here. Frances Maddux sings the vocal refrain. "Paradise" is the next one and although it doesn't come up to the last it's a nice tune and makes a very agreeable "other side." Again we hear Frances Maddux in the vocal. (This is a Victor record.)

HERE'S another scorcher and it's Cab Calloway and his orchestra again. "I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal" is the alarming title and Cab doesn't mean maybe. Listen to this one, you won't be sorry.

The other side is also by Cab, an old favorite, "Bugle Call Rag." The boys swing right on this one and it has some wonderful solo work, especially the high trumpet. It is a real musician's record. (This is a Brunswick record.)

NOW we come to a good vocal, by Russ Colombo. Of course, you're all familiar with his voice by this time, and if you are an admirer of his style you'll like this one, "Just Friends." A good tune it is, too. I think it is one of the best records Russ has made.

The other side is also by Russ, that popular "You're My Everything." This gives us two good tunes on one record. (This is a Victor record.)

HERE'S a vocal that really should be at the head of the list. "Tiger Rag" is the title, and it's recorded by none other than the Mills Brothers. With the aid of nothing more than a guitar, these boys can certainly sell their stuff, and deserve all the breaks they are getting. The effects and harmony in this record are nothing less than startling. The other side is also by the Mills Brothers, "Nobody's Sweetheart," and every bit as good as the preceding number. It is a top notch record. (A Brunswick.)



Gives your hair an alluring loveliness—

unobtainable by ordinary washing.

Why proper shampooing gives your hair added charm—and leaves it soft and silky, sparkling with life, gloss and lustre.

FORTUNATELY, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

Its life, its lustre . . . its alluring loveliness . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A filmy coating of dust and dirt is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it hides the life and lustre and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this DINGY COATING and let the sparkle and rich, natural COLOR TONES of the hair show.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep this coating removed, the careless practice of rubbing a cake of soap over your hair . . . (something hairdressers NEVER DO) . . . invariably leaves small particles of undissolved soap on the hair, which dulls and mars its beauty.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali, common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, who value beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product not only cleanses the hair thoroughly, but is so mild and so pure that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified are sufficient for a quick and truly professional shampoo at home—and it COSTS ONLY A FEW CENTS TO USE. It makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . with either hard or soft water, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will be amazed at the difference in the appearance of your hair the VERY FIRST TIME you use Mulsified, for it will be . . . so delightfully clean, soft and silky . . . and so easy to set and manage.

The next time you wash your hair, try a Mulsified shampoo. See for yourself, how it brings out all the wave and color and how . . . really beautiful, bright and fresh-looking . . . your hair will look. When you see it shimmer with "new life" and sparkle with that "gloss and lustre" which everyone admires, you will never again be content to wash your hair with ordinary soap.



You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter . . . anywhere in the world. A 4 oz. bottle should last for months.

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Nestle
SUPERSET



Nestle Permanent Wave, long bob, set with SuperSet Finger Waving Lotion.

Make
EVERY WAVE
More Glorious

THERE is a captivating glamour to the SuperSet wave you can obtain in no other way. SuperSet makes the hair soft, fluffy and lustrous . . . and it makes every finger wave or water wave longer lasting and more alluring. You will prefer SuperSet because it is faster drying, economical, and altogether free from grease. There is no after deposit or sediment. Beauticians everywhere recommend SuperSet. Use SuperSet on your next wave . . . and make a friend for life!

COLORINSE

Enhance your hair with new tone color. Simply add Nestle ColoRinse to the after-shampoo wash. You will be enchanted with the glimmering sparkle and liveliness it imparts to the hair. It is simply harmless vegetable compound, neither a dye or a bleach, and you have twelve shades to choose from. Two rinses in one package for 10c.

Combination Hot Oil Treatment and Shampoo

Restore the natural health and vitality of your hair with this famous Nestle treatment. It stops falling hair, removes dandruff, cleanses the scalp and revitalizes lifeless hair. Free from soap or alkali, it also makes the preferred shampoo.

The Nestle-Le Mur Company, New York City

10c Small sizes at all 5c and 10c stores
large size at your beauty parlor.

The Boy Nobody Wanted

(*Continued from page 66*)

hate Wallace Ford. They, oh, well, you know. They think he is handsome and they know he is young and full of pep and they are intensely interested in his present and his future, so it bodes well for Wallace.

WALLACE FORD has such an astonishing and amazing story, whether you discuss his private life or take into consideration only his professional career, that he could not help but be interesting to girls and to men, also.

Sammy Jones, now Wallace Ford, was born on Lincoln's birthday and, strangely enough, the Great Emancipator's name, principles and career have been so closely linked with events in the life of this young actor that one might call Ford a protege of Lincoln's.

Lincoln, you will recall, was assassinated in Ford's Theatre. Wallace Ford married a beautiful girl, who is the daughter of William Haworth, famous playwright-author of "Ensign," the drama which first introduced the character of Abraham Lincoln to the American stage. Ford's first important rôle as an actor was in John Drinkwater's play, "Abraham Lincoln."

Wallace Ford did not know his real identity until eight years ago. Then he took the name of an adventurer pal, whose adventurous soul fled his body beneath the crushing wheels of a passenger train, at Omaha, Nebraska, when the two were bumming around the country together. The friendship of the original Wallace Ford freed the present Wallace Ford from a slavery just as cruel as that against which Lincoln rebelled.

When she discovered the sex of the wailing infant deposited on her orphanage steps, the good Mrs. O'Reilly thought Dr. Bernardo's Home for Boys would be a more appropriate place for him.

Sammy Jones' babyhood was spent in this time-honored English sanctuary for waifs. Eventually, he was shipped with a consignment of boys to a Bernardo branch home in Toronto, Canada. There followed years of uncertainty and misery, without any vestige of the happiness which is the divine heritage of childhood.

SO many times he has forgotten the number, Sammy Jones was sent out on trial adoption. Each time he was returned to the orphanage as "unsatisfactory." He was a normal, healthy, mischievous boy but he was "unsatisfactory." Do you know any little boys whose conduct is entirely satisfactory to their elders? I don't.

"Such a childhood did this for me," Wally Ford told me. "It made me a hard guy to lick. No living human being can kick the pride or the fight out of me. I have learned to work for what I get. I work hard. I save my money. If I should lose my picture job tomorrow, I'd find some other work. I know how to do lots of things. My wife knows how to live on what I earn. Now, she is a wife and a mother. I can afford to let her do absolutely nothing except what she wants to do in connection with our home. She has no business worries. I look after them but she is always ready to share whatever fate the future holds for me."

A farmer and his mother, of Ingelow, Manitoba, finally took possession of the boy nobody wanted.

"They didn't want to adopt a child," Wally Ford said. "They wanted a slave—a child slave—one that they could abuse and beat and keep as ignorant as a pig. That's what they tried to do to me.

"They sent me to school one day. That is the only day I ever attended school in my life. The teacher was a hag with a moustache and because some other little boys and I were giggling about her moustache she beat me across the bare wrists and arms with a heavy strap and strap buckle until my forearms were cut and swollen to twice their normal size. I fled from her shrieking with agony and never saw her again.

"The farmer's mother was sick, I realize now—dropsy, I have learned since. I think any human being who is cruel to another human being is sick, mentally and physically. She bullied and terrified her son as she abused and maltreated me. I have scars across my back yet—proof of her lambastings and inhuman treatment. She was old and fat and mean and horrible.

"If I ran away from her, her son chased me and beat me. He was afraid not to obey her orders. I had to cut the switches with which she beat me. They had to be strong, because, if her weapon of torture broke before she had exhausted her insane wrath, I was forced to get another one and her son would hold me while she finished the job. Cherry tree switches they were.

"IT was on this farm that I first met Wallace Ford. I was such a child I was unable to appreciate his splendid character. As a matter of fact, I was given practically no chance to associate with him or with any other transient farm hands who had the misfortune to fall afoul of the evil place during the two years I was there.

"One morning, in the dead of winter, I fooled the farmer and his mother. I got up in the middle of the night, went to the barn and told all the horses goodbye, because they were the only living creatures in the world I loved, and wrote a note to the farmer. Then I plunged through the snow, scrambled over the snow-sheds onto the railroad right-of-way and walked twelve miles to the nearest railroad station. My toes were frozen and my ears were badly frost-bitten when I reached this shelter.

"The mental torture of being afraid I would be caught and dragged back to the farm was worse even than my physical suffering.

"A train came along, bound for Rivers, Manitoba. The engineer and fireman found me, huddled in the station, almost dead. They took me into the engine cab, warmed me, shared their dinners with me and let me pay for my passage by helping to shovel coal.

"At Rivers, there was a strike of boilermakers, engine helpers and other railroad workers. Strikebreakers imported from the United States were shooting and terrorizing strikers. A Frenchman, named Duby, was general locomotive foreman for that division. I shall never forget him. He was a mar-

The Boy Nobody Wanted

velous man. He fed me, gave me spending money and took me into his home. He nicknamed me 'Buster.' God, how I hated the name of Sammy.

"I got a job as call boy and became famous in this locality as Buster. I climbed through transoms to haul sleepy trainmen out of bed. I broke down their rooming house doors if I couldn't get them up any other way. I packed their dinner pails and boosted them onto their trains. They made a pet of me.

"I stuck to this job long enough to earn a pass to Winnipeg—about eight months. I arrived in Winnipeg, broke but full of a desire to see the world. I told a policeman I was hungry. He took me to a police station, fed me and gave me a warm bed.

"The sergeant in charge of this station became my sponsor and helped me to get a job at a Gordon Mitchell drug store as a bicycle delivery boy. I didn't know how to ride a bicycle but I mastered it as I walked and ran and tumbled about my errands.

"One day, the manager of the store placed what he said was a package of very valuable medicine in my hands for delivery. The bottle fell from my grasp en route to the customer's home and smashed on the sidewalk. I saw visions of jail. I returned the bicycle to the store after it was closed for the night, informed the night-watchman what I had done and skipped out. I saw the manager of the store in St. Louis, years later. We had a good laugh over the incident."

THE outbreak of the World War, in 1914, found him selling newspapers in front of the Bijou Theatre, in Winnipeg. He slept in one of the women's dressing rooms in the Pantages Theatre and paid his rent by picking up programs and otherwise assisting the night janitor.

Differences of opinion with the janitor caused the boy to transfer his activities to a billiard hall, where he became a pool slicker, house player, ball racker and general handy man. Among other perquisites of this job, he was permitted to sleep on a nice, soft billiard table.

To fill in idle time, he formed an affiliation with the Winnipeg Permanent Players, of which the late Theodore Roberts was director, at the Dominion Theatre. Maud Fealy was in the cast. Buster Jones carried a musket in "Under Two Flags," he was a page boy in "Checkers." He ran errands for the actors, shifted scenery and washed the automobile of Fred Cummings, the juvenile man.

Wallace Ford, adventurer, strolled into the pool hall one day. It was his conviction that work was made for mules and snow-ploughs but not for gentlemen. He and Buster renewed their acquaintance of the Manitoba farm, exchanged ideas and formed a partnership of adventure.

"Wallace Ford taught me not to pay any attention to boys and inexperienced people," Wallace Ford, the actor, told me. "Even now I listen only to the advice of men older than myself.

"Wallace Ford was as hard as nails but kind to me and clean, morally,"

(*Please turn to page* 94)

Which woman are You?



• *The Victorian-minded woman who still asks* **"DO I REALLY NEED IT?"**



• *The keen modern woman who says*— **"YES I NEED AND USE MUM."**

IT'S a hangover from Victorian days—the idea that perspiration odor may, and indeed does, afflict *other* women, but that *our* daily bath, in some mysterious way, *guarantees us* freedom from this unpleasantness!

The modern woman says, "I am no different from other women. We are all made alike—with underarms that are the source of very disagreeable odor if we don't watch constantly. They need special care—something more than soap and water—just the same as our teeth and fingernails."

Having accepted the facts, these smart, up-to-date women promptly go about the business of caring for their underarms properly, as a matter of course.

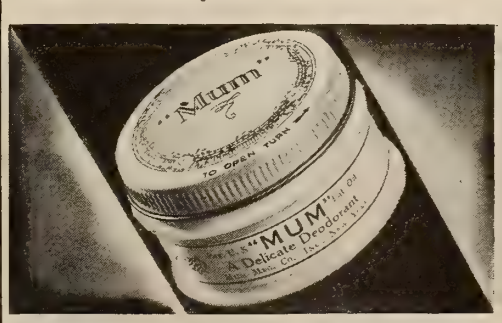
They don't make an annoying, difficult problem of it. They do it in the quickest, easiest, simplest way. With Mum! It takes only half a minute to use Mum. A quick fingertipful to each underarm, and it's done for the day. It's as simple as that!

Mum is instantly effective. And the nice part of it is that you can use Mum *any* time—when you are dressing or afterwards. For Mum is perfectly harmless to fabrics.

And it is so soothing to the skin you can even use Mum right after shaving.

Remember too, Mum doesn't interfere with natural perspiration processes. It simply destroys hateful odor. You can easily prove its effectiveness by rubbing a little on your hands to remove the clinging odors of fish and onions.

Take no chances on underarm odor! Protect yourself—easily but completely—with Mum. At all toilet counters, 35c and 60c a jar. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York, N. Y.



MUM

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ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO—Mum is such a comfort to women in this way, too. Use it as a deodorant on sanitary napkins—and enjoy complete freedom from worry on this score!



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5 advantages

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- handy top — no cap to lose

MO-ZEL *the* Bathroom Cleanser is excellent for use on bathtubs, basins, tiling, windows, mirrors, woodwork, painted walls, metal surfaces . . . it's even good for the hands. Every day in dozens of ways it will save you time and work.

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In a modern, new black and silver package MO-ZEL adds a decorative note to every bathroom . . . you're never ashamed for anyone to see it . . . you can let it sit out in any convenient spot.

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The Boy Nobody Wanted

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said his former partner. "The only time I ever knew him to show emotion was when he was concerned over his mother's health. She was desperately ill at Sioux City, Iowa, and my partner and I headed in that direction. His tragedy meant a new life and salvation for me.

"When I encountered Ford, I was on the verge of joining the Canadian army —not to fight for any flag or to be a hero but to eat. He counseled me that the war probably would be won without vainglorious effort on my part and began to school me in less patriotic but also less strenuous methods of getting food.

"One of my first lessons was how to pass the rigorous tests of the Canadian border guards. Ford knew his stuff. I absorbed his tutoring readily and became letter perfect—even to saying zee instead of zed, for the last letter of the alphabet.

"We hoboed into the United States. Time after time we were jailed for hanging about trains and railway stations. Ford did all the talking. I kept my mouth shut. He was a diplomat, a lawyer and a sturdy fighter, as occasion demanded.

"One of Ford's many accomplishments was the ability to decipher railroad time tables. The night he was killed we loafed in the vicinity of the Omaha railroad yards until a passenger train bound for his home town, Sioux City, Iowa, was made up and rolling.

"My pal got me aboard the tender—the proper place to board passenger trains if you are beating your way—and swung onto the iron ladder behind me. I was climbing between the baggage coach and the tender when I saw him fall and saw the wheels run over his body. I like to think, now, that it was the kind of death he would have wanted to die.

"I was stunned, horrified, terror-stricken. All I could do was cling to the hand grips of the blind.

"I rode this train to Grand Island, Nebraska, changed trains there and finally reached Sioux City, my partner's birthplace and the home of his dying mother.

"I leaped from the train about daybreak. I saw a priest entering a little church. I didn't know anything about religion, churches or God. God was only a swear word to me then. Anybody connected with a church was a minister.

" 'Minister,' I cried, 'I want to talk to you.' The priest turned toward me as I ran to him and blurted out the awful story of Wallace Ford's death.

"This good man counseled me to keep my secret. My pal was beyond human aid, he advised me, and there was no purpose to be served in directing possible suspicion toward myself.

"The priest helped me to find Wallace Ford's mother and I told her that her son had died of pneumonia and had been buried by friends. She died happy, soon afterward, but not before she had given me permission to take her son's name for my own."

ABOUT this time, the make-believe Wallace Ford joined the Morgan Wallace Players in Sioux City, and when stock company business was not booming he bolstered up his income as a bellhop at the Jackson Hotel.

Again, not patriotic but gastronomic urges prompted him to seek the colors. He was sleeping in a chair in the lobby of the Centropolis Hotel, by courtesy of the management, and was eating at painfully rare intervals. He joined the United States Navy.

"When do I eat?" the new gob asked, as the recruiting officer had finished administering the oath of allegiance.

"Eat?" echoed the recruiting officer, with considerable emphasis on the question mark. "You're just in the reserves. You'll get your pay in a month but you had better pay attention to any mail you get from the navy."

The disillusioned hero borrowed fifty cents from the recruiting officer and departed in search of a restaurant. He heard from the navy regularly but the war was over before he ever saw a ship.

While working as a fry cook in a Thompson restaurant in Kansas City, Ford met Edward R. Moore, en route to Des Moines, Iowa, to foist "St. Elmo" company upon the unsuspecting public. Thompson's fry cook departed with him, sans wardrobe and sans baggage.

WALLACE FORD played *Aaron Hunt*, the minister, and *Toby* in "St. Elmo," manipulated the curtain ropes and did a specialty act with a ukulele.

The specialty act was an impromptu number inserted just before his last dying gasp as *Aaron Hunt*. His songs were "Everything Is Peaches Down in Georgia" and "Get Out and Get Under." This "St. Elmo" went West at Soldier, Iowa.

Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen," Redpath's Chautauqua, Georgie Cohan's "It Pays to Advertise," "Broadway" and "Abie's Irish Rose," all road companies, gave Ford tremendously valuable stage experience. In John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" he began to realize that he was in a fair way to become an actor. He played one hundred weeks in this production with Frank McGlynn, whom he thinks is one of the greatest actors and one of the finest men in the world.

"It was through Mr. McGlynn, also, that I met Mrs. Ford, who was Martha Hayworth. The really worth while things in life have come my way since then.

"Happy remembrances of loved friends and places include two years in John Golden's play, "Pigs," a part in Maxwell Anderson's "Gypsy," "The Nut Farm" and "Bad Girl," on the road.

"Clarence Brown saw me in 'Bad Girl' at the Belasco Theatre in Los Angeles, and made it possible for me to play in 'Possessed,' with Joan Crawford. 'Possessed' resulted in a seven-year contract with M-G-M."

During recent months Ford has also done "X Marks the Spot," a story of newspaper life; "Freaks," under the direction of Tod Browning, and "Beast of the City," with Walter Huston, under Charles Brabin's direction.

Wallace and Mrs. Ford now have four-year-old Patricia in the family and you may rest assured somebody wants her, even if her daddy was a boy nobody wanted.

We Live But Once

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emotional possibilities of their physical relationship.

How many women, and men, too, for that matter, are equipped to face together the new existence that begins on the first day of their married life?

A woman can never hold a man for long by trying to force a sex bargain with him.

If she attempts to translate this intimate side of her relationship with her lover into dividends of social position, money, clothes or even what she terms fidelity, she is in for a sad disillusionment. Often times a wife feels the love of her husband ebbing away from her. In a frantic, panicky effort to regain him: to possess him again as completely as she did during the days of their courtship, she falls blindly back on her sex. As a despairing last measure she flings at him the tragic phrase:

"I trusted you. I gave you all."

If she is met with brutal retort: "What do you mean 'your all'?" it is as good as she deserves. True, she can gain for herself, for a certain time, a grudging obedience to her demands, whatever they be, but the service paid her in the name of her man's love lacks spontaneity and affection and presently vanishes altogether, never to return. Their Romance turns to a wormwood like bitterness and pretty soon, these two people, whom the woman has permitted to drift apart, find themselves regarding each other across a bottomless chasm of hatred. If either one of them is ever again to find anything lovely in life, let them part in this moment: no matter how strong appear the ties of convention that seem to hold them together.

MARRIAGE does not change the love life of a man nearly so much as it does that of a woman. When I say "marriage" I do not mean only marriage in the sense that the union has had the stamp of civil or religious sanction placed upon it. Some of the most glorious and lasting love affairs in the history of the world have been between men and their mistresses. No wife ever wielded the power over her husband that some of the mistresses of the French kings did over their royal consorts. And the inspiration of any number of great painters, writers and composers has come from women who were not, by civil or religious laws, permitted to wear the appellation "Mrs." before their names.

This is not a defense of the more continental condonement of the mistress.

If marriage were all that it ought to be, there wouldn't be any mistresses.

A man uses the same tactics to win his mistress as he does to woo his wife. And a woman employs the same methods to become a man's mistress as she does to become his wife. A wife should always remain her husband's mistress.

What alters the relationship between these two people, once they have become as you say in this country, one?

I sometimes think of a bride in terms of the fairy tale "Sleeping Beauty." Not that I would liken her to the gloomy old castle of that story, but I can see a parallel between her emotions and the sleeping people within it. If you will remember, every living thing in that old castle lay inert in slumber,

(*Please turn to page* 96)



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New Instant Rit is easier and safer . . . nothing else like it . . . you just dip to tint!

Rit French Ecru will make your faded old curtains like new in a jiffy ...a beautiful soft French Ecru shade ...the very color of brand new curtains. You may have used Rit for years...but New Instant Rit is absolutely different. It is *not* a soap, and requires no rubbing. Just dip to tint! It dissolves completely in 40 seconds, leaving no particles to streak or spot. New Rit lasts like a fast dye . . . for 30 washings and three months sun. New Instant Rit comes in 33 smart colors. Use White Rit, too, for taking out all colors, even black, and stubborn spots and stains from white goods.

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Applied after the shampoo, Duart Hair Rinse softens and lightly tints the hair. Far more than that, it adds a glow as of sunlight on your hair. It brings out high lights that even you did not suspect were lurking in the shadows of your tresses. In 13 tints—from ash blonde to black. Dissolve the little packet of powdered sunlight in warm water and pour it over the hair.

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10¢ at drug and department stores. Also Owl and Liggett stores on the Pacific Coast.

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We Live But Once

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awaiting the coming of the mythical prince, whose presence would give them life, or what amounted to life. Those inarticulate beings in that castle, even the little princess herself, had the form, the pattern of living, breathing human beings and animals.

So I read the body and the soul of a bride. Her emotions, her thoughts, her passions, all possess form, but they lack the vigor of life, of expression. When her lover comes to take possession of her, all these pretty and powerful people of her soul spring into complete being. The Chinese believe that a woman does not possess that priceless thing, a soul, until she is married. I am inclined to agree with them.

Can any woman have the effrontery to look her lover in the eye and tell him he owes her anything for having thus awakened her? She may have given him her "all," but it wasn't worth very much until he took it.

Now let us carry the analogy of "Sleeping Beauty" one step farther and compare the valiant prince of that old fairy tale to the bridegroom: the lover. Before that gallant young man braved the dangers that lay between him and access to the castle, he knew what rewards lay in store for him, should he succeed. When he did succeed, when his presence stirred all that castle to life, do you recollect what a gay place it turned into? How the flowers blossomed and all the lesser animals were overjoyed to be alive? And do you recall how beautiful and adoring and animated the little princess was, once she had awakened? Don't you think the prince must have had more than an inkling of all this wonderment before he essayed his hazardous mission? You know very well he did.

So the man feels some intimation of the luster of his beloved's dormant soul. Oh, my dears, when your lover has awakened you, don't commit the folly of letting a no longer useful modesty keep you from revealing to him how completely you have become—alive. He is still your mirror—and as long as you choose he will remain so.

IN your awakening he has, from his point of view, swept aside the last vestige of any barrier between you. The fences about you, reared by convention, he has torn down and tossed into the fires of passion. He is as delighted as a small boy as he watches them burn to nothing. There is no longer any spoken or unspoken bar to prevent his sharing his innermost thoughts with you. He can now take you, unafraid and unashamed, by the hand and lead you through the secret recesses of his imagination. And he feels that he can venture into your heart and find complete welcome there. There is now no shade of your emotions he cannot and does not desire to reflect. Give him, then, as complete access to your heart and mind as you do the rest of you and he is yours to have and to hold.

I have heard women say that they did not want their men to put them on a pedestal: that such an exalted position was too uncomfortable. Well, they do want to be placed on a pedestal—they desire it mightily. They only object to the discomfort when they no longer deserve the placement. Remember this, your pedestal is no higher, no more uncomfortable, after marriage than it was before. You enjoyed it then. But when respect, which is the powerful cement of every union, begins to weaken, that man and woman have not much longer to enjoy happiness.

And what happens next? The woman is the first to realize her man is slipping away from her. This type of woman reeks with vanity. To her lost love means outraged vanity. Her friends will laugh at her because she has lost her man's love. She becomes determined to hold him at any cost. If they are as far apart as the poles within the limits of their own lives, at least the outside world shall not detect her failure. So what does she do?

A man has no protection against his beloved except her intelligence and self-respect. If she loses the steadying effect of these forces now, she is utterly lost. If she lets her vanity rule her, she will try to force him closer to her by cutting off his outside interests.

She will begin by attempting to undermine his friendships: to try to turn him against his more intimate acquaintances—both men and women. Then she will attack his self-confidence, by subtle insinuations that he is slipping in his work. She will attribute the affection of his friends to their desire to "get something" out of him, and before he knows it this vain and unscrupulous woman has transformed her man into a pathetic figure, doubting his friends and, worse still, doubting himself.

When he begins to realize how the woman he loves is injuring him he seeks escape from her. At first he loses his little gallantries—the actions that made him so charming during courtship. The woman wails that she no longer gets his little gallantries. Her vanity, now overpowering, will not let her see that she is to blame for his silences and his indifference. She does not want to believe she is in any way to blame. So she seeks abroad to find reasons for his cooling love. In scenes of ravening jealousy, she accuses him of flirtations he has never dreamed of. His anger flares. There is nothing quite so completely and militantly virtuous as a man who knows he is unjustly accused.

Frightened, or remorseful, at the storm she has whipped up, this type of woman hastens to raise a flag of truce. She becomes melting and enticing—falling back upon the lure and promise of her sex. But her man, torn by his just rage, cannot recover with the lightning-like rapidity of a woman. Remember this, even if the quarrel be only a delightful lover's spat.

NO man recovers as quickly from anger as a woman. A man gets angry in his mind—and since his mind rules all his emotion, he does not flick out of rage with the speed of light, as do some women. A woman can turn tranquil in the arms of her man in less time than it takes to tell. A man must find peace in his own mind first. If his wife is so stupid that she will not or cannot give him the few moments, or days, he requires in which to recover his mental equilibrium, she will find her advances met with an impersonal rebuff that is hardly understandable.

Here again many women make a mis-

We Live But Once

take. They fly into another rage. Since they cannot or will not understand that they and they alone are to blame for this situation, they begin at once to seek other causes for his coolness. They accuse him of loving someone else—that is the easiest. Don't make the mistake of thinking your man has been enticed away from you by some other woman. Nine times out of ten it is you who have cut him adrift.

When that has happened he will drift into the first port where the surface water seems quiet and peaceful. He will not even care to look for maelstroms—but, to his sorrow, he may find one.

It is an axiom that between a man and a woman, one or the other of them must be the problem. One of them must strive to solve it. I think that the most lasting happiness comes for a woman who allows her man to be the problem. I have watched such women with great interest. I have seen how careful they were never to belittle their husband either before others or just between themselves. I have noted how careful they were to take an interest in their man's work, whatever it was, and how delicate they were to be interested in it without being irritatingly curious.

To them the task of building up their husband's self-respect has been a joy, and I have felt, perhaps with a little tinge of envy, how this quality has made them like one being, of the world and interested in it, but still joyfully and intimately apart from their surroundings: enjoying little secret jokes—flirting with each other, as surreptitiously as when they first knew each other. I have even seen a gray-haired man steal a kiss from his very dignified and matronly wife—and the happiest thing about that was the way she flushed with joyous embarrassment when his boyish gesture was apprehended by their friends.

A MAN will not stray from his own home so long as it remains true to his first perception of it. It is true that with the years that home will pass through the changes of the seasons. From the springtime of her youth a man's woman will grow to the glorious and full life of summer and after that will come the soft and colorful autumn. And then winter, when the verdure of romance seems utterly gone. Perhaps it is, except to the memory, but the powerful trees that sustained that verdure remain. I would liken them to the undying power of respect, which, between a man and a woman, must be eternal, if their love would last.

So, through the seasons of her life a woman must be always on the alert never to mar her man's first perception of her: never to deface the mental picture of her which he has created in his imagination. So long as that remains he is hers to have and to hold, forever and a day.

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Men like well-made desserts and they like their meals served promptly and hot. If you want to know precisely what dishes the men of the family like best, send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., and a set of circulars called "What Men Like to Eat"—will be forwarded to you.

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CRAIG-MARTIN

Milk of Magnesia

TOOTH PASTE

50¢ Quality

25¢ Quantity

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Hollywood's Bad Manners

(*Continued from page* 21)

nine cases out of ten there isn't one anywhere in that sumptuous dwelling.

And while I am on the subject of film guests, I want to say that I have never yet beheld a really *gracious* one portrayed on the screen. To begin with, they usually have that Mussolini handshake. Out shoots a rigid arm. Plunk! Most inelegant.

As to their further behaviour—well, they are guilty of endless bad manners. I never hear them give their hostess a word of appreciation for her splendid party. Of course, they are dreadfully busy getting along with the story; still, you'd think they might spare a casual line now and then for the sake of behaving like the persons of refinement they are supposed to represent.

At a party they do not hesitate to pick private quarrels without a thought for the embarrassment they cause. A gentleman hero exercises his personal grudges out loud at a gala dinner, where everyone can hear. This impossible proceeding was filmed not long ago in "————" in the very presence of the super-gentlemanly Adolphe Menjou.

Mentioning him gives rise to the subject of clothes. I always feel that if, in real life, I should meet any man as marvelously dressed as a movie gentleman I would put him down as a crook.

Movie heroes dress with an exquisiteness such as *no* real gentleman cares to display. Seeing Mr. Menjou on the street a while ago, I looked closely to how he dressed off the screen. He was smartly attired in an inconspicuous way, but his coat *did* appear to have been worn more than once. So in private life he is not guilty of that rather disreputable perfection attained by the movie male at work.

George Arliss sometimes gives us the novel sight of a gentleman hero appearing before the camera in clothes not instantly fresh from the pressing iron. He is a rare exception. Nearly every film gent looks as though he had snatched his new suit from the tailor just in time to make the scene.

Movie women overdress even worse than the men. I suppose every woman would like to wear long, trailing negligées that bring out her S. A., but most of us in real life pass such temptation up. Few respectable women have the time—or the vocation—required by that much languid lace and silk.

On the screen, however, even the most virtuous wife gets herself up to look like Madame Du Barry—all in a modest three-room apartment.

In our prosaic world of reality those long, romantic sleeves would be dunking themselves in the coffee or burning up with the breakfast toast. Or hubby would do all the cooking. Wives who do housework in fluffy-ruffles negligées are silly exceptions in real life. But not in the movies.

A more serious breach of good taste is the movie mania for nakedness. In the picture "Cock of the Year," Billie Dove wears a dress which leaves her body completely exposed from waist to armpit. The costume is uncalled for, being entirely out of period, since the story is supposed to take place during the World War, when even a Paris demi-mondaine would have hesitated to appear in such a scanty gown.

Obedient no doubt to a director's urge for stripped heroines, Jean Harlow, playing the part of an English lady in "Hell's Angels," dons a brassiere frock such as *ladies* do not wear.

To my mind, this screen insistence upon bare skin is crude as well as lewd. Don't the film people know that a high-class vamp never needs to exhibit chunks of herself if she's really proficient at the art of rousing masculine desire? The more fatally subtle methods whereby women capture men are so often passed up in the movies. Bare-back, bare-bosom vamping is all they seem to know. Stupid!

"The public likes it," directors tell me.

I believe a good many directors underestimate the intelligence of the movie public. Greta Garbo's gigantic success is proof enough. Greta *always* gets her man by subtle means. Audiences enjoy that. When she abandons subtlety in favor of body display, as in "Mata Hari," the public finds her charm less powerful.

Now it really is not fair for the movie people to mislead would-be vamps into thinking that flesh can compete with brainy feminine wiles in the long run.

I have one more harsh word to say on this score. Never have I seen the beautiful ladies of filmland handle flowers as they should be handled by a really fastidious woman. Every efficient coquette knows what a fine chance she has to show off her grace and daintiness while arranging flowers. Picking each blossom lovingly, placing it just so in the vase, she creates an effect of artistic merit before the very eyes of her admirer. What a sweet girl she is? By this truly sophisticated trick she identifies herself with the beauty of the flowers, and with the tasteful use she has made of them.

Not so in the movies. They ram their bouquets into a vase and leave them there as stiff as brooms. Watch Louise Closser Hale arrange flowers in "The Man Who Played God." Her part is not that of a coquette, but she is meant to be a woman of refined attainments, and her handling of the bouquet doesn't give you that impression.

Good manners on the screen or stage run up, necessarily, against the forces of comedy. Bad manners are usually so much more dramatic or laughable. To be entertaining, amusing in a well-bred way, requires nimbler wits, as I tried to indicate at the beginning of this article.

The movie directors have a lot to learn if they hope to show us the genuine graces of cultured life in their pictures.

Somehow they must discover how to be dramatic with less vulgarity, and how to be funny with less boorishness.

DANGEROUS CURVES:

Curves are in again, but perhaps you've overdone it and want to lose a few pounds. Send for our booklet "Reducing the Right Way" and eat your way to slimness. Just write to the Beauty Editor, care of NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing 10 cents plus 3 cents postage.

Refuses to be a Star

(*Continued from page* 51)

Bell conceived the idea of "Broadway After Dark" for Menjou. After the completion of "A Woman of Paris," Chaplin went to New York for his accustomed measure of glory. Bell went to Warner Brothers, then just becoming known, and sold himself as a director, along with Menjou as a star in "Broadway After Dark." It still remains one of the best films in which Menjou appeared, and though Bell's first directorial effort, his finest film also.

One film after another followed for Menjou. They were all of the same calibre—built upon the suave and satiric villainy of the peasant son of the woman from Galway.

Another unknown girl was in "Broadway After Dark." She has since done very well with herself—Norma Shearer.

SOON given a five-year contract with Paramount, Menjou was made a star after his work in "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter," a frothy picture in which only Menjou's work is remembered.

After Menjou had appeared in sophisticated rôles for a few years, the critics clamoured for a change. But the public was satisfied.

It might interest many people, I know not whom, to learn that Menjou has about three hundred suits, and enough other clothing to stock a small town store.

"It's business with me," he says. "I've got to have them."

Really an artist in the wearing of clothes, he can afford to be careless in his street apparel, and often is.

Far different from any other actor on the screen, Menjou has been playing himself with immense success these ten past years.

After Louis Wolheim's death, Lewis Milestone selected Menjou to play the hard-boiled city editor in "The Front Page." Many citizens in the film town could not see Menjou in the rôle. Men who knew the real Menjou were not disturbed.

Wolheim had died untimely through an ailment brought about by dieting for the rôle, as the man in the play had been sleek, slim, and debonair.

Milestone might have selected Menjou in the first place, but Wolheim was under contract to Howard Hughes, the producer.

When Menjou heard that Milestone was looking for him, anxious, as an artist, for the part, he hurried to the director.

The bargain soon made, Menjou asked Milestone, "How'll I dress for the part?"

The answer was, "As you are."

So Menjou played his greatest rôle—in his street clothes.

In all matters that do not pertain to his personal business, Menjou is not so accurate.

"The three greatest directors in the world are Jews," he said.

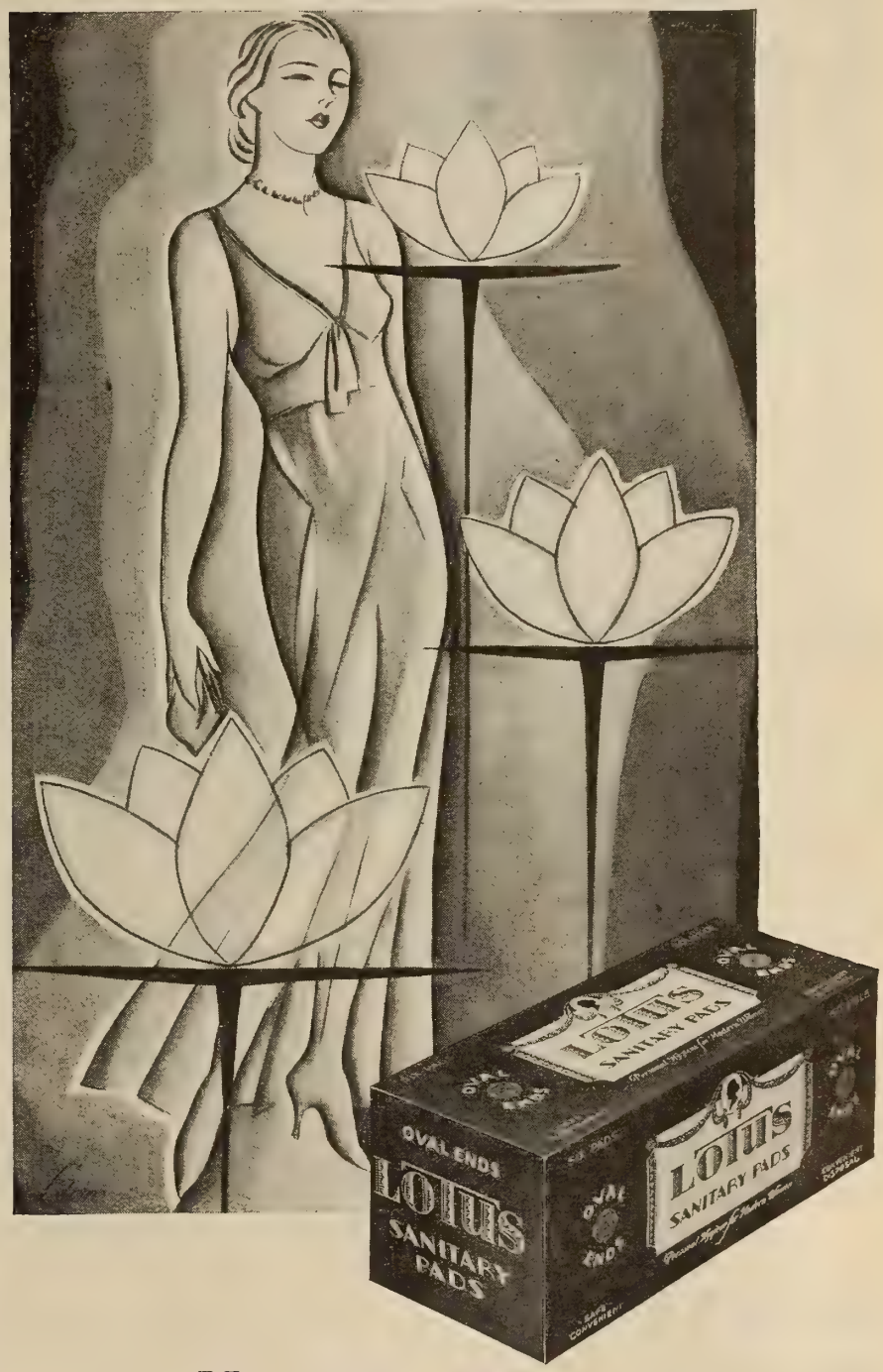
"Who?" I asked.

"Milestone, von Sternberg, and Lubitsch."

"I'll agree on Milestone—but the other two are not to be mentioned with Eisenstein—a Russian." He knew little of Eisenstein.

(*Please turn to page* 100)

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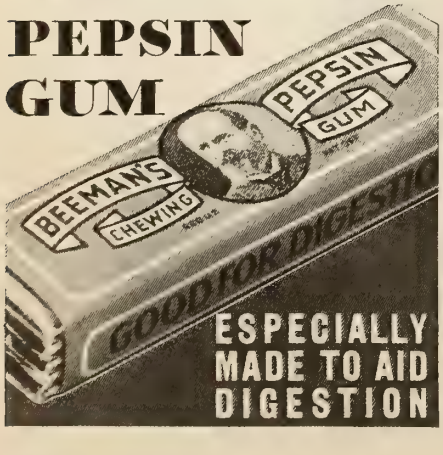


surrounded by stags

It was too bad really, but who wanted to dance with a girl who never said anything. And looked so heavy-eyed and dull. Bad complexion, too. And then she found a way to end her indigestion.

Sometimes the difference is slight between radiant good health and annoying digestive troubles that spoil your good times. Many people have found that Beeman's is a great help in aiding digestion. Dr. Beeman was a real benefactor to make a delicious gum that would provide so much happiness. Chew Beeman's every day.

Chew BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM



Adolphe Refuses to be a Star

(*Continued from page* 99)

"Joe Stern, now Josef von Sternberg, is an excellent trickster, but he's shallow where the Russian is profound."

"But he knows the camera," returned Menjou.

"Eisenstein is a man of genius with the camera—and he knows life deeply, intimately. Joe Stern does not."

"Well, maybe I'm wrong," he said.

MENJOU, though an actor, can think. Such statements are indicative of the man. His mind is swift and not always certain.

"But you'll agree," he resumed, "that Milestone's a vagabond at heart—and the world's greatest director."

"I might agree—if Eisenstein were dead—no man seeing the march of the Cossacks in 'The Cruiser Potemkin' can place the Russian below Milestone."

Menjou, gifted with poise, tact and urbanity, is yet as volatile as the wild Irish from whom he sprang. For there are those world accepted classifiers of talent who claim that it always springs from the mother. In the estimation of the screen's first gentleman, the majestic woman from the County Galway must not be overlooked. Until now, she has been little considered.

Menjou has little respect for the many with whom he works in films.

Menjou has always had a phenomenal European following. When his films were temporarily unpopular in America, in Continental Europe it was hard to sell a film without Menjou.

The Basque-Irishman expects to retire in five years, when he is forty-five, and several times a millionaire. It is my prediction that he will remain in films, as the greatest director of sophisticated cinemas.

At present he has had several offers to become a director. To my personal knowledge he has actually directed a half dozen of his successful films. It is a wise director who will listen to Menjou on the set. His salary will be easily earned, and he will gain an excellent reputation thereby.

He is one of the very few successful actors who do not live in Beverly Hills.

"I like to be by myself."

His home is between Hollywood and Los Angeles and overlooks the latter city.

He belongs to neither club nor lodge, is strictly a home man.

His hobby is collecting rare first editions. His library is one of the finest in America.

SOME years ago a man was found in the East who looked exactly like Menjou. He was hurried to Hollywood where it was thought a fortune awaited him.

The outer shell of Menjou, he did not succeed in films and now works as his double—that is, he "stands in" for the Basque-Irishman for tests and so forth.

A realist at heart, Menjou has been known to reject a dozen stories. He worries a great deal. Once in such a mood, he hurried to Lewis Stone with a weekly check of enormous proportions.

"What shall I do?" he asked that sardonic veteran of many films.

"Take it," was the terse reply, "and thank God."

Eskimo Beholds Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 12)

can laugh. In my country we eat walrus meat raw, and whale blubber. Makes stomach hot. Then we fall down and sleep. Any time. We have no clocks. We do not have meal times. You see, part of the year it is always night and part of the year it is always day. In Hollywood many people have sleep in eyes but stay awake."

He told me the Eskimos have no conception of time, and no calendar. No one knows how old he is. Cheeak had attended an actor's funeral in Hollywood and had been startled. For the Eskimo has no ceremony, for death or birth—or even for marriage.

"In Hollywood," he laughs, "a man catches a girl, and if he moves in, you know what I mean, he is a bad man. In my country he always moves in. Then he is married. No ceremony. If he moves in, that means they are married. And he never leave his wife. Except she can't work. But if she is a good sewer and can skin many seals and walruses, he never leave—until she die. Then he bury her. That's all.

"In Hollywood many men leave their wife. Oh, yes. They say they want a pretty girl. Eskimo want a girl who works hardest. Yes. Sure. If wife get sick and other wife move in, first wife does not get mad in Alaska. No, because she knows she keep on eating. You bet!"

CHEEAK explained many things. The Eskimos, I gather, are communistic anarchists. Food is divided among the tribes, not the family. He shook his head sadly about our depression when I spoke of it. He said he could not understand. Also, he could not understand jails. For the Eskimos have no jails, no laws, no rulers, no servants, no punishments. They have no word in their language for God, as they have no word for time—or for the hereafter, which they have never thought of! However, he said, the Eskimos are getting to understand Christianity. They like Christ, because He seems more like the Eskimos, the "real people" than like a white man! But few Eskimos are curious about a hereafter. They don't think it could be as good as their own country. They don't know whether they want to go to heaven, but they *do* know they don't want to go to Vancouver, Seattle or Hollywood!

I asked him what he meant by "real people."

"The Eskimos, before the white men came, thought there were no other people. So some of the old men and old women they think the white people are like ghosts or like dreams, not 'real'. See? In Hollywood maybe people are not real. Ha! Ha! Ha! I ask you a question.

An Eskimo Beholds Hollywood

"Mr. Replogle at the Missionary School in Alaska, he said nobody could be a Christian if he smoked. So I see everybody in Hollywood smoke. And I ask 'Are there some Christians in Hollywood?' And an actor, he told me, 'Yes, there are a few, but not nearly so many as there should be.' But he would tell me no more."

I, too, disappointed Cheeak. I changed the subject, asking his opinion of Hollywood yes-men, it-girls, and Greta Garbo. He laughed with childish knowingness and said he liked the it-girls and the yes-men. He said he had seen Greta Garbo in pictures and asked me if I knew her. I said she would not talk to interviewers, that she was very quiet, and he nodded understandingly and said: "She is like an Eskimo."

CHEEAK is studying to be a camera-man as well as an actor. He has a 16 mm. Eastman movie camera. He has taken some scenes on sets in Hollywood, and, according to Scott, understands all the technicalities of cinematography! He also reads considerably, dances at various Hollywood places, and has a blonde girl friend! Also, Cheeak is a veteran screen actor!

He made his cinema debut in 1921, when he was, in his own bashful words, "a little boy." A Captain Kleinsmid went into the interior of Alaska at that time and filmed a picture called "Primitive Love." In 1928, Ewing Scott came to Alaska and Cheeak was discovered again. Scott and Cheeak the same year rescued Robertson, Hart and Clark of a Fox Film expedition after the trio had been lost in the snow 32 days.

THE hugely cherubic brown buck admitted he was puzzled by moving pictures about gangsters. He laughed and pointed to his head and said:

"Those are crazy man. I told you the Eskimo have no punishment. My mistake. There are two. If a man steal food, nobody ever talk to him again. If a man kill someone, we are afraid. We say 'He is crazy.' We are afraid he will kill some more. So we kill him. Someone in his family kills him, so there is no trouble."

I asked Cheeak if he had changed any in the months he has spent in Hollywood.

"Yes," he answered shyly, his massively beautiful brown face wearing a smile of wonderment, "since I have gone to picture shows, I learn to weep. And until last Spring I never saw an Eskimo weep. Then I see a little old Eskimo woman, married to Captain Tuckfield, white man whaler, weep when he died. No Eskimo weeps when anyone dies. But now I weep!"

Long after leaving the gentle Cheeak, I wondered whether Hollywood, where a man cannot eat all the time—or eat stomach-heating whale blubber so that he will laugh—has proven a boon to him. I wondered if, in exchanging laughter for tears, he had not left an Arctic Garden of Eden, a simple morning-of-the-world innocence, to eat, in Hollywood, of the tragic fruit of the tree of civilization. I wondered if he had not exchanged his greatest happiness—the happiness of a mighty laughing hunter—for the dubious gift of tears.

"I could not write a better prescription"

says a famous child specialist of this pure vegetable preparation



A mother was consulting an eminent child specialist not long ago about the little upsets her baby seemed to have with disturbing regularity.

Mother: "I am so careful about my baby's diet. He gets his milk, fruit, vegetables and cereal just as you advise. Everything seems fine for a time, then suddenly he starts fussing, refuses food—and I know he's in for another upset. Why is it?"

Doctor: "It's simply Nature's way of asking for a little help. Very small things cause upsets with a baby. A little too much of one food, not quite enough of another—it requires a delicate balance to keep little organs running smoothly.

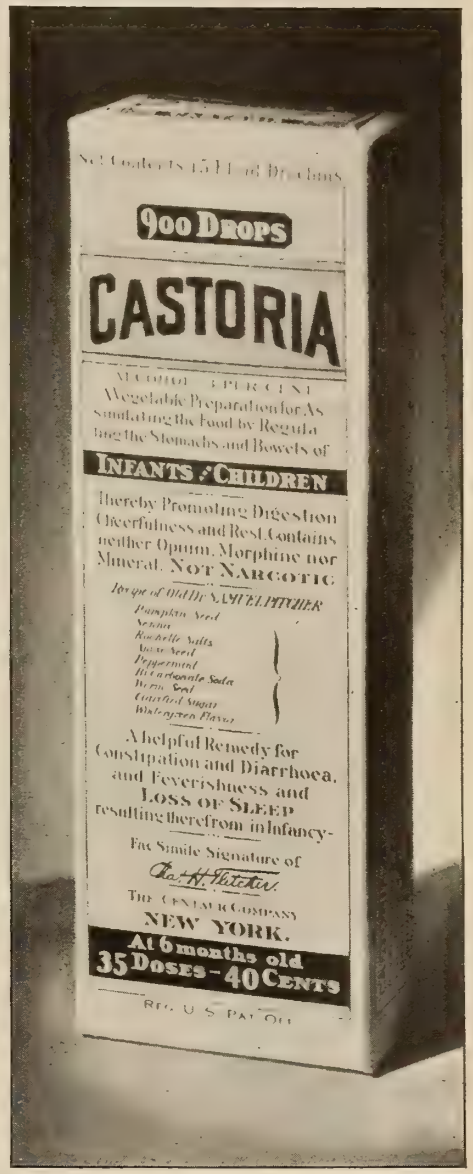
"In spite of careful feeding, bowels do need regulative help now and then in carrying off their daily load of waste.

"For babies and children I find Castoria gives just the prompt, gentle help needed."

Mother: "Is it perfectly harmless?"

Doctor: "Castoria is *perfectly* safe. It is a pure vegetable preparation specially formulated for children's delicate needs. It contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics. It works mildly and gently, yet it is always effective. I could not write a better prescription.

"These little upsets are not dangerous unless they are neglected. A safe, sensible thing to do as a first-aid measure when you see a cold, fever or digestive upset developing, is to give your baby a cleansing dose of Castoria."



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This spot-remover works like magic. It is a dry white powder in a dainty box that you can keep handy anywhere. The powder sifts out of the top like a saltcellar and when you sift it on a grease spot or a blackberry stain or a spilled-drink spot, that spot *comes out.* The powder *absorbs* it, whether it's a fresh spot or an old spot.



Positively leaves no "ring"

Annette's Cleanser has no effect on color of material. No work. No odor. No fumes. Used by professional cleaners. Revolutionizes all ideas about home cleaning. 25¢ and 50¢; drug and department stores.

Use Annette's Cleanser on the following without fear or doubt

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Please send me Free Trial Supply of Annette's Perfect Cleanser and copy of "Guide for Home Cleaning." T.M.-E

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Hashimura Togo Returns

(*Continued from page* 53)

up a sign "Keep Off the Grass" while somebody else hook up talefone wires. A gentleman in riding clothes were riding on a chair, making music with his hands. By that I know he are a Director.

"That are so horble," he holla, "that I shall commit suicide. O stop it all!"

THEN 26 glass-workers open that show-case so that lovely lady could get out. She were so mad that her paint come peeling off.

"Miss Featherwaver," snarrel that horse-rider, "do you know what this flim play are about?"

"It are about Love," she corrode, looking like an eagle that has been bit by a worm. "What else have we in Hollywood?"

"How you know it are about Love?" he quelch.

"Everything in Hollywood are about Love, ain't so?"

"We have Love and Salaries," dib Hon. Rider. "If you cannot make one you cannot make the other. Now I ask to know. We just paid George Bernard Pshaw $100,000 to write one (1) original line in this screen-drama. That line are, 'I love you. I love you.' We have just wasted 340,000,000 yards of flim, trying to make you say it right. Tell, O tell me this. Why can't you bust into tears like I tell you when you say that line?"

Miss Featherwaver stand choked silent. Just then uprush a lawyer with his hands full of lawsuit papers.

"I bring out an conjunction!" he holla peevly. "There are nothing in Miss Featherwaver's contrack which say she got to cry on her present salary. Present salary will permit her to laugh, swim, fall downstairs, ride bicycles, train lions and make love. But you cannot make her cry for 83,000$ a week."

"People have cried for less," say Hon. Horse Pants.

"I have been umposed upon long enough," sobber Miss Featherwaver, and bust into tears.

"There!" yall Hon. Boots. "She is crying now."

"Not for the Catamount Pictures Inc!" dib Hon. Lawyer. "Photograf a single tear and I close the show."

"Oh, so well!" whiff Hon. Horsemanship, unstraddling his chair. "This show are a flip-flop anyhow. Why in Hal anybody ever come to Hollywood are a criss-cross puzzle two (2) leaps beyond me. I quit. I cease. Knock over all the scenery, throw the continuity into the dish-card. I am gone from here. Away."

Then uprunning like a sad waterfall comes Hon. Cyrul W. Catamount, Pres. of Catamount Pictures, Inc.

"O Nicholas!" he holla with his bended knees to Hon. Horsewear, "would you leave us in the lurk while the Picture of the Century are still steaming in the machine? If you leave we lost 560,000,000$. What a blow! What a sudden!"

"I go. I am practically gone," say Hon. Stable Costume with mean eyebrows.

"Not a tear do my client shed for less than $20000 extra," snarrel Hon. Lawyer.

"Not one drop for less," narrate Miss Featherwaver.

"What?" shreech Hon. Pres. "You wish destroy Art, right in the middle of it, for mere money? Aha! Not 1c. I shall hire Max Steuer. I shall employ Judge Wickersham. I shall fight this case until the evening stars collide and there are no more maple syriup in Vermont."

MY heart gets awfully trod down to hear this. Next by me stand one Swedish Angel in a Greek tablecloth, therefore I tell her,

"Too sad. With all this scenery and million dollar expenses to hire pretty nice actresses, then it must bust up and perish because Hon. Director quit. If Miss Featherwaver will not weep, I will do so for 25c and save this flim from ruin."

"How long you been in Hollywood?" require fair Swedish face.

"41 minutes," I deploy.

"If you stay here 41 yrs, like I have," she say-so, "you will know something more than already. The camera are a strange animal. It shoots but it never blows up."

And so it was.

Hon. Horse Man get back on chair. "We will begin all over again. Miss Featherwaver, start with the line, 'I love you,' and read up to the line, 'I love you. I love you.'"

Beauty lady get back in glass box, everybody turn on dynamo, lightning, electrocution, etc. She cry splendidly. Hon. Lawyer shake hands.

"Nothing could be more O. and K." describe Hon. Sweet Sweden. "The fight are finished. Director & Star got 10,000$ raise for that. This are a cheap afternoon in Hollywood."

I am confused.

Yet in my mind huj quantities of gold simmer & Crawl like Hon. Andw. Mellon unbuttoning his Treasury. Think of how wealthy I can get, just by standing here with millions falling around so fast I got to dodge it. By golly, I get hold of one or more million when I find some Emotion Picture magnet to pay me a salary.

I STOOD all p.m. watching Miss Featherwaver stunning electricians with those smiles and awfully hansom cry-baby tears. Pretty soonly Hon. Horsepantz say words about everybody come tomorrow and get shot all over again. Then he turn to me with eye.

"What you doing there?"

"Yes, sir," I report intellectually.

"You look for somebody?" he enroach.

"I look for Mr. Ogre, if possible," I say it.

"I are Mr. Ogre. What ho, if anything?"

"Mr. Sir, I are looking for a job."

"How remarkabilious!" He whistle with finger, all people come listen. "Gather round me, ye nobil Romans," he say sarcastly. "Come gaz upon a strange phenomenal. Here are a person who have come to Hollywood looking for a job! What are your name, if any?"

"Hashimura Togo," I tell.

"Hashimura Togo, you should go down to history. Probably the only individual who has ever come to Hollywood, looking for a job. What species of work can you do?"

Hashimura Togo Returns

"Wash dishes, I can do."

"Emotion picture dishes or home dishes?" he argue.

"I are accustomed to bathing home dishes," I rake.

Hon. Ogre press electricity. Offers girl approach. "Maggie," he narrate, "fetch in our lawyer." Hon. Lawyer approach with lawsuit expression. "Abe," dictate Hon. Ogre, "draw up a contrack for Hashimura Togo to wash dishes for one month in the palace I call a home." Then he scouch his eyes at me. "Togo," he say, "what salary you require per week for dish-drowning?"

I STAND there, thinking large arithmatic. My soul get very Hollywood and commence multiplying a million dollars by the mileage from Los Angeles to Montreal. My heart is full of lead-pencils, writing hard figures.

"Speak uply, man!" holla Hon. Ogre.

"O. Mr. Sir, I cannot work for less than 12$ pr week," I spoke up without fear.

Hon. Ogre stogger back.

"My goshes!" he say. "We do not need a lawyer. Quick—6 cameras!"

Cameras come eloping.

"What for that?" I ask from him.

"Hold that posey," he holla. "Togo, I want to put you in the New Real Flim as the only person who ever did, ever does or ever will come to Hollywood asking a salary of 12$ a week."

That are how I got my start in Flimland, as Constance Bennett, an angel who let me carry her cigarette yesterday, say to reporters.

I am quite turned opposite by events.

Hoping you are the same.

Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO.

Do You Remember

By The Old-Timer

Jack Dempsey, sitting in his car outside the Fox Studios, waiting for Estelle Taylor to finish her day's work. By actual count, Jack was touched nine times in two hours and shelled out each time.

Louis B. Mayer buying the New England rights to D. W. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation," and handling the showing himself.

Irving Cummings, when he was the handsome leading man of an Eastern Stock Company, and the matinee ladies waiting at the stage door for him to come out.

Sharon Lynn, when she was La Verne Lindsey and a member of the Paramount school with Buddy Rogers and others.

Will Rogers cleverly working the name of a certain chewing gum into the dialogue of "Happy Days." The ad stayed.

Jack Gilbert walking down from his hilltop home to the Beverly Hills police station and demanding to be arrested. He was accommodated.

Robert Ames, when he sold tickets at Parson's theater, in Hartford, Connecticut.

Rex Bell, when he was George Belden, an extra in horse operas.



April Showers
DUSTING POWDER
$1.00

April Showers
PERFUME
From $1. to $4. the flacon

April Showers, the youthful Perfume that accents feminine appeal, fragrances a complete line of luxurious toiletries—including a Talcum, Face Powder and Toilet Water in a ten cent size—obtainable at all "5c and 10c" stores.

April Showers
EAU DE COLOGNE
From 25c an ounce to $3.75 the flacon of thirty-two ounces.

April Showers
CHERAMY
PARIS

Merchandising a Star

(*Continued from page* 31)

Marion Davies, with her exuberant humor, her sunny vitality, her trick of laughing off difficulties and carrying her fellow workers with her; Bessie Love, with her quiet and self-effacing sweetness, her generous consideration for everyone around her, important or unimportant; both of them adored by the entire staff from the Big Boss to the "casual" who pushed the cabana along its tracks; and Bebe Daniels, who, on the job, is like a highly skilled specialist, quick-witted, expert in every detail and unsparing of herself, perhaps of all stars the easiest to work with.

Miss X has faded, unmourned, from the screen. The taint of her character seemed to get into her pictures. Moreover, it leaked out through the jealously guarded portals of the studio and destroyed the ideal which was to have been put forth to admiring America. Picture after picture could not make the fans see her as a meek, sorrowful and repentant sinner, turned from the primrose path to the ways of sweetness and light. Did I use the term "unmourned" just now? Error. Sackcloth, ashes and lamentations prevailed in the treasurer's department of the studio. The failure had cost upward of half a million dollars.

Suppose a studio scout discovers in a "mob" on the lot, or picks up at Coney Island, or finds at a county fair beauty contest a specially promising prospect for the camera. If in looks, physical personality and one or another of the many varieties of "It" she measures up to the mark, the rest can be arranged. Acting, sufficient to the job, can be taught her. Expensive diction teachers will remove, more or less painlessly, the nasal twang or the alley accent from the voice and prune out the double negatives from the grammar. It is now up to the investors in this potentially costly bit of femininity to determine the sort of star she is to be, the "line" which she must assume.

Shall a reputation be built up for her as a mysterious and aloof person like Greta Garbo? Or spicy and sexy like Clara Bow? Or an exhibit of violet-fresh girlhood like Janet Gaynor? Or pertly winsome in the flapper style which Colleen Moore once (and never again) made famous in "Flaming Youth"? Or the Joan Crawford society deb species? Or the Distilled Essence of Femininity, à la Marlene Dietrich? Or shall she mould herself to the pattern of sweet domesticity after that last of the Victorians, Mary Pickford?

Assume that they have in mind for her costume plays, the daughter-of-the-mansion sort of thing. Thereupon she who has for seventeen years answered to the name of Bedelia Pinsky becomes Dahlia Pinckney; good, old American name, and please remember to put in the *e*. She is trained, schooled, polished, instructed and groomed for that type of personality, not before the camera alone, but for all her appearances in public or private.

Girlishness within limits may be permitted to her, but she must be serene, quiet, dignified, and, as the English say, "walk like a duchess" (though the only Duchess I ever knew personally waddled like a duck). The studio itself may undertake to bring about this metamorphosis through tutoring, or, very often it is done by the director whom she marries. They so often marry their directors!

Whether she turns out a heavy loss or a million-dollar asset to her sponsors depends largely upon the permanent impression of her which they succeed in projecting upon the fan-mind of the nation, much as the photograph is projected upon the screen. The refuges of matrimony and slag-heaps of Hollywood are full of would-be stars who could not live up to the specifications in deportment and behavior. Out of character, out of luck.

VAST perturbation one morning on the lot where I was working. Some retakes of a budding star's first picture had been found necessary on short notice. The call went out for two o'clock that afternoon. The mob was assembled, the operating staff was collected, the "seconds" and character parts were on hand. But where was

"No KISS . . . until you wipe off that PAINT"

"THINK of my husband saying that! And he wasn't joking either. My lips repulsed him just when I was trying to look my prettiest!"

Have *you* that painted look? Perhaps you don't even notice it yourself! . . . Colors that look pretty by themselves or on other women may be actually revolting on *your* lips!

Correct this fault! Forget ordinary lipsticks . . . from now on, *Tangee* your lips!

Tangee can't possibly give you that painted look. It isn't paint. It changes color *on your lips* to match your individual complexion. It brings you new beauty.

It's permanent—won't smear off. Its cold cream base soothes and heals your lips.

Get Tangee today at any druggist or cosmetic counter. Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks.



TRY TANGEE LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

Send 10c for Miracle Make-Up Set

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO. TG5-5
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c. Please send your miracle make-up set to:

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Approved — Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health

TANGEE LIPSTICK and TANGEE ROUGE—10c Trial Sizes at all 5c and 10c stores.



Cheeks Mustn't Look Painted, Either

Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee Lipstick changes on your lips. It gives the color most becoming to you . . . Tangee Rouge always keeps your cheeks from looking painted. When you get Tangee Lipstick, ask for Tangee Rouge. End that "painted look"!

Merchandising a Star

the lead? Not at the studio, certainly, and not at home. An emissary was dispatched downtown after her father, who, lifted from his business of conducting a place labelled "EATS" on an Illinois highway, had been transplanted to Hollywood and luxury on the wages of his daughter's fame. "Hot Dog Poppa," as he was locally termed, was found throwing horseshoes in the public square.

"Where's the kid?" demanded the studio man.

"Search me."

"Was she at home last night?"

"How would I know?" retorted the ex-frankfurter, and pitched a ringer.

Dismay prevailed at the scene of action, where the cost of not shooting the picture was piling up at the rate of a couple of hundred dollars per hour. A sort of major-domo named Kip who knew everything about everybody on the lot, recalled that the girl was a baseball fan. There was only one game on that day, and it was only two miles away. Taking a chance, he commandeered one of the studio's fleet of cars and speeded to the park.

In the bleachers he found her with a pop bottle in her hand and a bag of popcorn in her lap, tanning her valuable peachblow complexion in the harsh sun and having a good time for herself with three lads of about her own immature age.

"Come outa there!" said Mr. Kip earnestly.

"Not till I see does the guy at bat bring in the winning run."

Until the close of the inning she was immovable. Then she reluctantly followed the messenger to the car and explained on the way back. Not having anything to do that day, as she supposed, she was strolling idly along toward the studio (instead of rolling majestically in an Hispano-Suiza as befitted her state) when a rackety Ford runabout pulled up beside her. Three grinning youths were in it. She smiled at them, shifting her gum for the purpose.

"Hello, girl."

"Hello, yourselves."

"Got anything special on?"

"No."

"Wanna go to the ball game?"

"Sure."

"Hop in."

And that is all there was to it. Whether her escorts know to this day what kind of an angel they were entertaining, unawares, I am unable to say. Of course the lot rang with the escapade. But we were all cautioned against letting such a scandal leak out. To me it seemed an amusing, even a rather touching episode and one which would make pleasant reading, a view which I happened to express before the general supervisor. He was horrified.

"Don't you know we're building her for society parts? What would the fans think if she was shown up going to a cheap ball game with three tough kids?"

There was the catch. She would have been out of character and so out of luck. I saw her in the height of her stardom in a box at a Metropolitan Opera House opening, but she did not look as if she were enjoying it particu-

(*Please turn to page* 106)

Beautiful complexion proclaims a **HEALTHY SKIN!**



A beautiful complexion is a safe complexion. Clean, clear skin, soft and smooth, proclaims health. Its loveliness inspires admiration. Helps popularity. Aids success.

The Resinol Treatment

Complexion care starts with the face. But shouldn't stop there. Take no chances with *any* skin soreness, *any*where, from *any* source. Wherever the itching, whatever the cause, Resinol Ointment soothes and relieves. Lay Ointment on lightly. At your convenience, wash off with Resinol Soap. This simple treatment—daily—allays infection, clears the skin, and often prevents permanent disfigurement.

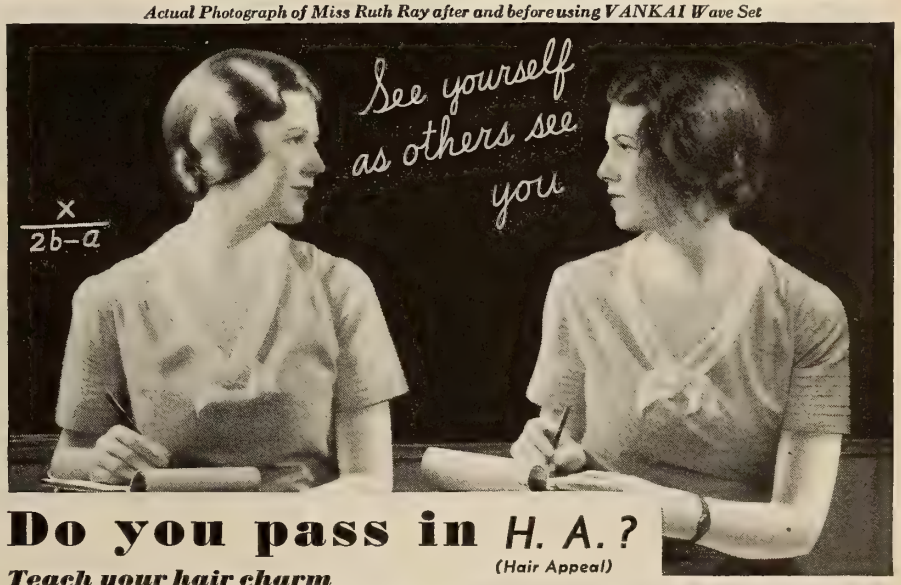
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Resinol Ointment is a physician's formula, proved in thirty-five years of worldwide use. This medication *adds* to Resinol Soap, an already excellent toilet soap, a unique soothing quality. Your druggist sells both Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. Buy—and try for yourself—today.

SEND — FREE — for your copy of new booklet, "Skin Treatment for Health and Beauty", with trial samples both Resinol Soap and Ointment. Write Resinol, Department TM5, Baltimore.

Resinol

Actual Photograph of Miss Ruth Ray after and before using VANKAI Wave Set



Do you pass in *H. A.?*

(Hair Appeal)

Teach your hair charm with VANKAI Wave Set

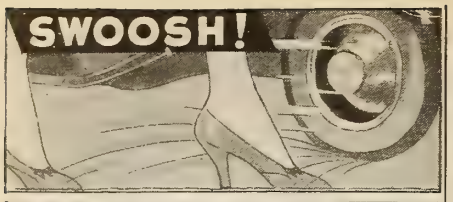
Don't let stringy, straggly hair turn you into a "Coed Comic." Let VANKAI Wave Set bring back, and *keep*, the waviness that makes hair alluring.

You will be delighted when you see the soft, glinting lustre, the curly *natural* loveliness, that this new wave-aid restores to neglected locks. You'll love the longer-lasting finger waves it makes; the new lease of beauty it gives to permanents; the priceless ten minutes you cut from morning make-up time! VANKAI *benefits* your hair; contains no grease or wax; leaves no discoloration or sticky white flakes. Thirty thousand beauty shops use and praise it.

Get VANKAI Wave Set today. At most 5 and 10c stores (extra-large 10c bottle); 25c size at drug stores. For trial size send 10c, stamps or coin, to Briar Products Co., Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.



VANKAI WAVE SET







and ColorShine

***is only* 10¢ a bottle**

YOUR light colored shoes and blonde, tan, brown—keep them looking always new with ColorShine Neutral Creme. ColorShine not only cleans the leather, but softens it for comfort, and seals it against damaging grit—adding months to the life of your shoes. Yet the generous-sized bottle sells for only a dime.

There are also ColorShine Dressings for white kid, white cloth, black leathers, and Dye to dye white or colored shoes a lasting black.

Sold in 10-cent stores everywhere (15c in Far West and Canada). On your next trip to the 10-cent store at the hardware counter get several bottles of ColorShine for your different kinds of shoes. The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.

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ColorShine

SHOE POLISHES



MAKE YOUR SHOES LOOK NEW

10¢ *15¢ in Far West and Canada*

Merchandising a Star

(*Continued from page* 105)

larly. She even may have been secretly regretting the sun-drenched bleachers and the cooling pop.

IN picture stardom what you may or may not do depends upon who you are, or, rather, upon the image of you formed and carried in the popular mind. Will Rogers could sit on the curbstone at the corner of Vine Street and Hollywood Boulevard and shoot craps with a cross-eyed Chinese undertaker, and it would not detract a mite from his popularity. Eccentricity of a homely genius. But if Ronald Colman or Clive Brook were caught in any such playfulness, cold chills of disapproval and disillusionment would ripple down ten thousand spinsterish spines.

It is quite all right for Joan Crawford to win dancing prizes at the Montmartre. But what a descent from the pedestal of her carefully manufactured mysteriousness and isolation it would be if Greta Garbo lightly entered such a competition!

Noah Beery, being a villian and a horrid fellow on the screen, might (though, of course, he does not) get drunk and throw bottles in public without serious injury to his cult. Jack Barrymore, being an eccentric, may and does do about what he pleases. But if Douglas Fairbanks chased Mary Pickford across the Beverly foothills with a naked golf stick, the market value of both would flop. Out of character, out of luck.

When Clara Bow gambled and lost and failed to pay, she made the mistake of her career. A public which was ready to pass over tolerantly her privateering on the high seas of love, could not forgive her. Sophistication is the Clara Bow hall-mark; by that her public knew her, and in that sign she had conquered. It would be all very well for the exotic Dietrich or that personification of dewy-eyed innocence, Janet Gaynor, to plead ignorance of the ways of the great and wicked world. But not for the "It" girl. She was supposed to know it all. The very suspicion of welching spoiled the picture. What she saved was a few thousands. What she lost with the fans by stepping out of her character may yet be reckoned in the hundreds of thousands—and it may not. For, whatever she does, Clara Bow remains one of the distinctive figures of the screen. "They never come back" applies to the prize-ring, but not to the camera. I would like to have a bet on Clara.

WHOLESALE as well as retail, Hollywood undertakes to merchandise its stars. Which is to say that there are fads and fashions artificially imposed upon these bewildered luminaries which they are expected to follow—for the good of the business.

Far back in the dark ages, scandal and loose morals were associated with the blazing names of the screen. This was the era of wild parties, dope, drink and changing liaisons. The public of that day rather liked it. It was exciting to the lay mind to contemplate a magnificent licentiousness rivalling that of ancient Rome. Some particularly grimy murders, a shooting affray involving two women stars (one of whom escaped publicity while the other gamely stood the gaff), a gallivanting broker and an amorous chauffeur; and aroused the dormant puritanism of the American people and made Hollywood a by-word.

Business fell off. Reform was decreed. Decorum was the watchword, and a girls' boarding school could hardly be more demure than the once-rambunctious community became.

What began as a precaution became a standard. Today moving picture society—if such a term may be used at all for so loose and scattered a collection of not-too-friendly units—is, for the most part, as decent and well-behaved as the puritan mind could wish. Whispered stories of wild debauches still current there, are, so far as I have been able to determine after several sojourns in the place, quite without foundation.

Came Arthur Brisbane to the Film City one winter and, with his tongue in his cheek, proclaimed it the Athens of America. The leaders of the industry took him seriously. Hollywood went brainy with a bang. Culture became the proper thing. Intellect was at a premium. Patsy Ruth Miller and Aileen Pringle, who had been looked upon with suspicion as highbrows because they could hold up their end in any company and through any line of intelligent conversation (the average Hollywood talk is strictly one-cylinder), were now objects of envy and imitation. Mr. Will Durant's estimable and not-too-demanding "Story of Philosophy" became a local best-seller. On all the lots, even in working hours, fair faces were bent in rapt contemplation of its message. Sometimes, to be sure, the volume might be held upside down, thus marring the effect; and there is a story of a famous beauty turning to the final page to see how the plot came out.

I was, myself, asked by a wistful-eyed siren of international fame what I thought of Socrates, and when, rallying my forces, I remarked that I had always thought it rather mean of him to fiddle while Rome burned, a puzzled expression pervaded the lovely features, and, out of the corner of my eye as I prudently withdrew, I beheld her surreptitiously rifling the pages for confirmation of this new light upon history.

The present phase of screen exploitation seems to be social. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks nod familiarly to royalty, if they are lucky enough to run upon any of that rapidly vanishing species. Mr. Charles Chaplin dines with princes and prime ministers. Lesser luminaries point for the society columns of their own country. This, too, will pass. The next fad may be athletic, religious or political. We may see Ann Harding running for the Senate, where she would certainly excel in intelligence (as well as beauty and address) many of the seat-warmers of that august body; or Lois Moran announcing herself as candidate for the mayoralty of Los Angeles.

Of one thing we may be permanently assured: Hollywood will always be conscientiously striving to be, in its stardom, what it thinks that you, the picture-going public, wants it to be and to make its standards and behavior conform to the changeful pattern.

Otherwise—out of character, out of luck!



Cheeks no longer sallow skin clears, thanks to DR. EDWARDS

IT'S wonderful what a difference it makes in the way you feel and look when you keep internally clean. Thousands of women thank Dr. Edwards for his little Olive Tablets . . . a wonderful substitute for calomel and so much safer. Try them and see if *you* don't see the difference in fresh, smooth cheeks and lovely skin.

"The Internal Cosmetic"

Used for over 20 years by women who want relief for blemishes and pimples caused by sluggish liver or constipation. See and feel how this tested vegetable compound helps you to rid yourself of that tired, dull, lifeless feeling. Try this! For two weeks take one each evening. Ask for them at any drug store, know them by their olive color. Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets . . . 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.



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521B, Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Domestic Side of Mary and Doug

(*Continued from page* 57)

WE had toured the home, lingered long enough in the guest building for Mrs. Fairbanks to notify the boss painter that the stain he was preparing for the woodwork was far too dark, then seated ourselves on the grass at the edge of the swimming pool.

"Shall we go back and have tea?" queried Mary.

"Let's stay here and talk about the domesticated Mrs. Fairbanks instead," I urged.

"There's nothing to tell," she shot back. "I'm no different from any other woman who has a career to take care of in addition to being a wife and a housekeeper.

"A general can't win his battles alone, and neither can a husband. I've learned that being Mrs. Fairbanks is a full-sized job in itself. Yet, I try to find time for Mary Pickford's affairs, too."

She was silent a moment, then——

"I'm convinced that a woman's career can be converted into a whip that is constantly dangling over her head. It is a form of madness for us to be overly ambitious in things outside of our home. It's not the normal thing.

"After all, you know, the home is woman's forte!

"I've missed so many of the real pleasures that belong to the members of my sex, and I'm beginning to realize it now.

"Children are woman's greatest blessing.

"I've never had an opportunity to learn to cook . . . to go marketing for the food I eat, and follow it through the kitchen and onto the table . . . to sit down at a sewing machine and make myself a dress . . . no chance to be just myself . . ."

There was a tinge of pathos in Mary's tone.

"You know I've dreamed ever since I can remember of the coming of a time when I would have a little English cottage with casement windows, and of busying myself with the cleaning or the preparation of the meals or with my sewing!

"In later years, I've often thought that it would be a fine thing for couples living in big homes with loads of servants to get away to such a place, and live by themselves—really get to know one another—if only for a few days at a time. I'm sure such an experience would give them a new grip on marriage."

MARY, I discovered, is an expert with the embroidery needle, but she envies her sister, Lottie, because of the latter's culinary ability.

"When I was only five years old, back there in Toronto, Canada, where I was born, Mother began to train Lottie and myself to be homemakers—a training every girl should have, regardless of her position in life. It was my duty to help with the general housework—making the beds, sweeping, dusting. And that's where Lottie got the best of me, for she was assigned to assist Mother in the kitchen.

(*Please turn to page* 108)



The 10¢ purse size has the same quality and gorgeous perfume of the famous $1 YBRY Lipstick. Size is the only difference. A shade for every type; permanent as your wave!

PARFUM Ybry PARIS

At most F. W. Woolworth Co 5 & 10 cent stores



10¢

Look for the gleaming copper sponge

At All Woolworth Stores

Use The Mystic Marvel for the quick, efficient, safe cleaning of *all* kitchenware. Rustless, rinsable, all-copper, cannot shed splinters to irritate fingers.

The MYSTIC MARVEL
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NEW .... Sta-Rite Invisible Bobs are the latest sensation in beauty shops everywhere. They hold the hair in place, yet you'll never see them and the patented end means they'll never fall out. Buy them at your favorite store.



STA-RITE HAIR PIN COMPANY
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STA-RITE HAIR PINS

STOP the cause of offensive ODOR ..save your clothes!



The needless perspiration of the shut-in underarm stains and ruins dresses—and causes offensive odor that spoils your charm.

Odorono is a doctor's prescription that harmlessly diverts underarm perspiration to areas where it escapes unnoticed. Odorono saves your clothes and prevents repulsive odors.

There are two kinds of Odorono. Odorono Regular is for night use—gives the longest protection of any product, 3 to 7 days. Instant Odorono is for quick use, at any time. It gives 1 to 3 days' protection.

Three sizes, 35¢, 60¢, $1. Only Odorono has the New Sanitary Sponge Applicator.

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"My Clear White Skin Captured Him!"

MEN who instantly shy away from girls with dull, dark skin are irresistibly drawn to smooth, white beauty. A hint for you! For this new discovery, Golden Peacock Bleach Cream whitens the most darkened, muddy complexion one shade a night—or money back! Freckles, blackheads quickly fade away. Golden Peacock acts *fast*—you use *so little*—it's more economical than other bleaches that *work*. Try a jar today. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

Domestic Side of Mary and Doug

(*Continued from page* 107)

"Mother was a wonderful housekeeper, and a marvelous cook. Never in all of my travels have I tasted food such as she prepared.

"I might have been able to do as well had not circumstances forced us to turn to the theatre, and later to the films in our struggle for a livelihood.

"Mother always had a great business head, but she never permitted it to rob her of her womanly instincts. Frequently, in her last years, she would dismiss the servants for an afternoon, go out marketing, then hurry back to her kitchen and prepare her own dinner. I often used to dine with her on these occasions. To me, they were big events."

Mary was only ten when she made her debut as an interior decorator.

"In the cheap, poorly furnished boarding houses that supplied us with a roof when we were on the road, and even after we became more or less permanent in New York, I used to lie in bed and plan what I would do to the room if it were really mine," she told me.

"Then came a time, in New York, when we could afford an alcove and a sitting room. We had been there several weeks, and I had given much secret thought to the matter of improving the appearance of the place.

"Mother had to go away for a few days, and as soon as I felt certain that she was safely aboard a train, I started out on a shopping expedition. I went from one store to another, seeking bargains, for even then I knew the value of money. I spent $25—quite a sum in that period—for hangings, a cover for our trunk, a lamp and some other things I thought would brighten up our quarters.

"I had a sense of harmony all right, but I'll have to admit that I was somewhat weak on the color itself. It was bottle green, and my purchases became nothing more than a horrible nightmare to me.

"But I couldn't throw them out. I had to consider the investment."

"AND today, if Doug had only a moderate income, and you were forced to keep within it, what would be your mode of living?" I questioned.

"That all depends upon your idea of what constitutes a moderate income?" she retorted.

"$10,000 a year," I suggested.

"Unless we had the money with which to make a very substantial down payment on a home—preferably one we constructed ourselves—I should insist upon living in an inexpensive, but comfortable apartment until we had saved enough," she said. "I would carefully budget our weekly pay check.

"I would keep one servant—a competent maid—and personally aid her in the lighter household tasks. I'd have a part-time cleaning woman come in about once a week to perform the heavier duties.

"We would keep one car, providing, of course, that it would not peril our chances of getting a home of our own.

"I should expect Doug to pay me a salary, and I believe every man should do that for his wife. It doesn't make any difference if it be only five dollars a week, as long as it is money that she can do with as she pleases, and without accounting for to anyone. The husband should have an equal amount for himself, to spend as he sees fit.

"About once a week, we would invite two or three friends in for dinner. That is something every couple should do, for it keeps them in touch with the rest of the world. We would partake of other inexpensive amusements, for one must have something besides work day in and day out.

"From the very beginning, I should buy only the best of furnishings, even though our home had a rather barren appearance at the start. I would keep adding things as we could pay for them.

"Antiques, like diamonds, are always valuable. If one cannot afford the original, a good reproduction will serve the purpose.

"As we attained each new piece, we would begin looking ahead to the time when we would have the cash with which to purchase the next, and meanwhile we would be shopping around, visiting exhibits, studying catalogues, seeking real bargains.

"In that way we would be creating for ourselves a deep common interest in our home, and it is through such constant visioning and building that married folks keep their youth—and love.

"With shrewd and careful buying, money can be made to go a long way. I know loads of people who respect things only because they are costly. I have always been taught that it is smarter not to allow one's self to be cheated.

"Certainly, if Doug's income was only $200 a week, I would not expect to live on the basis of a $400 salary. It's a sin for a woman to go beyond, or even up to her husband's earning capacity.

"Yet there are those who go to extremes, and who tie the house around the husband's neck, and permit it to make him its slave. A man can find no comfort in a home that already is three leaps ahead of him financially.

"Debt creates an atmosphere of discontent that seems to find its way into the very walls and furnishings of a home, and it affects the servants as well as the master and the mistress.

"The woman who has a single $15 dress, nice gloves, a neat hat and shoes is far more attractive to me than the gaudy clothes-horse who owns a hundred Paris-made outfits."

THE sage who long ago opined that man could not serve two masters might learn something from Mary Pickford Fairbanks.

Right now, while she is in the midst of her Pickfair construction, she is pushing ahead with her plans for what she hopes to be her biggest movie production.

Frances Marion, the scenarist who recently has done such outstanding things as "The Champ," "Emma,"

SPOTS VANISH from ALL FABRICS under this MAGIC BRUSH







NOW it's easy to keep spotless! Swancrest Cleaning Powder, in the slender can with the sifter brush, acts like magic in removing spots of oil, grease, perspiration, fruit or punch, tea or coffee. Clean your silks and suitings, fabric and suede shoes, upholstery, felts and furs! Just sift on the powder—IT COMES AS NEEDED THROUGH THE BRUSH. Rub in with the brush and brush out. Repeat, if spots are stubborn. Swancrest will not harm any material or remove color. It has no odor and leaves no ring.

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I enclose.....cents, for the following:

White Swancrest **10c** (for all light colors) Black Swancrest **10c** (for dark blue and black)

Sifter Brush (Fits either can) **10c**

COMPLETE SET **25c**

Name.....

Address.....

Domestic Side of Mary and Doug

"The Big House," "Min and Bill," and others, and who wrote so many of the Mary Pickford successes as well, is now at work on an original story for Mary, her lifelong friend. It was Frances Marion who wrote such charming screen versions for Mary as "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," "The Poor Little Rich Girl," "Stella Maris," "Pollyanna," and "Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley." And this new vehicle will be just as typically a Pickford yarn, Mary insists, abounding in humanness, in humor, and in strong dramatic values.

She hopes to start *shooting* on it in the late Spring.

But for the fact that she must travel into Hollywood for almost daily conferences at the studio, there is no let-up in her vigilance over family affairs.

The competent Maurice has direct command over the other servants, does the marketing, prepares the menus and looks after a dozen and one other details at Pickfair, all subject, of course, to the approval of Mrs. Fairbanks. There is no problem confronting the major domo that is too small for his employer's notice.

Here is one of Miss Pickford's favorite dinners as given by Maurice:

Russian caviar on tomatoes, Scotch vegetable soup, ripe olives, Italian salami, toasted cheese crackers, Spanish enchiladas, roast young chicken with giblet sauce, puree of chestnuts, green string beans, julienne potatoes, napkin rolls, green salad, alpine cheese, red currant jam with saltines, lemon meringue pie, black coffee.

And some of her recipes:

SOFT GINGERBREAD

1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon baking soda, ¾ cup boiling water, ¾ cup molasses, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1½ tablespoon ground ginger, 1¾ cup flour.

Bake in slow oven and serve with baked apples and Devonshire cream for luncheon.

CHEESE CAKE

2 lbs. cottage cheese, 1 cup sugar, 6 eggs, ½ pint cream, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 tablespoons flour, mix with cottage cheese and add little nutmeg, 1½ package Zwieback, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ cup butter melted, 3 tablespoons flour.

Roll Zwieback fine with one cup sugar, one teaspoon cinnamon, 3 tablespoons flour and melted one half cup butter. Set aside ¾ of a cup of the mixture to sprinkle over the top. Butter a 9-inch spring form well, spread and press the Zwieback mixture on bottom and sides of form.

Beat 6 eggs without separating with one cup of sugar until light. Add salt and one teaspoon vanilla. Into this stir well one half pint cream, then add the 2 lbs. cottage cheese and 3 tablespoons flour. Mix all together. Stir until smooth and pour into Zwieback lined form. Bake in a slow oven 325F. When the mixture is set like a baked custard cover with the ¾ cup of Zwieback which has been set aside. Turn off heat, stand in oven one hour until cooled. Remove rim of spring form and place with tin bottom on serving plate. Sprinkle with pistachio.

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NO RAZOR RISK



"Now—I can stand the public gaze." Can you?

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Delatone Cream makes it easier to remove superfluous hair—shortens the time needed. Used on arms, underarms and legs, it leaves skin hair-free, clean and smooth as satin. Many users claim lessened hair growth. The whiteness and mild, pleasant fragrance of Delatone Cream appeal instantly. Made by a patented formula owned and used exclusively by us. Ask for and insist on having

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The *White* Cream Hair-remover

Big economy tubes, 50c and $1. Delatone Powder, $1 jars only. At drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid upon receipt of price.

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29x4.75-20"	2.50	1.00	33x4	2.95	.95
29x5.00-19"	2.95	1.20	32x4½	3.20	1.35
30x5.00-20"	2.95	1.20	33x4½	3.20	1.35
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29x5.25-19"	2.95	1.25	30x5	3.60	1.60
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ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
(Formerly $5.00) Now in a new $1.00 size package
Permanently Destroys Hair

The Boulevardier on Parade

(*Continued from page 59*)

baffled like N. Y. birds and make delivery to double.

OUT here the Sino-Japanese fuss in Shanghai was looked upon as pig-tail-pulling playfulness compared with the World War possibilities on the "Grand Hotel" set. Five first-power stars—Garbo, Crawford, Beery and 2 Barrymores— in battle for close-ups. It might easily result in the collapse of Western civilization, Hollywood thought. To comprehend this you must understand our stellar psychology. With us, as with the Japanese, death is preferable to loss of "face."

Forsaking comfort and radio offers, I floy-gibbonsed to "Grand Hotel" set. Hello, everybody!

By Jimminy Christmas, things are hot here.

I talked with Gen. Wallace Beery today. In an exclusive interview for NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE he said a lot of things I can't print. Here's the censored substance: "You know that upstaging old Lionel Barrymore. Well, today he edged over to me and said, 'I don't want you to think me a ———, but I think you're the greatest ——— actor on the screen. I love you!'"

I talked with Gen. John Barrymore. In an exclusive interview for NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE he said: "I saw Lionel do a scene today and I said, 'You ———you're the greatest ——— actor on the screen.' And Lionel said, 'Why, you old ———, there never was such a ——— actor as you, you old ———.'"

I talked with Gen. Joan Crawford. In a ——— interview for ——— NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, she said: "I think Greta Garbo the greatest actress on the screen today; it's a pleasure and an honor to work with her."

I talked, finally, with Gen. Garbo's Doubles. In an exclusive interview for NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S Double they said: "....." which, translated from the Swedish, means "..... ....."

So, you see, there is hope for world peace after all.

Still, I can't get out of my mind the expression on the face of Woggles, Miss Crawford's scottie, as sitting sedately aloof, an unofficial observer, he glanced up at me and solemnly winked.

LUNCHING with Ramon Novarro in the studio commissary, I did lament that time which doth our charms alter should leave our vexing traits untouched. Ramon, once the mystically elusive Mexican (and that was no publicity), is today a forthright, regular guy in a sweat shirt learning to play football for his next picture, "Huddle." Yet Ramon, dieting on tomato juice and dreamfully helping himself to sausages off my plate, was the alibi-mystic I-knew-when. He caught this irritating habit from Alice Terry. Always on enforced diet, Alice would resist the suggestions of waiters and then in somnambulistic trance help herself to every plate within reach. If she could have resisted while lunching with the Prince of Wales, she might some day have become Queen of England, Rex willing. Alas, Alice would trade a throne any day for a mess of potato salad.

Though Hollywood has dimmed Ramon's Aztec glamor, it has not robbed him of his wit. Speaking of the M-G-M policy of all-star castes in each picture, he remarked: "I can't understand why they didn't use us all in 'Freaks.'"

Shaking hands with Bill Haines, whom I had not seen in yeahs, I did remark the change in him, too. Once the capering playboy, William is today the most sedate individual on the lot, with the possible exception of Joan Crawford's Woggles.

Incidentally, I haven't encountered a personality in aeons that impressed me as much as Woggles.

While Ramon and I contended for food, people kept coming to the table to ask: "What's this I hear about your romance with Garbo, Ramon?"

Ramon, more concerned with sausage than romance just then, replied, "That's what I'm trying to find out."

I didn't ask, because I knew that if there was anything to it Ramon would lie like a gentleman; if there wasn't, he might be tempted to lie also—as what gentleman wouldn't?

CONGRATULATED Clark Gable on his life story appearing in a local paper. I said I saw particular significance in his earliest recollection: that of looking out of the window at the age of four and seeing a chicken in the snow, whereat he cried loudly to grandpa to bring her in.

Everyone is saying what a regular guy Gable is.

Beware, Clark, they used to say that of Valentino in the beginning.

It won't be long before they start finding fault with you.

Already the Love Life Literary Ladies are bruiting that the Great Lover stuff is all fiction. He hasn't caveloved one of them. Not one has he turned upside down as Bill Haines, the big lover, did before getting sedate—or cautious.

This reminds me of the girl who came trustfully to Hollywood, believing all the stories. After several months around the studio, she indignantly exploded. "Say, ain't any of you gentleman enough," she cried, "to insult a lady?"

ENCOURAGED by the success of "Arrowsmith," producers see an upward trend in public intellect. And they're not shirking their responsibilities, no matter what Mr. Dreiser may tell you. Among the stories for production are: O'Neill's "Strange Interlude," Pirandello's "As You Desire Me," Dostoievsky's "The Brothers Karamazov," "R. U. R." . . .

It would appear that Hollywood, so long concerned with face-lifting, is about to have a brow-lift.

The NEW MOVIE academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences herewith presents a trophy to Mr. Samuel Goldwyn. Mr. Goldwyn is the producer of "Arrowsmith." It was he who started Eminent Authors migrating toward Hollywood. While the venture was not highly profitable to him, it was to the industry. Writers learned something about the business, were stimulated to contribute by the high rewards. Mr. Goldwyn has many successes to his credit. Still more to his credit are some of his noble mistakes.

Irving Thalberg is another producer who deserves a trophy. A flock of them, in fact. When better pictures are wanted Mr. Thalberg will make

The Boulevardier

them. I can no longer work myself into raves about stars, but my admiration for this boy Thalberg never swerves. Like Mr. Goldwyn, he has been a pace-setter. I once said to him: "Too bad you have to supervise so many pictures. If you made only three or four a year, they'd all be great."

"Don't say three or four," he replied wearily. "Say one or two."

Some modern Medici ought to take this boy aside, slip him a purse of a few million and say: "There you are, kid. Let's see you beat Leonardo and Michael."

THE NEW MOVIE medal for optimism is herewith pinned on the bosom of Richard Semler Barthelmess. Mr. Barthelmess is suing a broker for $200,000.

ONCE again Mussolini and I are in complete accord. Duce orders women to fatten up. The motive is practical as well as esthetic. He wants them to consume the surplus rice of Italy.

If our *capo di governmento* had Mussolini's spunk he'd order the scrawns of Hollywood to quit their damaging diets and get busy on our surplus wheat. Inasmuch as the film femmes set the styles, the rest of our women would likewise fatten. Prosperity would return in no time at all. This seems to me much more practical than an anti-hoarding campaign. There'd be no trouble in getting volunteers from among us to make a house-to-house canvass examining the weekly accumulations. Stars who refused to plumpen could be barred by Mr. Hays and those who attempted to circumvent by wearing bustles could be arrested on the charge of attempt to defraud.

More Paradox: Film stars starve to make money; millions starve because they can't.

Lawrence Tibbett is quoted as saying that it makes him angry if people do not point him out on the street. So if you want to avoid getting socked you'd better point when you see him coming.

Mr. Tibbett also says that he finds relaxation for the muscles of his throat by saying "Blah, blah, blah, blah. . . ."

I LIKE the Paramount lot.

Lunching in the commissary, I saw Lupe Velez at a table surrounded by gentlemen. I waved, she waved. I'd always wanted to meet Lupe.

Lupe made the rounds of the commissary, seating herself, like a cabaret hostess, at each table where there were gentlemen.

Eventually she wiggled around to ours and started to tell a story about a girl friend who had had an appendicitis operation. The arrival of some ladies cut Lupe's story off. Though Lupe does not pretend to be a lady, she is tolerant of any who do.

"Come over to the set," she said, pressing our hands fervently. "I'll tell you later."

When I arrived on Lupe's set she was in bed, a maid rubbing her feet while she memorized lines.

So I went over to see Jack Oakie. He also was in bed, apparently sleeping, with cameras pointed at him.

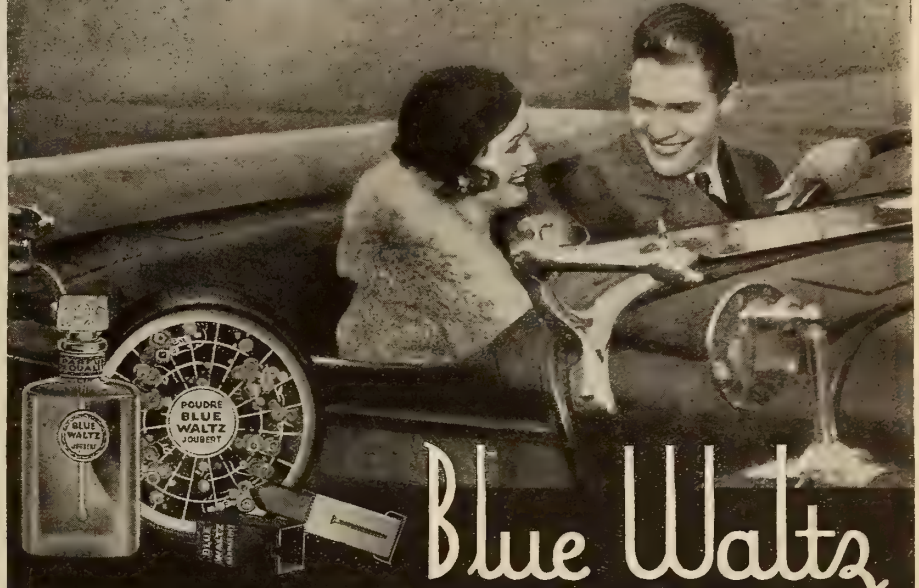
I decided I'd visit Tallulah Bankhead, but was told she was in bed working.

I like the Paramount lot. It's restful.

(*Please turn to page* 112)

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Handsome men plead for the pleasure of dancing with her and driving her home. She is never lonesome as men always seek her company. Other girls are envious, but they don't know that the secret of her popularity is due to the irresistible fragrance of Blue Waltz Perfume. $1.00 Everywhere . . . Generous purse flacons at 5c and 10c Stores.



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Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Color of your hair?_____

The Boulevadier on Parade

(*Continued from page* 111)

If Garbo is as sick of all the Garbosh being printed as I am, she'll go back to Sweden. The stuff about her being in love with each leading man, of having no friends, attending no parties, muttering "It is I, Garbo."

Greta has friends, does attend parties, does not fall in love with leading men, never says "I, Garbo."

I could also give the lie to the story about her which claimed she made use of Stiller and Gilbert to advance her career.

I'm just warning you. Keep it up and our address is Sweden.

A CONTRIBUTOR to a pretty swell weekly in New York writes for information about Clark Gable. Says she can't get any copy back there because everyone seems to like him. "Is it true," she asks, "that he has false teeth, I mean all of them?"

No, baby. Jacket crowns, perhaps, even as you and I. But no false teeth. Nothing to bite New Yorkers with.

But perhaps your dental weekly would be interested in Polly Moran. I'm told she has.

I do not contend that stars have a right to their private lives. Goldfish never chose the bowl, but movie stars did. If they didn't want to be exhibitionists, why didn't they stick to the ribbons, the trays and the dishes?

But as a reporter I resent the current tabloid gossip about movie stars. The stuff about who kisses who and when'll they have a baby. On reading it I'm confronted with the question: Is a reporter's place under the bed? For myself, no. Would rather be on it. Understand?

Born tired.

The Most Eligible Couple

(*Continued from page* 8)

honeymoon. People who are really in love—not merely infatuated—marry for one reason and that is to insure each other's companionship for the future."

We suggested that Ramon sounded a bit pessimistic regarding "the holy bonds."

"Oh, no!" He hastened to reassure us. "I think everyone should marry. That is, everyone except the artist. And he cannot serve two masters—Matrimony and Art. If he is the true artist he doesn't hesitate in his choice and he doesn't think that he is making a sacrifice either, for there is no sacrifice in art.

"Greta Garbo is first and always the artist and I hope I am that, too. She has promised never to marry and I know that I never shall."

NOVARRO spoke with an intensity and conviction that defied argument.

"An actor has no *right* to marry," he continued, "even if he were weak enough to consider such a step. He is public property, for hasn't he literally sold himself body and soul to the public? Yes, I mean bodily, for first of all, audiences are attracted or repelled by his physical being. Nearly as many men capitalize on their ability to horrify as to intrigue. Lon Chaney and Louis Wolheim for instance, were two players whose sheer physical unattractiveness aided and abetted their fine artistry.

"A writer or a lawyer or a salesman can afford the luxury of a private life, but not the actor. To be a successful actor, a man must think only of himself. His appearance, his diet, his characterizations, his rest. What woman should be asked to put up with so self-centered a creature?

"On the other hand, consider the man who has spent a hectic day at the office and comes home, rightfully expecting companionship, to discover that his actress-wife is off somewhere making a personal appearance or asleep for the night from the sheer exhaustion of a gruelling day at the studio.

"No, even players, with their intimate knowledge of the exacting demands of their profession, should never marry. For they *know* that a tremendous amount of self-interest is necessary to get there in the first place and stay there in the second, and that their communion of interest will serve to add fuel to the flame instead of making for understanding."

We almost found ourself beginning to be glad that we were unendowed with a great talent, for Ramon's views on the subject of artists seem so entirely sane and plausible.

NOVARRO has just rounded out ten years with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, an unheard of record in cinema annals.

At the completion of his ten years service, Mr. Louis Mayer invited him to sign a new contract for three years more, but he agreed to make two pictures and called it a very good day indeed. He would like to do a "pal story" on the order of "The Champ" with Lupe Velez playing his younger sister, a saucy young Mexican Miss who encourages him to become a great bullfighter. Ramon has the yarn all worked out and it contains the tried and approved movie ingredients—lots of comedy, a tug at the heart, plenty of action and a colorful locale. All this, coupled with Ramon's and Lupe's talent should cause the box office bell to resound.

But whether he is permitted to do this story or not, when 1933 rolls around it will see Mr. Novarro headed for an around-the-world concert tour. He will sing and dance, design his sets and synchronize the music for his specialty numbers. That has been the ambition of this particular bright and shining star since he was a little boy.

"But what would you like to have best—if you were not an artist, of course?" we asked, preparing to depart.

"Greta Garbo," Ramon replied, simply and reverently and, we thought, a bit wistfully.

An Ape's-Eye View of Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 41)

bolshevist talk, Emma," we snapped, just as Mr. Dawes snapped at Mr. Shaw. "If your tirades come to the ears of Mr. Conrad Nagel, he'll refuse you admittance to the Mayfair Club, and then where will you be?"

"Well, we can still swing in the Cocoanut Grove," she taunted.

"Mr. Hays will bar you from the screen," we warned.

"Oh, no, he won't, not if this picture makes money. We're working for M-G-M, not for Ingagi independents."

REALIZING it was useless to talk with an ape who was so obviously in the pay of Russia or Wall Street bankers or other anarchists who are trying to disrupt Hollywood, I demanded to see Tarzan.

"He's upstairs," muttered Emma, indicating the branches above.

"I want to interview him. Isn't he coming down?"

"Why should he?" snarled Emma. "Garbo doesn't."

"But Garbo isn't ape," I protested.

"No?" said Emma sullenly. "Well, we'll ape her."

There may be some doubt as to whether Tarzan is a movie type, but there can be no doubt that Emma is a movie mother. Anticipating this, I had brought some peanuts along. Movie mothers are usually susceptible to commission. Emma snatched greedily, then shrilled: "Come on down, Tarzan. Big Ape tuh see yuh!"

(Emma's lapse into Hollywood language at this point caused me to suspect she wasn't the exotic ape she pretended but probably a Bronx zoociety dame.)

TARZAN descended, appropriately, as a god.

You may be pardoned for not knowing your Shakespeare or Brisbane, but for failing to know your Tarzana—no excuse.

Tarzan, as every well-read person knows, is the son of an English lord and lady. The parents were killed in the jungle. Tarzan was adopted by Emma, who raised him as an ape. He developed into such a handsome muscled youth that Edgar Rice Burroughs, his literary father, made a fortune writing of him. From the proceeds Mr. Burroughs built a town which is named Tarzana. You will see the sign-post on Ventura Boulevard some twenty miles out of Hollywood.

So great was Tarzan's sex attraction that he wasn't safe even in the jungles: the Hollywood producers found him. Universal made several pictures featuring the alleged Tarzan, a middle-aged gentleman with a chest as big as the U. S. Treasury.

Recently M-G-M assigned W. S. Van Dyke the job of locating the real Tarzan. Irving Thalberg, great M-G-M producer, had reason to believe that the true Tarzan had never been given to the world.

Director Van Dyke knows his apes better than most Hollywood directors know their wimmin. He made "Trader Horn" in Africa and thinks apes the greatest actors, or vice versa, we forget which. Anyhow, when several Holly-

(*Please turn to page* 114)



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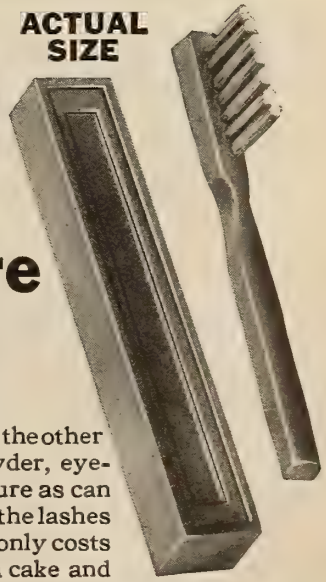
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Address .....

An Ape's-Eye View of Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 113)

wood actors were suggested for the part, Mr. Van Dyke snorted: "I want an Ape-Man, not an actor." He declared Tarzan should be a perfect man. On hearing this, the studio scouts gave up looking around Hollywood.

To find a perfect female is easy. Hollywood is the happy hunting ground of earthy Aphrodites. If you can't get just the specifications you want out here you can always ring up Flo in New York. But the perfect man has never been exploited. Once Paul Swan held a beauty contest and voted himself the beautifulest man in the world, but the world didn't appreciate and he had to turn to painting—painting pictures, I mean. That sort of discouraged the rest of us.

WHEN news stemmed through Hollywood that Mr. Van Dyke was in quest of the perfect male, every actor murmured, "Just the part for me," and all who were disengaged bounded brightly to the lot. I'm afraid the jungle life has rendered Mr. Van Dyke a bit uncouth. When the local Apollos unveiled, he snorted, whereupon they indignantly threw on their wraps and departed.

In disgust—or was it strategy?—Mr. Van Dyke declared there was no hope of finding the Ideal Ape-Boy this side the jungles. Well aware of what it costs to send Mr. Van Dyke on a Safari, the studio executives called a conference. They had no sooner knelt in prayer than there was a scratching at the door. In bounded Emma.

"I heard you was looking for Tarzan," she squealed. "Well, I got him outside. Talk fast."

"Yah?" yahhed Mr. Van Dyke. "Where's this ape from?"

"The jungles," pranced Emma.

"What jungles?"

"Chicago!" shrilled Emma and substantiated by hurling a pineapple which immediately lopped three supervisors off the pay-roll.

"Bring him in!" shouted the executives from under their desks.

In strode Tarzan, attired in the latest jungle-string.

Ten minutes later the M-G-M press sheets were screaming headlines:

SIX FEET THREE IN HIS STOCKING FEET!

(The stockings were a concession to Will Hays.)

ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY POUNDS OF SUPPLE MUSCLE!

THE MOST PERFECT PHYSIQUE OF ANY MAN LIVING!

Male stars on their way to work turned pale and gasped as one man, "My God, my successor!"

"Another Gable!" shrieked lady interviewers clambering over the gates with their secret cameras.

"Supple muscle, did you say?" panted maidens from Malibu. "Let's 'ave at 'im!" (Don't misunderstand: They only wanted to avenge the girls who were dragged off by Ingagi, by dragging off the supple-muscled Ape-Boy.)

TERRIFIED by the Amazonian menace, Tarzan ran and stuck his head, ostrich-like, in the mouth of a whale. But the ladies weren't head-hunters, and so poor Tarzan had to drag the rest of him inside, where, descending, he was entertained by Jonah until the danger had passed, and Mr. Van Dyke could throw some clothes down to him. Since then he's been going about dressed to the neck and a muffler around that. The green hell of the jungles is not as dangerous as Hollywood for the sex-attraction.

The only time Tarzan has shown fear was during this first stampede.

Indeed, when Director Van Dyke ordered him to fight a lioness he rushed into an embrace with her. It seems he had known the Garbo of the jungle back home.

Another time he was directed to lie down in the path of some elephants. Being tired, he closed his eyes and had all but dozed off when he felt something touch his breast, then his brow. It was the foot of an elephant. The mahout, in a panic, kept calling to her to step over him, but she recognized him, evidently by touch, and insisted on giving him a gentle massage. He opened his eyes, recognized her and then went to sleep.

I don't want to expose Tarzan. He's been sufficiently exposed as it is. But the first time I met him he was in the pool of the fashionable Lido on the Champs Elysees in Paris. Under the name of Johnny Weissmuller he was known as the swimming champion of the world. Although he hadn't been revealed as Tarzan then, he had a jungle appeal. *Les poules* were crazee over Johnee.

The M-G-M press sheets do not exaggerate. In the water he is Neptune, Jr.

JOHNNY told me that as a kid he was the human skeleton. He shot heavenward so fast that his parents thought they had nurtured a freak of nature. He resembled a eucalyptus more than any human being. One day in a Chicago park he saw a hippopotamus. He envied its build. If water can give a hippo a body like that, he thought, why can't it fill me out. Throwing off his clothes, he dived in and stayed there until Bill Bachrach, swimming coach of the Illinois Athletic Club, decided to make him the world's champion swimmer.

Johnny has given exhibitions all over the world. While thrilling Palm Beach he met Bobbie Arnst, one of the loveliest girls to flower on Broadway. They married and came to California. Still concealing his Tarzan identity, he got a job with a bathing suit firm. For months he went around to municipal swimming pools, teaching the kids how to swim. He loves kids.

"I'm not just telling you this for publicity," he said when we met again at the M-G-M studio, "but I'm glad I'm Tarzan, because the kids love Tarzan. I haven't any kids of my own yet. But I'm crazy about them. I'd rather make a hit with them than with adults."

You can understand this in view of Tarzan's experience with adults.

We think you're going to like him.

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Everyone out here does. He has clear eyes, sun-bronzed hair and a primitive simplicity that is a gush of jungle air in a carbon-monoxide civilization.

"Of course, I don't know whether I can continue in pictures," he said. "Perhaps I haven't the diction for talkies. You see, in 'Tarzan' I do not talk . . . only grunt toward the end."

We said we didn't think this a handicap. A grunt is understood by everyone, which is more than can be said for the gargling sounds emitted by some of our drawing-room stars.

WHEN you see Tarzan trolleying about in an elephant's trunk, tickling the tummy of an indignant tigress and biting back at a bewildered shark, you're going to be asking if doubles were used. Truth commands me to say that they were. The animals insisted on them. They wouldn't take chances with Tarzan Weissmuller. The monkeys, anyhow, wouldn't compete with him in all his tree-top stunts, and so midgets doubled in monkey-skins.

The elephants, however, being the most honorable of beasts, refused to descend to the level of Hollywood. They did their own stuff as best they could. An elephant can lift only a hundred pounds with his trunk. Tarzan Weissmuller weighs a hundred and ninety. So Tarzan offered to carry the elephant. Director Van Dyke didn't think this fair to the elephant, since ever after he'd be branded a sissy. To show how decent Johnny is, he went into a huddle with the embarrassed beast and offered to hang by its tusks in such a way that he would appear to be supported by the trunk. I call that pretty decent. Few stars would do as much for a supporting player.

You can understand from this why the animals love Johnny. He got a few scratches and bites, but they were affectionate, not vicious. The only time Johnny got gooseflesh was when he had to swim in cold water.

"We thought you were the swimming champion of the world," sneered the company.

"But I'm a warm-water champion," said Johnny.

His pal the elephant, standing by, snorted: "Listen, big boy, if those yellow hind-leggers sneer another sneer I'm going to give 'em a shower that'll grind their bridge-work to bits."

That's how Johnny *sans peur* stands with the animals, us ape-boys and the jungle maids of Hollywood. In fact, we're saying what a pity it is that Emma should have sold him into movie captivity. We mustn't be too hard on Emma, though. She says the depression has hit the jungle and while things are bad in this country, too, a monkey can always get a job in Hollywood. Wasn't "Monkey Business" the hit of last year?

Next month New Movie Magazine presents "De Mille the Democrat," by Elsie Janis, the most intimate revelation of De Mille that any film magazine has ever published.

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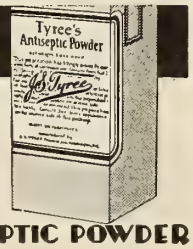
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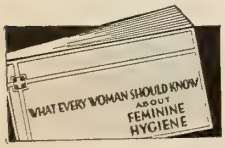


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How I Discovered Chevalier

(*Continued from page* 25)

and M. Montcharmont wanted me, so he dashed back to France, and Maurice "signed them papers." I'm sure the name Elsie Janis meant nothing in his young life, but he was not adverse to leaving the stuffy little theatre for a leading rôle and a larger salary!

I was to open in September, War was declared in August, and Maurice was among the first to join the cast of "The Big Show." My opening was postponed—but only for a little while, for of course, M. Montcharmont said, the War couldn't possibly last more than three months! It was three years before I saw Maurice again. He was reported killed and I grieved selfishly, thinking I had been personally "gypped" out of a leading man by the Germans.

He was then reported living, but very badly wounded. I worried about him as if he were an old friend and whispered hopefully to myself, "I'll get him yet!" Then came the authentic information that he had been taken prisoner when the enemy "occupied" a hospital during one of their advances. "At least he is safe," I thought and went on with still another ambition to win the War. The next time I heard of him was upon my arrival in France to play my little part in the American version of "The Big Show," under the direction of General John G. Pershing. Maurice had escaped from the prison camp in Germany and was appearing at the Casino de Paris with Mistinguette, the Queen of French Music Halls. Needless to say we were in a box on our second night in the City of Light! Its incandescence had been dimmed by Air Raids, but its spirit was undaunted.

The theatre was packed. Maurice was giving the Queen a good run for her throne. He had learned to speak English during his eighteen months imprisonment and in one scene played an American sailor, which completely won all the Americans in the audience. While they were cheering the one thing in the show that they really could understand, outside of Mistinguette's delectable legs, I was thinking what a success he would have in England and America, or Timbuctoo, for that matter, and wondering how one approaches a Chevalier without bumping into a Queen. The next day I got my first route on the A. E. F. circuit, and forgot everything in connection with the theatre for over seven months.

In September, 1918, when our bank roll was looking more like a cheese straw, it was decided to go over to England for three months, acquire some supplementary dough and rejoin General Pershing's "Company" for its entree into Berlin which was slated for early spring.

Before leaving Paris we went again to the Casino where Maurice, seven months nearer to the Throne, was still supporting the Queen.

THEN Fate or Destiny or one of those agents introduced me to Maurice! I was walking along the Rue de Rivoli toward the Hotel Crillon in the Place de la Concorde. At the Rue Royal, waiting for a traffic signal, was a very large, extremely expensive, and exceedingly open automobile. In it were Mistinguette, Maurice and Charles Cochran, the London Theatrical Manager. The gendarme said "Go!" They did and so did I right to the curb stone to see if by any chance they were going to the Crillon. I had a hunch that Mr. Cochran might be stopping there, and I was right! I've never told this to Maurice or Mistinguette, but I made that block from the Rue Royal to the Hotel in less than nothing flat and arrived breathless in the small lobby to find them waiting for the elevator.

If you have ever waited for a French elevator you know that there is plenty of time for most anything to happen. I did the best bit of acting I have ever done in or out of the theatre which isn't saying much, but it "clicked" that time.

"Well! Mr. Cochran," I said, waxing cryptic and original. "What are you doing in Paris?" I concentrated on him, completely ignoring his companions.

"It is nice to see you, Elsie," he said. "Do you know Mistinguette?"

"I! I don't, I'd love to," I said and never was more sincere.

"*Enchanté de vous voir!*" said the Queen in her unforgettable raucous voice.

Out of the corner of my ever ready eye I saw that Maurice was mentally withdrawing from the falsely friendly meeting of the two stars, American *et Francaise.* A design in the Crillon lobby carpet had attracted his attention.

"Maurice!" Mr. Cochran cut in on his textile reverie. "This (and 'this' meant me) is Elsie Janis." He followed that with a few words of explanation in too—English French to explain my existence.

"I have heard a great deal about you from Georges Carpentier," Maurice said. The famous Chevalier smile was conspicuous by its absence.

"Do you know the War saved you from playing with me?" I said in my best Parisian French.

"Yes!" Maurice answered, without any apparent regrets.

"Maurice! Here is the elevator," "Miss" said, just as if he couldn't see it arriving well behind schedule.

"I hear you speak English now," I said in the latter language.

"Miss" followed my lead just to show that she could. "Good byeeee, I see you again!" She entered the elevator.

"My English is very bad," Maurice said, making no move elevator-wards.

"Won't you come to tea tomorrow?" I gasped, fighting time and Royalty. "I'll invite Georges."

"I will like to. *Merci! A bientôt!*" Maurice said and smiled. Mr. Cochran followed them into the elevator and I stood wondering what had ever made me doubt the existence of Santa Claus! Maurice came to tea and I did not invite Georges.

"How would you like to play with me in England," I ventured, between two pieces of cinnamon toast.

"I should like it, but I still have my contract with the Casino de Paris and my English is not yet very good," he said.

"Well, don't forget that when you do play in London you play with me!" I said as he was leaving.



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How I Discovered Chevalier

AND he did. In January, 1919, he arrived to play in the second edition of "Hullo America!" which was already a big hit. He took the place of Owen Nares, a London favorite, and his embarrassment at having to sing a sentimental duet with me was only equalled by his consternation on meeting his first London fog! Maurice still considered himself a comedian who should fall for his audience rather than have it, at least the feminine portion, fall for him. In interviews he has given me credit for helping him. All I did was to insist that he was much more lover than "comic," and he still does not know that I am right!

Those rehearsals I will never forget. I don't want to. Maurice in a strange fog-smothered city, rehearsing with strangers in a language which at that time he didn't know well enough to get mad in, stopping in the midst of a scene and saying, *"Je ne peus pas! Je m'en vais!"* (I can't do it, I'm going!) And go he would! There were times when he would pull that under lip in until he looked like a bad little boy and I was tempted to let him go, but having years before discovered that certain *"quelque chose"* that now earns twenty-thousand dollars a week, I got stubborn and he finally opened and made one of the biggest personal successes ever made in London.

In conclusion, the other Chevalier that you do not see is the guy that puts the little quiver in the voice which makes you want to cry and laugh at the same time, when he sings a song like "Louise." He is the one who shines through those twinkling eyes and says, "I want to make you happy, but if you want to cry I will understand. This twenty thousand dollars I am getting, it is wonderful, but if I do not make good with you it is of no use!" He is the one who, when my Mother passed on, arrived almost immediately, not to murmur a few trite sentences and leave, but to stand by and make me smile if possible or share my tears. A rock of strength or a pillow of sympathy! When we first met, Maurice had an ambition to make a million of francs and retire to his little farm in the country. The little farm is now a villa in the south of France, the francs have turned to dollars, but Maurice is still a simple soul. It is lunch time as I write and I know that if I called on the phone and said "What have you on your table," he would say, "Bread and cheese, what do you think *alors!*"

Your Chevalier will go on and on spreading sunshine that turns to even brighter gold, but that other guy will sit in a corner away from the crowd thinking and dreaming. Of what? Ah, you have me there! If by chance you had the courage to climb that wall of reticence and say, "I hear you are getting twenty thousand dollars a week, aren't you pleased?"—the Chevalier of smiles would undoubtedly say, "Yes! It is Wonderfullll! I am verrrry 'appy!" but the other one would probably lapse into "Parigot," the slang of his beloved Paree and say, *"Oui! Ca va! mais je m'en fiche pas mal."* Which in case you are not up in your Berlitz means, "O. K.! but I don't give a damn!"



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Return of the Vampire

(*Continued from page 6*)

role. And vamps need versatility; nobody more.

Besides that Miss Loy, a native American who has never been outside of the United States, possesses that peculiarly exotic "foreign" allure which has lifted both Garbo and Dietrich not only to stardom, but to supremacy in appeal. What other American actress has it?

One of the first straws which shows which way the wind actually is blowing is her present role in "Vanity Fair." She is Becky Sharpe who, as Thackeray created her, was about the ultimate in scheming, unscrupulous, blood-sucking vamps. For this part she has been "loaned" to an independent producer by M-G-M after playing one of the brats in "Emma."

MYRNA LOY looks as though she was born under a pyramid and cradled in a lily on the Nile. She's got those amazing vampire eyes, the once-in-a-century kind that are hot and cold at the same time. She has hauteur, haughtiness; you can easily imagine her sayin' "Off with his head," and then going in to tea without a quiver.

She not only knows how to wear clothes, but knows how not to wear them.

Her hair is naturally red—not the strident, henna-hued red, but the softer, alluring bronze. With lights in it, like the glow of the setting sun or an imp playing with fire. Her skin is white. Her eyes are unfathomable; there might be anything behind them—or nothing. When the lids are half-closed, they look at you with a veiled, mesmeric effect.

Much of her expression is in her mouth. Small and sensitive, it's one of the few mouths in Hollywood that stay closed most of the time. Myrna doesn't belong to the type which some bright wit called "the adenoid school," going around with their mouths half-open. But her lips express the feelings that her eyes seem to conceal.

She has the consummate poise of the Oriental—a poise which is too perfect to ever have been acquired. She must have been born with it.

As a matter of fact, however, she was born in Montana and educated in Los Angeles. Her father was a real estate operator. Her mother was educated for the concert stage, but gave it up when she married.

MYRNA has both the taste and the accomplishments of the well-bred American girl. She plays the piano, excels in social graces, rides, swims, and reads good books. It's strange to have to say that she does not sit cross-legged on a cushion and nibble lotus leaves—but the truth is she prefers ham and eggs.

Just one thing, apparently, made Myrna Loy what she is today. Her inborn, not-to-be-denied, insistent love for dancing. From the time she could walk, she danced. When she was still a little thing, she became a pupil of Ruth St. Denis at her Los Angeles dancing school.

It was at Denishawn that Myrna Loy first discovered that she might be herself. That discovery was the making of her—it preserved her unique personality instead of casting her in the ordinary mold.

There she learned that she didn't have to conform to the usual looks, dress and personality of her fellow pupils at the exclusive Westlake School for Girls. She was herself and could be herself. She didn't look like an American girl. Perhaps she didn't even feel like one. Then she didn't need to be like one.

You will notice from her pictures that she has an amazing freedom and grace of motion. When she stands still, she appears only to have paused in flight. And she pauses with an almost sculptured beauty — remains poised. All that came from her training as a dancer, plus her own natural ability, of course.

Her ambition at first was to be a dancer. That was the goal she set herself and towards which she worked. And her theatrical career did begin as a dancer—in the prologues at Grauman's Egyptian Theatre in Hollywood.

IT was there, in 1925, that Mrs. Rudolph Valentino saw her.

Natacha Rambova Valentino, above all things, was a connoisseur of beauty. Her really great work was done as a designer of costumes and sets. She understood and loved the picturesque, the exotic, the bizarre. You perhaps remember that it was she who designed the backgrounds for Nazimova's "Salome" and for Rudy's "Monsieur Beaucaire."

She picked Myrna Loy out of the prologues and put her in her own production "What Price Beauty?" Incidentally, it was that production which brought about the final breach between Valentino and herself.

Since then Myrna has been vamping steadily, with the aforesaid exceptions of "Emma" and "Trans-Atlantic." She did it in such pictures as "Don Juan," with John Barrymore, "Renegades," with Warner Baxter, "The Last of the Duanes," "The Desert Song," "The Great Divide," "The Squall" and others, all previously to her big hit in "The Connecticut Yankee."

Miss Loy is single and lives in Beverly Hills with her mother. A quiet, confident, self-contained young lady, not at all addicted to vamping off screen. As yet she hasn't even been engaged, in fact, which is quite remarkable for a red-head.

Asked about vamping as one of the major arts—professionally, of course—she said: "It isn't a thing one can explain, is it? Every man is different, but aren't all men alike? You have to take both those things into consideration, and I'd rather do a thing than talk about it."

Which doesn't leave much for even Cleopatra to say.

Elsie Janis, Jim Tully, and Herb Howe contribute regularly to The New Movie Magazine.



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MEN STAY in love with the blonde who makes the most of her hair. She does it with Blondex, the powdery shampoo that sets light hair aglow with new lustrous beauty—keeps it golden-bright and radiantly gleaming. Brings back real blonde color to stringy, faded light hair—without injurious chemicals. Blondex bubbles instantly into a frothy, searching foam that routs out every bit of scalp dust—stimulates hair roots. Leaves hair soft and silky. Let Blondex make your hair unforgettably alluring. Try it today and see the difference. At all drug and department stores.

BOX-OFFICE CRITICS

Bring Back the Serials?

Chicago, Ill.

I wonder if you have very many requests by fans who would like to see the good old serial pictures back again?

I am sure that many of the fans do. Remember when we were youngsters how we enjoyed seeing the "next episode" on Friday—and just couldn't wait until we returned home from school so we could ask mother if we could go over to the neighborhood theater where we wanted to see what was happening to Ruth Roland, or Pearl White, or Neil Hamilton.

We have serials now, true enough. But not serials of the kind and class we had years ago when they were enjoyed by both young and old.

Can't we do something to bring back that kind of serial?

Lillian Conrad,
4822 North Meade Avenue.

Didn't You See "Taxi"?

Madisonville, Ky.

It's a mystery to me why so little is said of that splendid actor, James Cagney.

He has been the *life* of several pictures in which he had only a minor rôle. He has been used as "support" long enough, give him bigger parts and more of them.

Also, send Jim Tully around, New Movie, to tell us something of the past and present life of this vivacious young star. We can tell you of his future—if he only gets the breaks.

(Mrs.) Jay Brown.

Fredric Meets the Test

Zachary, Louisiana.

When I saw Fredric March in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" I thought that March is something more than an actor—he is a great impersonator and a genius. It seems to me that the playing of a dual rôle depicting such a great contrast as this, is one of the highest tests of an actor's ability.



C. W. Shaw,
Box 16.

We Wonder

Erie, Penna.

Some Hollywood directors should go back to button-hole making. In the picture, "The Mystery of Life" a scene showed a stone-age family, the daughter was drawing water and she used an ordinary hardware store galvanized bucket. In "The Yellow Ticket," action takes place in Russia before the war, yet the aeroplane the lovers flee in from the police, was equipped with a Pratt and Whitney Wasp motor, which wasn't produced until after Lindbergh's flight to Paris.

How come?

Preston Ferrell,
1027 West 30th Street.

(*Please turn to page* 120)



Betty Lou powder puffs are **STERILIZED**—making them the safest for you to use. Made with the utmost skill, with a special weave that imparts a caressing softness. You'll play safe every time if you use a Betty Lou Powder Puff.

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FREE SAMPLE

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79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Send FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.

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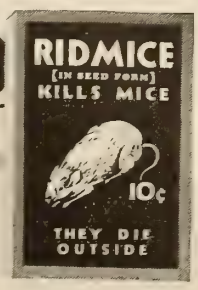
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Sold at the counters of some Woolworth stores. Also in 25c packages at drug and department stores.

BOX-OFFICE CRITICS

(*Continued from page* 119)

Personal Appeal

Pittsburgh, Pa.

My respect and admiration for Conrad Nagel deepened into something akin to idolatry when I saw him at the Loew's Penn Theater, where he made personal appearances for one week.



From the moment he came on the stage, his charm and warm personality endeared him to the audience and made me feel that here was an actor one could not easily forget.

Mr. Nagel is one of the real men of the Hollywood colony. Since seeing him in person, I have read almost everything written about him, and find that the various authors agree on several things—namely, that Conrad Nagel is a wonderful actor, a true philanthropist, and his domestic life is exemplary.

Miss Leah Epstein,
20 S. 27th Street, South Side.

Recipe Rave

Rocky Mount, N. C.

I have much praise to offer to Hollywood's own cooking page. I have tried many of the recipes and I must admit they are very appetizing, especially Marie Dressler's fruit salad. Every recipe is easily understood. I am hoping I shall see some of my favorites such as Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer "etc.," demonstrate their own dishes.

Dolores Malone,
311 N. Main Street.

Niagara Scenes?

Buffalo, N. Y.

I went to see Marie Dressler in "Emma" recently and thought it a highly entertaining picture. I was very disappointed, however, in the Niagara Falls scenes. The reproduction was a farce.

Why don't the producers spend a little extra money and put something educational into their films. I'm sure a lot of us expected to see the genuine thing after all the difficulties that Emma encountered in getting there.

Imagine our amazement, when we beheld them boating on what should have been a seething mass of rapids. And the river, which appeared to flow gently between peaceful evergreen forests, in reality roars through a narrow canyon from two hundred to three hundred and fifty feet high.

Even if the producers can't take actual pictures, they might make their scenes a little more realistic. They may be able to fool some of the people some of the time, but they can't fool all of the people all of the time.

Betty L. Buse,
17 Linwood Terrace.

Cheers for Joe E. Brown

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Three rousing cheers for that most infectious of fun-makers—Joe E. Brown! His acting has 'em all skinned a mile. And yet, I really cannot call it acting. His performance in "Local Boy Makes Good" was just about the most natural, charming thing I've ever seen, and apparently he had a great time himself making that picture. Because of his superlative, realistic playing, the story takes on realism, zest and color. Not such a glamorous personality, that is true, nor possessed of Charlie Chaplin's tragic air, and Harold Lloyd's buffooneries, but he scales the heights because he has the courage to act so gorgeously nit-witty. So intelligent a fellow, who can "put over" mild imbecilities, in such a straight-faced way, *is* an actor—and how!

This is a real "rave" for that cavernous-mouthed, lovable actor; altho, to be frank, the movie itself, in which he was too funny for words, without him wasn't so awfully much to rave about.

Florence D. Sears,
790 Marcy Ave.

Praise for Elsie Janis

Philadelphia, Penna.

Heartiest congratulations for "signing up" Elsie Janis! That famous gal, aside from the fact that she is an actress of undoubted ability, can write like "nobody's business"! Not only first-class fiction, but articles, songs—anything that enters that fertile brain of hers.

Her Clara Bow story, "There, Little Girl, Don't Cry!" which appears in the March issue of NEW MOVIE, was as fine a literary conglomeration of humor and pathos and drama as has been witnessed by the writer in many a day.

Maurice Jackobs,
4119 Westminster Ave.

Wants Big Rôles for Elissa

Miami, Florida

Elissa Landi is one of the—or I may be so bold as to say *the* most exciting actress on the screen today. In my opinion she is far superior to Greta Garbo in personality, although Garbo rates high in my favor.



Landi (isn't that a pretty name) seems to be capable of handling big rôles as she has already proved in the "Yellow Ticket."

I hope in the future that some enterprising producer will realize her talent, and star her in some of the superb productions of the year.

(Miss) Edna Lewis,
1326 S. W. Third Street.



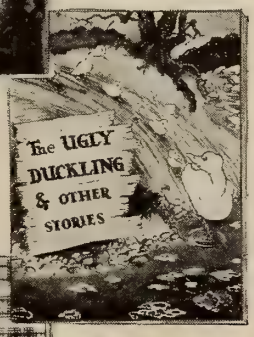
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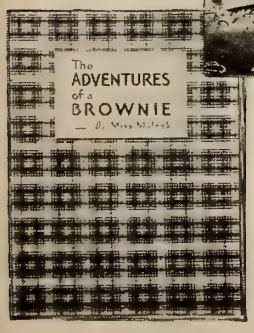


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BOX-OFFICE CRITICS

Gifted Miriam

Franklin, N. H.

A gifted actress? We think Miriam Hopkins is just this. She has the art of putting her personality aside and performing in a picture with the most finished realism. In "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," her performance was so true, so living to me out in the audience that I felt an intruder as she slipped out of her undies. Yes, Miriam Hopkins is an actress, clever and wonderful in her parts. She has the dewy freshness of a rose, the charm of intelligence.

Mabel Sawyer,
109 Pleasant Street.

Straight from Scotland

Newark, N. J.

Just saw Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in a fairy tale picture entitled "Delicious." That was my first and last view of that team. No doubt Miss Gaynor can act or she wouldn't be where she is today, but for my part I like to enjoy a picture that makes one believe it is real, such as "Ten Cents a Dance" with Barbara Stanwyck, or "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" with Helen Hayes. Claudette Colbert and Joan Crawford are also favorites of mine, they play parts that could happen to almost any one, but "Delicious" was just impossible all the way through. I ought to know for I came steerage from Scotland myself.

Mrs. L. Slater,
575 South 10th Street.

Tallulah a Pioneer

Norfolk, Virginia.

The inevitable comparisons of Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, and Tallulah Bankhead are more or less tiresome.



While I consider Greta one of the finest actresses on the screen and I like Marlene because anyone who can successfully imitate the inimitable Garbo must be an excellent actress, I am tired of hearing Bankhead treated as a follower of these two. Tallulah was playing declassé ladies when Garbo was a schoolgirl and Marlene was equally obscure. In fact, Tallulah created the rôle of Iris March in the London production of "The Green Hat," which was filmed later in Hollywood as "A Woman of Affairs" with Garbo in the leading rôle. Please defend Tallulah—she's a pioneer, not a carbon copy.

R. Piercy,
1361 Ocean View Avenue.

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



JEANETTE LOFF—POPULAR STAR

Her little secret!

(Would you care to share it?)

Nobody knows just *what* Helen does to keep her hair so attractive looking. It always sparkles! It never seems dull (like so many other girls' hair.)

What is her secret?—You'd be surprised! A simple little shampooing hint that a famous beauty specialist gave her. Yet you may share it, too! Just *one* Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way! At your dealers', 25c, or send for free sample!

**(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo, in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)*

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National Cellulose Corporation
366 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Please enclose 10 cents

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The Bandwagon of Hollywood Gossip

(*Continued from page* 48)

fell from a ladder while making a scene. It proved so comical that it will remain in the picture.

MARIE ILL: Marie Dressler's "rest between pictures," may be a prolonged one.

Her condition was more critical than her friends and employees liked to contemplate.

DOWN TO EARTH: Harold Goodwin, at one time quite popular as a young heavy, has rented an abandoned restaurant on the San Fernando Valley side of Cahuenga Pass and is growing mushrooms for market.

Evalyn Knapp received a most business-like fan letter from a perfect stranger. It said: "Just a line to ask you to become my wife."

SISTERS: Quite a romance developed between Phil (accordion pleater) Baker and Renee Torres while Phil was appearing in Los Angeles in "Crazy Quilt."

Raquel's New York engagement failed to cool her love for Charley Feldman, attorney.

YES-S-S-S? Stanley Smith, one of Paramount's proteges, is head man now with Sylvia Sidney.

Joan Bennett would like to marry Gene Markey in the Catholic faith. In order to do this she must first be re-instated because of a previous marriage and divorce. So now Joan is a regular attendant with Gene at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills and has been studying her catechism.

COURAGEOUS ANNA: Ill of pneumonia, Anna Q. Nilsson recently spent five weeks in a hospital under an assumed name.

She has been off the screen for more than two years because of an injury to her hip and she was afraid of what news of her new illness would do to her come-back plans.

JEAN INVADES CANADA: Jean Harlow, who is making personal appearances throughout the country, found time to act as "Mistress of Ceremonies" at a prosperity-boosting campaign held recently at Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto, Canada. Cab Calloway and his orchestra supplied the music on this occasion.

Richard Arlen has a way of discouraging salesmen when they come to his front door. He opens the door and plays the deaf mute until they give up in despair.

SHIFTING SCENES: Rowland Brown walked out at RKO and left "States Attorney" without a director. Irving Pichel was removed from the cast and given the directorial post. Harry Bannister filled the rôle left vacant by Pichel. All of which proves that scenes aren't the only things shifted on sets.

Marion Marsh is having a real vacation. Not even her family knows where she went. She wanted to get away from telephones and the studio . . . and she did.

GOLD-RUSH DAYS: Ned Sparks, the frozen-faced comedian, was studying for the ministry when the Klondike rush started. He followed the crowd to Dawson City at the age of 17 and there decided he would rather make his living without the aid of a shovel. In saloons he succeeded in breaking their hearts with such tunes as, "Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage," at the rate of $200 per week. From there he came to the States and followed tent shows, carnivals, and thence to Broadway. Eight years ago he decided to give Hollywood a chance.

Jackie Cooper's got a mad on! His best girl, Mitzi Green, is now calling Frankie Darrow her boy friend. And Jackie, who has had a yen for Mitzi since the "Skippy" days, says he's off women for life.

DIPLOMATIC NOTE: The Spanish Ambassador was to have lunch at Paramount Studios. After calling an executive meeting, it was decided the proper thing to do was to have the commissary decorated with the flag of Spain. This done, they anxiously awaited the arrival of the diplomat.

It was a prop boy who discovered that the flags displayed were those of the monarchy. And the Ambassador represented the new republic.

Too late for any change, the executives devoted their time to apologies and buck passing.

CALIFORNIA COURTESY: During the recent "California downpour," W. S. Van Dyke, always the perfect host, had a tow-car in readiness in his front yard, just in case any of his guests got stuck coming up his steep and muddy driveway.

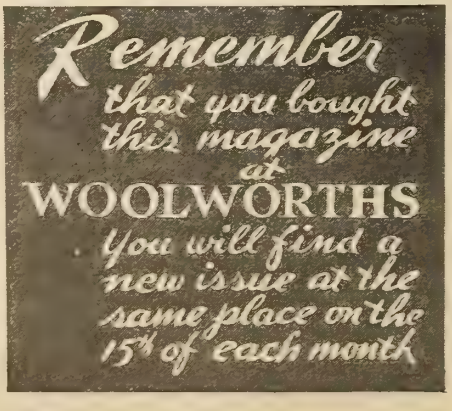
Fifi Dorsay spotted this on the marquee of one of these two-feature theatres in the east: AMBASSADOR BILL COMPRIMISED.

AMBITIOUS RUTH: Ruth Chatterton prefers directing to acting. She has directed several successful stage plays in which she appeared, and is planning to direct two stage plays a year, in connection with her screen work. Her ambition is to direct a picture.

Spencer Tracy has a young son, Johnny, who saw his first motion picture the other day. His mother took him to see "Sky Devils" in which Spencer plays the leading rôle—a rough-and-tumble comedy character who is prodigal with his kisses where pretty girls are concerned. When Tracy returned from his day's work at the Fox studio that night Johnny met him at the door with the greeting:

"Father! Terrible! I saw you kiss those girls!"

"And that," says Tracy, "is that. Evidently that sums up my screen career to date!"



WOOPS!: Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn are That Way about each other. Heyburn is the chap who resembles Clark Gable and comes from the New York stage. In the "Silent Witness" he treats the glamorous Nissen quite rough—in fact, is accused of choking her to death. The aftermath—Romance!

When asked if she was going to marry Heyburn, Nissen said, "I'll kill him if he marries anyone else."

Clarence Brown raised his eyebrows in astonishment when he read newspaper accounts of Dorothy Burgess' supposed announcement of her engagement to him.

They had met ten days before!

HORSES AND MOTORCYCLES: What price screen players? When Janet Gaynor did those scenes in "Delicious" where the polo ponies were involved, she literally scared herself into a state of illness. She is afraid of horses and always has been. They had to give her a week's time in which to regain her composure. When Spencer Tracy did that fine job as a motorcycle policeman in "Disorderly Conduct" he had to learn to operate and ride a regulation police motorcycle. He became so afraid of the thing that he acquired a complex and the 560 pounds machine fell on him five different times. Fortunately, he was not seriously injured.

When John Wray was recently signed for a picture at Warner's, the publicity department asked him to fill out the customary questionnaire which includes from place of birth to kind of toothpaste used. After two pages of questions, he reached, "What is your form of diet?"

His answer was: "Just like my golf, No form."

RECONCILIATION: Twenty years ago John Considine, Sr., of the Considine-Sullivan Vaudeville Circuit, and Alexander Pantages "had words." The marriage of John Considine, Jr., to Carmen Pantages brought the two showmen together and they called it quits.

Hollywood, used to seeing former husbands and former wives meet casually in the company of their present sweethearts, nonetheless had several tee-hees at Lily Damita, Sidney Smith and Florence Rice Smith.

The latter, daughter of Grantland Rice and divorced wife of Smith, made quite a stay in Hollywood and, of course, everywhere she went there, also, were Lily and Sidney.

"10¢ *for that* Window Shade? *..why, you must be wrong!"*

said: **IRENE RICH**





"IT looks as if it cost five or ten times that much," said Miss Rich. "It is an extremely good-looking shade, and would look well in any room. I just can't believe it cost only a dime!"

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Available in solid colors and in attractive chintz patterns as illustrated below.

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NEW Clopay Throw-Away Vacuum Cleaner Bag

No more dirty, germ-laden vacuum cleaner bags to empty. Attach a new CLOPAY *Throw-Away* bag, and when it's filled, throw it away! No muss, no dangerous filth. The cost is trifling. Requires four to six weeks of constant use to fill bag once, and each bag costs a few cents. See them in home furnishings departments of leading stores or get them from a CLOPAY home demonstrator . . . or send 25c for one bag and metal adapter which attaches permanently to your cleaner. *Be sure to specify the make of your vacuum cleaner.*



Old Way



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CED-R-TEX a sturdy, scientifically constructed, full size, roomy, moth-proof bag for 10c. CED-R-TEX bags will protect your garments just as thoroughly as much higher-priced bags. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. At 5 and 10c stores everywhere. Insist on the genuine. Ask for CED-R-TEX bags by name.





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Made of choice Turkish and sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos that are properly conditioned; that contain just the right amount of natural moisture.

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The select tobaccos that go to make up your Camels are never parched or toasted.

The Reynolds method of scientifically applying heat guarantees against that.

If you've never experienced the delight of a cigarette that has never been parched or toasted switch to Camels, then leave them — if you can.

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Winston-Salem, N. C.

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THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

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ELSIE JANIS—WALLACE IRWIN
CLARA BOW—JIM TULLY—TED COOK

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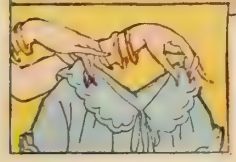
And it's really no extra trouble! Tintex is so easy to use and the results are perfect—without spots or streaks.

See the Tintex Color Card at any drug or notion counter—35 colors from which to choose—then buy Tintex—*try* Tintex...you'll be delighted!



Tintex
TINTS AND DYES

TINTEX COLOR REMOVER



Supposing you have a dark frock (*or any other dark-colored article*) and are pining for a lighter colored one...



Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric...



Then it can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Pays $5 for perfume . . . Spends nothing on her gums and she has "pink tooth brush"!

TRUE! Men, like bees, are drawn to the flower that is delectably fragrant! But of what use perfume, if on closer scrutiny, these critical men find that all your attractiveness flies away when you *smile*?

Don't forget that to be alluring, a smile must reveal only brilliant, white teeth! And sound, white teeth are dependent on sound, firm gums!

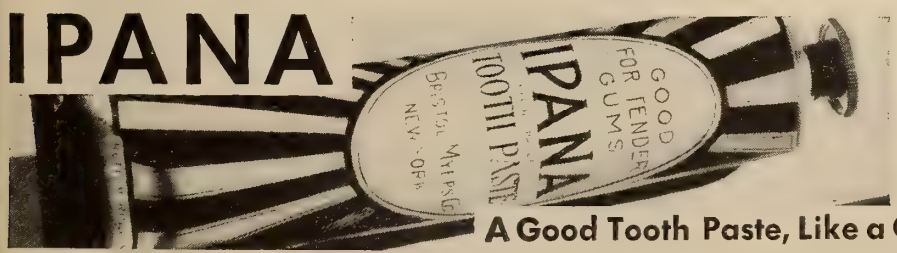
The foods of these modern days are far too soft and creamy to stimulate the gums—to keep them hard. Now they're soft and flabby. Tender, too. You have "pink tooth brush"—or you're *likely* to have it.

And if you're wise, you'll do something about this unhealthy condition of the gums. For "pink tooth brush" not only can dull the teeth, make them grayish-looking—but it may endanger the *soundness* of the teeth. And all too often it leads to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease—even the rare but dreaded pyorrhea.

If you'll get some Ipana Tooth Paste, and rub a bit of it into your gums every time you clean your teeth, you won't have to worry about "pink tooth brush." The massage stimulates the gums, of course. But the ziratol in Ipana (ziratol is a splendid toning agent) *aids* the massage in firming the gums.

Ipana is first of all a splendid modern tooth paste, and keeps teeth beautifully white and clean. Ipana with massage keeps the *gums* hard and healthy. Ipana with massage *protects* your smile! So today—start in with Ipana, and you can forget about "pink tooth brush."

IPANA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-62
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

Largest Circulation of Any Screen Magazine in the World
ON SALE THE 15th OF EACH MONTH IN WOOLWORTH STORES

The New Movie

ONE OF THE TOWER MAGAZINES
HUGH WEIR, EDITORIAL DIRECTOR VERNE PORTER, EXECUTIVE EDITOR

VOL. V. No. 6 JUNE, 1932



Photo by Hurrell

The most intimate and human revelation of Clark Gable which any magazine has yet published will be one of the features of the July New Movie Magazine. It is written by the well-known author, Frederic L. Collins and tells you some facts about Gable you never knew before.

Cover Design by McCLELLAND BARCLAY

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Ivan St. Johns — Western Editor

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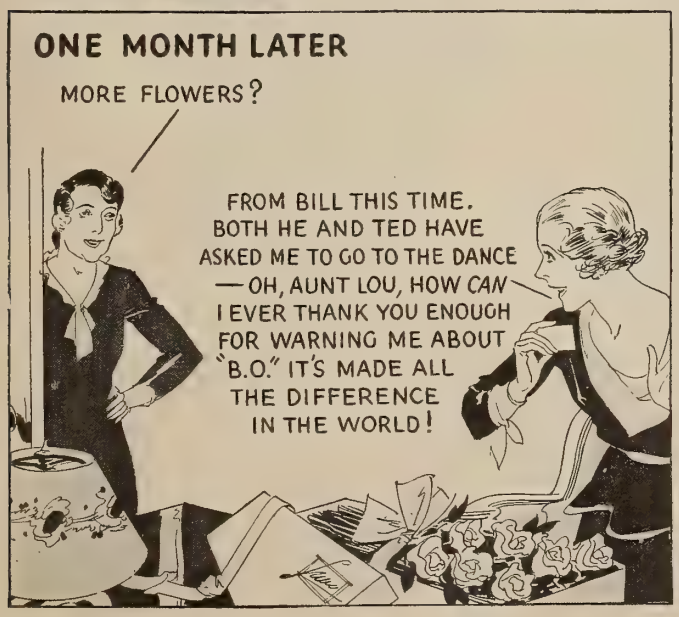
WHO'S POPULAR NOW?..by ALBERT DORNE











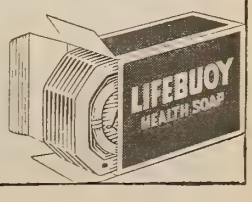
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A PRETTY FACE—an attractive smile—count for nothing against that unpardonable social fault—"B.O." (*body odor*). Don't take chances—especially now when warmer weather makes us perspire more freely. Make Lifebuoy your toilet soap. Its rich, creamy, deep-cleansing lather *purifies* and *deodorizes* pores—keeps you safe from offending. Removes germs from hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent, that vanishes as you rinse, tells you you're cleaner, *safer*.

Lovelier complexions—soon!

How quickly complexions respond to Lifebuoy's bland, soothing lather—its gentle, yet thorough, cleansing! Watch dullness and cloudiness vanish—clear, healthy radiance return. Adopt Lifebuoy today.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Famous Overnight

Melvyn Douglas was a hit in his first appearance in pictures and he is steadily gaining in popularity.

By DENA REED



"HOW does it feel to become famous overnight?" I asked Melvyn Douglas over our stew in the Paramount Cafeteria.

Melvyn might be English for all the emotion he displayed.

"I'm not aware of any sudden fame, yet," he replied, smiling ever so slightly.

He was eating in his make-up, and his blue eyes were lined in such a fashion that his smile couldn't help seeming cynical. The slight mustache which—in case you don't know—is a penciled one, was the final touch to make him the young man of the world.

"Oh, come now," I said, "you must know you're the newest feminine heart-throb. The blond Clark Gable is what they'll label you—see if they don't!"

"Do I have to be labeled! Oh, well—." And he sighed.

HE had had a particularly trying morning. For an hour I had stood waiting for him on the set, watching him and Claudette Colbert rehearse a scene for "The Wiser Sex." She had been reading a speech about how he would leave her alone nights if she married him, and his reply was "You just won't understand," which he had to say and walk away from her at exactly the proper instant. I guess after that hour Melvyn had decided that no one would understand anything. I could see he was eating that scene with his lamb stew.

"Can't you step out of character over lunch?" I chided. "And I wish you didn't have that make-up on."

"Make-up is in the mind—not in grease-paint," he returned.

"Well, concentrate on Melvyn Douglas and not on the upstanding young hero of the picture, won't you?"

"Sure," he replied. "I'm sorry. Where shall I begin?"

RIGHT there he proved that make-up is in the mind, for he became his very nice self, and the upstanding young hero was gone. Not that Melvyn isn't upstanding himself—he is, but there is just enough man-of-the-world about him to make him intriguing. He was born in Macon, Georgia, suh, but you'd never guess it by his speech. Not a trace of a Southern inflection remains. In its place is a pleasant English diction, spoken in a resonant voice, that, taken with his fair hair and blue eyes, makes you imagine that he must be one of those charming Britishers. That's as much as you could say, and therein lies his charm and the success of his screen personality.

He is the only one besides Gable whose virility is overpowering, but then the story is only half told. Gable is the dark smoldering Latin type who can be counted upon to react in certain ways to certain emotions. Melvyn appears the intelligent, suave, cool and detached "citizen of the world," expressing subtleties by the lift of an eyebrow. You think "he may look cool and detached, but he might be anything but that." That "might" puts Melvyn Douglas in a class by himself. Women know Gable, but there is a pleasant air of mystery about Melvyn. No wonder he has become famous overnight.

But all he has to say about that is "It's nice to come to the front."

I thought it must be especially nice for Melvyn because he has been married less than a year to Helen Gahagan who was well-known as an actress before she went to Europe to have her voice trained. When she re- (*Please turn to page* 76)

Blond Melvyn Douglas has played leading man to Gloria Swanson, Ann Harding and Claudette Colbert. His next rôle is opposite Garbo in "As You Desire Me."

Which star is 19... which is 39?...



Joyce Compton

This alluring young screen star, who is 19, says: "I could never hope to look lovelier than Billie Burke does right now. Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps one's skin youthfully smooth and clear."

Billie Burke

"I'm 39," says this radiantly youthful star. Who would guess it from this recent photograph! "To keep youthful charm you must guard complexion beauty. For years I have used Lux Toilet Soap regularly."

Screen stars know the secret of *keeping* youthful charm

ONE gloriously lovely at 19 — the other radiantly beautiful at 39!

"I don't see why any woman should look her age," says the lovely Billie Burke. "I'm 39!"

"I'm 19," says Joyce Compton. "But I could never hope to look lovelier than Billie Burke does right now. I'm glad I know her secret of complexion care!"

How does Billie Burke keep her adorable young charm? "To keep my skin clear and soft," she says, "I use Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*—and have for years."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. So it is official in all great film studios. It is so fragrantly gentle and utterly *white*.

LUX Toilet Soap

10¢



Marian Marsh

Photo by Elmer Fryer

ISN'T SHE BEAUTIFUL?

SIX months of skyrocketing from the oblivion of extra roles to the fame of stardom can make a seventeen-year-old girl dizzy and breathless. It is like the first flight in an airplane. You look down on the landing field and the long roads leading toward it, and hope the engine will not fail. There's a thrill in wide horizons seen for the first time—a feeling of freedom.

Marian Marsh has that feeling now, but with it she has a clear memory of the five years she plodded the road leading to this first flight into the thin air where stars twinkle—or do they glitter?

It wasn't all plodding. Between the ages of twelve and seventeen girls take their sorrows lightly. There was enough skipping and gamboling to keep her buoyant. There was always hope in the face of discouragement, and there was always companionship—inspiring companionship. Along the whole road Marian Marsh has always had her sister, Jean Fenwick, beckoning her toward a definite goal with an extraordinarily persistent, unwavering faith.

In recent months some have said Jean "sacrificed" her career for her sister. Others have said she "sponsored" her. What they mean is that Jean had something important to do with the younger girl's success. Jean smiles happily and doesn't do any talking about it. She is engrossed in the serious business of finding jobs for herself in pictures.

At the moment she is the shining example of what can be accomplished by sublime faith and sheer persistence. She is one of the world's greatest saleswomen. It took five years to do it, but see what she has done.

THIS influence of Jean's about which there has been so much talk and guesswork, began in the summer of 1925 when Paramount decided to open a school for young players at its Astoria Studio, since closed. The Krauth family had moved to Springfield, Mass., a few years before, from Trinidad, British West Indies. Harriet Krauth, then seventeen, and the eldest of four children, was among 30,000 applicants for admission to the school. Her photograph made an impression and word was sent to her to report in Boston for a camera test. She was one of three Massachusetts girls chosen. . . . Dorothy Nourse and Thelma Todd were the others.

Harriet was a quiet girl. (*Please turn to page* 80)

THE GREATEST CAST IN STAGE OR SCREEN HISTORY!



JOHN
GARBO-BARRYMORE





JOAN WALLACE
CRAWFORD-BEERY
LIONEL
BARRYMORE

GRAND HOTEL

with LEWIS STONE
JEAN HERSHOLT

The play that gripped New York for a solid year—and toured America with many road companies. Now it is on the screen—long heralded—eagerly awaited—and when you see it you will experience the biggest thrill of all your picture-going days.

An EDMUND GOULDING *production*

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S PROUDEST TRIUMPH!





Above at the left: Jackie Cooper seems about ready to cry. Directly above: Garbo in a dancing scene from "Mata Hari."

COOPER Lip and GARBO Limb

Dr. FRANK SULLIVAN, famous humorist, makes a clinical examination disguised as his own grandfather

MY granddaughter, Kitty, came leaping into my study one evening recently and sputtered:

"Grampcmogosegrgabbonmahri!"

"Take that cigarette out of your mouth and speak distinctly," I told her.

"Grandpa, come on go see Greta Garbo in 'Mata Hari'," repeated Kitty.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because they say her legs appear in the picture. I'm dying to see them."

"Granddaughter!"

A crimson blush suffused my gnarled old cheeks and, I doubt not, showed through my sideburns. What, I asked myself, is the younger generation coming to?

"Granddaughter," I told her, gravely, "in my day a young man never wanted to see a young lady's *legs*. He wanted to see her *limbs*. In polite society, "leg" was a word—but no matter. I am not interested in Miss Garbo's limbs. The years that have snowed these locks and bent this once rugged frame have taught me that there is something in life beside limbs. What time does the Garbo picture go on?"

"The nine o'clock show starts in half an hour," said Kitty.

"Let's hurry then, or we'll miss the start," I urged.

"There may be a Mickey Mouse, too," added Kitty, hopefully.

ON the way over Kitty explained to me about Miss Garbo's celebrated limbs. She said they had never appeared in pictures before, and that there had been disturbing reports that they were not of a perfection to match the rest of the Garbo ensemble. It was said that in previous pictures they had been necessarily present, but had been relegated as much as possible to the background, like poor relations come to Christmas dinner. Hence the excitement of Kitty and the rest of fandom at the news that the Garbo limbs were to come into their own at last.

"And one other thing, Gramp," Kitty added: "There's no use your calling them limbs. Nobody'll know what you're talking about. You might as well call 'em legs, because that's what they are these days, even on Garbo. We're all human."

"I suppose you're right, Kitty," I said. Yet, I sighed as I thought of what dear old Jenny Lind would have said had someone accused her of having legs.

Of course, I yield to nobody in respect for the leg as an institution. Personally, I should have got nowhere, and did, had it not been for my legs, of which I now have a complete set of two. In moods of depression, when a fellow feels that he wants to have something to give way under him, there's nothing like having a leg handy. In such emergencies I always fall back on mine. As legs go they aren't much, but they do. They would never cause Marlene Dietrich to worry. I mean they would never cause Marlene to worry as long as they remain on me. They would worry her if they were on *her*. A place for everything and everything in its place. Marlene's legs on her, Garbo's legs on her, Wallace Beery's legs on him and my legs on me.

The picture had been running two or three minutes by the time we got seated and Garbo was already tempting Ramon Novarro, (*Please turn to page* 79)

"I was a careless wife— till a beauty expert warned me"

More than 20,000 experts advise one way to a youthful skin; daily use of Palmolive—only world-known soap made of olive and palm oils.



"CARELESS wives! Neglect and indifference spoil their youthful freshness. They take chances with love, with happiness. . . . Unnecessary chances, since the right beauty care is so simple." So one beauty expert voices what many experts believe.

* * *

Simple! Yes! Over 20,000 beauty experts outline a daily skin treatment. . . and every one has specified Palmolive Soap. Palmolive—because of the generous amount of olive oil put into every cake—because this priceless beauty ingredient makes it more than a soap . . . actually a beauty treatment, in itself! With your hands work a lather of Palmolive and warm water into the skin of face and throat. Rinse . . . first with warm water, then with cool. Feel the fresh radiance of your skin.

The Rejuvenating Beauty Bath

Shave a cake of Palmolive. Add 4 cups of water. Heat till the soap is completely dissolved. Pour this rich liquid into your tub. Massage the body with lather from another cake of Palmolive. Rinse! Then, you'll want to go places, do things.

Careless wives, take heed! Let expert counsel warn you, now, today: keep your skin young, vital, radiant by observing the simple beauty treatments outlined here.



Retail Price 10c



"An irritated skin means you are using the wrong kind of soap. You should use Palmolive, which is made of vegetable oils. It keeps skin free of irritation, leaves the complexion refreshed and beautiful."

—Vincent of Paris
Distinguished Beauty Specialist

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion



Hollywood, with part of its residential region on the left, and its famous Boulevard cutting it almost in two.

There Isn't any Hollywood

And Reginald Taviner endeavors to prove it to you with fancy statistics

HOLLYWOOD is the best known and most publicized city on earth.

Hollywood dictates the styles and fashions of the world.

Hollywood is the home of more famous men and women than any other city on the globe.

Hollywood has literally Americanized the thoughts and habits of all nations.

Yet there isn't any such place as Hollywood!

The Hollywood of the films and follies, the Hollywood you so often see in the newspaper headlines—it doesn't really exist—not in the sense that other places do.

Culver City, Universal City—yes. But Hollywood—no. Distinctly, decidedly not. Of course, there is an actual town named Hollywood in Florida, but Hollywood, California, the abode of bathing beauties and bejeweled bathtubs?

No sir—it simply *isn't* on the map.

You don't believe it? Well, consider then your own home town. Consider the town you were born in or the town you live in now. The smaller it is, or was, the better; but didn't it have:

—a railway station (or depot, as preferred)?—a town or city hall?—a postoffice of its own?—a police force?—a fire department?—court of law?—a justice of the peace, at least?

Certainly. Most of them, if not all. How could it be a city, or a township even, without them? Couldn't you buy a railway ticket there, and when you arrived didn't the conductor yell out the name?

But you can't buy a railway ticket to Hollywood. Try it—and the man behind the window will tell you that you have to get off the train at Los Angeles, eight miles away, and take a taxi. You can walk if you like, but the choo-choo doesn't go to the movie capital; and, if it did, it wouldn't have any place to stop. There is no such thing as a railway or a railway station in the city that made Southern (*Please turn to page* 77)



(Above) Hollywood Boulevard at night.



The studio section of Hollywood. No. 1 is the Paramount studio, No. 2 the RKO-Pathé, No. 3 the old Warner Brothers, and No. 4 Columbia. The figures E1 and E2 indicate the administration and automobile entrances.

Spence Air Photos

You loved her in "MADAME X"..."SARAH & SON"..."TOMORROW and TOMORROW"

Now see her in ALL her glory...



Miss Ruth Chatterton

HER LOVELINESS ENHANCED . . .
HER MAGIC MULTIPLIED . . . IN
HER *first* FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

The RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US

The ultra smart set in the mad scramble for thrills!...A sumptuous portrayal of sensuous society in the perfumed fragrance of Park Avenue and Paris boudoirs...Witty—naughty—gay!...A spectacular story of how the ritzy-half lives — and loves — and lies . . . Coming soon to leading theatres everywhere.

COULD THEY CHEAT THE MARRIAGE GAME?



with BETTE DAVIS
GEORGE BRENT JOHN MILJAN
Direction by
ALFRED E. GREEN

another FIRST NATIONAL *Hit!*

REBEL!

IRVING PICHEL, actor, director and author, turns his back on success in one profession to win in another

By HARRY N. BLAIR



Photo by Shalitt

His parents wanted him to be a doctor and Irving wanted to be a writer. So he compromised on being an actor, later becoming a theatrical director. His name, which, by the way, was brought by his grandfather from Bohemia, is pronounced as if it were spelled Pitch-ell.

HOLLYWOOD, mecca of the ambitious, harbors a rebel. His name is Irving Pichel and he represents a startling contrast to everything Hollywood stands for.

Devoid of any desire for personal success, he gives his best to pictures out of sheer love of the game, as much as for the financial rewards.

He suggests the late Milton Sills in general appearance and is similar to that popular idol in his accomplishments.

His parents wanted him to be a doctor. He had ambitions to be a writer. In such cases a compromise is necessary, so Pichel became an actor. This was shortly after graduating from Harvard with an A.B. degree. It should be said in passing that he worked his way through college, for, had it not been for this fact, he might today be healing the sick instead of causing broken hearts.

The medical course allowed no time for outside pursuits, so he was obliged to switch to the liberal arts course, since it gave him an opportunity to earn enough money on the side to keep going. Part of this money was earned writing dramatic reviews for the *Boston Transcript* and part by acting with the Castle Square stock company in Boston. Thus, it seems that the tentacles of the theatre grasped hold of him as soon as he left the family fireside. There had been no previous acting talent in his family.

JOHN CRAIG, owner of the stock company, was interested in the since famous "47 Workshop," a course in English and the drama conducted by Prof. George Pierce Baker, then on the staff at Harvard and later with Yale. Pichel, as a charter member of the group, showed such promise that Craig offered him several important parts during his senior year. Pichel stayed on with the Craig players for six months after graduation, playing characters and heavies. Shortly after, he returned to Pittsburgh, his native city, to accept a part with the local stock company. Another member of the troupe was William Powell, equally unknown and then also playing "heavies." Neither dreamed of a picture career or the fame which awaited them.

In fact, six months of this convinced Pichel that he had no desire to act. To him it had been so much preparation for a career as a dramatist or stage director. Everything pointed toward his becoming a writer. Besides having various articles accepted, he had been editor of the Harvard monthly for three years. Then there was the precedent of his father, Julius Pichel, a newspaperman who gave forty-seven years of service to the Pittsburgh *Gazette-Times*. But (*Continued on page* 78)



After playing the male lead in "Cheat," Irving Pichel went to Hollywood to appear in "The Miracle Man." In his next picture, "State's Attorney," he acted a part as well as directing the dialogue.


The most sensational picture since "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT" which was the greatest picture of all time.
Grim war on the Summit of the Austrian Alps. Italy and Austria locked in a death embrace where vast snows are eternal and yawning chasms and precipitous cliffs add to the hazards of war.
Once again UNIVERSAL'S supremacy is made manifest.
"The DOOMED BATTALION"
With TALA BIRELL, LUIS TRENKER, Victor Varconi, Henry Armetta, Gustav von Seyffertitz. A Marcel Vandal and Charles Delac Production directed by Cyril Gardner. Produced by Carl Laemmle, Jr. Associate Producer, Paul Kohner.
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The New MOVIE Magazine's
HOLLYWOOD KINDERGARTEN



Ernest A. Bachrach

RUTH WESTON



ADRIENNE DORE



GLORIA STUART



CHARLOTTE HENRY



GEORGE RAFT



HARRY BARRIS



JAMES FLAVIN, Jr.

Can You Pick A Star? Some of the Starlets whose pictures you see here may soon attain stardom. Which would you choose for fame?

RUTH WESTON is a New York society girl who was signed by RKO. She was born in Newton, Mass., in 1906. She has appeared in both the English and French versions of "The Woman Between" and "Smart Money." Her last picture was "Devotion."

ADRIENNE DORE won the title of "Miss America" in the 1930 Atlantic City Beauty Contest. She had a small role in "Under 18" and her work in this picture earned her a contract with Warner Brothers. She plays a newspaper sob sister in "The Famous Ferguson Case."

CHARLOTTE HENRY is a youngster of 17 years. She appeared on the stage in "Courage" when she was 14, and also in the screen version of this play. Tiffany has signed her for the lead in "Lena Rivers."

GLORIA STUART is a former University of California student and first won recognition as an actress in a series of plays produced at the Berkeley school. She has just been given a contract by Universal Pictures.

GEORGE RAFT was born in New York City, 28 years ago. He is descended from French and Italian parentage. Watch for him in "Scarface" and "Love is a Racket."

HARRY BARRIS was one of Paul Whiteman's original Rhythm Boys. Al Christie discovered him at the Cocoanut Grove, Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles, where he was playing in an orchestra. He has appeared in "He's a Honey" and "Now's the Time," Educational Vanity Comedies.

JAMES FLAVIN, Jr., is a Portland, Me., boy and was elected to West Point in 1922. He makes his picture debut in "The Air Mail Mystery," a Universal thriller.

CREIGHTON CHANEY, son of the late Lon Chaney, has been signed by RKO. Born in Oklahoma City, Okla., 27 years ago, over 6 feet tall and weighs 205 pounds. Upon the release of his first picture, "The Roadhouse Murder," you will notice the close resemblance he bears to the Lon Chaney of ten years ago.

BRUCE CABOT is the able son of a prominent New Mexico attorney and nephew of Herman Harjes. His first picture work will be in "The Roadhouse Murder."



Ernest A. Bachrach

CREIGHTON CHANEY



BRUCE CABOT


ALL MEN WERE HER PLAYTHINGS
Wild, untamed... she played with men's hearts as with puppets until she rushed headlong into the arms of... a prizefighter. Society was dumbfounded! Daring the ridicule of her friends, she gave herself to him...Daring! ...Tantalizing!... Smart!
Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD
A FOX Picture
JAMES DUNN
PEGGY SHANNON
SPENCER TRACY
SOCIETY GIRL



The New Movie Magazine's GALLERY of FAMOUS FILM FOLK

Photograph by Preston Duncan

OTHER NEW MOVIE GALLERY PORTRAITS APPEAR ON PAGES 22, 28, 29, 32, 33 AND 42



Drawings by O. Soglow

In his first article written for any film magazine . . . GEORGE JEAN NATHAN scores

Celluloid Sirens

IT is interesting to compare the movie idea of sex appeal with that of the stage. The movies are still where the stage was back in the remote days of Lydia Thompson's London Belles and "The Black Crook."

The screen has not yet learned the sex appeal stratagem of such theatrical producers as Ziegfeld, to wit, the philosophy of sexual hint and implication. Instead of galvanizing the susceptibilities of their customers with the delicate and effective innuendo of hintful silks and laces and the suggestion of a hundred rare perfumes, instead of playing upon the imagination with femininity just a little reluctant and withdrawn, instead of evoking illusion by postulations and whispers, it yells its sex appeal out loud at the top of its lungs.

Illusion, which is a considerable part of sex appeal, is not to be negotiated by telling all; it consists rather in breaking off the sentence in the middle or, better still, saying nothing, but looking a lot.

The moving picture people, in numerous statements, have very honestly and very graciously placed the I. Q. of the movie audience at twelve years of age. While they have not thus far offered a statement as to their conception of the S. Q., or sex-appeal quotient, of the audience, it is more or less evident that they place the age at least two years below that.

Any such argument as I am here advancing is, obviously enough, merely the opinion of a single individual, but this article happens to be written by just such a single individual and not by two other fellows from Buffalo, so if it be read at all, it must be taken for what the opinion of the single individual in question is worth in respect to the validity of its contentions and proofs.

I believe that there will be not a few readers who will agree with me that a greater proportion of the sex appeal of the screen today lies not in the platinumized, leggy women who are widely trumpeted as its outstanding Circes and Loreleis, but rather in some of the quiet, simple, unartificial and doubtless more intelligent young women upon whom the overlords and their press departments place an emphasis of a wholly different order. I desist from specifying such young women and permit the reader to think of their names for himself; my mail is already heavy enough without being augmented by grateful mash notes.

IN the course of the preparation of this essay, I betook myself anew to various film theatres, there to observe the reactions of audiences. At one such theatre, the audience at the time I was a member of it openly ridiculed the

screen lady who had been directed by some opaque clodhopper.

The aforesaid directorial master mind had inserted the poor young woman into a snaky gown that, upon her slightest movement, clung to her figure with so great an assiduity that it made her look—to the audience's loud guffaws—like nothing so much on earth as an animated cervelatwurst.

It was also the big idea of the director to exhibit the lady lying languorously on *chaises longues* at intervals of every three or four minutes, a directorial device that

IF YOU DON'T AGREE

If you don't agree with Mr. Nathan's caustic criticisms let us hear from you. He approaches the subject from the professional angle of a distinguished critic whose opinions on dramatic subjects are given attention on both sides of the Atlantic. But you may differ from his conclusions and his reasons for those conclusions. And you have a right to your opinion. The New Movie Magazine will be glad to hear from you.

persuaded the customers to believe less in the poor woman's physical allure than in her very probable infection by a tsetse fly.

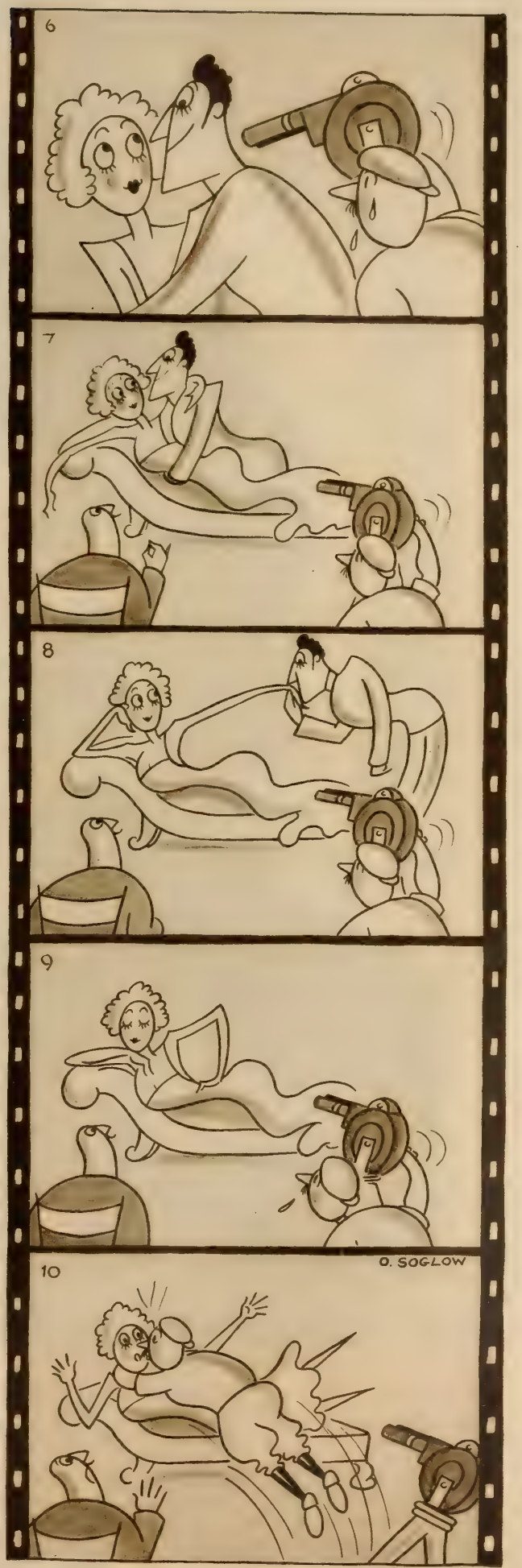
Other such droll spectacles were on tap in the other theatres that I visited and at all of them there were perceptibly audible snickers from the audiences. But there were no such snickers—and I permit myself to believe that there was perhaps a vastly higher degree of blood pressure—in the case of two or three more inferentially modest, decorous and hence exciting young women who appeared either in the same pictures or in others.

I do not, let me hasten again to add, wish to posture as an authority on sex appeal, although I am not, I may confide, altogether ungifted in a professorial knowledge of the subject. But I may be privileged to venture the suggestion that sex appeal never got very far by obstreperously announcing itself to be sex appeal, and that is just what the screen is doing. It has confused the outward lithograph of sex appeal with the inner and very much more persuasive existence of that appeal. Ziegfeld plays to $45,000 a week by capitalizing the *idea* of sex appeal. The burlesque shows are lucky to draw in an eighth of that amount with their capitalization of what they erroneously imagine to be the *fact* of sex appeal.

IT is plain that, with the addition of the human voice to the screen, the pictures have lost much of the quality of sex attraction that inhered in the silent pictures. The moment a woman opens her mouth, she loses a measure, however small, of such sex attraction. The silent pictures, accordingly, offered many more emotionally stimulating women than the talkies have offered.

In those days, imagination was allowed to read the voices of the melted mandolins into the screen girls and to bequeath to them a certain elusive, remote and desirable quality. But with the coming of the talkies the old imagination has had a monkey-wrench cast into it. The melted mandolins are with a sad realism heard to be in many cases rasping tin horns. And the mysterious figures of other days are found to be simply very human beings, rid of the kindness of the soft focus, and strutting the screen *au naturel*.

Where once a young woman was, in the audience's imagination, an amalgam of marshmallows and moonbeams, she is now often painfully disclosed as merely a rather commonplace young woman. The talkies have moved audiences up to the front row in the theatre and have disturbingly betrayed the grease paint and throat muscles and Adam's apples of the girls in them. The silent pictures, with their inevitable sense of distance and their share of coincidental romance, have gone. And with them has gone nine-tenths of the screen's sex appeal. (*Please turn to page* 82)





Photograph by Elmer Fryer

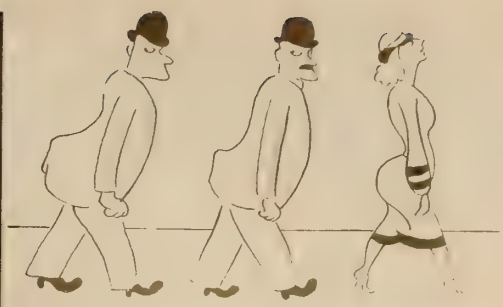
RUTH HALL

Miss Hall has just been added to Warners-First National featured players' list. You will see her in "Miss Pinkerton." She was discovered by Henry King, who took part of the "Hell's Harbor" company to Tampa, Florida, for location scenes. When the company returned to Hollywood, Miss Hall went with them.

COOK-COO Gossip

Concocted in Hollywood by the eminent humorist— TED COOK.





Marlene Dietrich off the screen could be almost anyone else but Marlene Dietrich.

QUEUES form early at the casting windows of Hollywood's studios. Cowboys, midgets, desert rats, fat men, short men, tall men, thin men, young men, old men, girls of all nations, sweet-faced old ladies. There is something pathetic, but something humorous, about these worried people, seeking a chance for a few dollars.

Of all the extras, the aristocrats are, perhaps, the most pathetic.

You will see a tall, aging gentleman, standing with dignified serenity as he awaits a chance to beg for work. He is wearing cutaway, afternoon trousers, spats and carrying a stick. He is ready, on a moment's notice, to be a celluloid bank president.

Reaching the casting director's window, he will ask, "Need any millionaires today?"

The gruff answer is too often "No." Which means that the millionaire must go back to his rooming-house or stand on a corner and wonder where and how he will eat tomorrow.

THERE is a very select group of bluebloods—comprised of about 158 perfect-mannered men and women who know exactly how to lend proper dignity and charm to a careful scene. They get a little more than the customary $7 a day. All of them have tobogganed from authentic social position—to find themselves selling their manners by the hour.



"Hello, Clark. You don't know who this is, but I think you're guh-rand!"

IF you're an extra girl in Hollywood right now you are one of 17,500 humans trying to earn a hand-to-mouth living. Your photograph, and a brief description of your talents, are on file at the Central Casting Bureau. You go for long stretches without a call — it's worse now than it has been for six years.

There are two men for every woman among the extras—and out of this horde of Alice-Sit-by-the-Phone workers, only 218 average $18.64 a week, the alleged living wage in Hollywood. And only 619 extras average one day's work a week.

But countless thousands come to Hollywood each year to try to get along in pictures. An average 606 calls for extras are made daily. This is a drop from 807 in the daily average since a year ago.

DOZENS of extra girls end up as waitresses and taxi dancers — or marry extra men and soon have a lot of little extras.

Of course, there's a limit to the number of extra extras who can get work in Our Gang comedies.

GWILI ANDRE—and they prophesy that she's going to be a big star—says that her name is pronounced "Jeelee." Just like the opera star, Gigli.

She's very pretty and you've seen her picture lots of times. She was a model for advertising photographers —supposed to be the highest paid of any.

DEAR MISTER CLIVE BROOK:

There must be something that you've got
That makes the ladies think you're hot,
But there's one thing it surely ain't
And that's your marvelous restraint.
You never rant and tear your hair,
You always remain frigidaire.
No matter what the storm and strife
It's nothing in your placid life.
Through fire and holocaust your facial
Muscles remain calm and glacial—
Oh, Mr. B., won't you go skittish
And cease to be so dawgone British?

DON'T breathe it to a soul, but we have it on the word of a Hollywood press agent that——

Tallulah Bankhead has chameleon eyes—the color pigments keep changing from brown to blue, and from blue back to brown again.

Garbo does not wear size eight shoes—it's just a whispering campaign circulated by her enemies, and there's not a word of truth in it.

Sylvia Sidney has only been in pictures a year, but she gets more fan mail than anybody else at Paramount.

MARLENE DIETRICH looks no more like Marlene Dietrich away from the screen than Garbo looks like Garbo in private life. Autograph hounds are in full cry after Dietrich every time she attends the theater in Los Angeles. (*Please turned to page* 83)

Hollywood's Most Misunderstood Girl



Preston Duncan

"Connie goes right on standing on the firing line. In the face of calumny, malice and dastardly invention, she refuses to lower her colors."

At last!—the truth about Constance Bennett—as only

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

can write it

MANY prices are paid for fame.

Constance Bennett has paid one of the highest.

They've called her high hat. They've headlined the idea that she is unpopular in Hollywood. They've painted her as a temperamental egotist, always demanding her own way and careless of those crushed beneath her chariot wheels. Tales about her are legion—about the enormous salary she gets, the unheard of amount she wastes on clothes, the arrogance she displays in the studio, her disregard for the rights of other women.

Connie goes right on standing on the firing line. In the face of calumny, malice and dastardly invention, she refuses to lower her colors.

It just happens that she isn't any of these things. She is a gallant lady with too much guts for her own good and too much integrity for the racket she's in. And that's the truth if I starve for it.

The terrific injustice done Connie didn't worry me much, because I thought she didn't care. I used to misunderstand her myself. But, because we have become friends, I found out that she does care and that beneath the armor of her indifference she carries a deep and bitter hurt.

The most misunderstood girl in Hollywood!

And be hanged to everybody if she's going to explain herself!



Preston Duncan

Constance Bennett—"A woman who meets men on their own ground, who asks no favors, who offers no alibis. With wise eyes that are sometimes sad, she watches the game."

THERE you have Connie. A woman who meets men on their own ground, who asks no favors, who offers no alibis. With wise eyes that are sometimes sad, she watches the game of star-baiting go on, and knows that she is being pilloried because she says what she thinks, minds her own business and fights her own battles. But she hasn't the Nordic isolation of Garbo, and it hurts.

Humble as to her great success, loyal to, and gentle with her friends, a really square guy with everybody who works for her, she is prouder than Satan in the face of injustice and misunderstanding. Proud—much too proud. Making no concessions and no compromises with life. There she is—going about her own affairs, doing her work, living her life. If people are unkind enough to misjudge her, to resent her demand for privacy, she will not stoop to ask for understanding.

Never a woman of great strength, privacy is an utter necessity to her. Without those hours alone, she couldn't carry on. Without a certain amount of quiet, she wouldn't be able to make pictures. But she never mentions that and so they call her high hat.

It is the general impression that Connie is untouched by the fantastic stories which have been spread broadcast.

The way I came to find out how deeply wounded she has been by it all is this:

One bright spring morning somebody called "Yoo-hoo" under the window of my work-room at Malibu. Always delighted with an excuse to abandon my labors, I went to the window. A slim, blonde girl in a plain bathing suit and a small towheaded boy in infinitesimal trunks stood there, gazing up. The beach was silvery with sunshine. The blue water danced and sparkled.

"Come on down and play with us," called Connie Bennett. "I've got a day off and Peter wants to see Dicky."

I unearthed my three-year-old son from the backyard; where he was doing all right with a hammer, and the four of us went adventuring. While the two kids dug strange looking sea animals from the rocks, and fell in and out of the Pacific with yelps of glee, Connie and I sat on the sand and talked.

It was then I discovered that Constance Bennett carries a torch. Not for any man. But for the fans who should love her and who have been lied to about her.

"BUT what can you do?" said Connie, letting the sand run through her fingers and gazing absently at the small boy she adopted. "You can't go around squawking and squealing, can you? When somebody comes around and asks you why you aren't popular, you can't become tearful. If people want to know about things that are strictly your (*Please turn to page* 85)

JIM TULLY presents VICTOR McLAGLEN . . .



Photo by Hal Phyfe

His father was a minister, but Victor became a pugilist, a wrestler . . . a professional strong man. One of his feats was to permit a large stone to be broken to bits on his huge chest. He served during the war and later secured the part of Captain Flagg in the motion picture "What Price Glory," the role that made him famous.

a WHALE of a Man



WITHOUT his agility and vitality he would be a ponderous man. His father was Scotch, his mother Irish.

Victor McLaglen is one of a family of eight sons, all as large and active as himself. Over two hundred pounds of bone and muscle, and the player of hard-boiled roles on the screen, he is innately quite gentle.

He is a man with neither bitterness nor irony. A far rover from early boyhood, he has had a great deal of fun out of life. Its sadness has left but little impression upon him. This does not mean that he is a shallow fellow. He is merely a resilient person who can bounce from one calamity to another and light on his feet squared for action, and a lot of action at that!

Before he was eighteen, McLaglen drifted from England to Canada. His father had been a minister. The son became a professional pugilist. His trail at this time crossed those of several men later to become famous. One had but recently been a third rate fighter, and was just then trying to make a living by managing pugilists who were, if possible, less successful than himself. He had not yet found the golden road upon which he was so long to keep step with one of the mightiest of men, Jack Dempsey. His name was Jack Kearns.

McLaglen early learned the sorry tricks of the miserable and thrilling game of fisticuffs.

That he caught the brain-shaking blows of Jack Johnson and was, twenty years later, clear-headed enough to sign one of the finest contracts in Hollywood is evidence that he is made of genuine metal.

There was, about twenty-three years ago, a wrestler in Seattle of national reputation by the high sounding name of Doctor Roller. His biceps were vaster than an editor's. His head was harder than the heart of a casting director. McLaglen wrestled the doctor, while a shrewd fight promoter look on. The promoter, Biddy Bishop, now seventy and still as alert as the present depression, decided that the future movie actor would make a more successful pugilist than wrestler. Biddy Bishop asked McLaglen to come under his management. Mr. McLaglen was of the opinion, regardless of Doctor Roller's victory, that he was an excellent wrestler. He began humbly by going on tour. While a wrestler on tour is about as honest as a pickpocket at a county fair, Victor McLaglen was different in this and in other respects.

WHILE celebrating his nineteenth birthday looking for food in Winnipeg, he heard of a gentleman who was offering any man twenty-five dollars to wrestle him fifteen minutes. McLaglen earned the twenty-five dollars. The gentleman paid the money and offered the coming Thespian a job.

His first engagement was to wrestle an entire football team. This might not have been quite so difficult except that four of the members of the team were professional wrestlers. The Fates were kind to McLaglen, the four professionals were foreigners and could not speak English, a serious drawback if a gentleman wishes to butt your heart out and the referee cannot understand your protest. McLaglen was put against the weaker members of the team first. The trick was to tire him out for the slaughter which would come when he tackled the four foreigners. One by one was each man knocked out by "accidentally" being hit by McLaglen's head, which is as hard, even today, (*Continued on page* 88)



Photo by Elmer Fryer

JAMES CAGNEY

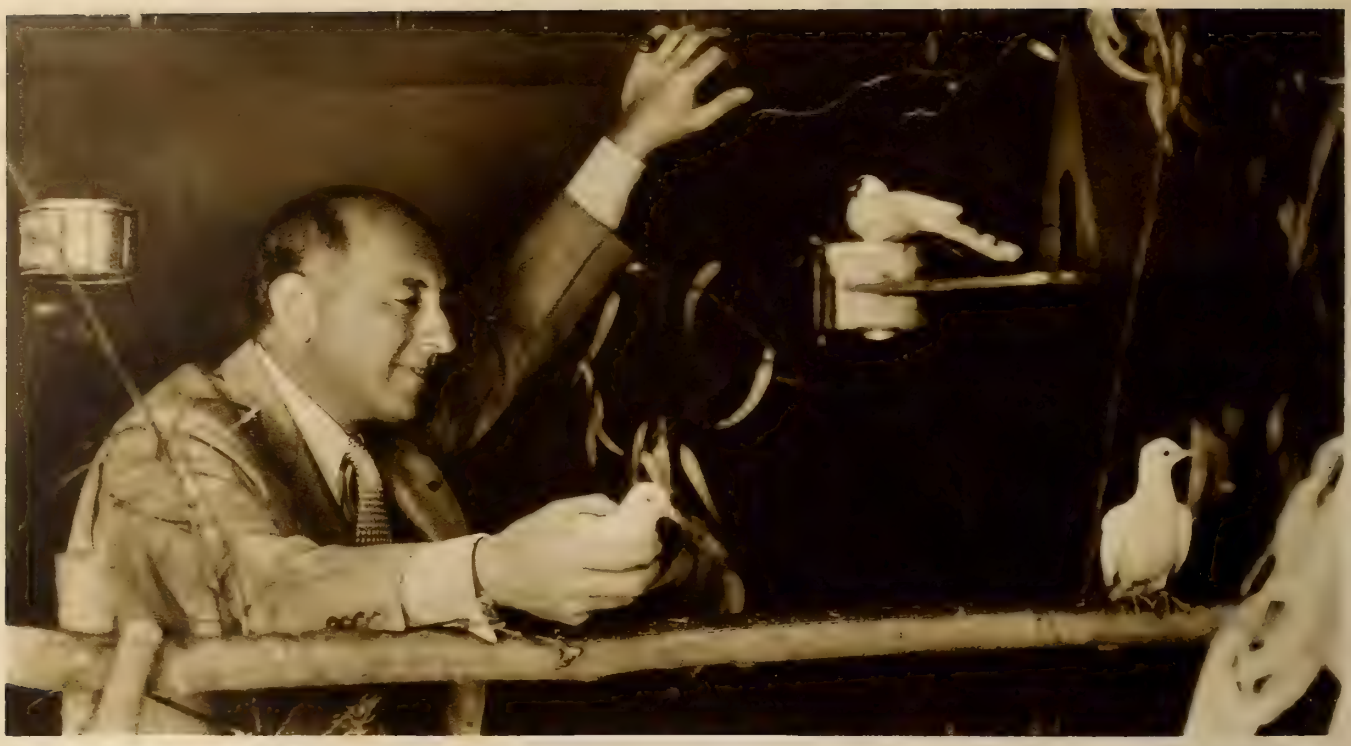
Here's the boy who has been knocking 'em cold at the box office. He is a swell person, and not at all like the hard-hitting tough guy he appears to be on the screen. Having finished "Winner Take All," he is planning a European vacation with the Missus.



Clarence Sinclair Bull

MADGE EVANS

Blonde, blue-eyed, vivacious Madge Evans is one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's starlets. She first gained favor as a child actress and is one of the few who carried her success into an adult career. Novarro has again chosen Miss Evans as his leading lady in "Huddle."



At his pheasantry Cecil B. de Mille keeps the fifty white doves that were "actors" in the picture "King of Kings."

ELSIE JANIS Discovers A Romantic Business Man

De MILLE, the Democrat

The most intimate revelation yet printed of one of Hollywood's great executives who is both sentimental and hardboiled.



ELSIE JANIS inimitable star and special writer for The New Movie Magazine.

SOME are born Kings, some achieve Kingdoms, and some just get "crowned" by a series of bad breaks. Cecil Blount de Mille was born to rule; his mind is his sceptre, his sense of humor, the keeper of the royal key to success! All through those years of de Milleian autocracy it is my opinion that he was playing a role, putting on the show that he had decided would best attract the limelight of public interest. The real autocrat's heart does not change. Circumstances may alter his position, his income, his health, and his manner, but in his own mind he remains superior. That's why I say the de Mille with whom I have worked, argued, laughed, and even cried a bit for two years is the real one, who has arrived at the delightful crossroads of security, where if one does not choose to "buck" the traffic of life further, he can sit down and watch the "road hogs" struggle for supremacy with tolerance and understanding! C. B., as most of his adoring hirelings call him, still likes to act. He can put on the best scene of intolerance that was ever seen, heard or trembled at, but he can't fool me and incidentally I would hate to try to fool him.

I saw him first years ago at the height of his reign of ruthlessness, and I must admit I was impressed. I was taken as a visitor through the Famous Players-Lasky Studio (now Paramount). We went on several stages and at last, when my guides dropped their voices a tone and started walking on the tips of their toes, I gleaned that we were approaching the domain of the "All Highest."

There he sat, on what certainly looked like a throne, high above the stage where some four hundred extras were trying to "go Roman" in a big enough way to satisfy Caesar Nero Alexander de Mille. In one hand he held a megaphone, in the other a whip. No kidding! And Nero only had a fiddle. Cameras all around him, assistant directors and their assistants. The air was filled with yesses, but the only thing I saw him even pretend to listen to was a whispered suggestion made by his bright-eyed little Mother, who was seated just as close by his side as possible without sharing the throne! Her presence there, I may say, was what im-



Cecil B. de Mille with the Prince Frederick Christian and Princess Alexandra of Schaumburg-Lippe, visiting the Zeppelin set during the filming of "Madam Satan."



Cecil B. de Mille, producer-director and one of the finest showmen in the motion picture business. This is one of the few portraits he has ever had made.

Photo by Hurrell

pressed me. I had met a couple of Kings, but they hadn't introduced me to their Mothers! He did so, however, stepping right out of his character, dropping megaphone, whip and all royal impedimenta. He and his Mother talked to me and my Mother for several minutes while the Romans relaxed and, I'm sure, blessed whoever had caused the lull in the proceedings.

THE megaphone, then as now, was used to accentuate the pearls of sarcasm which are strung lightly through his directions. The whip, I have learned after much research, was reserved, for his own neatly booted and muscular calf! He never has and never will need a whip as long as the lash of his tongue (when it is not in his cheek) is powerful enough to make any crowd of Romans, Greeks, Armenians, Turks and even executives stand to attention.

Years passed, as they are bound to do, and I, having left the stage, found myself part of the jig-saw puzzle of Hollywood. Quite an important part, I thought, having just finished my first job in the Talking Pictures, which was supervising the revue "Paramount on Parade." The picture had been previewed in the studio with acclaim. I was wondering just which star on the "lot" I would care to direct when they offered me my choice, which of course I thought they were bound to do!

"How would you like to go over with de Mille until we get something definite for you?" My eyes opened and my mouth followed their example.

"Do you mean C. B. de Mille?" I said in a somewhat horror-stricken tone.

"Yes! He wants you." The executive smile was approving.

"To do what?" I said suspiciously.

"A little of everything. He is making his first musical picture, and he wants someone who——"

He got no further. I interrupted with a laugh.

"Of all the people who should not go to de Mille, I'm the choice," I said. "The gal who has never had to say 'yes!' goes to work for the guy who has never heard 'no!' Thanks, if you want to get rid of me I can book my own route." I started to make a haughty exit.

"Wait a minute. I think it's a great compliment. Do you know de Mille?" he asked.

"I've met him and I've (*Continued on page* 96)



Photo by Russell Ball

HELEN TWELVETREES

Helen got her big chance when the Fox Company sent her to Hollywood some four years ago. However, it was her ability, luck and looks that helped win for her a prominent place on the screen. "State's Attorney," which features John Barrymore, is Miss Twelvetrees' next release.



Hurrell

The Right Dress Triumphs

Study and know the value of clothes, says Norma, for there is a proper time and place for each costume.

"THE right dress can triumph over any situation, build any mood, create any illusion and make any woman into the sort of person which she most desires to be."

That is what Norma Shearer thinks about the importance of clothes in a woman's life.

"Every girl and woman should study and know the value of different clothes for different conditions and purposes. There is a proper time and place for each kind of costume. The right clothes and the right time form an unbeatable combination."

Then Norma went on to tell a few of the theories of clothes and their wearing which she has practiced and found true.

"For an especially important party or a dramatic scene in a picture I almost invariably select either a white or a black evening gown, designed with simple, straight lines. That sort of dress makes me feel sure of myself and poised.

"When I am going to a large party where I don't want to be completely lost in the crowd, I wear a gown of vivid color and startling design. For smaller affairs I always select one of my favorite pastel shades, simply designed. Then I feel comfortable and at ease.

"For business conferences, when I want to feel mentally alert and so absolutely sure of correct clothing that I can completely forget my costume, I always choose something tailored and plain, of a neutral but becoming color, blue or gray. Then I add one or two



The right dress for Nina Leeds is Norma's own favorite black velvet with an austere triangular neckline and voluminous sleeves (shown at the top of page). Notice the new coiffure she has chosen for the rôle—a halo coronet with the hair brushed to smoothness.

A striped sweater such as the one at the right is Norma's recipe for that feeling of youthful carelessness. She wears it with flannel trousers and occasionally a beret, and immediately forgets about what she is wearing—another rule for successful effects.



Hurrell

essentially feminine and colorful touches, a bright scarf, a flower, a brilliant feather or pin in a small, close hat. That touch gives me the mental spur I need to be my very best self.

"When I waken in the morning feeling depressed or discouraged, I deliberately choose my most vividly colored sports outfit. It gives me youth and pep and zest for living.

"For the occasions when I wish to appear sophisticated and polished, I choose a black, extremely tailored suit or dress, with a small black hat and veil, pearl earrings, a gardenia and a fur scarf.

"When I want to luxuriate in youthful carelessness, I put on flannel trousers, a striped sweater and a beret."

NORMA SHEARER loves to talk about clothes. Most women do. But with Norma clothes mean more than just dresses and coats and hats. When she speaks about them, they become almost living things with personalities and purposes of their own.

Norma's wardrobe is not a large one. She doesn't clutter her wardrobe with garments and accessories which have no meaning. Everything which she owns has a definite and necessary part to play in her life.

"Women can't over-estimate the importance of clothes," she stated very emphatically. "I don't mean actresses only. I mean every woman everywhere. The average woman, whether she realizes it or not, reacts emotionally to the clothes which she is wearing. She may not stop to analyze the reasons for liking one costume better than another. If she did, she would realize that her preference was based upon the color and tone which that particular dress gave to her emotions.

"Lines have more effect on me than colors, I believe. When I am selecting a gown for any particular purpose, the cut and design is the first consideration, color the second. I like plain things, cut on simple, unbroken lines, because I feel at my best in them.



Hurrell

Vivid colors like this bright green sports dress are chosen for depressed moments.

Sophistication is shown in all the lines of this dress, as in most of Miss Shearer' more formal clothes. The frills, however, were added for the character of "Strangers May Kiss." Norma seldom wears them.

Not being very tall, long, graceful lines give me an inner sensation of height and dignity. Simplicity of design brings to me a feeling of freedom and grace. Intricate designs and a profusion of decorative details sort of smother me. I think, when I look at myself in the mirror, 'Here comes the dress with Norma Shearer in it,' not 'Here comes Norma Shearer in a dress.' "

LONG ago Norma gave up the effort of dressing to try to please or startle or attract the attention of other people. Now she selects her clothes to please and satisfy herself, knowing that her own personal reaction to them is of greater importance than anything else.

"When I was starting in the motion picture game I always selected my clothes with the one idea of the impression which they would make on others. I wore them with the same feeling. But I've overcome that fault. And it is a fault, because I've discovered that the impression your clothes make on others depends upon the spirit in which you wear them."

With each new season Norma goes on a shopping spree. She rarely has anything made except, of course, her tailored suits. She much prefers to buy things which are ready made so that there is no doubt as to their final appearance.

"I never trust to luck in my clothes," she explained. "Long ago I learned the foolishness of doing that. A dress is either right or completely wrong. There is no half-way stage. I want to be sure that it is as perfect as possible and that every detail is complete, so that I will have no worries to spoil the pleasure of wearing it.

"No woman should think about her clothes when she is wearing them. That's why I don't like a lot of fripperies and ornaments. I have watched women nervously adjusting a belt or a bow, which they were afraid was not exactly right, or fussing with some detail of their costumes, until I felt like screaming. That one imperfect part of their clothing was the first thing everyone noticed, of course. They called attention to it by their own constant awareness of it. The effect of the whole outfit was spoiled by one little unimportant thing."

Miss Shearer never starts out on a shopping expedition with any set and definite ideas as to what she intends to buy. She likes to look around, discovering new ideas, new colors and new lines. But she never becomes the victim of any clever saleswoman who happens along. No one can persuade her that something is becoming or "just what she wants," unless she is thoroughly convinced herself. And she has an almost (*Please turn to page* 98)



Hurrell

This suit combines two of Miss Shearer's favorite style points. It's strictly tailored and it's sports. Chocolate brown—a shade that is new among her favored tones — and orange, in a rough basket weave, are repeated in the orange felt hat and brown feather.



On the beach at Santa Monica with her pet wire-haired terrier. Norma believes that bright colors and sports costumes are ideal for wear under the California sun.

JEAN HERSHOLT sees the STARS



The artist at work between scenes in "Grand Hotel." The subject, Wally Beery. The finished picture appears below.



As he sees himself in the rôle of Senf.



Wally Beery as Preysing.

Character studies of the Movie Great, rendered by the actor that Mary Pickford distinguishes as the greatest of all character portrayers, who works and plays with the stars—and employs his intimate knowledge of them to sketch them with brilliant candor.



Lewis Stone as Dr. Otternschlag.



Lionel Barrymore as Kringelein.



Joan Crawford as Flæmmchen.



Greta Garbo as Grusinskaya.



John Barrymore as Baron von Gaigern

Concluding: CLARA BOW'S DRAMATIC REVELATIONS

If I had



Photo by Gene Robert Richee

my Life to Live Over

What is to be the future of this girl who has tasted the sweetest and the bitterest moments of life?

BACK in Hollywood I was restless. The picture wasn't going so well. My house was always full of people, some of whom I knew, others I did not. It seemed that my life was not my own. I fretted.

Could this be the fame I had sought so eagerly not so many years ago? Was this sort of life the realization of my dreams? Who were my friends? Daisy, Rex, Harry—you could count them on the fingers of one hand. My name was news, and the slightest ripple on the surface of my existence was a signal for the descent of newspapermen to place my name in headlines.

So this was Hollywood, and fame and fortune! Where were the real things in life? Was I to continue like this?

Don't think for a moment I was ungrateful. I know full well what Hollywood has done for me. I appreciate this to the utmost. But, after all, I paid for everything. If not with money which I earned myself, then with heartaches. I was brittle in the Hollywood sense of the word. I was not able to shake off that sensitiveness of my early childhood. I never shall be able to shake it off. And it ground deeply into my soul when hurt.

With my mental attitude in this condition, came rumblings. If I had only been able to foresee the results! I would have given anything gladly to have avoided such events but, as usual, with my trusting nature, I could not see the danger signals.

Daisy was handling all my accounts. I scarcely gave them a thought. She ordered everything for the house, paid the bills and, as far as I knew, everything appeared to be in ship-shape order. Daisy was changing. It took me a long time to realize this, but after a while it became apparent.

Her friends were the ones who frequented my house. And, at times I wondered whether she was the motion picture star and I her secretary, or vice versa. However, there was no outward rupture. I remained silent principally because I was too weary and ill to argue about anything. But finally things came to a crisis.

Things just couldn't go along as they had been going during those few months. I believed there would be no animosity on Daisy's part, and that we certainly would remain friends. Once again my trusting nature betrayed me. Apparently Daisy had no desire to remain my friend.

Daisy began to talk. I don't believe to this day that she maliciously and deliberately set out to hurt me. But talk travels rapidly in Hollywood, and before it gets very far the original comment has been distorted and twisted to suit the taste of the gossiper. Rumors, ugly rumors, began to spring up about me.



Clara is happily married to Rex Bell (see photo at right) and is living at the latter's ranch not far from Hollywood.

At the same time, an accountant who was looking over my books found strange discrepancies. Daisy, when she left, had several belongings of mine in her possession. These I endeavored to recover.

There were threats which I ignored. Daisy was using the newspapers to tell her side of the story. Knowing publicity as I did, I remained silent, keeping my own counsel, and wishing above all that the entire affair could be forgotten. I held nothing against Daisy. I was the one to blame. So why all the uproar?

But Daisy would not stop and, before I knew it, the matter was in the hands of the District Attorney. This is the first time I have mentioned Daisy De Voe in print, and I would like to say now that at no time did I desire to have my former secretary prosecuted. I felt sorry for Daisy then, and I feel sorry for her now. But the law stepped in and took everything out of my hands. Even a note I sent to the judge in all sincerity failed to sway the verdict of the court. And, Daisy was convicted.

The strain of her trial was telling on me. Never would I have been able to go through with it had it not been for the unswerving loyalty of the man who is now my husband.

However, the trial itself was mild compared with the subsequent ordeal I was forced to undergo!

When I was approached on the matter of paying money to keep statements about me from appearing in print, I was dumbfounded. What in the world could be said about me that already had not been printed? I had done nothing. I knew the statements to be entire fabrications. But what could I do?

There was only one thing I could do and retain my self-respect. That was—fight.

I gave my decision from a sick bed.

This, I thought, is the end. I shall vindicate myself, then forget Hollywood forever. At times, Hollywood had been like a godmother, giving me joy and happiness. At other times it had turned like a vicious old hag, threatening to claw me apart, body and soul. It isn't worth it, I thought.

And, at this time, I learned just exactly who my real friends were. Not the "friends" who follow in the wake of a celebrity just for the sake of their own selfishness, but those who stick by you in the face of adversity.

Do I need to say that the one who aided me most was Rex Bell?

The following weeks were torture. Newsboys went through the streets of Los Angeles and Hollywood shouting their messages that in their arms was the "true" version of my inner life. They stormed the various studios with their story which, even though unfounded and grossly malicious, was bound to poison the minds of many readers.

Those were trying days. I dared not expose myself in the

(*Please turn to page* 102)



Photograph by Freulich

CLAUDIA DELL Blond and blue-eyed, Claudia Dell was chosen by Universal to appear opposite Tom Mix in "Destry Rides Again," the picture that marks his return to the screen. Miss Dell is one of the group of independents who are making a name for themselves in films.



She were like a queen among spawns. Her proud kneck held her head up.

"Speakeasy Business"

Hashimura Togo, the Japanese Schoolboy, becomes the efficient property of Miss Caramel Sweet

By WALLACE IRWIN

To Editor "New Movie Magazine," that very high mind like a balloon.

DARLING MR.:

IN this beautiful headqrtrs for lipsticks, electricity, passion, salaries, lawsuits and phones (meg, mike, sax and tel) people say a lot of talk about "going Hollywood." I ask to know. How could folks go Hollywood when they are already there, by golly?

Now I wish tell you something, too. Hollywood are the home of quick high jumps from poverty to wealthy riches. Two weeks of yore I were hummbly soaping plates in a kitchen behind that enlarged plaster palace belonging to Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, celebratted emotion picture director. Then I was obtaining 12$ pr. weekly for that. Today I are earning 13$ pr. weekly with a contrack to remain doing so until fired.

This are the Land of Opportunity, I say so! I tell you how it was.

One day this Hon. Ogre emerge forth from his bedroom where he sleep with a raddio under his pillow, so he won't stop being excited.

"Togo," he broadcast, "tomorra I go to Yuma, Ariz."

"To get pictures?" I narrate.

"To get married," he pronounce. "In past-gone days Hollywood went to Yuma for cowboys. Now they go there for brides, thusly increasing high Art in the emotion picture industry."

"That sound quite Yumerous," I chockel with Marx Bros. expression. Hon. Ogre not hear that, because he walk away in riding pants.

Well, Mr. Editor, Hon. Ogre come back on the tomorra; 23½ hours are a Hollywood honeymoon, because in this Land of Love nobody got much time for it. And what he brought with him? Honestly I speak, she look like a Catamount Pictures Production, music by Geo Gershwin, sung by Lawnce Tibbett, continuity by Rupt Hughes. She are exactly round in places and got a face like a photo. O!!! I should love to be mayor of Yuma, howeverly wild.

Her name are Miss Caramel Sweet, and she look like that, except when she feel divorced from (*Please turn to page* 104)



Drawings by Herb Roth

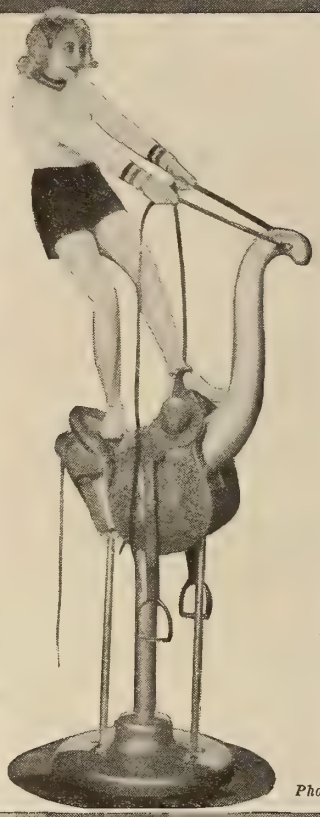
In my affectionate arms, beside Hon Dog, Hon Dimonds & etc I held a Drug Store.

The NEW MOVIE Magazine's
HOLLYWOOD BANDWAGON

IN HONOR OF JOAN: Joan Bennett probably had more luncheons, showers, teas and bridge parties given in her honor than any other bride-elect in the film colony. All during her pre-nuptial weeks, she was working like a Trojan, too, on the Fox lot—completing "She Wanted a Millionaire," making "Careless Lady," and "The Trial of Vivienne Ware"—yet somehow, she managed to be present at all the affairs given in her honor.

One of the most attractive parties was a bridge luncheon given by Sally Eilers and Mrs. Reginald Denny, two of Joan's closest friends, at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel in Beverly Hills.

The long table at which covers were laid for twelve was profusely decorated in Lilies of the Valley—thousands of them—and the favors were little silver slippers filled with confections.



Let 'er buck, Thelma! Miss Todd gives herself a workout on this mechanical horse between scenes.

Photograph by Stax

William Haines was wearing a pair of new shoes. "I'm just breaking them in for Garbo," he explained.

JOAN TRIUMPHS: Kay Johnson, John Cromwell, Joan and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Dorothy Burgess, Stu Erwin, June Collyer and Louise Closser Hale were only a few who attended the opening of "The First Mrs. Frazer," to pay tribute to Grace George. Joan took laurels for being the most gorgeous of the first night attendants and never looked more beautiful.

Sally Eilers has one of the finest collections of Georgian silver tableware in the film colony. Some of her pieces are centuries old.

ANOTHER FASHION NOTE: That little bundle of smoldering embers, Sylvia Sidney, has gone and bobbed her hair for her part in "Merrily We Go to Hell." And we had been hearing bobbed hair was passé.

Sylvia, by the way, gets more fan mail than any other Paramount player, and you know whom they have under contract: Chevalier, Dietrich, Marx Brothers, Bankhead,



Upton Sinclair (extreme right), famous author of "The Wet Parade," chats over its filming with Walter Huston (left) and Director Victor Fleming.



This may look like a young high-school boy worrying about his homework, but it is Director Mervyn LeRoy figuring out the next angle on his latest Warner Brothers assignment, "New York Town," which stars Joan Blondell.

March, Bancroft, Arlen, Carroll, Cooper, Colbert, etc.

Bill Hart and Maurice Chevalier, pals in Hollywood, met recently in New York.
Each, expecting to play a joke on the other, had one of those handshaking buzzers.
And were they startled?

Braided locks are due for a little patronage this season, for fashion dictators say long hair is the thing. Norma Shearer wears her hair braided and wound tightly about her head in her new film, "Strange Interlude."

HOLLYWOOD HER PARIS: Janet Gaynor added several pretty pieces to her collection of lalique when she was abroad. But she returned to Hollywood for her new clothes. Janet goes in for sports clothes and she thinks there is no place like Hollywood to make one's selections.

Ruth Chatterton, as a defensive device, maintains an appearance of austerity when meeting strangers. But among troupers she's a trouper.

ANOTHER GOOD RUMOR GONE WRONG: Loretta Young has a habit of putting away jewelry for several years and then forgetting it, so that when she gets it out again it seems like new. Consequently, those who are trying to figure a romance out of an antique ring of turquoise and old gold that has appeared lately on her most important finger, are on the wrong track. Jesse Lasky, Jr., gave it to her on her sixteenth birthday, and she can wear it on any finger she likes.



Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach

You will see a new exotic Del Rio in "The Bird of Paradise," Dolores' next picture, in which she has the most colorful and vivid rôle of her career. One of the most successful of our American stage plays, this should make an exceptional picture.

The Brown Derby restaurant in Hollywood sometimes takes on the aspect of some of our state institutions where they feature padded cells. If you don't think so, listen to this:

During the run of the Gleasons' show in Hollywood, James and Lucille invited an out-of-town guest to go with them for an after-show snack. They were joined by Monte Blue and went to the Derby.

Mr. Gleason removed his overcoat, apologizing for his appearance, having left his dressing-room wearing a sweat-shirt. The out-of-town friend exclaimed, "Always the gentleman," and removed his coat. Solemnly, Monte got up and removed both coat and vest.

Across the room Harpo Marx observed the whole proceeding, and without a word he rose and made as if to remove his trousers in a grand salute to the Gleason party.

DICKIE'S IN LOVE: Prepare for a terrible disappointment, girls. Another of Hollywood's handsome bachelors is engaged to be married. Little Dickie Moore, six-year-old child actor, has announced that as soon as he is twenty-five, he intends to marry Eleanor, the little girl next door. She's nine and a half, and can build forts. Dickie says he likes 'em sensible, and big.

Ann Harding's home is a fortress since that Lindbergh business.

If you get past the watchman at the big iron gate there's a German shepherd dog on the other side that weighs just nine pounds less than a horse.

And he bites like a wolf.

Further up the hill there's another watchman.

That's all, kidnaper!

THE POPULAR EVALYN: The big Evalyn Knapp-Donald Cook romance isn't cooling, not by a long shot. But Don has a new rival he'd better look out for. Evalyn is seen lunching frequently with Hardie Albright, while William Janney and Donald Dilloway seem to chisel in about every time they get a chance. All three of these swains are with her in George Arliss' next picture, "A Successful Calamity."

Here's a record of some sort!
Lee Moran of the old Lyons and Moran comedy



Photograph by Wide World

Rita Gilman Beery bestows a maternal kiss upon the youngster who will grow up to consider Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Beery her mother and father. This is the baby adopted by the Beerys a few months ago. And there are others, too, because the "tough guy" of the screen and his wife would adopt an entire orphanage if they could.

team, completed his 800th picture on the Universal lot, when "Stowaway," in which he has a character part, wound up production recently.

And here's another record—Moran has made over 1000 pictures in Hollywood. He says his greatest claim to fame lies in the fact that he planted the first twelve goldfish in the Universal Studio fish pond. One old rascal, he tells us, is still there, and often winks at him as he passes.

Samuel Hoffenstein, noted poet, who is now writing for Paramount, started across the street one day to get a haircut.

"What!" exclaimed another writer. "On the company's time?"

"Well, it grew on the company's time," replied the poet.

"THE STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN" ROMANCE: This recent Warner-First National opus abounds in heart throbs and eternal triangles galore, but it also started some love interest among the cast that wasn't registered in the picture. Leslie Fenton, it seems, promised during the shooting to renounce his globe-trotting habits and remain faithfully by the side of Ann Dvorak.

AND WHY NOT? Ethelind Terry, one of the first to obtain a Mexican divorce, is seen with Lowell Sherman.

Garbo walked around the M-G-M lot unrecognized in the platinum blonde wig she wears in "As You Desire Me." Maybe she'll wear it in New York on her next trip and leave the dark glasses at home.

AMONG FRIENDS: Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli are occuping the same cottage at Palm Spring that housed Janet Gaynor last month—proving once again that the "Chico and Diane" romance is now firmly on a friendship basis.

Lew Ayres wears make-up for the first time in "Laughing Boy."



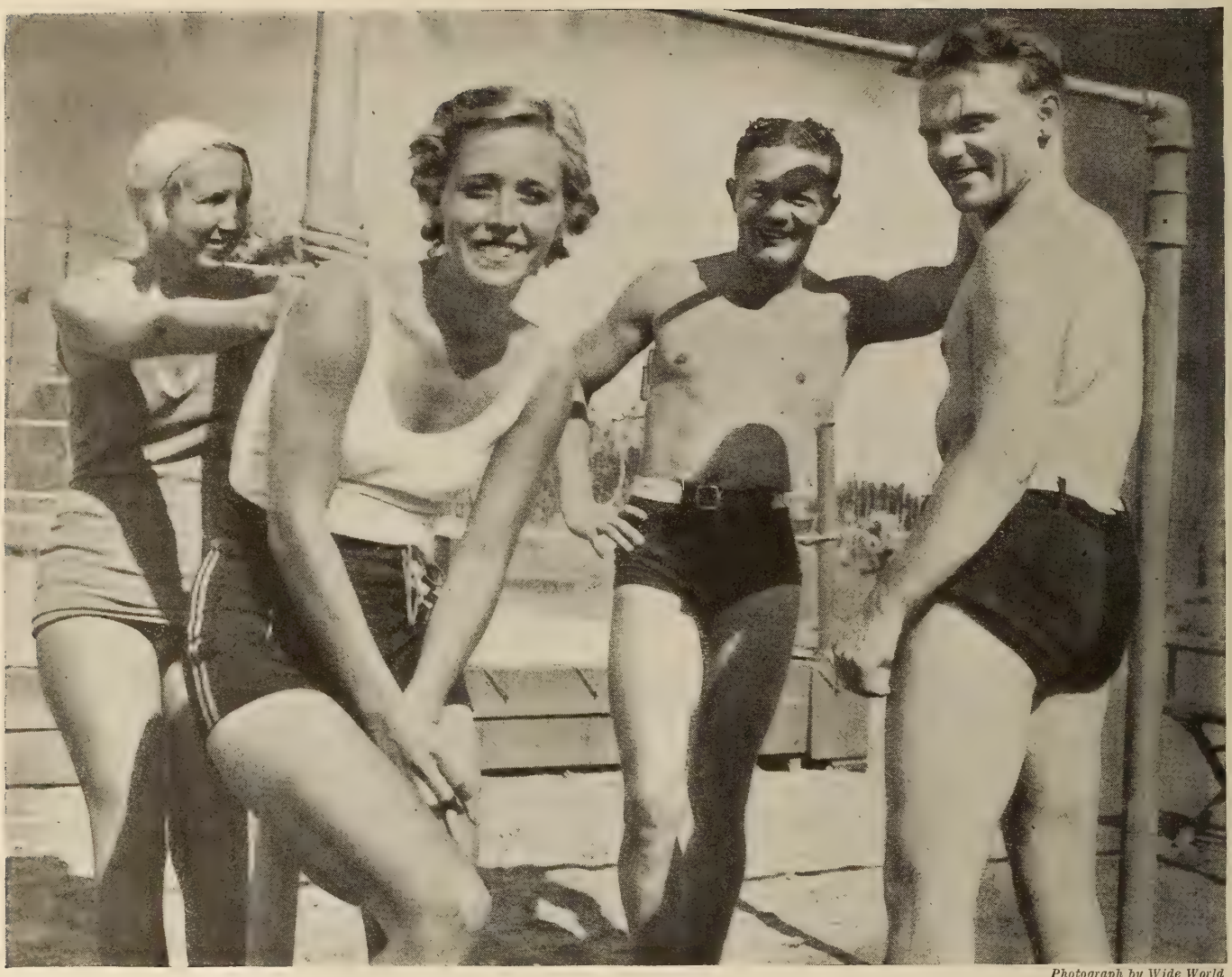
Photograph by Wide World

Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook have just returned from a European vacation. Mr. Brook has started work on "Enemy of the Bride."

One day a test of Ruth Chatterton got mixed up with a piece of sound track made by Jack Oakie. Imagine the amazement of a director, two officials and Miss Chatterton herself, who were looking at the test in the projecting room, when the stately Ruth walked onto the screen and a masculine voice said, "I'm just standing here pulling my nose."



Tony Sarg, foreground, was Minna Gombell's guest recently on his first visit to Fox Movietone City. That's Marian Nixon and Warner Baxter, in their working clothes for "Bachelor Daddy," at the extreme right.



Photograph by Wide World

When James Cagney, right, found his latest rôle called for a prize-fight, he chose the sun-baked sands of the desert as a training spot. He is shown with his trainer, Harvey Perry, Sheila Geraghty and Lola Hotaling at the El Mirador. Jimmy finished the picture in the pink of condition and ready to take on all comers. You are sure to like him—as always—in this new opus.



Photograph by Wide World

Hardly had the stitches begun to heal, after an appendix operation, when Perc Westmore, Hollywood's dean of make-up experts, was pressed into service by Ruth Hall. He is applying his subtle art to Miss Hall's face from his bed in the hospital.

SURPRISE PARTY: Guests at Jeanette MacDonald's party for Robert Ritchie were startled by Jack Oakie's appearance in a dinner jacket and a red sweat-shirt.

It was the Tuxedo that threw 'em into a panic. They expected the sweat-shirt.

Miriam Hopkins is a firm believer in the following beauty aid: The juice of half a lemon in a cup of hot water—twice daily.

HORSE TALK: Polo being the craze in Hollywood just now, Bob Montgomery, James Gleason, Guinn Williams, Clark Gable and others are spending their spare time with stick and ball. And one of the most interested spectators is Tom Mix, cowboy star and horse lover.

Recently Montgomery and Mix met for the first time just before a game between the "Tigers" and the "Cowboys" at Riviera.

"This is a great horse," said Montgomery. "I paid $750 for him, and he'll follow the ball all over the field."

"That's nothing," replied Mix, "I paid $12.50 for Tony, and if I told him to, he'd swallow the ball."

And those who know Tony's brain and his devotion to his master assert that Tony WOULD do it, if Tom said to.

Carmel Meyers sent out invitations to a party. The next day one young man who had received one, called her and asked if the Marx Brothers were going to be there.

"Practically all of them," Carmel replied. "Why?"

"Oh, I just wanted to warn my girl," he said, and hung up.

for Joan Crawford. It was while dancing in the chorus of the floor show at the Oriole Terrace in Detroit that she was noticed by Jake Shubert, noted theatrical producer. He met Joan, then known as Billie Casson (her real name), and offered her a place in the chorus. Naturally, she accepted.

Joan blossomed forth under the Broadway bright lights. Within a short time she had acquired a new polish and a most impressive name—Lucille LeSeuer. The big city taught her many things. Her improved surroundings created new wants. Some of the more attractive chorus girls were earning extra money by appearing in the various night-club floor shows. Lucille LeSeuer decided to do the same and shortly afterward found her doubling in Harry Richman's night club patronized by many Hollywood big shots while on vacation in New York. Meanwhile, she was saving for a trip to Kansas City to visit her mother. She wanted to show the folks back home how well she was getting along. Besides, she needed a rest.

Two days before she had planned to leave, Destiny took a hand in her affairs. Harry Rapf, M-G-M executive, had arrived in New York intent on filling the public's demand for new faces. Visiting the Club Richman, he was impressed with the graceful dancing figure of Lucille LeSeuer. Through Nils T. Granlund, master of ceremonies, she was induced to make a test. This being successful, she was given a contract and a brand-new name, Joan Crawford. Everybody knows the rest.



Nancy Carroll's (above) early dancing days are well remembered.



Joan Crawford (at top) was once Billie Casson, dancer. June MacCloy (below) started at the Club Richman.

Georgia Hale, who (*Please turn to page* 100)



Wm. L. Thomas

Ann Harding, talented RKO-Pathé star, has built into her home all the comforts and conveniences that every woman wants. Situated high in the mountains, the home overlooks the beautiful Pacific Ocean and San Fernando Valley. It is Ann's dream home.

This charming reception hall expresses its own message of hospitality to the visitor. Furniture follows the Spanish motif of tiled floors and beamed ceiling. No need for a welcome mat here!

Blue Heaven

The girl who was always a wanderer, at last builds her nest high under the skies

LITERALLY speaking, Ann Harding lives on the top of the world.

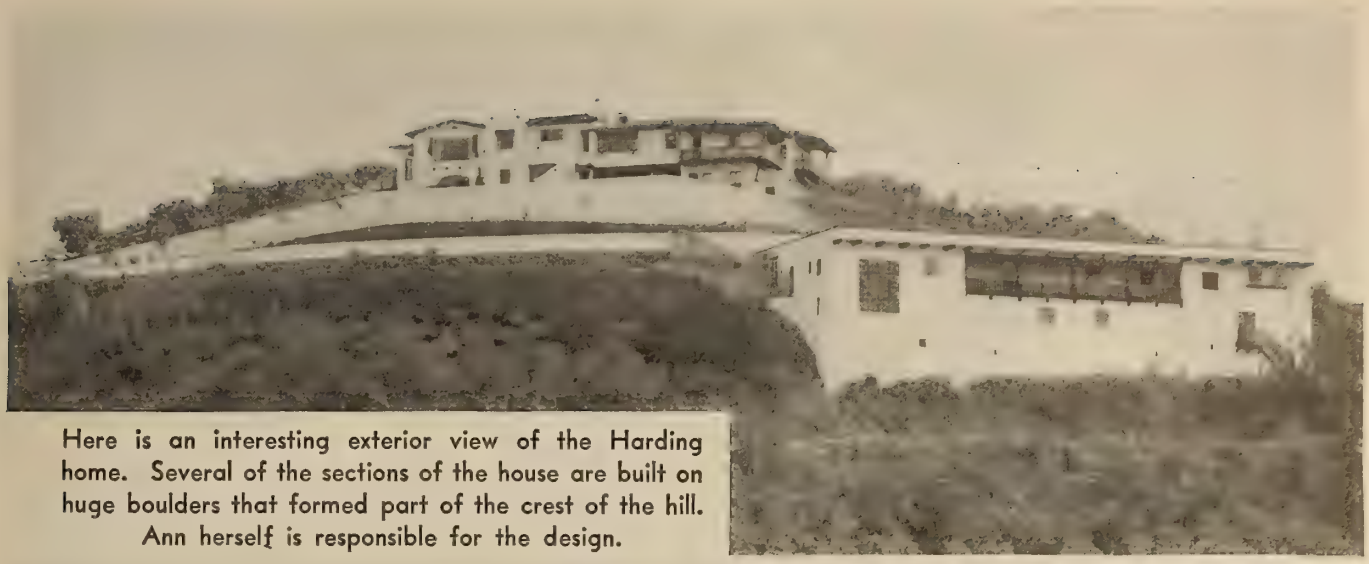
Perched atop the highest hill in Los Angeles county, the rambling Spanish house which this star built as her home commands an assortment of breath-taking views, each a thing of rare scenic splendor.

On one side the eye scans almost the whole of Los Angeles and vicinity. At night this is especially lovely with miles of lights twinkling as far as the onlooker can gaze. In the daytime a glimpse of the ocean can be seen in the distance. Ann Harding is one who can truthfully utter the famous bromide of boasting Angelenos, "You can see Catalina on a clear day."

From the opposite side of the house, the eye travels over the fertile San Fernando valley, hemmed in by mountains on all sides. The other two sides of the house are flanked by rolling hills.

An interesting history is connected with Miss Harding's selection of this home site. Because of huge boulders, no one else had been able to see its





Here is an interesting exterior view of the Harding home. Several of the sections of the house are built on huge boulders that formed part of the crest of the hill. Ann herself is responsible for the design.



The swimming pool and the tennis court at Ann's home.

possibilities. However, Ann hit upon a unique idea. She determined to utilize the great rocks as pillars for a roofed patio. The boulders are so situated that they divide the patio into three partly separated divisions, making an attractive grouping of hammocks, porch chairs, and small tables an easy matter.

The house is truly indicative of the taste of its owner, since Ann designed it without the help of any architect. The only assistance was that of an engineer, retained to pass on the feasibility of the plans.

It is a delightful place, large and rambling, yet essentially homey. The halls are spacious and inviting. About every room there is an aura of hospitality and the whole house has a pleasant, "lived-in" feeling.

Built against a hillside, the principal living quarters are on a second-story level. The ground floor is devoted to garage space, entrance hall, servants' quarters, a study for Miss Harding, and a den.

THE exterior of the house is white stucco, with red tiled roof, and heavy natural wood beams at windows, doorways, and balconies.

No welcome mat need be spread before the doorway. The warmth of the entrance foyer expresses its own greeting to the visitor.

The red-tiled floor is spread with several small rugs in gay colors. There are curtains of gold damask at the windows. Two of the four chairs are upholstered in the same fabric, while the others are done in green,



Many soft colors blend in the Persian rug, in this pleasant living room. Window drapes, couch, fireside chair and other smaller pieces of furniture are upholstered in harmonizing shades of green.



Ann's dining-room is one of the most pleasant rooms in the house. The carved walnut furniture blends well with the planked floor, over which is laid a hand-tufted Turkish rug. There is a superb view from the windows.

one plain velvet, the other figured mohair. The walls are whitewashed and the ceiling beamed. An important feature is a huge grandfather's clock, a real antique once owned by Miss Harding's maternal grandparents.

From the entrance hall a curved stairway, which combines dull red tiles with colored glazed ones, extends to the circular foyer on the second floor from which open the living room, dining room, and bedroom wing of the house.

The staircase well in this foyer is guarded by a wrought-iron railing about four feet high, with a gate opening into the well. The floor is tiled, as is that of the living room, which opens from the foyer through a deep archway.

Dominating the color scheme of the living room is a Persian rug on the floor. Many soft hues blend, jewel-like in pattern.

Miss Harding's fondness for green is evident in the furnishings of this room. Drapes, plain velvet couch near the fireplace, chair and ottoman across from it, and several smaller articles of furniture are in various harmonizing shades of green.

A pleasant unity between the living room and dining room, which opens from it, is achieved by a love seat on one side of the separating archway and a chair on the other, upholstered in the same dull gold damask as the dining-room suite. The drapes in the dining room match those of the living room.

Long French windows on either side of the fireplace open to a roofed patio built about the natural boulders, described above. A huge window at the far end of the living room reaches almost from floor to ceiling and looks out upon a stretch of lawn and several lovely pepper trees. The fireplace is constructed of natural stone. The wood of ceiling and heavy rafters is a dark-stained oak.

IT is impossible to describe the charm of this room in words. It is dignified and in excellent taste, while entirely lacking in formality. Coffee tables, lamps, and smoking stands are in the most convenient places. There are always books and flowers in abundance. Miss Harding's music fills the piano rack. Nor is there anything unusual about finding a doll or toy somewhere about.

The living room really lives up to its name. One knows that congenial people gather here, from its lived-in look and air.

The dining room is quite Spanish, with wide planked floor, heavily carved walnut furniture, and hand-tufted rug. An archway leads to the breakfast nook, and a swinging door to the butler's pantry, beyond which lies the kitchen.

This room stresses the modern tendency to combine



The playroom where little three-year-old Jane entertains her friends. Note the small table and chairs, and the attractive drawings that adorn the pale buff walls. The commodious shelves are piled with toys and books of every kind.

beauty and utility in the culinary department of the house. Walls are white sanitas, with tiling and woodwork trim in yellow. The large range is run by electricity. The work table is white enamel. There are both a telephone and an intercommunicating house phone in the kitchen. The floor is covered with cork linoleum.

The hallway leading from the foyer to the sleeping quarters and nursery is a pleasant apartment in itself. The planked floor is covered with deep red carpet. There are deep settees and chairs along either side, with a table for flowers at the far end. The window at the end of the hall extends from floor to ceiling and commands one of the most magnificent views to be had from any point of the estate. One side of this wing is devoted to Baby Jane's needs, being divided into sleeping room, bath, and a combined playroom-dinette.

The walls of both playroom and bedroom are in a pale buff, decorated with modernistic conceptions of Mother Goose. The bathroom is entirely done in blue tile and porcelain with chromium fittings. Both glass curtains and drapes in all the nursery rooms are azure blue.

OPENING from the other side is a guest room and the master bedroom.

The guest room is furnished with four-poster twin beds, while pale green is the predominating color in spreads, drapes, and upholstery. The bath opening from this room also has a green color scheme.

The master bedroom is part of a suite sacred to the mistress of the household. A small hallway opens from the wide outer passage.

The bedroom lies beyond an open arch on one side. From this hall there is also a staircase to the ground floor, where Miss Harding's bath, dressing room, den and study are located. The passageway from which these rooms open can be reached in no other way than the staircase described above, thus assuring complete privacy for the owner of the house. This downstairs hall has been turned into a small armory, the walls being decorated with banners and arms which are souvenirs of various campaigns served in by Ann's father, the late General George Grant Gatley.

Miss Harding's tiny study is her favorite retreat in the household. Here she pursues her piano practice on the small upright piano. Her favorite books fill the niches and shelves. Here she answers correspondence and rests and studies, as the mood moves her.

The master bedroom is a spacious and charming place. Carpeted in a deep cream, the walls are painted a pale creamy white. Bed (*Please turn to page* 91)



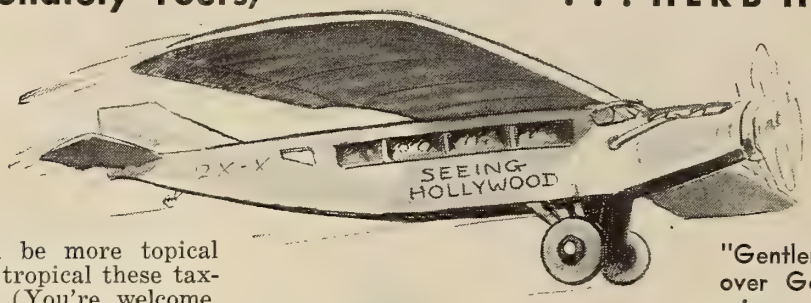
At the right is a corner of the dressing-room that adjoins Ann's bedroom shown below. The bedroom is Ann's pride and was designed and decorated entirely by herself. The carpet is of deep cream, while drapes, canopy and chaise-longue are in rosy apricot. A note of contrast is introduced by the green chair.



OUR HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARDIER SELECTS

My Ten Favorite Thous

Affectionately Yours, . . . HERB HOWE



Drawings by Chamberlain

Hollywood:

WHAT could be more topical than going tropical these tax-ful days? (You're welcome, Doug, to the theme song for your picture.) As you know, Doug sailed away with Joe Schenck's yacht to do a modern Crusoe on a South Sea isle. What man of us today has not yearned to do the same? To shove off from it all to a blissful isle and lead the simple life. 'Twould be paradise enow. With Joe Schenck's well-stocked yacht. . . .

A BUNCH of breadfruit, a yachtful of brew and thou beside me. We mustn't forget thou. Paradise enow wouldn't rhyme without thou. This raises the question: What ten thous would you take with you?

I know the usual question is, What ten books would you take to a desert island? But this isn't a desert island. It's tropical. There's a moon and leafy nooks and who knows what, on Mr. Schenck's boat. Besides, we're a Hollywood Crusoe. We've read a book. If we took ten of them we'd be no wiser, whereas, if we took ten little Hollywood thous we certainly would be.

Another thing: there are no shelves to put books on, but there are warm beaches and downy banks. So, looking over the Hollywood classics, let's make a selection. Mine:

JEANETTE MACDONALD—because if she sings that well in a tub, imagine her in the surf a September morn.

JEAN HARLOW—because the sun couldn't bleach her hair—but would the sun get hot!

LORETTA YOUNG—because—because—because she'd make the wild orchids wilder, the jealous things!

POLA NEGRI—because she's a match for a tropic storm, and a Hollywood boy likes his fight nights.



"Gentlemen, we are now passing over Garbo. Kindly refrain from using parachutes."

GRETA GARBO—because we want to do a lot of hunting and like it elusive.

ARLENE JUDGE—because we've held her watch while she was splashing and the time passed very swiftly.

MADGE EVANS—because the Greeks had a word for her and so have we—honey.

CLARA BOW—because Elinor Glyn had a word for her—and how'd you like to be Bow-a-constricted? Ooohoo-hoo!

LUPE VELEZ—because she has the wiggle that wears well in a grass skirt.

MARLENE DIETRICH—because in case there isn't a grass skirt. . . .

OF course, you really should see Hollywood, first. Sky tours are the latest way of seeing stars. You look down, not up. You'll see them sun-bathing in gardens and on roofs. (All planes equipped with field glasses.) This suggests a sequel to Rene Clair's "Under the Roofs of Paris." Certainly you can see as much on the roofs of Hollywood as *sous les toits de Paris.*

"Ladies and Gentlemen! We are now passing over Garbo. Kindly refrain from using parachutes."

EVERYONE goes native in Hollywood. This morning I read in the local columns that Mr. George Arliss (note the billboard "Mr.") was seen springing through the hills "monocle-clad." Getting ready for the Olympic games, no doubt. Let us hope the monocle is non-shakable. Mr. George Arliss unmonocled would seem the final sanction of the nudist cult.



Jimmie Durante views the old Hollywood run-around—"See you some time!"

MR. GEORGE ARLISS is the only star who is billed "Mr." It's an old English custom. English newspapers always use a gender title. It avoids confusion in a land where gentlemen bear such names as Evelyn and Vivian. In this country it's the feminine gender that needs indication. Universal Pictures, for instance, would be justified in placing a "Miss" before Sydney Fox.

LADIES of Hollywood have set feminine fashions for some years and now, increasing their scope, are offering advance tips to the well-dressed man. Indeed, the little ladies are getting sturdier and sturdier every day.

THERE'S hardly a siss among them. Miss Marlene Dietrich appeared at a theater in the company of Joseph Von Sternberg wearing white flannel trousers exactly like his. I know it's being sissy, but I'd rather see them step up some evening in—you know, like hers of "The Blue Angel."

MY philanderings are over. Since the "Shanghai Express" there's been only one woman in the world. *Shanghai Lily!* Warner Oland can blind me if he likes; I've seen Lil. I'm confident she'd save me, anyhow, inasmuch as she saved Clive Brook, whose priggish English officer is enough to make the British protest, just as the Mexicans did over our presentations of them.

I SAID some time ago that Miss Dietrich would have to put on a skirt before we could render a rational verdict. Well, she has, and this judge sentences her to life in the service of Art.

Never before have I realized how lovely her face is. For framing in dreams was that vision of her, a madonna of shadows, gazing back through the door of her compartment. And those tantalizing vignettes in an aura of fur on the observation platform.

The only effect I didn't care for was that roostertail neckpiece she wore. I admit there was a special reason for my feeling it was in bad taste. Directly preceding the picture, at the theatre where I saw it, there was a two-reel comedy entitled, "Ex-Rooster," and the appearance of those feathers around Miss Dietrich's neck so soon after the slaying of the bird was to me just a bit ghoulish.

SPEAKING of beautiful pictures, I've never seen "stills" to equal those taken by Eisenstein in Mexico. Mr. Eisenstein spent many months in Mexico filming the drama of that mysterious, legendary land. He was halted at our borders on his return for no good reason, apparently, save that he is Russian. Some of our patrioteers were afraid he was Red and, therefore, as dangerous to California as the Mediterranean fruit fly. There ought to be some name for these what-do-you-call-ums that are always popping up at the mention of Reds. I suggest Yellows.

I LIKE Russians, be they red, white or blue. There is a colony of some two thousand in Hollywood. Generals, grand dukes and princes. They are all Whites, opposed to Reds. With the exception of the princes who married stars, all have been forced to earn a living. Those who work as extras have refused to appear as Reds. But there hasn't been much extra work, Red or White, in Hollywood for many months and so when Paramount sent out a call for Russians to play Reds in "The Red Harvest," the Whites forgot politics and responded.

There's nothing like hard times to turn a man from White to Red. Or from Republican to Democrat for that matter.



Since "Shanghai Express" there has been only one woman in the world for me.

WE are about to be flooded with political pictures. Pre-

(*Please turn to page* 106)

ON with the Dance!

Music of the Sound Screen—John Boles and Joan Bennett at their best—"Sometime in Summertime" hit of the month

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

JOHN BOLES and Joan Bennett score again with two of the most charming songs the music of the sound screen has given us for a long time. You will find them in "Careless Lady." The first is "Souvenir of Love" and the second, "When You Hear This Song, Remember Me." It's too bad that every musical offering from Hollywood isn't like this one. If we could have more of the same kind, musical pictures would flourish.

WE have a hit of the month from Leo Reisman, "Sometime in Summertime," and it's one of the best tunes this season has produced. A real hit! The orchestra does an excellent job, and the vocal chorus is very pleasing. Frank Luther does the vocal honors.



No one can surpass John Boles in certain songs. Don't fail to hear him and Joan Bennett in "Careless Lady."

NEXT we have Waring's Pennsylvanians playing "That's Living." These boys have never failed us, and this one is no exception. Clare Hanlon sings the vocal refrain. (This is a Victor record.)

DON REDMAN and his orchestra are next, and they certainly know their stuff. "I Heard" is the title of the song, and although the tune doesn't amount to much, the way these boys play it is something to talk about. If you want a real dance record that you will enjoy listening to, also, don't miss this one. Don Redman, himself, does the vocal work.

The other side, also by Don Redman and his orchestra, is a slow number and offers a nice bit of contrast. "Trouble, Why Pick on Me?" is the title. This has a very good vocal chorus. Don, himself, wrote the tune. (This is a Brunswick record.)

"HOW Long Will It Last?" from the M-G-M picture, "Possessed," is next, and this time we hear Ted Wallace and his Campus Boys doing the recording honors. The tune is okay, the recording excellent, and the vocal chorus very good.

The other side is also by Ted Wallace and this time we hear the orchestra playing "Starlight," the tune that is taking the country by storm. I heartily recommend this record. (This is a Columbia record.)

IT'S time for a vocal, and here it is. "Snuggled on Your Shoulder" is the title, and our old friend, Bing Crosby, does the singing. I think this is one of the best Bing has done, and if you are one of his admirers, you won't go wrong.

"I Found You" is the title on the other side, by Bing, too, very ably assisted by Helen Crawford at the organ. You will be pleased with the result. (This is a Brunswick record.)

THIS time we listen to "Auf Wiedersehen, My Dear," as played for us by Jack Denny and his orchestra. All of you who have a radio are familiar with Jack and (*Please turn to page* 95)

The Month's Biggest Hits

"Sometime in Summer Time" (fox trot)
Played by Leo Reisman and his Orchestra—(Victor).

"I Heard" (fox trot)
Played by Don Redman and his Orchestra—(Brunswick).

"How Long Will It Last?" (fox trot)
Played by Ted Wallace and his Campus Boys—(Columbia).

"Snuggled on Your Shoulder" (vocal)
Sung by Bing Crosby—(Brunswick).



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

Down in the South Seas where palms are waving and soft waves caress the beaches, Doug Fairbanks is making his newest picture, "Tropical Knight." He plays the part of a modern Robinson Crusoe and looks Doug-gone happy about it, too.

The NEW MOVIE Magazine's RADIO



Irvin S. Cobb chews his cigar and produces new radio anecdotes.

Arthur (Street Singer) Tracy really sang in back yards when he was young.

Mildred (Broadcast Rehearsals) Hunt ran away from boarding school when she was fifteen to become a Follies girl. She roomed with Helen (Boop-boo-pa-doo) Kane.



ONE of the men in the basement of No. 215 on New York's Bowery, almost took a sock at me the night I was there—and only because I forgot to applaud Phillips (you know, Seth Parker) Lord.

Lord has been gathering the down and outers there, cheering them up, giving them food and money, and finally handing them their biggest thrill by staging a real broadcast right in that basement.

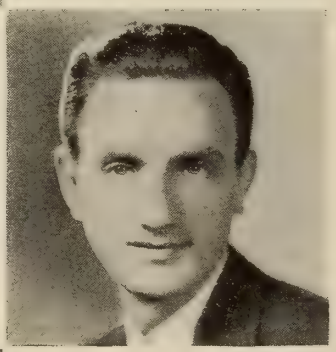
They have a swell sense of humor, too, these Bowery boys. There was the man just back from the Federal penitentiary, who asked: "Why didn't you stop in to see us while you were in Atlanta?"

"I was waiting at the station for you to come out and ask me over," Lord answered.

"Aw," cried somebody from the rear, "the warden was afraid the boys would walk out of the jail on you, if you came."

Babies, pianos and cries: Shapiro and Shefter, Vaughn de Leath's piano accompanists, are raising their four-year-old sons to be a piano duo, too. . . . Sallie Belle Cox, the pretty girl who plays Junior, in the "Raising Junior" sketches, learned to cry when she was a counsellor at a girls' camp. Whenever the kids cried she used to imitate them to show them how silly they looked. Now she makes a living at it.

Stars at work: Belle Baker was nervous on her first Eveready Gaieties broadcast, but not Jack Denny. He even had the presence of mind to signal his orchestra to play lower when announcer X3X started to tell you listeners what a grand guy Denny is. . . . Lee (NBC pianist) Sims plays best when his hands are wet, so he always keeps a wringing cloth beside him. . . . Singin' Sam's broadcasts are the height of informality. When he last had a cold and broke into a cough right in the middle of a song, he calmly said: "Now, folks, just wait a minute while your old friend Singin' Sam gets a drink of water," and he let you wait while he did.



Taking off extra pounds: Paul Whiteman has cut his moustache down to balance his reducing figure. He lost his weight on grapefruit juice and spinach. That explains everything. Anybody who eats spinach deserves to reduce. . . .

Lily Pons, who weighs 103 pounds, loses weight by singing. An evening's opera rendition is good for a two-pound loss, which means that she has to sit right down and eat it all back again when she leaves the theatre. But there is nothing frail about Lily. She even eats chicken sandwiches in bed for breakfast. . . .

George Olsen reduces by playing golf day after day until his poundage comes down to par. It's a pleasure and a swell excuse for a day off, and George is getting to be quite an expert.

Popeye finds a rival: The latest legend of Count von Luckner's prowess concerns his quick recovery from an appendicitis operation.

When the doctor called to examine him on the morning after the operation, the Count was gone. A frantic hunt was started and they finally came upon him calmly eating in a near-by restaurant.

"My God!" cried the doctor. "Why did you leave the hospital?"

"You said you only wanted me there for the operation," Von Luckner reminded him.

"Yes," exclaimed the excited doctor, "but——"

"Oh, didn't you finish?" asked the puzzled Count.

RAMBLES

Chats concerning the stars of the microphone and television screen

They're human: Claude Hopkins drinks his weight in coffee and sings in his bathtub. . . . Bill (Shaeffer Pen Lifetime Revue) Demling wiggles his ears. . . . Burton Holmes removes his coat and collar for his broadcasts just as if he were in a poker game. . . . They're all just as human as you are, except, perhaps, "Buddy" Wagner, who was given a bottle of very old champagne by Baron von Mumm when he played at his Rhine castle, and hasn't opened it yet. He is waiting for prohibition to be repealed so that he will be able to drink it without breaking the law. (Who laughed just then?)



A Juilliard scholarship paid Gladys (Today and Yesterday) Brittain's way until she made good last Fall.

They remember: George Jessel and Eddie Cantor . . . when they were kids in Gus Edwards' show and a pretty violinist was being called out for more bows than they were. They picked up violins and went out and bowed with her. . . .

Alex Gray . . . when he weighed 170 pounds and was playing "Belinda, the Boiler-Maker's Daughter," in a Penn State College musical comedy. He flung himself on a folding bed and it shut up with him inside. . . .

Elsie (Crime Club) Hitz . . . when she was supposed to shoot the villain in a drama and the gun wouldn't go off. Thinking quickly, Elsie threw the gun at his head . . . and knocked him out for three hours. . . .

Tess (Aunt Jemima) Gardell . . . when she was rocking baby Arthur Jarrett in her arms backstage, while his parents were going through their act.

He did not marry a Follies girl: Billie Burke met her husband, Florenz Ziegfeld, at a New Year's Eve costume party. When Billie came in, Ziegfeld was costumed as a tramp, but by the time she was introduced to him much later in the evening, he had gone out and changed to a full-dress suit. That becomes even more significant when you consider that he hates evening clothes.

The Ziegfelds' courtship was a series of romantic meetings in the shadow of Grant's Tomb. That was their way of avoiding the numerous gossip-gatherers, who even today don't know that there is a Grant's Tomb in New York.



Ethel Shutta trusts her husband, George Olsen, when he works late nights. She works with him.



Left: Dorothy Brent, a new singer to be heard over the national systems.

Six romantic women fainted in Baltimore when Lawrence Tibbett sang "The Cuban Love Song" locally. Sorry, but we can't check on radio passers-out.



Teeth, Indians, meat, etc. When B. A. Rolfe decided to become a cornetist he had his teeth filed evenly because he thought that would insure a better tone. . . . Virginia (Death Valley) Gardiner is an adopted Princess of the Blackfeet tribe. Her Indian name is Ohm-atch-kay-kaka-tos-sakay, but it only means Princess Great Star Woman. . . . Leslie Howard does not eat meat because he feels that it is cruel to eat animals. He named his daughter Leslie, after himself, and his son, Ronald. It is a strange coincidence, therefore, that his daughter likes to act while his son hates it. However, his children are only seven and thirteen respectively, so you can't really tell, yet. . . . Arthur Jarrett made such a hit in Brooklyn vaudeville under the billing "Home Town Boy Makes Good," that the Jersey theatres welcomed him as a "home town boy," too, when he went over there to sing.

As ye sow: Belle Baker will tell you that the best way to prepare for the next depression is (*Please turn to page* 101)

The NEW FILMS

New Movie Magazine rates them—





Scarface—Class A—United Artists—Between title and story there is no doubt left in your mind as to locale or principal character. You follow the bloody trail of "Scarface" from bodyguard to powerful, ruthless leader of mobsters and gangland. There is not one sympathetic character in the whole picture. Paul Muni and Ann Dvorak (above), Karen Morley, C. Henry Gordon and George Raft are all excellent in their character portrayals. Decidedly not for children.

The Wet Parade—Class A—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—Narrative concerns prohibition, shows part it plays in American life before and after 18th Amendment. Propaganda eliminated by story that grips from start to finish. Lewis Stone and Walter Huston shine in characters as victims of John Barleycorn. Robert Young, Walter Huston, Neil Hamilton (below), Dorothy Jordan, Jimmy Durante and Myrna Loy contribute good work in counterbalancing tragic side of story.



The Miracle Man—Class A—Paramount—This picture, in the silent version of which Thomas Meighan so successfully starred, shows Chester Morris and Sylvia Sidney (above), Hobart Bosworth, John Wray, Robert Coogan, Ned Sparks and Irving Pichel. It tells of four crooks who, while successfully—and crookedly—using a sincere faith-healer, are themselves converted. A proven story with excellent portrayals by the entire cast; and a picture with splendid inspirational and spiritual value.

at a GLANCE

A-Excellent. B-Good. C-Fair



Man Wanted—Class B—Warner Brothers—Brings Kay Francis and David Manners (above) in a story of woman magazine editor married to wealthy loafer, Kenneth Thompson. David Manners pinch-hits for editor's secretary and gets permanent job. Result: wealthy loafer loses wife and true love steps in. Andy Devine and Una Merkel carry comedy relief satisfactorily. It's pretty good entertainment and won't tax your brain.

Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood—Class B—Universal—This takes well-known comedy team of Charles Murray and George Sidney into Hollywood, where panorama view of intimate side of life is given audience in a refreshing comedy. Story tells what happens to small-town girl who comes to Hollywood, becomes a film star and later falls into discard. This part is effectively portrayed by June Clyde, with support of well-balanced cast, all contributing to what will generally be accepted as clean, wholesome fun with this colorful city as background. (Picture below.)





So Big—Class A—Warner Brothers—Barbara Stanwyck (above) as Selina Peake in Edna Ferber's Pulitzer prize novel. Others in cast: Dickie Moore, Hardie Albright and Earle Fox. Story of Selina Peake, daughter of a gambler, left without parents at finishing-school age. Her marriage to truck farmer and subsequent struggle. Miss Stanwyck gives a most sincere performance and is ably supported by others in cast. The picture has some excellent touches of rural life. An important story well cast and produced.



But the Flesh Is Weak—Class B—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—Spicy, sophisticated comedy-drama in which Robert Montgomery (above) rides further on road to fame and glory. Story concerns triangle with two women, one rich, the other poor, after the heart of Montgomery.

The Passionate Plumber—Class B—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—Taken from the stage play, "Her Cardboard Lover." This farce is made mirthful by Buster Keaton, Irene Purcell (below), Polly Moran, Jimmy Durante and others. If you are in quest of hilarious fun, place this on your "must" list.



The Mouthpiece—Class B—Warner Brothers—A Deputy District Attorney convicts and sends an innocent man to the electric chair. He resigns his post and goes into civil practice, specializing on defense of gangsters. Story reputed to be based on one of New York's greatest criminal attorneys, and makes good entertainment. Warren William, Sidney Fox, Tom Brown (below) and Aline MacMahon take honors.





The Beast of the City—Class B—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—An honest policeman, pitted against an organized gang, comes in for a bit of glorification in this vivid glimpse of the underworld. Jean Harlow and Wallace Ford (above), and Walter Huston as the honest policeman, give impressive performances. And when these three are together in any picture, you're certain to be interested.



Girl Crazy—Class C—Radio—Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey (above, left) head cast in comedy so barren of good laughs that its two or three high spots stand out conspicuously. Locale of plot is dude ranch. Mitzi Green's impersonations are exceptionally good. Others in cast are Kitty Kelly, Eddie Quillan (above, right), Arlene Judge and Dorothy Lee.



Careless Lady—Class C—Fox—A movie marshmallow, toasted to a turn and spiced with paprika smart cracks. Ugly duckling Joan Bennett (left) takes sophisticated advice and man's overcoat in speakeasy raid; becomes swan in Paris—stock shots—by posing as Mrs. Overcoat. Imaginary husband John Boles appears in flesh, with ensuing complications en suite.

The Crowd Roars—Class C—Warner Brothers—Racing driver double-crosses his girl, brother and pal all in same picture. He deliberately cracks up his pal in big-time race. Cagney is the rotter, Ann Dvorak carries the "my man" motif (below), and Joan Blondell is swell. The story is not only pointless, but offensive, and the net result is one sleepless night if you're hard-boiled and several if you're not.

Destry Rides Again—Class C—Universal—Tom Mix stages comeback with all the color, action and background that made him King of Screen Cowboys. Story contains nothing new in theme, plot, or treatment. However, there are thrills for lovers of Western pictures. Tom's horse, Tony, does a few new tricks, while Tom himself surmounts many obstacles in story and direction.

(Please turn to page 90)





ELISSA LANDI chooses a Week's Menu



With that faraway look in her eyes, Miss Landi might be planning roast peacock and mangoes for dinner but, on the contrary, baked beans, corn bread and peach dumplings find favor in those eyes



Miss Landi, tall, slim Fox player, is a successful author as well as an actress. She is now working on "The Woman in Room 13," taken from the stage play of the same name.

IF breakfast is an important meal to you, Elissa Landi's program for a week's menus will hit the spot. Any weight-watching that she does occurs around about luncheon time. Breakfasts of merely black coffee and orange juice are out. Her Sunday menu is:

BREAKFAST: Orange juice; cereal with cream; omelet; hot beverage or milk.

DINNER: Sliced cold chicken; potato salad; corn on the cob; sliced cucumbers; pineapple sherbet.

SUPPER: Assorted sandwiches; sliced tomatoes; tea.

Evidently Elissa likes cool dishes. For Monday she chooses:

BREAKFAST: Cereal with sliced bananas and cream; hot biscuits and plum jelly; hot beverage or milk.

LUNCHEON: Boston baked beans; brown bread and butter; cabbage and apple salad.

DINNER: Sliced cold lamb hearts; rice and vegetable salad; corn on the cob; deepdish blackberry pie.

Her Tuesday menu is simple:

BREAKFAST: Sliced oranges; oatmeal; scrambled eggs; bran muffins; hot beverage or milk.

LUNCHEON: Baked spinach; toast; sliced peaches (fresh or canned) and milk.

DINNER: Lamb stew en casserole; lettuce salad; bread custard with meringue.

Broiled tomatoes and cornbread is a new luncheon combination — one that Miss Landi has selected for her Wednesday menu:

BREAKFAST: Melon; cereal with cream; toast and strawberry jam; hot beverage or milk.

LUNCHEON: Broiled tomatoes, corn bread; jello with sliced peaches.

DINNER: Ham loaf; creamed potatoes and onions; buttered squash; orange and fresh pear salad, French dressing; coffee.

Thursday is a vegetarian day in this star's weekly diet:

BREAKFAST: Orange juice; cooked cereal with chopped dates; whole wheat toast and jam; hot beverage or milk.

LUNCHEON: Fluffy omelet; buttered string beans; raspberry gelatin; tea or milk.

DINNER: Vegetables en casserole; beet and horse-radish relish; salad of mixed greens, French dressing; tapioca with sliced peaches.

For Friday:

BREAKFAST: Grapefruit juice; ready to eat cereal; bacon; raisin bread toast.

(*Please turn to page* 117)

Renderings by
Schell Lewis





Home Builders Select the COLONIAL HOUSE

LETTERS from our readers prove to us beyond a doubt that the modernized Colonial house is the favorite with the majority of prospective American house builders. More important than that, the letters show that an exceptionally large number of people are thinking definitely and sensibly on this question of house building and home furnishing. "How can we build an ideal home of our own?" is a question uppermost in the minds of thousands of American families in all sections of the country.

The Colonial home won by a large enough majority, making it clear to us that it is this type of house that we should have in mind in going forward with our house building and home furnishing service, but the other houses—English, Spanish and French—that have been presented in the December, January and February issues of this magazine—polled large enough votes to show there is still need in American residential sections for houses of widely different type.

The majority of voters not only knew that they wanted the Colonial type of dwelling, but they knew why they wanted it. They told us in their letters that they preferred it to the other types because it was more truly American, because it typified more than the other houses American traditions and ideals, and because they found it more suitable to present day living conditions. Many voters chose it because they felt that it was the best background for Colonial furniture—old pieces that had been handed down to them from Colonial days or replicas that could be bought everywhere nowadays at reasonable prices. A number of voters chose the house because they said they thought it a safer investment, since it was more likely to remain in favor and therefore might be more readily sold, if need be, at a future time.

Among the characteristic Colonial features of this house that have appealed to its votaries should be mentioned the chimney rising from the center of the roof with the deep recessed fireplace in the living room; the wood frame construction finished by siding or shingles, the central entrance doorway with hall between dining room and living room, the small-paned windows with green wooden shutters. Features showing unusual adaptation of the Colonial idea which met with wide approval included the bay window opposite the fireplace in the living room, the fair-sized porch opening from the living room, the lavatory downstairs and two upstairs bathrooms, good sized bedrooms with cross ventilation in each, spacious closet room as well as the exceptionally large master bedroom with fireplace and alcove for dressing table.

Now that the important question of the most popular type of house has been settled, we are going forward with our plans for house equipment and furnishings. If you have not already received your copy of our illustrated booklet on the Colonial house we would be glad to send one to you. If you are still interested in the other types of house—French, English or Spanish—you may have illustrated copies of these booklets sent to you. Just send your request to Tower House Editor, indicating which of the booklets you would like, enclosing two cents postage for each.

THE HOME OF YOUR DREAMS

Votes for the most popular type of house indicated to us that the majority of our readers prefer the Colonial type of house. Watch for coming numbers of this magazine for full information about the best way to furnish your Colonial home in a reasonable, comfortable and authentic manner.



Photo by Gaston Longet

Billiards proved a popular game when W. S. Van Dyke, the director, gave a party for the cast of "Night Court." Left to right: Nena Quartaro, Noel Francis, John Miljan, W. S. Van Dyke, Walter Huston, Jean Hersholt, Anita Page and Phillips Holmes.

The Stars at Play

By GRACE KINGSLEY

"YES, I like billiards—especially since I nearly hit the ball that time!" remarked Anita Page.

We were watching Anita, Dr. Cyril Wright—to whom people are saying nowadays that Anita is engaged—Walter Huston and Noel Francis as they played billiards. And Anita, whether she played billiards well or not was at least looking stunning in a black satin afternoon gown, long, with elbow sleeves.

That highly eligible bachelor, W. S. Van Dyke, the director, was giving the party at his big, hospitable, luxurious home in Brentwood.

The billiard room is off the trophy room, which, likewise, is the whoopee room; and in the latter, where Van Dyke keeps the interesting things he brings home from abroad — splendid white ostrich native headdresses from Africa are a conspicuous feature—and how he keeps his lady guests from making off with a plume now and then, I cannot imagine!—we found a lot of people assembled, chatting, with a few dancing to the music of the radio.

Phillips Holmes was dancing with Nena Quartaro, lovely in a black velvet, tight-fitting gown, and Jack Quartaro, who has been writing scenarios away out on the Sahara Desert, persuaded Anita Page to give up billiards for a dance.

Walter Huston gave up his billiard cue to Jean Hersholt and came in to chat with me. He said he had just come with his wife from Big Bear Lake and Reginald Denny's cabin in the mountains, and that he felt he just must own such a place. Mrs. Huston wasn't with him at the party because she had a big golf game on next day.

"And she takes her golf seriously," said Walter smiling.

Then Noel Francis, having won her billiard game, joined us.

We asked her how about that Los Angeles cop she was supposed to have sauced so terribly that he told the judge in court that he "wished he could spank her!"

"Why, I didn't sauce him at all," declared Noel—when she gets excited she talks with a Southern accent—"I just told him that I was sure I had come to a stop at the boulevard, and that I was not, as he accused me, going at thirty miles an hour there. I went on a mile or two after I left him, and tried out my car, and found I couldn't have been doing what he said I did, and then I went back to demonstrate to him. He didn't like it a bit, and that's when he arrested me."

NOEL has been playing in rather hard luck. A bank in Hollywood failed, taking with it all the money her father had bequeathed her mother. And then, too, she had had to borrow the money to pay income and inheritance taxes on this money that they had lost!

Our host came over to kid John Miljan about the funny old-vintage flivver that John had given him for a Christmas present as a joke.

"I tried to give it to the gardener, but he just backed off, and finally I got rid of it to the man from whom I buy wood for my fire-places," said Van Dyke. "He said he thought maybe it would be all right up in the mountains on a lonely road, where it couldn't run amuck and hurt anybody when it acted up."

Phillips Holmes told us how (*Please turn to page* 92)

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

For Your Crochet Needle

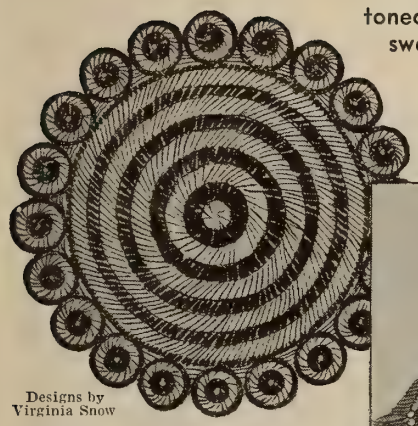
Our new-method circulars give expert directions for the new mesh blouses and smart wool afghans



Designs from Spool Cotton Co.

Ju126—Learn how to crochet this two-toned cotton mesh sweater blouse.

Ju129—Directions for meshy Irish lace yoke and cuff trimming (above at left) are given here. Ju130 gives directions for crochet surplice blouse shown above.

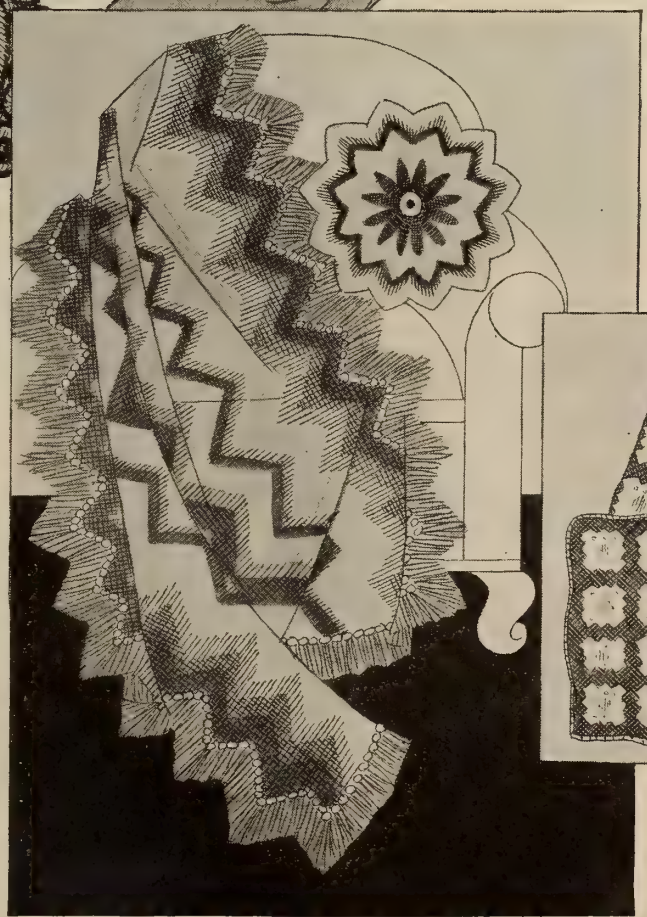


Designs by Virginia Snow

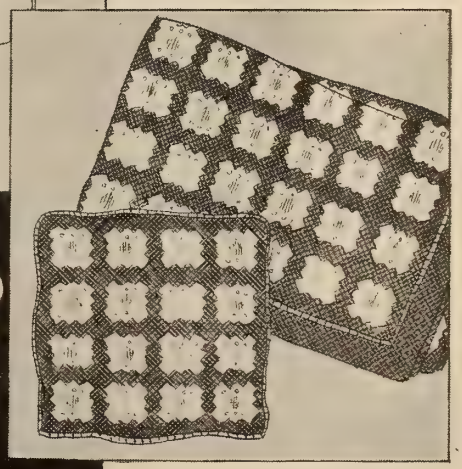
Ju127—Old-fashioned designs in crocheted wool rugs are now in favor. Circular gives directions.

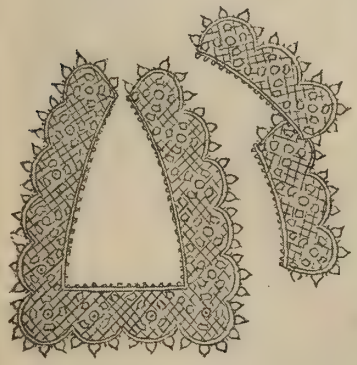
Ju131—During leisure hours in summer, make the up-to-date afghan and pillow-top at left.

Ju132—A Granny afghan and pillow-top may be made from odds and ends of colored wools.



Designs by Virginia Snow





Designs from Spool Cotton Co.

Ju128—Irish lace collars and cuffs are in high style. You can make this set from 4 or 5 balls of mercerized cotton.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or 15 cents for all seven. Be sure to indicate the circular you wish by number.

NEW BEAUTY under the SUN



Ernest A. Bachrach

To prevent windburn and roughness from the dry hot breezes of summer, Miss Twelvetrees always rubs a thin cold cream over her face as a last-minute touch before facing the wind.

HELEN TWELVETREES tells you how gentlemen may prefer blondes even in the summertime

By ANN BOYD

TO the fair—the aches and pains of sunburn. That's what it used to be. But no longer.

Helen Twelvetrees with her dazzling pink and white complexion is one of those who have found a way to circumvent the painful combination of a strong sun and delicate fair skin.

Her first few encounters with the California sun are torturous memories. But she isn't one to be easily bested. Liking the beach and ocean sports she experimented until she hit on a formula which seemed to afford the most adequate protection for her skin.

Helen mixes equal parts of olive oil and castor oils. Just before going out on the beach she has this thoroughly massaged into every exposed portion of the skin. The mixture of olive and castor oil is a matter of individual experimentation, according to Miss Twelvetrees. It tends to prevent an extremely deep sun tan. Castor oil is used as a curative agent and in addition has greater body and does not evaporate so easily, thus affording protection for a longer period of time.

For the girl who wishes a deep tan, olive oil alone will give a darker color. Helen has a hint to offer in that respect:

"Use the mixture of the two several times. When the skin is protected, abandon the castor in favor of olive oil. Above all do not remain too long in the sun at first. Begin with ten minutes if your skin is very sensitive and gradually work up to longer periods."

It isn't so long ago that no girl could hope to be considered beautiful unless an exquisite peaches and cream skin was listed among her qualifications.

The out-of-doors girl, with skin tanned from exposure might be respected for her skill on the tennis court or in the swimming pool. But it was her fair fragile sisters, to whom the poets wrote sonnets.

Then along came the sun-tan fad and changed all that.

Physicians applauded. For once fashions were in agreement with their dictums.

All of which was fine for the individual who possessed a fairly thick epidermis. After all the curative effects of the sun must be pretty well offset by the mental and physical torture of a bad sunburn.

AND the girl who burns, and then burns again, and never seems able to acquire an even coat of tan, is out of the swim actually and figuratively.

It isn't hard to understand that Helen, fair and delicate-skinned as she is was one of those who must take their sun-tan cautiously. But with the aid of her oil massages she has managed to survive the effects of the sun's rays and still acquire a fashionable tan.

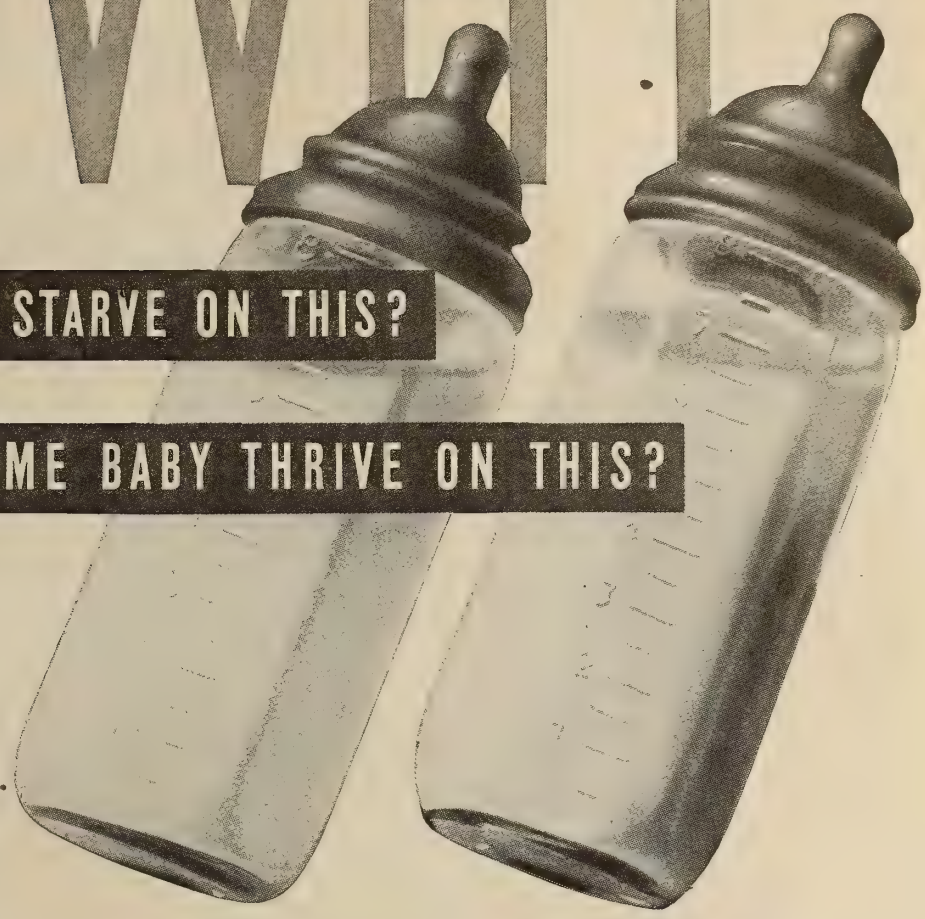
If the skin shows a slight burn at first, even with her treatment, she advises anointing with the oil before following one's swim (*Please turn to page* 101)



Ernest A. Bachrach

Equal parts of castor oil and olive oil are Helen's formulas for a soft even tan when under the California sun. The oil is well massaged into all the exposed portions of the skin.

WHY



WHY DID A BABY STARVE ON THIS?

WHY DID THE SAME BABY THRIVE ON THIS?

Food elements in both were the same

CHEMICALLY, two baby foods can be exactly alike. The same percentage of carbohydrate, fat, protein, mineral salts. The same vitamins.

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Digestibility of prime importance

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This simple diet—Eagle Brand with the usual supplementary foods—had proved equal in every way to the building of 100% babies.*

What overwhelming proof that the mother whose own milk fails can put her baby on Eagle Brand with perfect confidence! Try Eagle Brand. See simple instructions on label. And send for new booklet "Baby's Welfare." Gives feeding schedules and full directions for baby's care, also pictures, life stories of Eagle Brand babies. Let us send your doctor a report of the scientific test.

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DOGS-GONE HOLLYWOOD



Cast as carefully as the stars, they often steal the show from the human actors.

IT'S a dog's life, mates—but a grand life for the dogs!

In Hollywood there are upward of two hundred dogs who work regularly for the movies. To say that they are of all types is to put it mildly—very mildly. They work by the day, by the week, by the picture; "extra" dogs, "bit" dogs, and "feature" dogs. And they are paid dog-gone well.

They live in sumptuous kennels, ride to the studios in swell cars, and are cared for like prima donnas.

The studios cast the dogs as carefully as the stars, and dog temperaments are just as different. Sometimes their performances are even better—and they never give a bad one. In fact, they often steal the show from the human actors; you'd scarcely believe what a real dog actor can do.

For instance, would you believe that a dog rehearses his scenes just as a player does, and that he learns his "lines" and cues far quicker? Would you believe that he "walks through it" mechanically at the rehearsal, and that when the lights are on and the camera actually grinding, gives it his soul? Would you believe that some dogs "emote"—and register emotions—at least as well as most humans do?

Well, it's true.

Most people think of movie dogs as "trained" dogs—that isn't true. They're "educated" dogs who have been taught to use their canine intelligence, and there's a world of difference, as you shall see.

More than half the dogs used by the movies are owned by two men, Henry P. East and Rennie Renfro.

East's kennels are in Laurel Canyon, while Renfro's are at Van Nuys; they both got their start, like Mr. Heinz with his single pickle, with one dog apiece. Then their business actually went to the dogs, if you happen to know what I mean. East, formerly an assistant director, and Renfro, a former stunt man, both quit pictures themselves to specialize in dogs.

BUT let them tell it:

"I was perfectly satisfied with my own job," said East, "when Buddy, a most persistent pup of most mixed pedigree, was thrust onto me. That was in 1920. My wife, Gale Henry, was making a series of two-reel comedies at the time, and for this particular picture we needed a dog to play a lap-dissolve into a pile of wienies.

Since then, among other things, Buddy has played in numerous Christie comedies, in "The Light Eternal" with Norma Shearer, and in "The Circus" with Charlie Chaplin. He was the major-domo of the East troupe until he died at a ripe old age, and now his place has been taken by his son, Buster. During his movie life he earned, according to actual records, $34,000.

Renfro got the idea, too, but in a different way. He started with a lion.

"I had been stunting around the lots," he said, "falling off motorcycles and things and getting smashed up—air pictures hadn't come in then or I'd probably have been killed long before now—when I learned that Tony needed a trainer. Tony was a lion, and although vicious, he was misunderstood; he must have been, because he had a habit of killing his trainers. But I got acquainted with him, and we got along. After I quit that job, six months later, he mauled his next trainer, too.

"Meanwhile, somebody gave me a Boston bull named Bingo—you've often seen him in pictures diving off platforms fifty feet high into a pool of water. One day I was working in a picture with Al St. Johns, and we needed a dog. Bingo was with me, and he got the job. His fame spread, and I (*Please turn to page* 74)





DON'TS FOR YOUR DOG: Don't feed him too much. Don't dose him with quack medicines. Don't lose your temper with him. Don't let him annoy others. Don't fail to give him plenty of exercise. Don't let him be disobedient. Don't let him chew up people he should know. Don't coddle and pamper him. Don't treat him like a dog. Don't bathe him too much.



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Dogs-Gone Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 72)

got calls for him faster than I could take them. So I started training other dogs."

Bingo, like Buddy, is dead now. And again like Buddy, he has a son named Buster who is carrying on the family tradition.

BOTH East and Renfro take their dogs to the various studios in specially built trucks. Either of them will guarantee to produce a dog who will do anything except talk, on a minute's notice; in fact, almost all of their dogs do. It all depends whether the director wants a sad dog, a happy dog, a mutty-looking dog or a thoroughbred; whether the script calls for a dog to scare a tramp or save his screen mistress from danger. It's all the same to East and Renfro, they can always meet the demand.

East's kennels—he has a second one on his ranch in the Antelope Valley—feature this string of artists: Beans, who has been seven years in pictures, was under contract for two in the Tom Tyler westerns, with Eddie Dowling in "The Rainbow Man" and is currently in "Heaven on Earth" with Lew Ayres; Buster, now doing two-reel comedies with "Slim" Summerville at Universal; Mutt, bought for a thoroughbred Sealyham but whose immediate ancestors were somewhat careless, and who played in "Great Meadow," and in the Educational Lloyd Hamilton comedies; Kelly, an English bull with an Irish name, who is Mack Sennett's trademark and played with Mary Astor in "Dry Martini;" Laddie, the collie, whom you saw in Grant Withers' "The Other Tomorrow" and in the talkie remake of "Eyes of the World;" Rex, "just dawg" in Columbia's "Tol'able David," with Richard Cromwell; Nixie and Toto, the top Pomeranian and French Poodle—respectively, not jointly—who spend their lives in ladies' boudoirs, on their beds or curled up on silk cushions—Toto worked in "Bringing Up Father" with Polly Moran as Maggie; and Hank, a plain yellow cur who cost twenty-five cents as a pup and has made over $27,000 for his master so far. That's a better investment than Oolong Oil would have been if it had done all the stock salesmen said it would!

Finally, among the featured dogs, there is Trixie—the mutt who, in Cecil B. de Mille's "Almost Human," reached the heights of canine emoting on the screen. Playing opposite an aristocratic thoroughbred, she had to decide whether she should keep her litter of pups or let the father, who would give them a better chance in life, have them. The scene in which she made the decision was real emotional acting, the dog's homely features registering her "mental conflict" exactly as a human mother's would! Then Trixie is a mother herself.

RENFRO'S string of dogs is equally well known both to directors and the public. They include Buster, Bill, Oscar, Shep, Ring, Bozo, Perfume, January, White, Whiskers, and Ching Lee. Like East's performers, these dogs not only get big salaries, but also get billing from the studios and fan letters from all over the world—stacks of 'em!

Just as humans are, these dog actors are classified on the casting cards at the studios and their salaries very. The "extras" get from $3 to $5 a day each for mob scenes, just as the bulk of Hollywood's professional extras do. Neither East nor Renfro go in extensively for this kind of work, although Renfro has about fifty such dogs to supply this demand.

Dog "bit" players are paid from $15 to $50 a day—or at least their masters are—depending upon the difficulty of the rôle. In this connection, East declares, the studios sometimes try to pull a "fast" one, calling for a "bit" dog when they really need a feature player, but want to avoid paying for him.

Feature dogs receive from $300 to $1500 a week, again depending upon the animal and the work he is desired to do. The really famous star dogs of the silent pictures, Strongheart, Rin-Tin-Tin, Flash, Ranger, Dynamite, Lightning, and Peter the Great earned their keep and considerable fortunes for their owners.

Rin-Tin-Tin was the "ace" money maker, possibly because Strongheart had a much shorter screen life, and, besides his earnings in the films, Rin-Tin-Tin made a king's ransom in vaudeville tours alone.

WHEN the talkies first came in, no two-legged screen star was up against a tougher problem than all the four-legged ones.

For when pictures and human actors went loquacious, the dogs had to go silent—they had to relearn their entire education by taking action, instead of spoken cues.

Thus, when a director wanted a dog to "Come here," the trainer had to motion the command instead of speak it. And the poor dog had to learn his whole repertoire over again.

Again, dogs are individual in their characteristics—having their own "types" as it were. Some are aggressive, and learn guard, attack, snarling and the warlike arts more easily than others. Some are kindly by nature, and do best in affectionate, pal-like rôles. Others are clowns, born comedians who are just naturally funny, and love to show off. Just looking at them gives you a laugh. And still others are naturally tragedians, "ham" actors with the typical Hamlet flair and sepulchral voice.

THE gang cycle of films was hard on dogs. Gangsters don't have dogs, you see. Sex pictures are not so hot from the canine actors' points of view, either, and for the same reason.

The dogs love to work, and so they're all in favor of women's clubs, boards of censorship, and pictures like "The Champ" and "Skippy." Human pictures—with dogs.

A movie dog's training lasts for years. In fact, it is never finished. Every script demands something new, perhaps—and a dog has to be found to do it. That is why movie dogs are not merely "trained." They've got to be educated and taught to use their heads.

You can call them "dumb" animals if you like, but you can bet East and Renfro don't.

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Famous Overnight

(*Continued from page* 6)

turned she was famous as both an actress and a concert singer. Belasco starred her in "Tonight or Never" and Melvyn was her leading man.

Now, during the years that Helen was a famous star, Melvyn was touring the middle west in stock companies. He was the co-ed's hero in college towns but he wasn't known in New York, even though he played the gambler in the stage production of "A Free Soul." He was noticed, yes, but his shows in New York had a short run and it seemed his destiny to take New York shows out on the road. He played opposite Laura Hope Crews in "The Silver Cord," opposite Mary Nash in "The Command to Love," and he was in the two-character play, "Jealousy"—but not in New York.

Then finally he got the leading male rôle in "Tonight or Never." People came to see Helen but they went away talking about her leading man too. And Helen liked it because she had fallen in love with him.

Last Easter Sunday, on Melvyn's birthday, they married, and after the show closed they ran around half of Europe on an eighteen-day honeymoon. When they returned, there was Samuel Goldwyn waiting with a five-year contract in his pocket. It wasn't for Helen, the star, but for Melvyn, her leading man. As a beginning he was wanted to play his original rôle opposite Gloria Swanson in the screen version of "Tonight or Never."

I was curious to know how this change in their fortunes affected Melvyn, and I asked bluntly, "How did it feel to be down when Helen was up and be up when she'd be down?"

"But she's not at all down," broke in Melvyn. "She's just finished playing 'Tonight or Never' at the Coast and she made such a hit in it she's been invited to sing with the symphony orchestra. And since I've come East she's written she's taking picture tests. There's no one in pictures who's had the background of both a successful stage and concert career. Wait until she begins!"

"You don't like being separated much, do you?" I laughed.

"It's awful," he said in true benedict fashion. "But it won't be for long. She's coming East after she finishes the singing engagement—that is, if she doesn't sign a picture contract at this time. If she does, she'll sign picture by picture—that's the best way if you can do it.

"I signed my long-term contract and we went to the Coast because it was the quickest means to the end we have in mind—a theatre of our own."

"Like the Lunts," I put in, as always.

"Yes," agreed Melvyn his eyes shining. "Oh, we probably couldn't do it for at least five years, but it's something to work towards. We'd have a good director and do the plays we love —light operas too—everything, the way they do in Europe. But it takes a lot of money—Basil Sidney and Mary Ellis probably gave up their theatre for economic reasons. We figure the pictures will give us the money—"

"And a following," I put in.

"I even thought of that too," he laughed.

"But you wouldn't leave pictures after you're a star?"

"You like to jump ahead, don't you? —No, I probably wouldn't leave pictures entirely in any case. But our theatre, well, you know I've wanted my own theatre ever since I began acting."

Yes, I knew. One season after finishing a Shakespearean tour in the west Melvyn went back to Chicago to visit his family and he organized an outdoor theatre in a backyard. He put on a biblical play about Moses, but the neighbors, judging by the scant costumes of the cast, thought it was some sort of bacchanalian revel and had them all arrested. It took a tall lot of explaining on Melvyn's part to get them out of jail.

Melvyn Douglas has always been a character actor and his one fear of the movies is being "typed."

"So far, I've been lucky," he observed, "even though I've been loaned out. I've been a man-about-town in 'Tonight or Never', an army officer who goes to pieces in a tropic climate in 'Prestige' and, as you say, an Upstanding Young Hero in 'The Wiser Sex.'"

"Yes, but I'm afraid you're already a marked man since 'Tonight or Never' opened—the last word as the man-of-the-world."

"Don't say that," he begged. "Remember our theatre."

"I'll not only remember it," I promised. "I'll write about it."

And I've kept my promise for two reasons: First, because I believe there is no other couple of the stage and screen better fitted to do a "Lunt-Fontanne" than Melvyn Douglas and Helen Gahagan; and secondly because a theatre of his own has been Melvyn's lifelong dream, and I know you, his fans, want to make it come true. If you didn't, you wouldn't have made Melvyn Douglas "famous overnight."

Brighter Homes

It costs but little to make your home cheerful with color if you follow the suggestions in our circular BRIGHTEN YOUR HOME WITH COLOR. Twenty different color schemes are included in the circular, as well as a color chart and an explanation of the proper distribution and balance of color for your home. Send your request for a copy along with ten cents, plus 4 cents postage, to the Home Beautiful Editor, in care of New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

There Isn't Any Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 12)

California famous — unless you count the street cars and the street corners. Believe it or not!

As far as the U. S. Post Office Department is concerned, Hollywood is merely a sub-station, the same as any of those in department stores. Hollywood is just one tendril of the Los Angeles octopus, which embraces about everything from the Pacific Ocean to the Mojave Desert.

In one way, though, Hollywood's lack of civic identity has made it safer for the stranger than any other city in the United States. For no matter how rustic the sucker, no big-town slicker is going to try to sell him the city hall. He can't, because there isn't any.

If any of the stars' cozy little twenty-eight room cottages happen to get too close to the divine flame and catch on fire, it's the Los Angeles fire department which comes with screaming sirens and jangling bells, disturbing every wild party for blocks around, and puts it out. They don't have to come clear from downtown, it's true—but the Hollywood branch, just like the postoffice, is only a sub-station and the letters on the trucks read L. A. F. D.

You can get pinched on Hollywood Boulevard, all right—early and often, and for any number of things. But not by a Hollywood cop. The cops who write you a ticket in Hollywood don't even go to the movies; ask Maureen O'Sullivan, who recently found it out. The Hollywood policeman, like the Hollywood fireman, is merely a transient in the scheme of things. Every so often they switch the whole division around so that they won't get more familiar with the stars' boudoirs than with their beats.

You can get pinched in Hollywood—but you can't pay a fine or put up bail. Whenever a few of the boys get into a friendly little scrap, as they frequently do, or whenever a sociable little soirée is raided, as it frequently is, the patrol wagon really takes all the prisoners for a ride. They have to go downtown, for Hollywood hasn't even a police court of its own. Which accounts, possibly, for some of the naïve legal procedure in some of our best courtroom pictures.

In Hollywood a civil ceremony is impossible without an imported wedding solemnizer—for Hollywood doesn't possess even one justice of the peace!

Hollywood has no mayor, city manager, or anything like that. All it has by way of municipal decoration is Peter the Hermit, La Belle Swanson, and the trees on the street lamps at Christmas time. So, whenever the president of the W. C. T. U., Jimmy Walker, or Al Capone comes to town, Conrad Nagel or Marie Dressler has to quit work and welcome him.

Instead of keys to the city, they have to be satisfied with telephone numbers.

Of late years, Hollywood has copped the crown from Paris and become the fad and fashion arbiter of the world. It rivals New York as the American cradle of creativeness and culture. Hollywood is admittedly the foremost city on earth in this, that, and the other thing—but just the same, in Hollywood you can't even pay your taxes—even if you have the money—or buy a license for your dog.



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ALLURING in its sheen of natural, radiant silkiness is the hair that is washed with ColoRinse. There is a tone and tint, a soft, shimmering loveliness, that is youthful and entrancing. ColoRinse is just a harmless vegetable color.. twelve shades to choose from . . . you can use it with complete confidence. Made by Nestle, the originators of the permanent wave. Two rinses in one package for 10 cents.

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Lengthen the life of every finger or water wave with Nestle SuperSet Finger Waving Lotion. Make it more lovely, more subtle, more glamorous. It is greaseless, fast drying, and free from any sediment.

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Put new vitality, new health and vigor in your hair. Use Nestle Combination Hot Oil Treatment and Shampoo. It stops falling hair, removes dandruff and cleanses the scalp. Free from soap or alkali, it makes the ideal shampoo.

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Rebel!

(*Continued from page* 14)

before writing for the theatre, he felt he must first study it.

FOR six years he experimented with Little Theatre groups throughout the country, punctuated by a season in New York helping James K. Hackett put on a series of Shakespearian productions and another season as assistant to Joseph Urban, noted scenic designer and architect. Meanwhile, an offer had come to join the Eagan theatre group in Los Angeles. Pichel accepted and thus made the acquaintance of Violette Wilson, who later became his wife.

When America entered the war, Pichel was assigned to special training camp work by the War and Navy Department Commission on welfare activities, with headquarters at New London, Conn. Finally, the Armistice and once more the familiar smell of grease paint in a short season with the Little Theatre in Detroit.

Pichel now felt he was ready to do bigger things. His wife had been signed to make her Broadway debut in Zoe Akins' first play, "Papa." Pichel decided also to push on to the big town. Almost immediately, he was signed by the Shuberts as stage director.

But there are restrictions in the established theatre with which a true experimenter could never be satisfied. Pichel missed the thrill of doing what one knew was right, regardless of the box-office. He found it impossible to carry out many of his theories. Accordingly, Irving Pichel once more ran away from success.

ABOUT this time Lee Simonson, with whom he had studied at Harvard, was a director in the struggling Theatre Guild. He persuaded Pichel to join the advisory board, and for several months Pichel had the joy of helping to create new standards for the stage which he had learned to love so well. Then came the offer to become general director of the Guild, an unheard of honor for so young a man. Most fellows in his position would have jumped at the chance. With Pichel it was different. He wasn't afraid of making good but he was afraid of the security and stagnation which success so often brings in its wake. Besides, he wanted to return to California and establish a home and family. Pichel turned down the offer of the Theatre Guild, much to their surprise, and again thumbed his nose at success.

In California, again, he settled in Berkeley, where he met Sam Hume, who was helping the University of California work out plans for its Greek theatre. With Hume, Pichel produced the first plays put on there. Later he interested a group of public-minded citizens in financing a little theatre in Berkeley, which he managed for three years. It was during this period that he also returned to journalism for one year, as dramatic critic on the San Francisco *Daily News*. He took the job only on assurance that he could say what he pleased, with no interference from the business office. In spite of this proviso, he was fired when he scored an audience for allowing a three-year-old child to sing a suggestive song. Later came an offer from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to join its writing staff. He left, after six months, a complete "bust." Those were dark days of failure but the days of plenty were soon to follow.

THREE years ago, in Los Angeles, Pichel directed Ruth Chatterton in the stage production, "The Devil's Plum Tree." So enthused was Miss Chatterton over his ability that when she became a film star, she suggested that Paramount engage him to direct the dialogue for "The Right to Love." There was also a difficult character part to fill and Pichel was asked if he would take it. He did—and almost ran away with the picture. Paramount immediately put him under contract as an actor, with the promise that he will later on have a chance to direct. Since then he has played in "Murder By the Clock," "The Road to Reno" and the much-disputed, "An American Tragedy." Many critics are of the opinion that Pichel's work as the district attorney was the outstanding feature of the latter film. He later played the leading male rôle opposite Tallulah Bankhead in "The Cheat," and after being featured in "The Miracle Man," was loaned to Radio Pictures by Paramount to help direct "State's Attorney."

Had he really desired an acting career, he would have adopted an easier name than Pichel, as a gesture toward popularity. Actually the name is pronounced as though it were spelled "Pitch-ell," with emphasis on the first syllable. Years ago, when his grandfather came here from Bohemia, the name was spelled "Pichl" and was then even harder to pronounce. On his mother's side he is of German and Austrian descent. His mother, whom he greatly resembles, resides in Cincinnati.

Underneath the surface cruelty brought out in his screen characterizations is a great well of tenderness. I watched him spellbound as he acted the branding scene in "The Cheat," his eyes aflame with sadistic glee as he applied the white hot iron to Tallulah's bare shoulder. Five minutes later he was playing with the baby used on an adjoining set.

Each summer for the past few years he has lectured on the theatre in the leading universities, many of whom use his book "Modern Theatre," as a text in their dramatic courses. He is desirous that the youth of today may fully understand the fine things of which the stage and screen are capable. Should any of his own three sons, ages eleven, seven and a half, and two and a half, desire a theatrical career, they will have only the finest standards to follow.

HERE is a man who combines those rare traits of true artistry and good, hard common sense. After sixteen years' service to the theatre, Irving Pichel is at last serving himself and family. He is winning an enviable reputation as an actor and a neat fortune besides. Artistic to his fingertips, he is in no sense "arty." His ideas on the theatre, and especially direction, while somewhat revolutionary, are not extreme.

Meanwhile he's showing Miss 1932 a new type of leading man which, judging from his fan mail, is going over in a big way.

Cooper Lip and Garbo Limb

(*Continued from page* 10)

but without any display of legs. Ramon was playing a Russian subaltern whose name escaped me, and by this time has probably escaped Novarro too, for it was that kind of name; one of those untamable Russian monikers that are liable to turn any minute on their own masters and choke them.

Then Garbo tempted Lionel Barrymore. She was wearing a spangled evening, tempting gown. This is probably not a quite accurate description. Whoever designed the Garbo costumes for "Mata Hari" (with a hoe, as some critics maintained) might describe it more accurately as a spangled evening Barrymore-tempting gown. (You must be dressed absolutely right when you tempt a Barrymore. Ticklish business, that. The Barrymores are old hands at tempting and if you don't watch your step very carefully, they may turn the tables and tempt *you*.)

Suddenly, without a particle of warning, a Garbo leg swung out and up, in front of Lionel. *He* seemed disturbed, but as for *me*, *I* was prostrated. It took me so by surprise. I gasped and choked until Kitty and a lieutenant-general of ushers had to slap me repeatedly on the back.

The début of the Garbo leg should not have been so sudden. George Fitzmaurice, who directed the picture, should have prepared the audience gradually, something in this manner:

First, some casual, general conversation between Garbo and Lionel about legs as such. Then this dialogue:

BARRYMORE: Speaking of legs, as we just were, Madame Mata Hari, may I have a look at yours?

GARBO: You cad! How dare you!

BARRYMORE: I'm sorry. No offense intended. It was merely that I collect legs and am always in the market for a likely one. I thought that if one or both of yours proved up to snuff, I might take an option on it. But don't bother. I guess I don't want to see your legs anyhow. Probably they're no great shakes.

Now then, if I have the slightest right to my reputation as the one man in the whole world who completely understands women, the instant reaction of Garbo to this taunt would be to say, "Oh, is that so?" and forthwith flash both her pins, or props, at the wily Lionel. By that time the audience would have been properly prepared.

In any event I failed to see why there had been so much fuss about the Garbo legs. They seemed all right to me as legs go. I examined them from the viewpoint of a scientist and, although I had to work fast because Garbo did not leave them out very long, I was able to jot down a few clinical notes. Both the quadriceps and the gastrocnemius muscles seemed to me to be quite normally developed. She has an excellent soleus and both the long and short extensor muscles seemed adequate. I was particularly gratified with the Garbo peroneus, which is as fine a specimen of its kind as I have yet seen. In brief, to abandon the more technical phraseology, I am gratified to report that I found the Garbo heel, ankle, sole, instep, calf and hock quite all right, and as far as I am con-

(*Please turn to page* 80)



Sisters have weight race ...gain 7 and 8 pounds

on milk served new delicious way

"I CAN get my little girls to do almost anything and eat almost anything, too. But how they both disliked milk!

"And no one knew better than I how they needed it! Week after week their weight remained the same, though they kept shooting up all the time.

"One day my girls told me about a wonderful drink a friend had given them. They said that it was called Cocomalt, and it was mixed with milk.

"I began giving both my daughters Cocomalt—and their weight has gone up steadily ever since. One has gained seven pounds, and the other eight pounds already!"

Children need Vitamin D

Mothers everywhere are finding how beneficial Cocomalt is to growing children. This delicious chocolate-flavor food drink actually adds 70% more nourishment to milk—almost doubling the food value of each glass. It supplies the *extra* proteins, carbohydrates and minerals.

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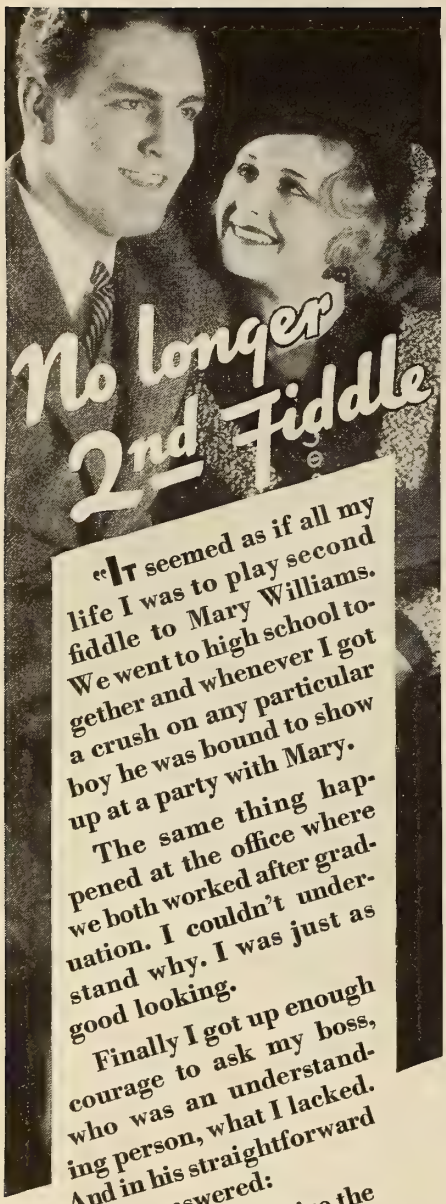
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Please send me, free of charge, a generous trial-size can of Cocomalt.

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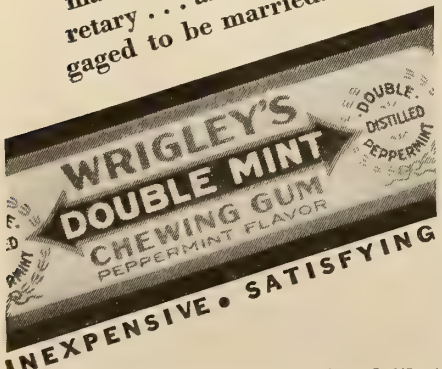
"It seemed as if all my life I was to play second fiddle to Mary Williams. We went to high school together and whenever I got a crush on any particular boy he was bound to show up at a party with Mary.

The same thing happened at the office where we both worked after graduation. I couldn't understand why. I was just as good looking.

Finally I got up enough courage to ask my boss, who was an understanding person, what I lacked. And in his straightforward way he answered:

'You should acquire the DOUBLE MINT habit, Jane. You see, there's nothing a man considers so important in a girl as Nature's Own Sweet Breath.'

I commenced to chew DOUBLE MINT regularly. Within a month the boss made me his private secretary . . . and we are engaged to be married."



M-56 *Real peppermint. You'll like it.*

Cooper Lip and Garbo Limb

(*Continued from page* 79)

cerned Garbo can go right ahead and do whatever she likes with her legs.

THE other major event of my recent moviegoing was Mr. Cooper's lower lip. I refer to Jackie Cooper's lower lip, not Gary Cooper's, although I have no desire to demean or asperse any lip of Gary's. His lower lip is, I have no doubt, a splendid specimen of its kind, and serves the function of lower lips, whatever that function is. I never gave much thought to the function of a lower lip, as a matter of fact, until Jackie Cooper made me lower-lip conscious. I always struggled along on the old principle of never letting your upper lip know what your lower lip is doing. This practice had its disadvantages in that it created confusion between the two lips, thus often causing a lisp.

For inthtanth, Gary Cooper's lower lip never made me cry, but Jackie Cooper'th thertainly hath. . . .

You see? See what I mean by confusion between the upper and lower lip? Just a moment, please, until I get straightened out. There!

I went to see "The Champ" partly because I always try to see any picture containing Wallace Beery and partly because I wanted to see the Cooper lower lip, having heard of its powers.

I came to scoff and remained to pray. By the time "The Champ" was half over the Cooper lip had reduced me to such a maudlin state that every time Jackie gave it one of those pathetic fillips, I would burst into a new freshet of tears. The picture over, I slunk from the theatre so that other members of the audience would not see the traces of my unmanly emotion. It did not occur to me that they were all slinking, too.

There's gold in that thar lower lip of Jackie's. I hope the Cooper family is taking good care of it. I hope they don't let it stay out nights. It should be insured, like Paderewski's fingers or Marilyn Miller's toes. I predict freely that as long as Jackie's lower lip stands the wear and tear to which scenario writers and directors will submit it, the Cooper family will never feel the pinch of want. I wish I had a son like Jackie. Would I be sitting under an umbrella on the beach at Coronado this very moment?

Isn't She Beautiful?

(*Continued from page* 8)

She had charm and she photographed beautifully. She was shy and awkward, however, and she spoke with an accent acquired in Trinidad.

During the early weeks of the school she changed her name to Jean Morgan. As she learned fencing, dancing, some of the technique of acting, riding, etc., she developed poise.

When the winter holidays approached Jean sent for her kid sister. She was homesick. The sister arrived, a twelve-year-old child, with blonde curls hanging over her shoulders. Her name was Violet. She had Jean's features, her large blue-gray eyes, the same beautifully regular teeth, and a shy smile. She curtsied when introduced to men and women about the studio.

"Isn't she beautiful?" Jean would ask everybody.

It was the beginning of her five-year campaign of salesmanship.

Every person who has engaged in a conversation with Jean during that period has heard about her sister, and every person to whom she has introduced the girl has been asked: "Isn't she beautiful?"

She talked about this child during the entire school year.

She talked about herself, too, and her great ambitions for the future.

No doubts ever disturbed her. Some of the other pupils tried to joke about her hopes from time to time, but gave up in despair. She had no sense of humor, they declared. When the school term was finished Jean received a six-month contract. The little sister visited her from time to time, and was introduced to all—from the doorman to Jesse L. Lasky. During that period everyone acquired the habit of saying the child was beautiful whether they thought so or not.

At the end of the contract Jean's option was not renewed. Others suffered the same fate, cried a little, and quit. Jean cried, but kept the tears off the paper on which she wrote a letter to Edwin C. King, who had become the general manager of the F. B. O. studios. in Hollywood. He gave her a job.

It was not much of a job. Program pictures were made in a few days and super-specials lasted about two weeks at the F. B. O. studios in those days, but Jean was on the screen regularly and small-town exhibitors often put her name in lights.

After a few months she became desperately lonely. Her mother went out to Hollywood from Springfield to visit her. She liked Jean's little apartment in a bungalow court and wrote for the family to join them.



One of the artists that Ronald Colman met while he was visiting Japan—a famous Japanese character actor, at the Nikitsu studios, Kyoto, whose name Ronald refuses to try to spell for us.

Isn't She Beautiful?

Mr. Krauth put the family furniture into storage, gave up his job and set forth with the two boys and little Violet in the family Chevrolet.

Violet couldn't stand the heat of the Mojave Desert and finished the trip by train. That was early in the summer of 1927.

It was a remarkable family, and still is, although Mr. Krauth returned to Springfield and passed away two years ago. The mother is attractive. All the children are exceptionally good-looking, and they seem to enjoy each other.

Jean had saved enough money at that time to make them comfortable while they accustomed themselves to their new surroundings.

Little Violet was sent to the Hollywood High School. She was then fourteen. Her personality was developing. She cut off the curls. She had more vivacity and vitality than Jean.

IN the meantime the older girl visited all the casting directors at all the studios and worked quite steadily. Violet became Marian Marsh about that time. When she wasn't in school Jean took her with her and had her photograph and name registered in all the casting offices.

That oft-repeated question "Isn't she beautiful?" became a kind of trademark for Marian Marsh among casting directors, directors, assistant directors, prop boys and others about studios.

Jean changed her own name from Morgan to Fenwick. She had a complex about names and insisted that Morgan had not fitted her from the start. Whether she picked Marian Marsh for her sister Violet isn't known.

Marian's schooling was cut short one day when Jean heard about a rôle that fitted her in the Pathé Studio and persuaded a director to give her a test. Minor rôles came to her more or less regularly after that. She had ability. All she needed was a "break."

There was no element of sacrifice in Jean's persistent pushing. She had the same ambition, the same pride in achievement for Marian that she had for herself. She still has. It is a part of the family cohesion, the absolute loyalty and love these four children have for each other and their mother.

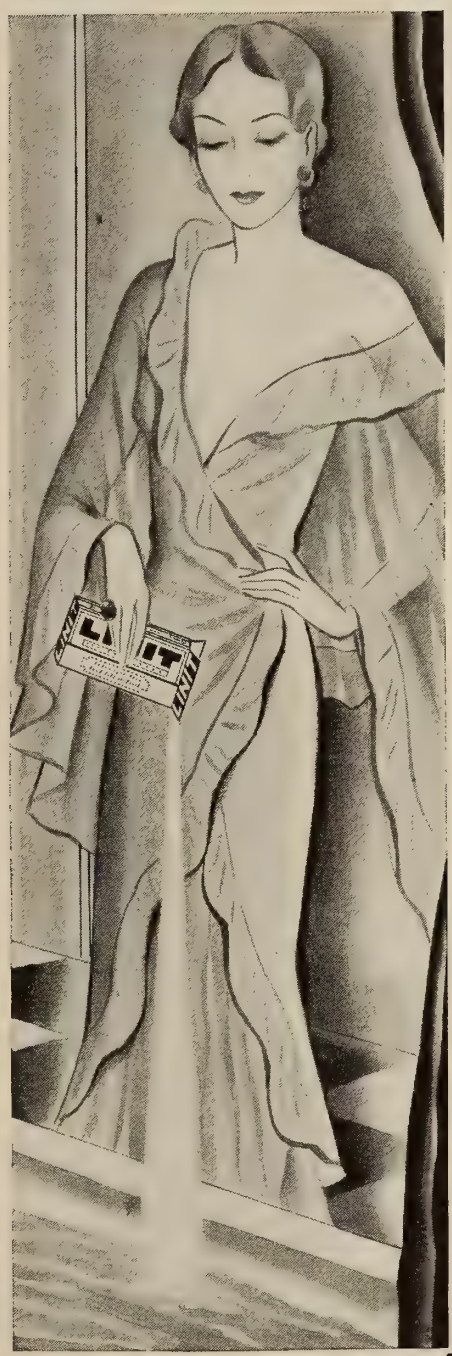
Some high-powered drama must have been concentrated into that memorable afternoon last July when Marian came home to the little bungalow and told the family John Barrymore had chosen her for his leading woman in "Svengali."

If Jean ran true to form, she wasn't surprised at all. She knew something big was going to happen sooner or later. Hadn't she been absolutely certain of it for five years? She was probably just serenely happy.

What Marian Marsh has done in "Svengali," "Five Star Final" and "Road to Singapore" has been due to her own talents. What she did in her first starring picture, "Under Eighteen," likewise was her own accomplishment, but on the rocky road to fame it is always helpful to have a guide and counsellor.

A counsellor who can hypnotize an ever-widening circle of people with that oft-repeated query—"Isn't she beautiful?"—is—well, she is an example of loving devotion who deserves a little pat on the back.

The QUICK *delightful way to keep your skin* SOFT SMOOTH *and* SILKY . . .



Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub and enjoy the soothing sensation of a rich, cream-like bath.

After a luxurious Linit Beauty Bath you instantly "feel" the results—your skin is unusually soft and delightful to the touch.

Which explains why the Linit Beauty Bath is so popular among thousands of fastidious women.

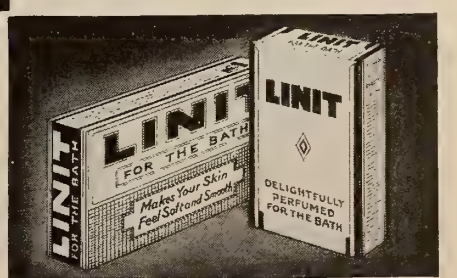
After your Linit Bath, powdering is unnecessary, as Linit leaves just the right amount of powder on the skin, evenly spread. You will find that Linit adheres well, absorbs perspiration without caking and eliminates "shine" on body, hands and face.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit and, being a pure vegetable product, is absolutely harmless to even the most delicate skin.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

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DON'T LET THE SUN

Dry Up

YOUR BEAUTY!



Keep your skin smooth and supple with this marvelous *Olive Oil* Face Powder

A HOT summer sun may be fine for your health, but what it does to your *skin!* The scorching rays bake out its natural oils... leave your complexion dry, dull and lifeless.

Soon, wrinkles appear. Parched tissues shrink and shrivel. Your skin, deprived of its essential moisture, grows brown, taut and "leathery."

Here's the safe way to protect your complexion. Every day, before you go out, use OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder. Its luxurious *Olive Oil* base (found in no other powder) acts as a "softener" of sun-dried skin... soothing it, restoring its normal suppleness. OUTDOOR GIRL *clings* for hours, yet it never cakes or becomes "patchy."

Try this *different* face powder today! Discover why millions of women will use no other. OUTDOOR GIRL comes in 7 popular shades to blend naturally with any complexion.

Large size packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder and other *Olive Oil* Beauty Products are popularly priced at 35c and $1.00 in the better drug and department stores. Try-out sizes, too, at 10c each, may be found in the leading "chains." Buy your box of OUTDOOR GIRL today, or mail the coupon for liberal samples of both the *Olive Oil* and Lightex face powders and the new *Liquefying* Cleansing Cream (which cleans the skin as no soap can).

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Lightex in the red box for oily skins . . . With *Olive Oil* in the purple box for normal skins.

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Kindly send me free samples of the 2 OUTDOOR GIRL face powders and the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream.

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Celluloid Sirens

(*Continued from page* 21)

What are the leading devices of sex appeal that these talking pictures rely upon and rather pathetically still seek to make effective? I have already nominated some of them. But what are the others?

They consist, if my observation counts for anything, in the dunderhead dodges of making brazen what, to be at all effective, should artfully conceal brazenness; of peddling sex appeal promiscuously instead of passing it out in vastly more effective small doses; of shouting, "Look at me, boys; I'm hot stuff!" instead of slyly whispering it; and of turning the screen women into cheap country grocery store stoves with garlands of orchids hung irrelevantly on the stove-pipe.

It is such women that the film entrepreneurs ask the more civilized of their customers to regard with an emotional disquiet. It is such caricatures of authentic and honest sex appeal that are presented to audiences as irresistible bonfires. No wonder audiences are laughing themselves to death in increasing numbers!

There is, obviously, also the matter of sex appeal as it concerns the male actors of the screen, but—equally obviously, I hope—I cannot be expected to know anything about that. That is a subject that will have to be dealt with by some feminine professor.

The most that any editor can expect from me is an appraisal of the women performers. That appraisal I have herewith vouchsafed you. Many of these women performers may, for all I know, be gifted with a personal and private sex appeal of such dynamic force and power that ice in Hollywood has, in the interests of California morality, to be delivered by automata, but the gentlemen who direct their actions on the screen most certainly delete any public trace of it.

On the screen, they are disclosed as sex appeal fakes, and just a little idiotic. In the parading of sex appeal that is thrust upon them, they become so many brass bands playing "Liebestraum," so many opium pipes stuffed with corn silk.

Where the true sex appeal of the screen lies, I have been informed by at least one hundred young men who consider themselves authorities on the subject, is—as I, myself, have had the unwonted audacity hereinbefore to observe—in the more charming, ladylike and apparently well-bred young film ladies who are evidently looked upon by the picture impresarios as cold potatoes, who are avoided by the publicity departments like the plague, and who—whatever the degree of sexual attraction with which they may or may not naturally be blessed—at least have the talent and knack of *acting* sex appeal with an uncommon virtuosity.

Or maybe, it isn't acting at all. But I wouldn't know about that. Nevertheless, it is these girls, lost sight of in the Hollywood hurricane or honkytonk of sex, who are the sex stimulus of the picture screen.

It is they, with their natural black or brown or soft blonde hair, with their skirts kept in place, with their eyes not dosed up with belladonna, with their bosoms modestly concealed and with some little intelligence discernible in their features who exercise an appeal to men who take a bath and clean their nails at least every other week.

It is they and not the taffy chemicalized, shaving-brush eyelashed, thigh-throwing dumb-bells who make men under eighty-two and one-half years of age still hang around after Mickey Mouse and the news-reel.

Fun and Fact

BARS AND BARS: Much has been said of the bars that have been installed in celebrities' homes. Very little has been mentioned about the bars (without brass rails) installed over lower floor windows. Connie Bennett is the latest to give that homey hoosegow touch to her home.

WORLD'S OLDEST: The world's oldest active actor, A. J. Zoraster, 104 years old, will be seen with Miriam Hopkins and George Bancroft in "The World and the Flesh."

Zoraster, a Russian, served twenty years in the Siberian salt mines for participating in the uprising of 1860. He was one of the group of 15,000 who made the historical trek across the snow wastes.

SCHOOL FOR HEALTH: Pat O'Day's health school finds most of the hard-working actors doing their workouts after the day's grind at the studio. Pat puts them through a course of exercise, steam baths and rub-downs. Skeets Gallagher, Buster Collier, Stu Erwin, Jack Oakie, Clarence Brown and many others take their phone calls there most every night between six and seven.

And Arthur Caesar, Hollywood's wit, says, "This is the age of Chiselry."

S. R. O. DEBATE: The no-decision debate between Sister Aimee McPherson and Walter Huston played to a full house. The debate, scheduled to go on at 7:30, had the house packed at six, and thousands standing outside hoping for a chance to get inside. We are still wondering who was the drawing card of the evening.

THE EASY WAY

Planning inexpensive, appetizing meals is an easy matter with the help of our circular THE RIGHT WAY TO BUY FOOD. To obtain a copy of the circular send your request with ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Cook-Coo Gossip

(*Continued from page* 23)

Dietrich wears a dead pasty make-up on these occasions and dresses with almost austere simplicity, frequently in black. Josef von Sternberg, with his Chinese mustache and uncut locks, usually accompanies her.

PEOPLE who have never seen Dietrich off screen are startled and surprised when they recognize her. It is apparent that only certain angles of her face have been cleverly displayed in her pictures. The slightest turn of her face and she is almost unrecognizable.

Obviously von Sternberg, who is above all a camera wizard, has captured only the best that Dietrich has to offer pictorially.

DIETRICH, faced by the horde of autograph - hunters who haunt theater lobbies, complies with nervous haste—never looking at the adolescent celebrity-chasers who poke at her with autograph books. She scribbles her name hastily, maintains her hauteur.

Her present plan is to work very steadily while her popularity is at its height, and then take a long vacation.

MARSHALL NEILAN plans to publish a book which, he says, will contain the most humorous of his experiences during his twenty-one years of picture making.

In it there will be a letter from a president of the old Kalem company to Micky, the general manager, bawling him out for "lavish expenditures," and "sinful waste of money," because Micky had spent $900 in making a picture.

NO one knows how much money is expended in Hollywood and Beverly Hills to protect picture people against racketeers.

Practically all film celebrities have bodyguards on duty at their homes after dark.

Children in the film colony are constantly guarded.

Beverly Hills has the most elaborate and costly police protection in the United States. Every automobile that comes to a stop in Beverly Hills at night is immediately checked. Roving patrols take the number of each car. Ownership is immediately traced and recorded. Beverly police know whose car was where at what hour every night.

Hollywood is policed by roving radio cars, the police working in pairs. These cars are always in touch with headquarters and can cover any spot in a matter of minutes.

You may recall that when Capone came to California a few years ago he remained less than twenty-four hours.

Detectives put him on a train and accompanied him out of the state.

Several big shots from New York have managed to remain in the film colony for short visits—but they made it clear that their missions were peaceful. They usually come to attempt to get some sweetie into pictures.

They haven't had much luck—although the biggest name in the New York underworld entertained lavishly in Beverly. Police counted eighteen Rolls Royces outside his rented hacienda one evening.

(*Please turn to page* 84)





JOAN BLONDELL, *featured player of Warner Bros., is equally pleasing in a smart bathing suit or in a softly fashioned evening gown of net and silver sequins.*

Curves, Today,

ARE AS IMPORTANT AS COMPLEXIONS

NO LONGER can we dare ignore our figure. Dame Fashion has decreed that feminine curves must show themselves—whether in sports togs or in the clinging, revealing evening gown.

Fortunately, these modern clothes require the figure of normal womanhood. To be chic, we must retain our health and beauty while reducing.

A primary rule of health is proper elimination. Otherwise, sallow skins, wrinkles, pimples, premature aging, loss of appetite and energy may result.

Faulty elimination is caused by lack of two things in the diet: "Bulk" and Vitamin B. You can obtain both of these dietary necessities in a delicious cereal: Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Its bulk is similar to that of leafy vegetables. Two tablespoonfuls daily will prevent and relieve most types of improper elimination.



How much better it is to enjoy this delicious "cereal way" than to risk taking pills and drugs—so often harmful and habit-forming.

Another thing, ALL-BRAN furnishes iron to build blood, and help prevent dietary anemia. Tests show that ALL-BRAN contains twice as much blood-building iron as an equal amount by weight of beef-liver.

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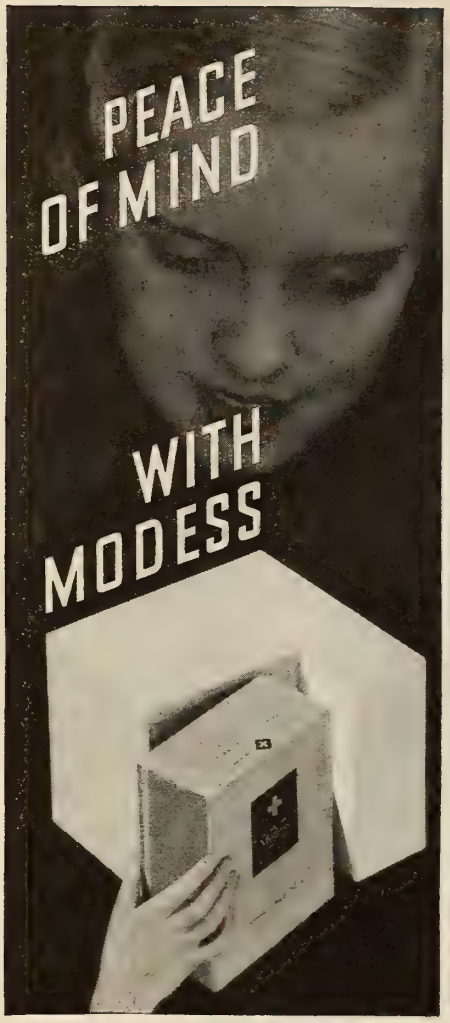
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SANITARY NAPKINS

Cook-Coo Gossip

(*Continued from page* 83)

HOLLYWOOD'S most sensational kidnap plot was frustrated several years ago. Three men made elaborate plans to snatch Mary Pickford. Hollywood detectives were tipped in time to arrange a perfect trap. It worked. The kidnapers were bagged, convicted, and sent to San Quentin.

WHEN a Barrymore acts, he acts. Lionel was doing a big scene. He ran through the gamut of emotions, the alphabet, and did an emotional Off-to-Buffalo.

"That was swell," said the director, Edmund Goulding. "Now we'll shoot it again."

"Again?" puzzled Barrymore. "I thought you said it was swell."

"It was — practically perfect, in fact," soothed Goulding. "But pick your mustache off the floor."

CLARK GABLE has been forced to change his telephone number—too many fair ones managed to wangle his old one from Information, and ring him up. And at such hours!

It's annoying to climb out of bed to hear a dulcet voice say, "I saw your last picture and I thought you were just guhrand!"

But it's better than getting up at five a. m. to read the Help Wanted Ads, at that.

MR. and Mrs. Gable have been living very simply in a furnished apartment. She recently went to New York, however, and packed up the furniture they had there and shipped it to Hollywood.

Thus far they have deliberately refrained from pretentiousness, and created a "just folks" legend which the chatter writers have circulated with a hip-hip-hoorah.

REMEMBER Betty Blythe? She of the voluptuous curves, which about nine years ago were draped in a yard of pearls—and little else—for "The Queen of Sheba?"

She's been wearing overalls and living on an orange grove with her husband. But now she's tired of raising oranges and is going to try a comeback in Hollywood, playing mother rôles, if need be.

WILSON MIZNER, who went roaring into New York to entertain and astound Broadway twenty years ago, now stalks through Hollywood and is even seen quietly balancing a teacup on his knee at Sunday afternoon parties.

Mizner's wit is almost a legend in America. His father was ambassador to Guatemala. As a boy he struck out as a spieler for a medicine show. He went to Alaska for the Gold Rush. In New York he married a lady with millions and then hired all his Broadway cronies as butlers and valets.

Mizner was a highly successful playwright and a more successful playboy. He is sought by picture studios to construct stories—and he is the man who observed that Hollywood wouldn't be so bad if it weren't for the fact that two ideas are considered unlawful assemblage.

WHEREVER you see Anita Loos you usually see Mizner and where you see Mizner you see Anita Loos. They manage to keep each other in high spirits.

The other afternoon they joined a garden party at the home of Joe Jackson and Ethel Shannon. They served pastel colored bread—strawberry pink and spinach green.

"Ah," observed Mizner, talking to himself. "Sandwiches by Urban."

IT was Mizner who silenced a bewildered studio gateman who stubbornly refused him entrance—a task of some magnitude.

"My dear sir," said Mizner, who is six feet six tall and has a voice like a fog horn, "I have been adjudged insane by the best alienists in this country. I can murder you here and now, and not have to serve a day."

MIZNER is part owner of the popular Brown Derby cafe. His responsibility, at the beginning, was merely to be frequently seen and heard there.

For some reason Mizner is always annoyed and amused by pretentious people who make a great fuss about mixing their own salad dressing. One pest always demanded attention from half a dozen waiters when he concocted a welsh rarebit. Mizner saw a waiter wheeling in a silver bucket heaped with grated cheese. So Mizner sauntered to the men's telephone booth and turned the crank on one of those gadgets that pulverizes soap. He ground up a hat full. And then he managed to switch the powdered soap for the grated cheese.

The gentleman presiding over the rarebit still wonders where all the bubbles came from and why his six guests very firmly declined a second helping.

THEY like Rudy Vallee around the studios because he kids himself. Lunching at Metro, a waitress asked him what he would like. "Anything," whispered the chastened Vallee, "but grapefruit."

SHORT STORY
(Classified ad in Hollywood paper)
ACTRESS, young, part time work pictures, desires housekeeping position or other employment. Box L-199.

Elissa Landi's latest novel—she has written several—has just been published. Clever, these Viennese.

"House for Sale" is the name she has given it.

EVERYBODY knows by now that the Hays office is opposed to horizontal kissing on the screen. But perpendicular kissing is permissible.

However, the small-town movie patrons prefer horizontals.

So Frank Adams (the magazine writer—not the columnist), who also runs a small theater in Wabaningo, Michigan, has hit upon a plan that increases business fifty per cent.

"What I do," writes Frank, "is just take the perpendicular lobby posters and stick 'em up sideways."

Hollywood's Most Misunderstood Girl

(*Continued from page* 25)

own business and when you won't tell them they run away and make up fibs instead, you've got to grin and bear it. All you can possibly do, if you want to keep your self-respect, is to meet them on their own ground, and smile when you're really hurt, the way a good fighter does in the ring."

Little Peter Bennett, who is blond and curly and very sweet, came to hang about her neck.

"I'm hungry," he announced, "an' Dicky is hungry. An' look in my bucket, I found a *big* crab."

Connie shrieked and courageously rescued her son from the crab, which fortunately had departed this life some week before; and we went home. At our gate, Connie swung Peter under her left arm, said, "I'll be seeing you," and went off up the beach.

"Now, why," said I to myself, "do people say nasty things about a girl like that?"

Right then I made up my mind to violate a life-long rule of my own. I'm doing it by writing this story. I made up my mind to use something I'd learned through friendship in print. Connie won't like it, but she'll just have to take it because it's all for her own good. I think it's about time somebody told the truth about the way Connie feels, so there it is.

High hat?

Unpopular?

Difficult to handle around the studio?

Cold to the needs and feelings of others?

I know why these things have been said.

AND so, ladies and gentlemen, it now becomes my pleasure to present to you Miss Constance Bennett, in person.

The first person I asked about Connie was Mrs. Jutta Holm.

You probably never heard of Mrs. Holm, but a lot of people in Hollywood have. She is a big, kindly Swedish woman who can relax your tense muscles, untie the knots in your nerves and bring sleep and rest to an overtired brain and body.

It happens that she is my masseuse as well as Connie's.

I didn't ask Mrs. Holm point blank about Miss Bennett because I know her discretion about her clients. But whenever she came to me I asked her how Connie was feeling.

From then on for a solid hour while she pummeled and slapped and rubbed away, Mrs. Holm would blissfully rave about Connie.

"Such a sweet lady," the refrain began. "Sometimes I am so sorry for her and so worried. She works too hard. She does not think enough about herself. Sometimes I go there at night when she comes from the studio. First she must put little Peter to bed. Then she must do this and that. Of all the ladies I have in Hollywood, she is the most thoughtful. Her time is not even her own. But always she is thoughtful to tell me if she cannot keep an appointment. Never does she get angry if I am busy with another lady and cannot come at once when she calls. Oh, no. And for Christmas—"

(*Please turn to page* 86)

Enter each day's BEAUTY CONTEST with a fresh, clear skin!

Eyes—Eyes—Eyes! Looking at you, judging you. Every day, all your life, you are in a Beauty Contest! Today, get a dozen cakes of Camay. Camay will keep your skin so fresh, so exquisitely soft, that you'll get admiration wherever you go.



This lovely bride has won the greatest Beauty Contest of all. Her precious veil is no lovelier than her exquisite skin. Keep your *skin soft and fresh with gentle Camay!*



Your other beauty aids will have a far lovelier effect if your skin is kept deeply clean with Camay — the blandest, most delicate of all beauty soaps!



Creamy-white, fine of texture —Camay is truly the Soap of Beautiful Women. No amount of money could buy a gentler, more luxurious beauty soap.

To take care of that precious skin of yours, take care what soap you use! Depend only on gentle, safe Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women — the one soap praised by 73 leading skin doctors. Its pure creamy-whiteness is natural. It has no coloring matter — no "chalkiness" to dry out your skin. Get a dozen cakes today. One brief minute with Camay's luxurious lather and warm water — a quick cold rinse — and your face is so clean, so satin-soft! With each day your skin will be lovelier — and you'll win each day's Beauty Contest!

CAMAY

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STREAKED HAIR *Easily, safely, you can touch up every fading strand with lustrous color.*

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Hollywood's Most Misunderstood Girl

(*Continued from page* 85)

Now if Mrs. Holm doesn't like anybody, she just shrugs, smiles and says, "Oh, she's all right."

When I began really to think about Connie, it occurred to me that Connie's closest friend is Eileen Percy.

A good many fans must remember Eileen Percy, the beautiful blonde who used to be Douglas Fairbanks' leading lady and has now become one of the best known Hollywood columnists.

Eileen and I are distantly related because my husband swears if anything untoward ever happens to me he is going to ask Eileen to be Dicky's stepmother. And in spite of that, I love her.

As a matter of fact, Eileen is probably the most popular girl in Hollywood. Two-fisted, regular, full of fun, as honest as the day, able to take care of herself in the clinches, Eileen is the sort of girl everybody wants for a friend.

It didn't seem consistent to me that a regular girl like Eileen could be pals with anyone who wasn't also regular. A woman can nearly always be judged by her friends.

EILEEN and I were lunching together at the Brown Derby and I mentioned Connie. And her alleged high-hat propensities.

"That's the answer," she said brusquely. "Don't you ever fall for any of it. Connie is the most regular person I know. Trouble is, she's too honest and has too much sense of humor. She tries to live her own life and not be pulled to pieces by everybody who wants her for things. She's far and away the smartest woman I know.

"Look here! They've written books and plays and articles about Connie—not Connie herself, but the modern woman who doesn't play tricks, who doesn't expect anything different because she's a woman, who carries her own burdens. Everybody raves about them in the abstract, the women who want and use equality, the women who are free; but when one comes along—I suppose our inner, ancient womanly instincts are offended. It's only a few women with whom Connie is unpopular. You'll never find a man who knows her who doesn't swear by her—and I don't mean just men who are in love with her."

I made some investigations into that.

Horace Jackson is a lean, saturnine gentleman with a reputation for devastating, almost brutal honesty.

Mr. Jackson's comments upon screen personalities are regarded as tactless at times and it is my private belief that the reason you haven't heard more of him is because the publicity department is scared to let anybody near him for fear he'll say what he really thinks.

During the course of a luncheon I casually dropped Connie into the conversation.

"I hear," said I, "that she's very tough to work with."

Horace's answer was slightly profane. Then, "Probably is," he said, "for morons. She knows too much and they don't like it.

"And that," said Mr. Horace Jackson, "is the woman a lot of nitwits and nincompoops put on the pan because she won't run around kissing their big toes."

I apologized for even a suspicion of Miss Bennett.

"Ask Ned Griffith," said Mr. Jackson. "He's no sucker. He can direct anybody he wants to. He doesn't have to direct Constance Bennett."

MR. E. H. GRIFFITH is a successful director and a man of very few words. In fact the first time he dined with us, by actual count he spoke just ten words. He said "Hello"—"Goodbye"—and "Do you mind if I smoke my pipe?" If Ned could be persuaded to act he would run Barrymore, Menjou and Lew Stone a close race.

When I asked him—remember, none of these people had any idea I had a story in mind—he regarded me silently for a moment.

"She's never late," said Mr. Griffith. "She has never refused to do anything I asked her to do. She never leaves the set until I'm through shooting."

He blew three large clouds of smoke from his beloved pipe.

"Maybe you know somebody better," he said. "I don't."

One day last summer Lew Cody dropped into our house at Malibu. He was slightly disturbed and his wit flowed less freely than usual.

"What's on your mind, Lew?" I said.

"Start work Monday."

"That oughtn't to worry you," I said.

"I'm working with Constance Bennett," he said, "and I'm scared to death."

"Lew Cody!" I said. "You've worked with practically every great star in the business—and you're scared?"

"I've heard," said Lew, "that she's plenty tough."

He was too much of a gentleman to add that he adores Gloria Swanson and that he's heard as how Connie had done Gloria dirt.

A week later I saw him again.

"While I think about it," he said, "I want to apologize for what I said about Connie Bennett. The girl's a trouper. Nobody was ever sweller to work with. She's patient, and open-minded, and she knows what she's doing. I'd like to spend the rest of my life working in her pictures."

"So you've fallen for Connie Bennett, have you?" I said.

He got sore, and Lew hasn't been sore at me since I nearly ruined his career years ago by calling him a male vamp in print.

"Don't be like that," he said. "Of course, any man could fall in love with her. But she is also the sort of girl who can forget sex. She's as regular—as a man."

WHICH brings me somehow to Gloria Swanson, and the famous triangle that was built around Gloria and the Marquis de la Falaise and Constance Bennett. You may have heard of it before, but in case you haven't allow me to say that Henri was married to Miss Swanson and that she divorced him and he married Connie Bennett. (They seem, by the way, to be devotedly happy.)

Hollywood's Most Misunderstood Girl

There was a good deal of talk at the time about the fact that Connie had stepped in illegally and broken up Gloria's romance.

She didn't. If you won't take my word for it, will you take Gloria's? Gloria told me herself, positively, that she and Hank were actually separated, had agreed to disagree, before he ever met Connie.

Perhaps it's exciting and dangerous to think of Constance as a love thief, a woman who might break up another woman's home. But it isn't true. There is a certain ruthlessness, a certain determination to get what she wants, about Connie. But she wouldn't two-time. I can't see her cheating. No matter what it cost her, I'm sure she'd be on the level.

Let me explain something else to you.

Years ago I discovered a peculiar thing about Mary Pickford. Billed as America's sweetheart, Mary was loved by the whole world. She wasn't more beautiful than some other stars, nor a finer actress, but she occupied a place in the heart of humanity that no one equaled then or has equaled since.

Why?

Partly because of the modeling of her face, the way she was created. She happened to be an exact prototype of the Botticelli angels. She might have served as a model for the early madonnas. The need to worship what is good and beautiful in womanhood, apparent in every religion, subconsciously identified itself with Mary Pickford.

Constance Bennett, because of her physical make-up, is the subject of another subconscious reaction. Whoever or whatever modeled her face, gave it the exact reproduction of everything haughty, everything arrogant, everything proud, that for years has been identified with the women who ride upon the crest of the wave, who rule men and love luxury.

That has been the secret of her screen success; that is the indefinable glitter of the Constance Bennett personality.

On the screen that is magnificent. We love it and we wish we had it. But face to face, that very thing breeds envy. And envy, of all human emotions, is the lowest, the most destructive and the most unfair. Its offsprings are injustice, jealousy and lies.

Constance's greatest faults are these: a definite impatience with stupidity. She is, in fact, a very impatient person. And particularly impatient of mental slowness. Also, she overestimates people. She judges them all to be as honest, as straightforward, as ready for give and take as she is. And she has a quick, hot temper. Not, I think, a bad fault.

And so, you see, on expert authority, most of the indictments against the lovely blonde Bennett break down under close examination.

She isn't unpopular. She has many close and devoted friends.

She most certainly isn't difficult to work with.

She doesn't get any such ridiculous salary as has been advertised. That's one of those "trick contracts."

She didn't break up Gloria's home.

And she's a pretty swell person, once you get to know her.



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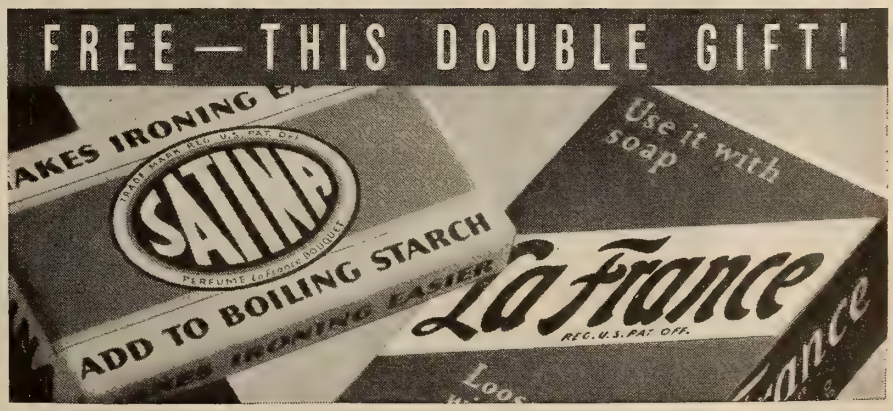
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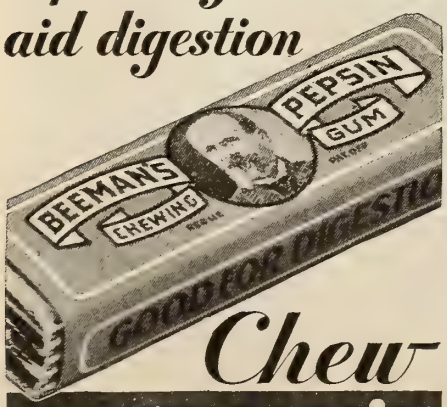


chosen Queen!

THEY called her names, they teased her and left her out of their games and class plays. "She is such an unattractive child" the teacher said . . . And then Alice's mother found a way to end the child's indigestion.

The difference is great between a smiling, healthy person and one who is handicapped by indigestion, but the cause may be slight. Often Beeman's Pepsin Gum will relieve the condition. Dr. Beeman had a great idea in putting pepsin in this gum. Chew it every day. The flavor is delicious.

Especially made to aid digestion



Chew
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

A Whale of a Man

(*Continued from page 27*)

as any head in Hollywood. Crippled, annihilated, crushed, the entire team took a hospital train for Yale, Harvard, or Notre Dame, wherever they happened to be from.

His fame spread through the wilds of Canada.

He became the Strong Man with a carnival company. He would stand on a platform while the spieler shouted, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I wish to call to your attention the strongest man in all the wide, wide world!" He soon became a greater drawing card than the Bearded Lady. As a finale he would place a rock on his chest, and his traveling companion would break it with a huge sledge, while the rustics gazed in animated awe. Perhaps there are women in Canada who still remember the Strong Man. I will, for the first time, tell the name under which he traveled at the time. It was Young Tom Sharkey.

It was Jack Hanrahan, the spieler, who first told McLaglen that he was born for a mightier destiny than wrestling farmers along narrow-gauge railroads. Jack had but one weakness; he loved the tingle of red liquor in his veins. He had at some time or another in his varied career been an actor. It had ruined his life. At any hour of the day or night he would reach for his bottle and recite "The Face on the Barroom Floor." An irate mayor overheard him on a night of blizzards in Manitoba and as a cruel revenge he ordered the carnival company out of town.

The company was forced to disband, and McLaglen joined his destiny with that of the Irish Hanrahan. For a time they earned a small amount of money. McLaglen posed wherever possible as a "Sculptor Masterpiece." Dressed in thin white tights, he would strike the attitude of a Hercules who cramped his muscles to make a rustic holiday. It began to look as though the two wanderers would straggle through the winter until one night Hanrahan became more intoxicated than usual and again recited "The Face on the Barroom Floor." A gathering of Canadian Northwest Mounted Police heard the recitation and the two men were driven into the Wintry weather. This could have been more easily borne, save for the fact that McLaglen was in the costume of the late Hercules, a thin suit of tights.

They trudged for some miles in a circle while Hanrahan recited his poem to the howling of nearby wolves. Toward morning they sneaked back to their hotel.

Within a week Hanrahan died of pneumonia, insisting to the last that McLaglen should become an actor.

NOT heeding Hanrahan, McLaglen went to Biddy Bishop. At once Biddy got busy. Before long McLaglen was considered good enough to be put in the same ring with Jack Johnson. The latter gentleman had just returned from Australia where he had played "All God's Chillun Got Wings" on the then heavyweight champion, Tommy Burns.

This fight is in Jack Johnson's record. Mistah Johnson claims to have won. Many who saw the fight claim that his claim is in error. At any rate Mr. McLaglen could throw a mean pair of gloves.

McLaglen might have gone far in the American prize ring if he had not had the wanderlust. He drifted to Australia, Africa, and India.

In India he met a young Rajah of vast wealth and power. The Rajah took a liking to the carefree vagabond who could wrestle, or fight, or pose, and who had a smile as contagious as the plague in his brown-skinned nation. If the Rajah were not so far removed from Hollywood, he would be worth a book. He made McLaglen his right-hand man. One day, in a playful mood, a visiting Rajah told Mr. McLaglen's boss that he was not an expert shot with a rifle. This would have had no disastrous results, only the future movie actor's boss, anxious to prove that he was an excellent shot, aimed a bullet at Mr. McLaglen's right leg. This would have been of no consequence had he not been an excellent shot. The bullet hit McLaglen, while the Rajah laughed so loud he could be heard in Delhi.

It was McLaglen's duty to keep the populace from poisoning their beloved ruler. Once he limped with the Rajah to a vault where slept generations of the Rajah's ancestors. They had all been poisoned, explained the Rajah. Part of Mr. McLaglen's job was to taste the food offered to the Rajah. If McLaglen died in convulsions, it goes without saying that the Rajah would not partake of the food.

Mr. McLaglen thought this over for some time, and finally decided to taste no more food. As soon as his leg healed, he left for England. Upon arriving in London he read that the Rajah had been poisoned. McLaglen looked at the wound in his leg and forgot to pray.

IN Africa when war was declared, he joined the British army and took part in the campaign which resulted in the capture of Baghdad. A commissioned officer, he was made Privy Marshal of Baghdad at which post he remained all through the year.

There is in McLaglen's service today a young Arab.

During the war McLaglen headed a party who searched different sections of the desert for hidden ammunition. On one expedition he found a ten-year-old Arab boy who had been cruelly beaten by his father. McLaglen took him with him, and later took him to England. The lad's name is Abdullah Ibn Abbas. He has since married a charming Arabian girl who lives with him in Hollywood. Now in McLaglen's employ, the young Arab is his most faithful friend. McLaglen speaks Arabian fluently and the two often talk in that language.

The war over, McLaglen returned to London, where he again became a pugilist. He was fairly successful, when a gentleman by the name of Davidson began producing a film called "The Call of the Road." The leading man was a pugilist. The part was offered to McLaglen, who at first refused it. Then the memory of Hanrahan came to him. Maybe the old fellow was right. He might have the makings of an actor. He signed a contract to appear in the film at $150 per

A Whale of a Man

week, American money. The film made a hit, and was later released a half dozen times.

He met Stuart Blackton in England. They became friends. Blackton returned to America. McLaglen played in British films for the next few years at a top salary of $250 per week.

Around nine years ago upon receiving a cablegram from Stuart Blackton, he came to America and appeared in "The Beloved Brute."

HIS wife and two small children and the Arab boy remained in England. Arriving in Hollywood he found so many destitute countrymen that he was soon in need of funds himself.

He lived in a tumble-down shack in and out of which the rats scurried. The picture was released, made a faint stir, and died. There was a tough road ahead. Too old for a fighter, and with no funds with which to return to England, he did that which every wise soldier of fortune does in such a predicament—marked time with alert eyes.

Nothing happened for months. He haunted the American Legion Boxing Stadium in Hollywood, dreaming over his days of vanished glory. One night, at the ringside, he saw a man staring at him. Soon another man approached and asked his name and address. The man who stared was Frank Lloyd, a big-time director, the man who asked his address was Tom Kennedy, a one-time great pugilist, then working for Lloyd.

McLaglen was soon called to see Lloyd, who was to direct "Winds of Chance." The hero was a French Canadian, who smiled as easily as did McLaglen.

The Scotch Irishman heard of the chief characteristic of the hero. He smiled so much during the interview that Lloyd said, "Well, Vic, you're it." He played the part and "stole the picture." As a result he was given a five-year contract at $800 per week.

Now the world was rosy. His wife and children and the Arab boy came over. All settled in Hollywood. Regularly McLaglen drew his eight hundred a week. The months passed. He had nothing to do. No parts could be found for him.

A man, out of Hollywood, might be satisfied at eight hundred a week for five years. But McLaglen remembered Hanrahan. He looked about him. He saw men getting five times eight hundred whom he thought could do no better than himself on the screen. He kept his own counsel and decided not to wear himself out fighting shadows. He would watch for an opportunity.

The rumor of it came. Fox was going to make "What Price Glory?" Raoul Walsh, was to direct it.

The gossip of Hollywood, always discomforting, had Louis Wolheim already cast for the part. That brilliant trouper, with the broken nose, had already made the part of Captain Flagg famous on the New York stage. Could McLaglen, the one-time bruiser, follow in the footsteps of the one-time teacher of mathematics? He was well aware that Wolheim took long strides. McLaglen thought it over for some hours. "It won't take any more nerve to see Walsh than it took to battle Jack Johnson" he said to himself.

(*Please turn to page* 90)

Prevent····tonight or Cure····tomorrow····

WHICH WILL YOU DO?



It may be just a coated tongue tonight . . . Nothing to worry about. Dull eyes, a bad breath . . . Nothing serious.

But Nature is telling you something by these harmless-seeming symptoms. She's telling you that you may have a sick child tomorrow.

When Nature coats tongues, makes eyes dull and breath bad, she says, "Your child has eaten unwisely. His system is clogged with waste impurities. He needs help."

Help tonight is simple. Tomorrow it may be harder. A simple dose of Castoria tonight will bring relief; may even keep a serious illness from developing.

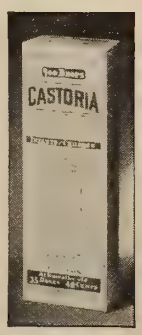
Castoria, you know, is the children's own remedy—is made specially to give the mild, gentle help their delicate organs require.

In any starting illness, such as a cold, a little fever, a food upset, a first-aid dose of Castoria is always a wise precaution which your physician will commend you for.

A noted child specialist says, "I always get best results by giving Castoria at night—with no supper, nothing but water until morning."

Its gentle effectiveness has brought quick comfort to many a baby suffering with colic pains, by relieving the gas and urging little bowels to act. And it is the "standby" regulator for older children in many homes.

We have a helpful booklet for mothers, "The Danger Age for Children," which we will gladly send free. Address Dept. 36, The Centaur Co., 80 Varick St., New York, N. Y.

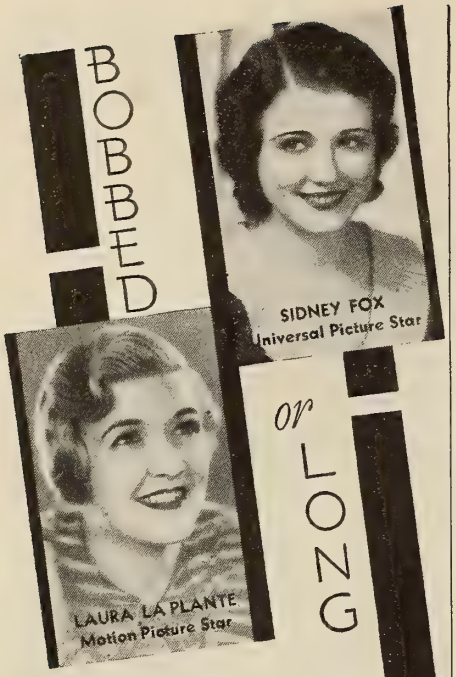


No harsh drugs . . . no NARCOTICS in Castoria

Of course you want to be sure the medicine you give your children is not harmful or habit-forming. Castoria is a pure vegetable preparation; absolutely safe and harmless. Real Castoria always has the name, Chas. H. Fletcher, on the package. It now comes in two sizes. The new family size contains about 2½ times the amount in the regular size.

Chas. H. Fletcher.

CASTORIA



What is your type?

Are you blonde or brunette? Is your hair long, short or "in-between?" What difference does it make? None—if HOLD-BOBS are used to keep it in place. Note these exclusive features: small, round, invisible heads . . . lasting and holding spring . . . smooth, round, non-scratching points . . . flexible legs, one side crimped, that keep the hair in place all day and all evening . . . colors that match every woman's hair. Movie stars demand them; society women demand them . . . and HOLD-BOBS will lend charm and beauty to your coiffure, too!



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1918 Prairie Avenue, Dept. G6, Chicago, Ill.

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☐ Blonde ☐ Gray ☐ Brunette ☐ Gold

Copyright 1932 by The Hump Hairpin Manufacturing Co.

A Whale of a Man

(*Continued from page* 89)

"What about Wolheim?" the words came to him. The answer came quickly. "It's every man for himself."

He went to see Walsh. That gentleman, Spanish and Irish, has about as much emotion, at least on the surface, as a rich racketeer.

OUTSIDE Walsh's door he met a big fellow to whom he told his errand. The big fellow, wanting the part himself, said kindly, "Too bad, Vic, the part's just been taken." McLaglen brushed him aside and entered Walsh's office, his heavy shoulders swinging, his jaw thrust forward.

"I want a play Captain Flagg," he said.

Walsh was busy. Besides, everybody wanted to play Captain Flagg.

McLaglen insisted. "No man in the world can act it better."

"All right," finally from Walsh. "Take him over and let him make his own test."

A cameraman turned the machine while an old friend of McLaglen's played the part of a bartender as the Scotch-Irishman entered the saloon and went through his paces. It was a thousand to one chance. But the heart of McLaglen was unafraid, and went on with the act.

He snarled and swore with magnificent flourish. He threw his shoulders as on the night he had fought the mighty Jack Johnson. No man less rough, with less terrifying vitality could have so burned the lens with his personality. I recall Wolheim as I write.

The test went to Walsh. Cold on the surface, he became warm at once.

McLaglen was given the part. What he did with it is among the vital memories of the screen. Not even Wolheim surpassed him.

A man hewn out of the elements is McLaglen, primitive as passion, and fundamental as hunger.

It was the splendid dead and gone Wolheim who saw McLaglen in the rôle and said to me, "Jim—he's a whale of a man—he's on his way to far places."

New Films at a Glance

(*Continued from page* 65)

YOUNG AMERICA—Class A—*Fox*—Frank Borzage achieved another great picture by deft handling of the characters typifying American youth of today. This picture represents the best parts of "Skippy," "Sooky," "The Champ" and "Tom Sawyer," without a semblance of direct duplication. The story is based on the trials of two thirteen-year-old boys and a dog who rob a drugstore to provide for their ailing grandmother. The scene moves to the juvenile court, where Ralph Bellamy performs most difficult role as the judge. Spencer Tracy and Doris Kenyon adopt one of the wards. The interest from there on is centered on the conflict between Tracy and Bellamy for the custody of the boy, expertly played by Tommy Conlon. Human characters and proper balance of humor makes this an outstanding attraction.

THIS IS THE NIGHT—Class A—*Paramount*—A play by Avery Hopwood, adapted from the story, "Pouche," by Rene Peter and Henri Falk. It is a comedy that takes place in Paris and Venice with Roland Young, Lily Damita, Charlie Ruggles, Thelma Todd and Cary Grant as our cast. With a musical score that will send you home whistling. Roland Young carries the romantic lead equally as well as he has his past comedy characters. The entire cast give help in making a delightful comedy you're sure to enjoy.

THE HEART OF NEW YORK—Class D—*Warners*—A Hebrew comedy cut to the measure of Joe Smith, Charles Dale and George Sidney. The humor is a bit crude and obvious as might be expected, but there are occasional moments of effective, if exaggerated, characterization.

LAW OF THE WEST—Class D—*World Wide*—There is plenty of punch in this orthodox western melodrama. Bob Steele, as a quick-on-the-trigger cowboy, rides and shoots with the best of them. If you want action and do not object to a trite story you will be satisfied.

WHISTLIN' DAN—Class D—*Tiffany*—Just to be different, Ken Maynard breaks into a whistle every now and again, thereby lending a touch of nonchalance to his gallant exploits. Rounding up a half dozen bad men is commonplace to this hardy hero.

STOWAWAY—Class D—*Universal*—The screen version of one of the many thousands of adventure stories. It centers on a taxi dancer played by Fay Wray, who tries to earn enough money to get back to San Francisco, but quits her job because a customer became rough. She is forced to stowaway on a coast freighter where the rest of the action takes place. A pretty girl alone with a tough crew of sailors could have furnished enough menace and romance to make it interesting, but the picture is not well done.

LAW AND ORDER—Class C—*Universal*—This he-man melodrama (there is no love theme) takes Walter Huston into the West of the rough-and-ready bad men. Now and again he is obliged to kill an obstreperous outlaw, but he always does so with regret.

THE WISER SEX—Class C—*Paramount*—Nothing to cheer about, but fair entertainment with the personable Claudette Colbert and the vampish Lilyan Tashman running true to form. The story concerns the persecution of an incorruptible district attorney.

THE FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE—Class C—*First National*—Not as much of a murder mystery as the title would indicate. Joan Blondell, Tom Brown, Adrienne Dore, Leslie Fenton and Kenneth Thompson in a picture of

(*Please turn to page* 118)

Blue Heaven

(*Continued from page 55*)

canopy and drapes are a rosy apricot, which also is the color of the chaise longue.

A note of Miss Harding's favorite green is introduced in the chairs. The bedspreads are hand-embroidered white linen.

An interesting feature is the bed, especially made from Miss Harding's own drawings. Two twin beds are detachable from a common headboard of polished wood.

The playroom, which is an important part of the Harding menage, is not a part of the house proper, but situated in the rooms built along the hillside beneath the tennis court.

WHEN Miss Harding first contemplated the addition of a tennis court to the estate, she planned to make a level space in the hillside acre by means of a concrete wall, with cement poured into the space thus created until a level floor for the tennis court had been achieved. But this plan did not materialize.

Inquiry developed that it not only would be more sightly and desirable but a great deal less expensive to erect a building here, and utilize a well reinforced room for the tennis court. This was done, and the space beneath the tennis court has been divided into a theatre, projection room, dressing quarters for occasional private theatricals, and a large recreation room.

The latter is provided with card tables, equipment for playing ping-pong, and facilities for various other games. Here hostess and guests usually repair after seeing a picture in the theatre, a favorite form of entertainment.

The walls of the game room are natural wood, slightly polished but unstained.

THE theatre is equipped with modernistic chairs of metal tubing, upholstered with leather.

The machines for the presentation of sound pictures, with which the projection room is equipped, were the gifts of RKO, the film organization to which she is under contract, when Miss Harding celebrated her last birthday.

The furnishings of recreation room and theatre were presented to her on the same occasion.

There is a small swimming pool near the tennis court. Trees and shrubbery have been transplanted to add a note of attractivness, and a more ideal spot for recreations could not have been devised.

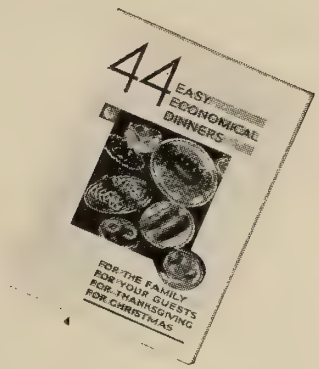
Ann Harding was a girl without a real home all her life, until she came to Hollywood, and she could not have discovered a more inspiring place in which to build a home.

First, as the daughter of an army officer, she frequently moved from one post to another; then, as an actress, she lived in hotel rooms, traveling from place to place, with no hopes of ever achieving what she could call a permanent abode.

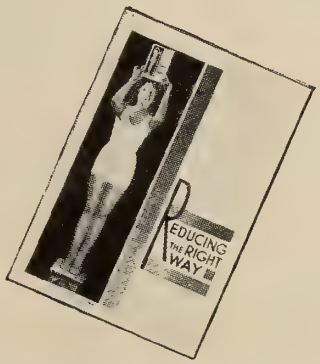
Into the house which she now calls home she has poured all the frustrated dreams of those nomadic years, and in its charmed environment she hopes to spend all the years of life that remain to her—a Transient who has a home at last.

If You Will Answer These Questions

we will send you a Tower Booklet for Your Courtesy



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Reducing the Right Way . . . A scientific outline of menus and exercises which can do thin things to your outline



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MO-ZEL THE BATHROOM CLEANSER

The Stars at Play

(*Continued from page 68*)

Anita Page had to fry eggs for him in Van Dyke's picture, and how he had to eat them.

"And Van Dyke insisted on taking that scene about eight times," he said in an aggrieved tone. "Eggs in the morning will henceforth mean less than nothing to me."

We Visit the Lloyds

"WILL you come up?" asked Mildred Lloyd, Harold's wife.

Of course I would, no matter what was afoot.

The occasion was what Mildred called a party for the Young Wives' Club—a luncheon in honor of June Caprice, widow of Harry Millarde, the director.

Cliques are a part of Hollywood life, and sometimes they hold together for years.

Mildred's mother, Mrs. Davis, was helping Mildred receive the guests, along with June, who was dressed in an afternoon gown of soft gray, while Mildred herself was looking pretty and girlish in a yellow fancy sports suit of silk, trimmed in white.

Mrs. Gladys Robinson, Edward G. Robinson's wife, and I had arrived together, in Eddie's town car, and we had made the driver go slowly through those beautiful grounds of the Lloyd home, with its little golf course, its tiny lake, its beautiful shrubberies and lawns.

Even a big party would be swallowed up in that immense, beautiful house, but we heard a medley of voices as we came in, and in the French drawing room we discovered some of the guests. But most of them were in the great combination living room and library, with its comfortable chairs and sofas, its long windows looking out into the garden on one side.

Shirley Mason, now Mrs. Sidney Lanfield, was one of the first guests we met. She was as smiling and bubbling as ever. We wondered if anything ever troubled her.

"I'll bet she never has to take facials to make her keep young," whispered Marie Mosquini, former leading lady, you may remember, for Harold Lloyd, and thought at one time to be engaged to him, but who is now the wife of a well-known physician, Doctor Lee DeForrest. "She is so cheerful. Her massage, as you might say, is from the inside—from the spirit within."

Mary MacAllister, now Mrs. Robert Brigham, was among the guests, too. Did you know that the stork is hovering over her home? She is very happy about it, and was talking with Shirley, asking advice.

"A regular mothers' meeting, I'll declare," put in Sally Blane.

"Old maids like you have no voice at this meeting," remarked Helen Ferguson, now Mrs. Richard Hargraves, kidding Sally, who took it quite good-naturedly, as well she may when she has a dozen beaus haunting her.

"Oh, there's May McAvoy!" Helen exclaimed, as May came into the room.

May, too, is awaiting the coming of the stork. Of course, you haven't forgotten that she is Mrs. Maurice Cleary. May's hair is once more black, its original color—except where it is very gray. Naturally this is premature grayness, and May just doesn't mind a bit and doesn't do a thing about it. In fact, all the girls who get married and leave pictures seem only too happy not to have to bother over the color of their hair or just how many pounds they weigh. Which must be a great comfort to them.

Gertrude Olmstead entered just then—Mrs. Robert Leonard, wife of the director. Gertrude is always a lot of fun, and just as pretty as when she was a star.

Lunch was served in the lovely morning room, at little tables. This room is so decorated as to resemble a summer house, frescoed all over its curving walls and ceiling in a lattice-work design, ornamented with rose vines and roses, through which one catches a glimpse of clouds, birds and butterflies. Next to it is the organ room, with its pipe organ, upon which some one was playing softly.

Sally Blane was at our table, wearing a pale green fancy sports suit of georgette.

We talked about sunbaths, and Sally said she used to love taking them down at Palm Springs until that aviation field was established nearby down there, but it was too awful to see those machines flying over you up there, and to realize—well, that you—well, you understand!

Fortune-tellers and mind-readers are always popular in movieland, and so we all eagerly crowded into the living room, where a handsome mind-reader was waiting to answer questions which we wrote on little sheets of paper and put into envelopes.

Sally Blane suggested it was too bad, handsome as he was, that he wasn't a palmist!

Marie Mosquini has been wanting a baby, and the mind-reader accommodatingly told her she would have one in the summer of 1933.

He told Sally that a blond man was very much devoted to her.

East Is West and West Is East

. . . according to Herb Howe, writing one of the best interviews he has ever published, his subject being none other than Anna May Wong, the American-born Chinese girl who has become a star. Be sure to read this most unusual picture of Miss Wong in the next—the July—NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE—on sale June 15th.

The Stars At Play

"Why, there are three blondes!" put in Shirley Mason.

And a House-Warming

"I DON'T know just what it is about a new house that gets the women all excited," said William Seiter, the director, "but they just do get that way somehow. Now a man can look on a new divan or even a lampshade calmly and dispassionately—but not so a woman!"

We were helping Helen Twelvetrees "warm" her new house, and it was one of those rainy, blustery nights which made the interior of Helen's new home doubly cozy and attractive.

Frank Woody, Helen's nice husband, had, with Helen, bidden us welcome at the door of their pretty Italian villa, set back among the trees and shrubs, in Brentwood, near Hollywood. Mr. Woody is a business man, as well as a thoroughly charming person.

Helen was wearing a pajama evening gown of rose-colored velvet and georgette, very becoming to her slim beauty.

Some of the guests remained in the living room, but most of us made for the cozy little whoopee room adjoining, where was a bar serving near beer and ginger ale with a "free lunch" of sandwiches of all the delicious kinds, frankfurters, potato chips, and all the other belongings of that kind of supper.

John Boles and his wife were there, and we wanted John to sing, but he declined, pleasantly, pleading a cold.

Bill Seiter told us that Laura La Plante, his wife, was just coming home in triumph from Portland, Oregon, where she had been guest star. Now she wants to go back to New York and go on the stage.

Bill looked kind of lonely without Laura. They are always together in Hollywood, you know.

Racquel Torres and her sister, Rene, arrived just then, with Charles Feldman, Racquel's lawyer-fiance. She said that they want her in England for pictures, and she may go.

"Will you be married before you go?" we asked.

And Racquel blushed and said, "Maybe."

Chester Morris was there with his pretty little wife, and there were several others, including pretty Claudia Dell.

Claudia danced for us in the living room, when John Boles played the piano. It was an elfin little dance, the sort of thing she did in musical comedy.

Rene Torres was expecting Phil Baker, who is in a show here, and he came later, and in the meantime Rene told us that her sister was receiving word from clergymen in town offering to marry her and Mr. Feldman—"three dollars at the parsonage, five dollars if at home!"

Helen told us amusingly of trying to get the house ready for the party, and exclaimed: "If you find a flat iron in the piano, please try not to let on that you notice it!"

John Boles, Racquel Torres, Charles Feldman and Claudia Dell settled down to a game of bridge, but the rest of us preferred the silly game of lotto, with a lot of talk and laughter, which rather bothered the bridge players, but they

(*Please turn to page* 94)

Only half a minute



—and the perspiration odor problem is disposed of *for the day!*

■ There never was a time when women were so unafraid of facts, so direct in dealing with them. Take the unpleasant fact of underarm odor, for instance . . .

They no longer whisper about it. They no longer ignore it. They simply say, "Of course, we're all in constant danger of perspiration odor. That's the way Nature made us. We know the only way to be safe is to use something made specially to neutralize unpleasant odor."

. . .

And what is this "something" women use?

More than a million smart, busy women use Mum—a snowy, fragrant cream which acts instantly to destroy disagreeable odor and gives all-day protection.

What is there about Mum that so appeals to these modern women?

Perhaps the thing they appreciate most is that it takes only half a minute to use Mum. A quick fingertipful to each underarm, then into your dress and on your way! No time wasted for these busy women!

And think of this, too! You can use Mum *any* time during the day or evening—even *after* you're dressed. For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing.

Mum is very soothing to the skin—even a sensitive skin. You can use it right after shaving. Used on the hands, it destroys lingering odors such as onion, fish and dry-cleaner.

It doesn't interfere in any way with the natural processes of perspiration. It simply destroys unpleasant odor. Save time, be sure of protection *always* by using Mum regularly every day! At all toilet counters, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

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BEAUTY BLOOMS



with powder that is pure

YOUR skin is probably twenty times more beautiful than you know! Run your fingers over your ear lobe. Skin as smooth and soft as a baby's, isn't it? That's your *real* skin-texture. It proves how satin-fine your *protected* skin can be.

And you'll find you can recapture this native beauty for your face, by using Luxor . . . the pure, fine face-powder! Impure powders cause roughness and irritation . . . but Luxor is so pure, it guards and protects your skin. Because of its perfect blending, it brings out your natural coloring. Because it is sifted through finest silk, it is delicate as star-dust—transforming your face to new, smooth transparency.

Fragrantly scented, pure and fine, Luxor face-powder means protection . . . and beauty . . . for your skin.

Luxor products are not costly. Face-powder 50c a box, rouge 50c, lipstick 50c. Luxor, Ltd., 1355 West 31st Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Tested and Approved Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health

Luxor, Ltd.

I enclose ten cents for a generous sample of the face-powder.

TG-E

Check—Rachel_____ Flesh_____ White_____

Name_____

Address_____

The Stars At Play

(*Continued from page 93*)

were quite polite about it. William Seiter proved himself the quickest player at lotto, and we handed him a beautiful little marble statue off the piano as a prize.

Afterward Racquel offered to teach all the men the tango, but only Feldman was good at it, and of course he has been taking private lessons.

We decided around two o'clock that the new house had been sufficiently warmed, for this time anyway, and regretfully took our departure.

The Hamiltons Entertain

"I SUPPOSE the depression is on, but it surely is nice to gather in a lovely place like this once in a while and stop worrying about it," observed Chester Morris.

We had gone to the lovely new Brentwood home of Neil Hamilton and his wife, and were gathered before the fire down in the big whoopee room, a group of us, eating our dinner from little tête-à-tête tables.

The house is of the Spanish-Colonial type, with a white picket fence enclosing it, and wide verandas running all along the front of the house, upstairs and down, which gave it a charmingly hospitable, homey appearance.

Flowered wall paper adorned the walls of all the upstairs rooms, and we decided that the white colonial stairways were very becoming to the descending ladies, and that they all should wear crinolines. As a matter of fact, the party being informal, nearly all of them wore pajama suits, either sport or afternoon. But our hostess wore a flowered silk that somehow fitted in beautifully with the quaint house.

There is a big billiard table in the whoopee room, and after dinner a lot of the men played billiards. Carl Laemmle, Jr., proved himself a regular shark at the game, with Chester Morris and Neil close seconds.

Neil was still wearing the permanent wave with which he was required to adorn his hair for a picture, and we said we thought he should keep it, as it suits him admirably.

"Keep the permanent wave waving," Mrs. Chester Morris admonished him.

Carole Lombard and William Powell were among the guests, Bill calling out to announce themselves as they entered —"William Lombard and Carole Powell!"

We chatted, Carole and I, on the divan before the fire, and Carole told us about William's little son Bill, and how clever he is. She said she guessed she ought to know how to handle small boys, as she was brought up by two brothers.

"They used to make me 'borrow' things out of the house, like cigarettes and such things," she said. "I did it, too, so they'd let me tag along and play with them."

The little Hamilton adopted baby was in bed, but of course we women had to tiptoe into her nursery and watch her as she slept, and we fell in love with her then and there.

Now they are thinking, our host and hostess, of adopting a little boy.

"He should be just a little older than the girl," said Neil, "so he can take care of her."

Jetta Goudal was there with her husband, Harold Grieve, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kolker, Theodore Von Eltz and others.

Finally a group of men gathered on a sofa to talk pictures, and then Carl, Jr., found it impossible to keep his mind on his billiards.

Very late the party broke up, and when we left somebody paid the Hamiltons the flowery compliment that their hospitality had warmed our hearts as well as their new home.



Wide World photo

At a cost of more than $100,000 Rudy Vallee has purchased this house in fashionable Beverly Hills, just out of Los Angeles, and from now on he and Fay Webb Vallee, the wife, will call it home. It is one of the show places of this exclusive suburb. Mrs. Vallee, by the way, is the daughter of the chief of police at Santa Monica, which is virtually adjacent to Beverly Hills. . . . And we might say here that all of the rumors of a rift between the Vallees—these same rumors that Rudy anticipated—apparently haven't any basis in fact.

On With the Dance

(*Continued from page* 58)

his boys. Here is a beautiful tune nicely played for us, so I see no reason why this record shouldn't be highly recommended. The other side is also by Jack and the boys—"There's a Million Ways to Say I Love You," which is too many. And I don't think much of the tune. (This is a Victor record.)

HERE is a red-hot one for you, and I don't mean maybe. "Trickeration" is the title and it's not a bit misleading. Cab Calloway and his world-famous outfit do the recording. Cab sings a couple of *hi-de-hi's* and the boys sail right through, with plenty of brass and choruses. The other side is also by Cab, "I Ain't Got a Gal in This Town," more on the order of "Minnie the Moocher," a slow number with numerous vocal interpolations by old Cab himself. If you like 'em hot, don't miss this one. (This is a Brunswick record.)

THIS time we hear from Nat Shilkret and the Victor Orchestra, playing that popular novelty, "The Wooden Soldier and the China Doll." No doubt you are familiar with the tune, and you'll okay the recording. Burt Lorin sings the vocal refrain.

Here's another little descriptive novelty, "Rain on the Roof," a smooth tune, and as Nat Shilkret and his boys are doing the recording honors, I know you won't go wrong on it. Again we hear Burt Lorin singing the vocal chorus. (This is a Victor record.)

"GEORGIA on My Mind" is next from Frankie Trumbauer and his orchestra. As Frankie is considered to be one of the world's leading sax players, you can look forward to hearing something different, and you won't be disappointed. A very smooth record, arranged nicely and played wonderfully. This has a very good vocal chorus.

The other side is also by Frankie and his orchestra, "Honeysuckle Rose," which should be *some* flower. This is every bit as good as the preceding side. (This is a Brunswick record.)

HERE'S an old-timer, but how it's brought up to date is nobody's business! "Alexander's Ragtime Band," played for us by Gene Kardos and his orchestra. These boys will bear watching, and they should go a long way. Their performance here is startling, and if you can hear them without beating time with your feet, I miss my guess. Dick Robertson sings the vocal refrain, and it's good. (A Victor record.)

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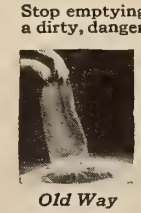
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De Mille the Democrat

(*Continued from page* 31)

heard about his 'Yes' men and women!" I answered.

"Will you go to see him? You will like him. It will only be for a few weeks and you can learn a lot from de Mille!"

I was about to say that perhaps de Mille could learn a lot from me along the lines of insubordination, but I knew that this particular "exec" was my friend so I said, "Yes, I'll go, but I know now it won't do any good!"

I WENT the next day and, as I entered the tastefully furnished and spacious de Mille bungalow, in which I soon learned more big business was transacted than in most skyscrapers, I thought, "Well, at least one has a swell chair to wait in!"

I did not wait long. C. B.'s timing is practically perfect. Miss Gladys Rosson, who has been his personal, private, and indispensable secretary for sixteen years, was very cordial as she asked me to step into Mr. de Mille's office. I entered "the presence," head in air and chip on shoulder. The so-called office is as lovely a living room as I have ever seen. I was saved the embarrassment of crossing the great white bear rug (over which so many trembling knees have wavered) alone. C. B. took my hand in greeting and led me to the biggest chair in the room. "This," I thought, "is supposed to make me feel small. Try and do it!"

We discussed topics of the day—and night. He showed me some of the many priceless treasures with which the room is lined. All the charm which I have since got to know, sometimes suspect, but always appreciate was turned on before we ever discussed business and then it was not business. He told me about the picture he was going to make, "Madame Satan," held me spellbound by descriptions of the Zeppelin scenes he was planning. His voice, low and modulated, had me lulled into "yes-land" before he had asked me to the party.

Then he finally said, "Now, how would you like to help me on this picture? I need some one like you who can write a bit of dialogue, or a lyric and help me choose songs." He used the words "help me" at least five times and I had thought he was under the impression that he didn't need even God to do that!

I KNEW that once with de Mille you need make no future plans—it's a career! Everyone around him has been there for years. Nine, twelve, fourteen, seventeen, twenty years seem to have passed all too quickly for his faithful and loving "helpers." Much as I wanted to join them I felt that those who had been with him so long might look upon me as an interloper, so I pulled myself together and put up the only argument I could think of, terms having been agreed upon between Paramount and himself. I said in a not too feeble voice that I myself had been "yessed" for years, in my own productions, and that I was afraid I would never be able to say things were good unless I really thought so. That I was stubborn and opinionated, and would fight to the last breath for the last word that would win an argument. I made quite a speech.

He listened attentively and then in his most suave and smiling manner he said, "My dear Miss Janis, I don't have to pay anyone the large salary I am willing to pay you to say 'Yes!' I want your advice and opinions. If you think a thing is good I want you to say so. If you don't think so I want you to say it's lousy!"

That settled it. "When do I go to work?" I said.

"Come to lunch tomorrow," he answered.

We shook hands and I left the bungalow in the knowledge that I had joined the band of de Mille worshipers, who say "Yes!" not because they are afraid, but because he is a darned hard guy to say "No!" to.

I managed to do it though, quite often during the months that followed, and among the many things I learned was this fact—he likes you to say "No!" but have your answer ready when he comes back with a lightning-like "Why not?"

WHEN he told me the story of the play, which is one of the things he likes to do and does magnificently, I listened fascinated, as he paced back and forth, stopping now and then in front of me with an I-dare-you-not-to-like-it expression and winding it up quickly after about an hour by saying "Well! what do you think of it?" I thought it was good and said so, but then I started right in picking flaws. I had to fight for every point I made. "Suggest something better!" he would snap! That is his method for getting the best out of the many brains that he buys when making a picture. The writer, actor, cameraman, or assistant is out of luck and apt to be out of a job if when criticising one thing he hasn't got another one up his sleeve, and not too far up either. Stalling is useless! The only embarrassing moments C. B. ever gave me were the ones when in the midst of a scene and in front of probably two hundred extras that he was rehearsing, he would turn suddenly and call "Else!" (de Mille for Elsie) "I want another line here! Give me a line!" (Business of snapping fingers and tapping foot.) "Can't you give me a line?"

"Can't you give me a line?" I don't mind admitting that I would have liked to give him a rope and intimate that it would look well around his neck, but nevertheless I gave him a line and if he didn't like it I would steal his own thunder and say, "Suggest something better!"

HE is a marvelous director to watch and he likes to be watched. A slight hangover from his acting days! Visitors are welcome on a de Mille "set" and the bigger the audience the better the show! I have read much about C. B. and his passion for pageantry, his golden beds, bath tubs, and rules, but here are a few things that I know about him which I have never seen in print and he will probably want to strangle me for writing them. He will have to catch me first, however, and I think running might be the one thing I could beat him at. I'll take a chance, because I think people should know that he is charitable and does not "take a bow" when he gives. Only be-

De Mille the Democrat

cause I was on the inside do I know that last Christmas he sent out hundreds of baskets containing turkeys and all that would give a needy family a wonderful dinner. He has been doing it for years. His own employees deliver them and inquire into the needs of each family!

He is romantic, sentimental, and loyal to love, having been married to the same lovely lady for over twenty-five years. He still calls her Gretchen, though her real name is Constance, and her telephone call is the only one that is put through in the midst of conferences, big business deals, or battles!

He is a great financier, vice president of a bank, and has interests in everything from oil wells to dairies. He is sensitive to other people's emotions, though he thinks it is better for them if he pretends not to be.

He loves poetry, and I have known him on occasions when our nerves were strung up to breaking point over some important situation in a picture, to drop all discussion, pick up some book of verse, settle back in his enormous red velvet chair and read aloud in about the most soothing tone anyone ever heard!

He is religious, or perhaps I should say he is a "Religionist," for he has studied all creeds and beliefs. He has a great admiration for a couple of guys called Buddha and Mohammed. I don't know them but they said a lot of wise things according to C. B.'s quotings.

HE is perhaps the best dressed man I know. His shirts, ties, socks, and hankies harmonize better than the Revelers or any other quartette!

He is a great "audience" and loves to laugh. I would tell you that he also enjoys a nice little cry now and then in the darkness of a projection room, but I don't want to get shot before I'm strangled. He has had over a thousand hours in the air. I mean in a plane not a temper!

He is a vegetarian, but don't hold it against him. His chef who prepares the luncheon at the bungalow, which is served in a most attractively homey dining room and of which I had the honor and pleasure to partake practically every day, excels in dragging a bean, pea, sprout, celery, in fact anything that you don't have to kill before you eat it, around through a "swell" Gallic sauce (and I don't mean apple) until said vegetable thinks it is a steak and the one who is eating it thinks, Gee! I hope I'll be asked to lunch tomorrow!

I can think of so many things that C. B. is and of so few that he isn't, I had better stop before I'm stopped. But in case I have not proven the title of this effusion, I would like to add that Mr. Cecil Blount de Mille is about the only great executive I've met who goes out of his way to ask the doorman, fireman, scrubwoman, and all those usually very nice people, how they feel, when he passes them, and he is one of the few who care enough to listen to their answer!

I don't know what he used to be. I know him today.

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The Right Dress Triumphs

(*Continued from page* 37)

uncannily sure first-glance reaction.

There are no long, weary, discouraging hours of searching and trying-on, of going from one shop to another. She loves to buy clothes but she hates to shop. Every woman knows the vast difference between the two.

NORMA is very positive in her likes and dislikes. And she confesses that her first hunch about a dress or a hat invariably proves to be the right one. As soon as she looks at a thing she seems to know, instinctively. Her reactions are immediate and usually true.

She prefers the definite in types of costume, her two favorite kinds being sports and evening. She doesn't like and, therefore, doesn't wear, the interchangeable, many-purpose dresses which are popular with so many women. The one concession she makes to the indefinite is the wearing of three-piece tailored pajamas when she is alone at home or when she and Mr. Thalberg are dining informally without guests.

"It is only within the last year or two that I have developed a preference for sports clothes for daytime wear," Norma went on. "I used to wear tailored suits and dresses almost exclusively during the day. The more plain and simple they were in design and color, the better I felt in them.

"But suddenly, for no explainable reason, I changed and transferred my affections to sports clothes. They seem more like California. If I lived in the East or Middle-west, I think that I should always wear dark, tailored suits with a fur scarf, a gardenia and a small hat with a veil. I love that kind of an outfit. It makes me feel so smart and well-groomed. But it is out of place here in California. I feel stuffy and over-dressed, running around in the warm sunshine in that kind of a suit.

"I like my sports clothes in strong vivid colors, brick reds and royal blues and regular paddy greens. They give me energy, briskness, exhilaration. Whenever I'm tired or depressed and the day stretches before me filled with a lot of things which I don't want to do, I put on my brightest and gayest sports clothes. Almost immediately I am stimulated and mentally 'picked up.'

"ONE day not long ago I attended a very important luncheon. I knew that it was going to be a heavy, rather depressing affair, with a long list of dignified and imposing guests. So I wore an encouraging outfit, a very plainly tailored but vividly green dress sports affair, with a little hat to match its color. I felt sparkling and gay and rather witty as soon as I put on the dress and the feeling carried me merrily through the whole party. It made me the kind of person the other guests expected a film actress to be. If I had worn brown or black or a duller color, I should probably have wilted."

While she prefers strong colors for sports clothes, Norma chooses plain whites, blacks or pastel shades for her evening gowns. She always has one "very grand" white satin and one "even grander" black velvet gown in her wardrobe, for extra-special occasions.

"I love to see brilliantly colored gowns on the exotic types of women. But I feel better in more delicate shades," she explained. "However, I always have one or two especially vivid or striking gowns in my wardrobe to wear to larger parties. That's a secret that every woman should know. If you wear a brilliant, rather daring gown, you won't be smothered by numbers, be hopelessly lost in the mob. At least, you'll be noticed and people will know that you're among those present. For smaller parties formal or informal, I always wear a more delicate color.

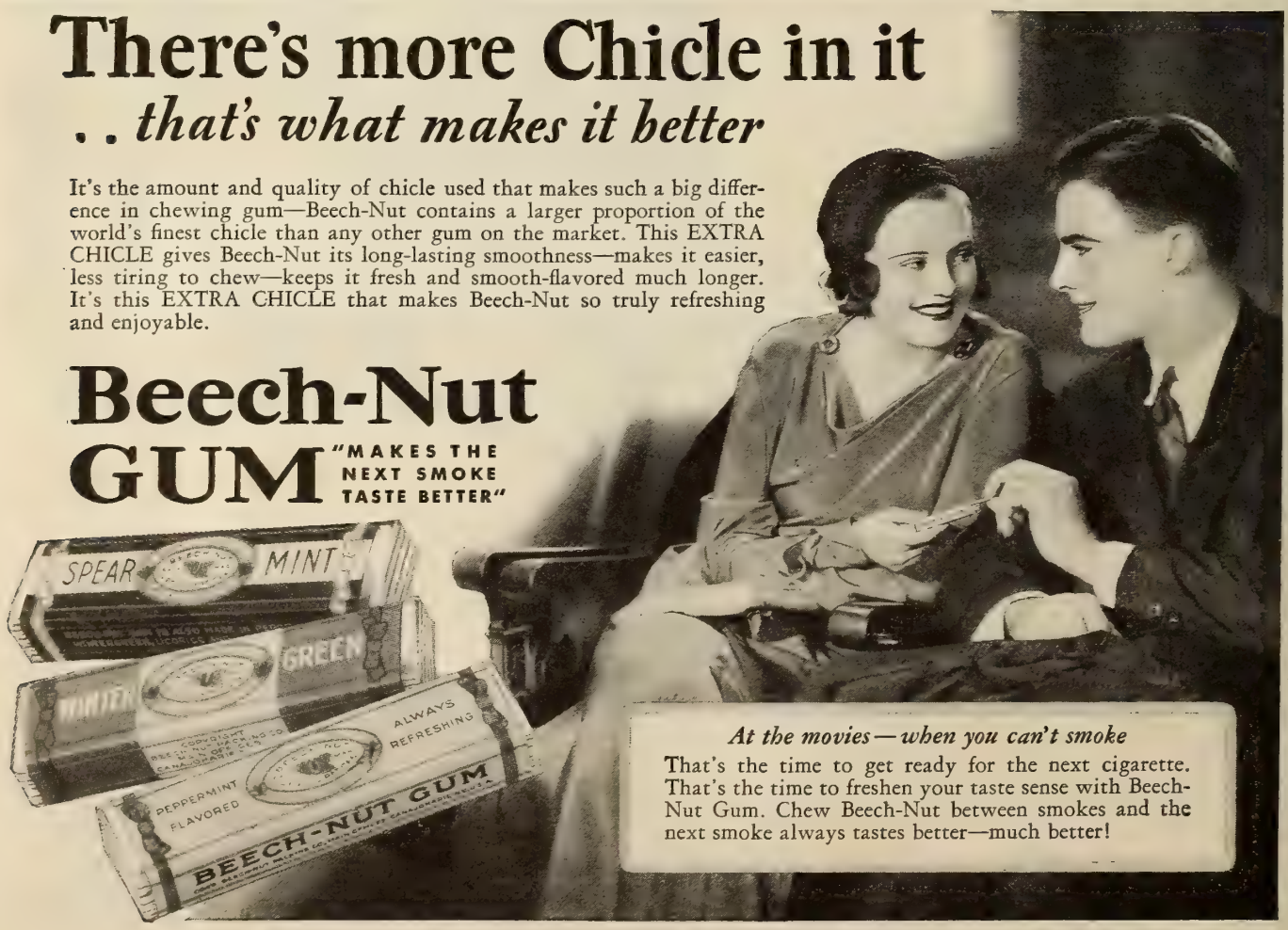
"Dressing for dinner is one of the things I like best about the day. It does something to me, just to take off my day clothes and get into something 'eveningy.' Weariness disappears and life has a new lilt. Since you can't always be wearing formal gowns in the evenings no matter how much you love them, I've collected a few semi-formal dresses for dinner parties at home and at the homes of our friends. They give you that party feeling without making you feel too-dressed-up."

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Some say IT'S LUCK!

some say IT'S FATE!



CONSTANCE BENNETT

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The Right Dress Triumphs

NORMA admits that black and white are, and always have been, her favorite colors for evening. She'd wear them all the time if she could, but she realizes that she, herself, as well as her friends, need a change of color for variety. But for very important parties, where she is especially anxious to be as attractive as possible, and for the big scenes in her pictures, she invariably chooses a black or a white gown.

Just as certain lines and colors can stimulate her at certain times, so other lines and colors can depress her mentally and emotionally.

"That may sound silly to some people," Norma said, "but I don't think that it's a matter of being weak-minded or vain or super-sensitive. It's not because I'm afraid that others won't like the dress or won't like me in it. It is a queer, indescribable feeling within me that I am not being my best self.

"The color brown has always done that to me until recently. All shades of brown used to depress me so I never bought anything in that color. Then one afternoon a short time ago I happened to see a golden brown evening gown hanging in a little shop where I was buying some new sweaters for the beach. It was one of the most beautifully cut and designed gowns I had ever seen. I tried it on immediately and the lines were perfect for me. They enhanced all my good points and hid the bad ones. So I bought it and, with the first wearing of it, I lost my aversion for browns.

"I suppose that our reactions to certain colors change as our whole nervous system is supposed to do every few years. It is a good thing for all of us that it does. It relieves the monotony. For several years green was my favorite color. I bought as many green things as I dared. It always made me feel lucky and happy and young. When I wore a green outfit I felt that I could go out and conquer the world. Now, I still like green but it is no longer so overpoweringly my favorite color. I have found certain other shades which can give me the same stimulus that green does."

NORMA pays a great deal of attention, both on and off the screen, to the accessories of her costumes. She believes that hats are the most important part of any outfit. They can make or break its effectiveness. Norma buys her hats to fit the mood of the costume, first of all. Then she has them copied or dyed to match the color.

"One of the greatest tonics I know, when life seems pretty monotonous, the same old thing day after day, is to wear a new and entirely different sort of dress. I now own two tonic gowns. Both are completely different from the usual style of my clothes. They are fluffier, daintier, more ingenuish than my other clothes. One is lemon-yellow lace with a broad girdle of emerald green. The other is floaty, filmy chiffon, the color of apple blossoms, with a girdle of plum color. I wear them when I want to feel that heady, delicious thrill which belongs to high school dances and the gaiety of the very young."

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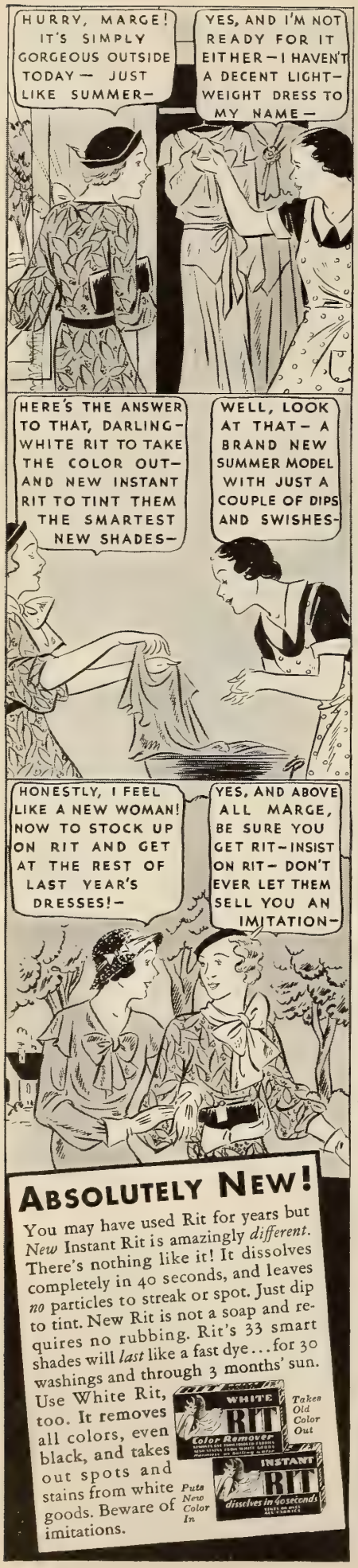
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Cabaret Cinderellas

(*Continued from page* 51)

appeared opposite Charlie Chaplin in "The Gold Rush," is another mid-western girl who found a night club floor show the gateway to success.

Not so long ago a little girl named Ruby Stevens came over to New York from the side streets of Brooklyn, to seek fame as a dancer. Finding it impossible to land a job in any of the shows, she took to dancing in the chorus of a night club then housed on the roof of the Strand Theatre.

Having gained the necessary experience and the reputation of having the most beautiful legs on Broadway, she branched out into show business. After appearing in several musical comedies and the "Ziegfeld Follies," she got the urge to be a dramatic actress. Accordingly, she quit the "Follies" and set about locating a part in a dramatic show. Finding this impossible she was obliged to return to the night clubs.

Anatole Friedland, who was then running a club on Fifty-fourth Street, next to Texas Guinan's, made room for her. There Ruby met a girl named Mae Clarke and the two soon became fast friends. One night Willard Mack, the noted playwright, happened in. He was searching for night-club types to appear in "The Noose," a dramatic play he was then producing. Both girls were engaged. Ruby read her lines so well, she was given a short but very important part. Meanwhile, she decided to change her name to Barbara Stanwyck.

Barbara kept climbing the ladder to fame and the following season was given the role of *Bonnie* in "Burlesque," which turned out to be a big hit. She also met and married Frank Fay, one of New York's favorite comedians. Both began to look toward the talkie fields of Hollywood. Barbara's hopes soared when Paramount bought the screen rights of "Burlesque," until it was learned that Nancy Carroll, another ex-night club performer, was to be given the role.

Later Frank Fay was given a contract and sent to Hollywood. Barbara went along and soon was given a chance in the United Artists' picture, "The Locked Door." In no time at all she had established herself as a popular favorite. One of her best pictures, "Ten Cents a Dance," had its Broadway run at the Strand Theatre, where Ruby Stevens made her professional début.

ANOTHER night club graduate now holding the picture is lovely June MacCloy—of Sturgis, Michigan. Not so long ago she came to Broadway in search of a career. Being young, pretty and able to sing she landed a job in the chorus of George White's "Scandals," almost at once. Here she first attracted attention by her imitation of Harry Richman, who was featured in the show. The latter was so impressed that he made room for her as one of the entertainers at the popular Club Richman. A few months of this and June suddenly grew homesick for the friends she had made while attending the University of Michigan. Accordingly, when a Detroit night club wired her an offer, she left Broadway flat. But the lure of the Great White Way proved too strong so she returned to New York and again found favor at the Club Richman.

While singing in the Club Abbey, June's blond vivaciousness and deep, rich singing voice attracted the attention of a Paramount scout, who arranged for a test. When it was found that June registered like the proverbial million, she was immediately signed. Among those who saw the test was Edmund Goulding, the director. He was so enthusiastic that he arranged to borrow the slim, young blonde with the deep voice for "Reaching for the Moon," in which she made her screen début. This has been followed by numerous other pictures and she is now being featured by Pathé in a comedy series.

NIGHT CLUB entertainers formerly consisted of specialty dancers of the ballroom type such as Barbara Bennett, sister of Joan and Constance, who was given picture work while dancing in one of New York's ritziest night clubs. After appearing in several films, she was cast opposite Morton Downey, noted radio singer. So attractive did Downey's love-making prove that Barbara gave up her career to become Mrs. Downey and is still happily married.

The first big night club to feature a floor show was the old El Fey, presided over by Texas Guinan, High Priestess of Whoopee. Included in the group of girls who did numbers was Pearl Eaton, who now stages dance numbers for RKO pictures. Fifi Dorsay, then a natural blonde, was the guest singer. Fifi was also appearing as soubrette in a musical show starring the famous team of Gallagher & Shean who had planned to give her a prominent role in a picture for Fox which later fell through. But for this circumstance, Fifi Dorsay might have become a Fox star several years sooner.

The popular phrase, "Give this little girl a great big hand," was first used some time later by La Guinan in introducing Lina Basquette, then principal dancer on the night club floor of the Beaux Arts Café. It was here that she was discovered by the late Sam Warner, who married her and started her on a picture career.

Texas Guinan reversed the usual order of things by first appearing in silent pictures as a "two-gun" heroine. She's proud of the night club girls who have made good in Hollywood and claims that it's the best means for any girl to "figure" her way to success. Judging by the number who have succeeded, there's something to the theory, after all.

Remember— that you bought this magazine at WOOLWORTHS You will find a new issue at the same place on the 15th of each month

Radio Rambles

(*Continued from page* 61)

to help somebody out in this one.

When Belle was just a kid and had to send her sick mother to the country, a friend pawned a gold locket to raise $25 to lend her. A few months ago the same friend called on Belle and borrowed $5,000.

Woo him with spaghetti: No girl has found the way to Russ Columbo's heart yet, but here is a tip: Since his parents came East, Russ rushes home every night for a heaping plate of real Italian spaghetti.

Russ, incidentally, is laying no claims to having had ancestors on the Mayflower. No. He is going them all one better and trying to trace his ancestry back to Columbus.

What if he had missed: Dr. Herman (Adventures in Health) Bundensen's story is that of a man who kept out of jail by throwing snowballs at bishops.

When he was nine, little Herman was selling papers on a Chicago corner with two pals. One snowy day a bishop passed by and the three boys let the snowballs fly at his high hat.

The bishop, however, was faster than the boys thought, and soon he had Herman by the collar.

The result was that the boy began to attend the bishop's Sunday school and eventually became a doctor.

The two friends that got away are now serving life terms for murder.

Wicked music: Though dance halls have long been blamed for promoting bad morals, it was not till this year that their bands came in for censure.

Last month the New York Schools of Music picked on Claude Hopkins, saying that his music at a ballroom incited the dancers' blood pressure.

Puzzled, Claude sent a questionnaire to his listeners to get their reaction to his numbers. One girl did report that "Minnie the Moocher" made her want to kiss her boy friend, but the others all said the music only made them want to get up and dance.

New Beauty Under the Sun

(*Continued from page* 70)

or sunbath with a shower. Some of the healing oils will remain in the pores.

While wind does not cause blisters, as does the sun, the dry zephyrs of the desert can do dire things to a fair complexion. To prevent redness and roughness when indulging in motor jaunts or out-of-doors sports, Helen makes use of a cold cream treatment.

After thoroughly cleansing her face, she closes the pores with a brisk ice rub. An astringent may be used if one prefers. No make-up is applied.

Just before leaving the house on such outings she generously applies a thin cold cream to the face and neck. Miss Twelvetrees stresses the necessity for a cream thin enough to be quickly absorbed. Heavy cream will melt slowly and look greasy.

If one desires, a light dash of powder may be dusted over the creamed skin for purposes of appearances.

A good lip pomade should be substituted for ordinary lipstick.

Now! Actually Get Rid Of Arm And Leg Hair

Banish Completely the Problem of Coarsened Re-growth

A Discovery That is Proving to the Wonder of the Cosmetic World That Hair Can Not Only Be Removed Instantly, But Its Reappearance Delayed Amazingly.

A way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to the razor and less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair, but delays its reappearance remarkably.

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The creation of a noted laboratory, it is different from any other hair remover known.



Not only is slightest fear of coarsened re-growth banished but actual reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly.

What It Is

It is an exquisite toilet creme resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.



By a total lack of stubble you can feel the difference between this and old ways.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. *And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!*

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

Where To Obtain

It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents. *282A*

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

NEW IDEAS About Cooking for Two

Young brides love this set of circulars. It gives new ideas about daily menus and new proportions in the smaller quantities which cooking for just two entails. Here are a few of the many tempting recipes: Dessert Pancake spread with Jelly; Frozen Whipped Cream Cup Cakes; Stuffed Cherry Salad with Cheese. The set of eight circulars is only ten cents.

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.

55 Fifth Avenue *New York, N.Y.*



Remove Spots and Stains From Fabrics

Shake the powder on!

Just shake this *dry powder* on that grease spot or fruit stain and see the fabric restored to its freshness and cleanliness. Wool or cotton, silk or velvet—Annette's Cleanser cleans them all and *leaves no ring.* Perspiration, beverages, road oil, grass stain—fresh spot or old spot—out it comes when you use Annette's. Keep a box in your dressing table, another in your desk and a little one in your handbag. It's sure and quick.

Use Annette's Cleanser on these materials without fear or doubt

Silks	*Felt hats*
Velvets	*Cotton*
Gloves	*Chiffon*
Upholstery	*Flannel*
Rugs	*Furs*
Woolens	*Slippers*

Table linen



Leaves no "ring"

Annette's Cleanser has no effect on color or material. No work. No odor. No fumes. Used by professional cleaners. Revolutionizes all ideas about home cleaning. 25¢ and 50¢; drug and department stores.

Send for Free Sample Below

ANNETTE'S PERFECT CLEANSER CO.
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me Free Trial Supply of Annette's Perfect Cleanser and copy of "Guide for Home Cleaning."

TM-F

Name_____

Street Address_____

City_____ State_____

If I Had My Life to Live Over

(*Continued from page* 41)

daytime. I could not sleep at night. Why, I asked myself time and again, does this sort of thing have to happen to me? How can anybody think of such lies and, furthermore, why should they wish to wreck my whole life with such slander?

Sick as I was, I began to take stock of myself. All my years in Hollywood came back to me. All the years of my youth passed in retrospect. I realized that I could have licked Hollywood but, instead, Hollywood was licking me. Who was to blame? I was the one to blame. My impetuosity, my generosity, and my trusting nature all were responsible for my dilemma.

I reasoned, you are not through yet. Get what strength you can and wipe the slate clean before you abandon pictures and the city in which they are made. You have friends, many of them. Your fan mail shows that those who loved you on the screen still love you and have faith in you. It is your duty to vindicate yourself for their sake, if not for your own.

LOVELY Rex. How well he understood. How he stood by me when things looked the darkest. When I made my decision to fight he said:

"That's the spirit, honey! We'll fight!"

With him at my side, I did fight. Not because of a spirit of revenge. I wanted to hurt no one. But I did have to clear myself and I did, although it nearly killed me.

After a court verdict had been brought in my favor I was so weary I did not know which way to turn. I thought I was through with motion pictures. I wanted to be. I never wanted to see Hollywood again. I wanted to get away from everything. Discouraged and heart-broken, my future meant nothing. Paramount, to whom I was under contract, realized my feelings and, through mutual agreement, released me from further obligation. Again Rex took control of the situation.

"It's the ranch for you, Clara," he said. "Come on. I'll get mother and we'll all go up there where you can regain your health."

I consented with alacrity.

Just a word more about gossip and rumors. It is true that I was just about as "low" mentally at this time as any human being can be. But the reports which emanated from Hollywood stating I had attempted suicide are grossly magnified. At no time, regardless of the strain I might have been laboring under, have I contemplated such a step. I'd rather fight and now, come what will, I am convinced I can face it with a sane outlook.

Hollywood has been good to me and it has been bad. But, between the two, it has given me "tempering" which has equipped me for whatever lies ahead.

My marriage? Just this. I have realized for a long time that I truly loved Rex Bell. I have been asked how to tell true love from sham. It is a difficult thing to put in writing. All I know is that Rex is loyal, tolerant, understanding, devoted and—of prime importance—he is not jealous. He knows I act on the spur of the moment. He knows that I jump at conclusions. But he makes allowances for my actions, something I cannot change over night, and he trusts me.

Loyalty, tolerance and trust are wonderful things. Add to that devotion and you will have no trouble in differentiating true love from the sham.

Not so many weeks ago I suddenly had a desire to travel. I decided to go to New York. I telephoned Rex.

"All right, dear," he said. "I'll fix up your transportation. Where do you want to go? New York?"

"I guess so," I said.

That very same night he put me on the train but before doing so he called up Harry Richman.

"Clara leaves tonight, Harry," he said. "Take good care of her while she is there."

In Albuquerque next day I wondered why I was going to New York. I turned right around and went back to Rex.

Our marriage was sudden, yes. For months Rex had asked me to set a date. But I put it off.

On Thanksgiving Day he approached me again.

"I don't want to hurry you, Clara," he said. "But here is the situation. I love you and I know you love me. If you keep putting the marriage off there is a possibility that something might come between us. We don't want that to happen. Marry me now."

So, without saying anything to anyone, we left Hollywood for the ranch—a place I have come to love. Several days later, we were married at Las Vegas, Nevada.

And, for the first time in my life, I am happy. I'm looking at the future through eyes which have been brightened by Hollywood and eyes which have been dimmed with tears countless times because of Hollywood. But, as I say, I believe it has "tempered" me.

I have gone into rather intimate details about my life to show that I have suffered. That suffering, I think, gives me the right to advise and this is what I shall try to do.

TO go back to the question: "What advice would you give a girl who is trying to make good in Hollywood?"

First of all, don't come to Hollywood unless you have a contract to work in motion pictures.

If you have a tremendously sensitive nature, don't attempt pictures, regardless of your ability, unless you feel within yourself that you can avoid the hurts and buffetings which are bound to come.

Wipe from your mind any illusion that Hollywood is a Paradise. It is a pleasant place in which to work but work you must. Nothing is going to be handed you on a silver platter in the motion picture world.

If you are fortunate enough to get a chance on the screen, make up your mind that you will work harder than you ever have worked before. There are hours behind the camera which only the initiated know anything about. Study—hours of it. Consultations, fittings, interviews—oh, countless appointments which are never dreamed of until you are part of the industry.

Pick your friends with great care. They mean a great deal. Don't be "high hat." There is no necessity for it. Be gracious and considerate. It

If I Had My Life to Live Over

will pay great dividends. But don't lean over backwards in trying to be nice to those who you know are not sincere. There are plenty of wonderful, steadfast friends you can make in Hollywood. They are charming, intelligent and sincere. Cultivate them. They will round out your life.

And, may I repeat this statement just once more? Don't let your feelings run away with your good judgment. In Hollywood you have to "be on your toes" every moment. Competition is keen. Figure things out before you make decisions and never, never, never act on impulse.

IF you have "temperament," get rid of it before coming to Hollywood. Stand up for your rights but when you are wrong admit it and admit it cheerfully. It will get you a great deal.

And, be yourself. Don't try to imitate celebrities. If you have potentialities, they will be "discovered" although it usually takes time. There is no such thing as being boosted to stardom and fame "overnight," as some of the writers would have you believe. It takes hard work, sacrifice and many times heartache.

I have mentioned being what I call "a good sport" many times in this story. That is, going against your better judgment for the sake of sparing someone's feelings. Please let me say it again. It is one of the lessons you must learn. Take my advice in this one instance. Don't be a "good sport" if it is going to make you suffer.

I wish I could tell you more at this time about my future plans but things are very indefinite now. I am happy. I am married to the man I love. Just playing the role of being his wife is paramount in my mind.

Many offers have come to me asking my return to motion pictures. I feel just this way about it. If a proper story can be found, one which will appeal not only to me but my many friends among the motion picture audiences, I shall probably make at least one more screen play. I do want to please those thousands who have stuck by me through my many troubles. It makes me very happy to realize they were always pulling for me. And, to please them, to show in some small way my gratitude, I would like to make at least one more picture.

In the event that a suitable vehicle is not found for me I probably will say goodbye to Hollywood forever, so I take this means of thanking my many fans from the bottom of my heart.

There is a possibility that I may go on the legitimate stage but this depends, to a large degree, upon the condition of my health. Right now I am in splendid condition, thanks to Rex's loving care and the life on the ranch. But, whether or not I could stand the strain of ten performances a week on the stage is something I cannot tell at this time.

And, remember, I am now a wife.

I hope this little writing will help many with eyes turned toward Hollywood. If you do attempt motion pictures, remember what I have said. And, to all of you the best wishes of Clara Bow.

Put those lazy mouth glands back to work . .



MODERN living conditions—strain, noise, haste—have made our mouth glands lazy. The fluids which should be cleansing our teeth and mouths are no longer flowing freely. Dentyne is a delicious chewing gum made especially to help overcome this unhealthy and unpleasant condition.

NATURE MEANT YOUR MOUTH TO BE SELF CLEANSING



As soon as you start to chew delicious Dentyne the beneficial mouth fluids start flowing. They cleanse the teeth, check mouth acids and purify the breath. What a delightful way to keep the mouth healthy! And Dentyne contains a special ingredient to keep teeth white.



Chew delicious

Dentyne

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY - - KEEPS TEETH WHITE

"What! Bread Pudding Again?"

Bread puddings and custards have their place once in a while, but when there are so many and such original desserts why let a dull last course evoke complaints from the head of the house?

"How to Choose the Right Dessert" tells you how to avoid monotony.

Ten geletin desserts suggest a quick, economical and delicious way of serving "sweets"



Over 16,000 circulars have gone out to Tower readers since the announcement of this set of circulars. There are layer cakes which sound as good as they are! Fruit tarts and date pies! Java cream and honey pudding! These are only a few. Send for the rest and know dessert contentment. Ten cents for the complete set.

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.
55 Fifth Avenue *New York, N. Y.*



YOU have but to use Craig-Martin Milk of Magnesia Tooth Paste a first time and your tongue will tell you that it cleans the teeth better. Your teeth will feel so much smoother and cleaner after you use this newly developed tooth paste.

Craig-Martin does more than clean, whiten and polish your teeth perfectly and without any possibility of scratching. Its *milk of magnesia* content definitely counteracts mouth acids and the ferments of decay.

A further advantage of this distinctly better tooth paste is its economy. It is a guaranteed 50c quality that comes in a 25c-size tube yet costs only 10c. Let Craig-Martin be the *milk of magnesia* tooth paste you use.

Sold Exclusively at
F. W. WOOLWORTH COMPANY
5c and 10c Stores

CRAIG - MARTIN
Milk of Magnesia
TOOTH PASTE
50¢ Quality
25¢ Quantity
10¢

"Speakeasy Business"

(*Continued from page* 43)

Hon. Ogre and promise she will knock off his blox. She are quite new in the Pictures, so she permit her salary to be cut off to 2700$ per weekly; but her hussband say she will be sucessful yet, if she work hard and keep away from eating potatoes.

At any rates, Hon. Ogre tell me thus, "From now onwards you will stop bathing dishes and become the property of my wife, Miss Caramel Sweet. I elevate you to 13$ pr weekly."

MR. EDITOR, the path of unbition are not a bed of rosies. Sometime I wish I were back to my low kitchen job, mopping dishware. Miss Caramel Sweet don't sleep pretty good, and I don't neither. At 90 minutes past midnight she ring gong and explan, "Get Constance Bennett's house on the talephone. Ask if they are still up, and how they feel, if so."

I think maybe I have become a Artillery Officer, I have to handel so much powder. All her clothes are arranged like a library. In morning, before going to Lot, she dictate hashly, "Togo, bring me Costume 41-B with face-powder 88-6-4 and leg-powder 99-Q." One time I make mistake and give her leg-powder for face powder which turn her blue, so she get pretty darnly unseated in her temperament.

This Miss Caramel Sweet, who are awfully young in this business, are doomed to be Top Star some day. She got more loor than Constance Bennett more gallish appeal than Norma Shearer, more sweet-heartedness than Mary Pickford, more olala than Claudette Colbert and can feel more like a Grand Damn than Ruth Chatterton.

I know because she told me.

One afternoon p.m. of recently Hon. Ogre give a tea party where I got awfully tired shaking it with ice. This party were to introduce his Bride to all the poeple she knew. And O! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! what a list of Film Celebratties was there! From door-crack, where I could look-see everything, I observe all the headlights of the Silver Screen, doing so politely. And one thing I notice. Not 1 of them was ½ so great as Miss Caramel Sweet. They all act so shy & quiet, like mice walking over cup custard. Miss Marie Dressler sat in a corner, eating MacAroons gently, like she cooked them herself. Hon. Ralph Bellamy stand talking inside his shirt like he was afraid Hon. Fox catch him again. Hon. Marion Davies merely make her eyes pleasant, so glad to be there, thank you, while Helen 12-Trees act like merely ½ doz. Nobody there make any boast or brag, except Hon. Jno. Barrymore, who say he can do Hollywood Goluf Course in 208, which are too high score for anybody, even the entire Barrymore family.

Everything went like that, ect., ets., etc., and so forth.

But when Miss Caramel Sweet swep in, wearing a green French-speaking gown (Costume 407-J), then I could see how muchly greater she were than all others. She were like a queen among spawns. She permit poeple to take a shake at her hand. Her proud kneck held her head up. "Howjadoo?" she say-so to even Hon. Helen Haze, who kept her eyes very far apart, looking afraid to come back to Hollywood some more.

When this was over everybody smile with loving face and say how happy they was to go home. Pretty soonly Hon. Ogre & Bride was alone, except for me at door-crack.

"Dolling," he dib, "you wore your hat very tall this afternoon."

What a fooly thing to say, when anybody could see she had nothing on top of her but her goldy hairs!

In a.m. of morning when she go to Lot my job of work are to be a caddy and sieze up everything she drop. Sometime it are a bag cantaining dimonds, sometime one of her shoes, sometime a Chinese dog name of Boo who got a pair of eyes where his face ought to be. Oftenly this are difficult to do, because when I bend my stumach to pick up dimonds I drop dog, who grab shoe and run somewhere else with it.

But we learn by our mistakes, not so? In that way I fill my brain with education every day.

Yestday a.m. I folla her to Lot, making pick-up now & then of what fell off from her. In my affectionate arms, beside Hon Dog, Hon Dimonds & etc. I held a Drug Store. There was slight bottles for her digestion, enlarged bottles for her indigestion, there was a nose-pump for shooting away her influenza, there was 19 variations of powder (face, leg & flea), there was a pint of lipsticks, there was a hair-washer, there was a coughing-gargle and there was a cheap bottle of glycerine for to put tears in her eyes when she could not do so herself.

Well, Mr. Editor, at lastly we come to a Rehairsal, waiting for Miss Caramel Sweet.

"Hi there, my dolling sweetheart," holla Hon. Ogre at his Bride, "shall you be on time after this, or shall I burst your kneck?"

"Yes, deary," she say for sweetly smiling & commence comb her hair while all sorts of electric light-sprayers, sound catchers & machinery get ready to do so.

"Jump into that Great Heart Throb Love Scene and don't be foolish about it or I shall kick my brains out!" snarrel Hon. Ogre.

Nextly I knew Miss Caramel Sweet were laying on a sort of Swedish looking bed, enjoying sickness, although she seem too pretty to die.

"One, two, three, go!" holla Hon. Ogre. Then everything click, photo-cameras commence whirling, electricity pouring, speaking-tubes opening their mouths at that lady. Miss Caramel Sweet now make her face very actress and begin to talk like her heart was cracked.

"Oh, Eggbert, Eggbert!" she mone and grone with white doves in her voice, "if you was only here I would be so happy."

Then income Hon. Melvyn Douglas, charm leaking from his face. He enclose her in his gentile arms and coo-coo:

"Ah, Brilliantine, Brilliantine! Are you happy now? Happy, happy, happy?"

"O! ! ! So happy! Ah, Eggbert, nothing in the world make me so happy as happiness."

"Speakeasy Business"

"STOP!" yall Hon. Ogre. "What are you doing with your voice? You holla so loud that you have broke all the wires out of the amplefier. Love are not noisy like that. Love are a speak-easy business. Take it over again."

THEREFORE once more Hon. Caramel mention Eggbert, Eggbert. Then back come Hon. Melvyn Douglas. Again he enclose her in his gentile arms and commence talking about love when—O suddenly!— he jump out and corrode, "ouch! I shall not kiss that lady any more unless she stop scratching my ear with those sharp manicures she got on the end of her fingers. If my face are my fortune I cannot take any more cuts in this year of depression."

"Although you insult me," screech Hon. Caramel, "you cannot keep me from making this love scene great."

This time that love-match were so filled with tender that my heart stood up to watch each sweet word. Kissing enjoyed while Hon. Ogre rore like a general, "More blue lights! Bring on Battery Ten! Shoot from the sidelines! Electrocute them from above! Give them the works, boys!"

In all my experience I never observed kissing sound so fierce. Then it was over, and Hon. Douglas jump back like a actor.

"Dolling," he divludge, "now I must leave you forever, because otherwise engaged."

"O Eggbert!" she gurgle, "must you elope from me when we are so happy in our happiness?"

"Must," he narrate, and depart off.

Then all machinery stop. Those electrical engineers that have been helping to make love take chaw tobacco and set down.

"Next scenery," narrate Hon. Ogre, "show you alone in Omaha. This must be the biggest weeping scene of the age. How are you fixed for tears this morning?"

"Togo have got them in a bottle," dictate Miss Caramel Sweet. "Togo, bring me those glycerine I told you."

I hand bottle. Hon. Caramel get ready make tears.

"Start!" holla Hon. Ogre. Machinery start buzz-wheel of camera, headlights and electrocution. Then with sudden quickness Miss Caramel flop tear-juice in her eyes. She turn to camera. But O! ! ! what did I see? Her face look like it blew up, her eyes get entirely bow-legged, nearly all her teeth stood up. She sneeze. She sneeze again.

"I never saw such an outrage!" she yall, pulling out her jewelry and throwing it at me. "Retched, curled up Japanese Schoolboy! You know what you done? When I ast you for glycerine you give me sore-throat gargle! How in Hal can Art get anywhere with such a dum as you are hanging onto it?"

So she walk out of the scenario.

"Oh, well," dib Hon. Ogre, "the greatest director in the world (and I am, am not?) are never able to direct his wife."

I stand there feeling quite useless.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO.

Actual photograph of Miss Catherine Andrews after and before using VANKAI Wave Set



Does a home run set your waves WILD?

Keep them looking their best with* VANKAI *Wave Set

See yourself as others see you. If your hair is wild as a rookie pitcher, remember this way that others have found to keep their hair always beautifully wavy, attractively curly, any time . . . anywhere.

The secret is VANKAI Wave Set. This new wave-aid makes hair lovely and keeps it so—rippling, lustrous, and silky-soft. VANKAI makes perfect finger waves, and longer-lasting ones—gives permanents a new lease on life—shortens morning make-up time ten whole minutes. It contains no grease or wax; leaves no discoloration or sticky white flakes. In thirty thousand beauty parlors they use and recommend VANKAI Wave Set.

Buy a bottle today. Most 5 and 10c stores sell an extra-large 10c size; drug stores, the 25c size. For trial bottle send 10c, stamps or coin, to Briar Products Co., Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.



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When You Serve One Course Refreshments

When you just want to serve one course at the party and have it extra-special, extra-good, turn to this compact information, a set of circulars entitled "Menus for One-Course Refreshments" and learn about new and delectable chocolate muffins, toasted cheese puffs and dozens more. Ten cents for the complete set.

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No 26

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.....

.....

My Ten Favorite Thous

(*Continued from page* 57)

election propaganda no doubt. Samuel Blythe, Hoover friend, is doing a story at M-G-M for Louis B. Mayer, Hoover pal. Columbia announces "Washington Merry-Go-Round," adding that Mr. Hoover was consulted for suggestions. Having read the book and enjoyed it hugely, I'm curious about Mr. Hoover's suggestions. I'm wondering whether he suggested he be switched to the rôle of Senator Norris or Bob La Follette, or whether he was willing to appear as a heavy. If he knows his films, he'll play the heavy and be a Clark Gable, maybe.

AN "Independent" concern announces a film glorifying a banker. Speaking of Red propaganda, what could be more in the Red right now?

REVERTING to Mexico, the Garbo of lands, I'm more excited about the Eisenstein film than any on the horizon. Metro-Goldwyn is passing up gold in failing to play Novarro as a singing peon. Instead, they cast him as a football hero in "Huddle." The same genius cast Clark Gable as a minister in "Polly of the Circus." Bill Haines calls Novarro "the singing center." He'd be all right as a center if he sang but he doesn't, and so I suppose I shall have to continue reading letters asking why he doesn't. I don't know.

"Tonight or Never"
"Tomorrow and Tomorrow"
"After Tomorrow"

The old Hollywood run-around—See you sometime!

MITZI GREEN refuses to study arithmetic. Says she has a manager to take care of that. He'll be good if he can get his ten per cent. Most managers have to go to court to prove to stars they've earned it.

JIMMIE DURANTE, the Shakespearean scholar, takes issue with the bard over What's - in - a - name. Jimmy says he doesn't think Gustaffson and Samaniegos would be as hot as Garbo and Novarro.

Even the enthusiasm of my friend, Harry Carr, for an actress named Nora Gregor could not excite me, but now that M-G-M has changed her name to Eleanor Gregor I feel much warmer and want her to know it.

Each time I see Dorothy Mackaill on the screen I'm surprised that I like her, and then I'm surprised that I am surprised. The reason I do not see her more often, I've discovered, is that her name stands me off. Why, I don't know. There never has been bad blood between the Mackaills and Howes so far as I've been able to trace. Maybe the numerologists could offer an explanation.

Maybe if Dot dropped an *I* from her last name or I added one to mine we'd be pals forever. Personally, I have little faith in numerology. Phillips Holmes may vibrate genius but, I can't utter the name without—pardon me!—a slight hiccup. And Gwili Andre makes me think of a sobriety test.

I still contend that Richard Barthelmess with a glibber name would still have been a greater household god. And though Lucille Le Sueur became Joan Crawford by a name-voting contest, I still vote for Lucille, one of the loveliest of names. Billie Dove and Walter Pidgeon may suggest the romantic San Marco Piazza but on the whole are bad misnomers. And I think Helen Twelvetrees was wise in marrying a man named Woody as it means practically the same and is a lot less lettery.

ON the other hand, there are the luring names. Dolores del Rio is one that sets me crooning. You know, there's a song in my heart, etc. I think it the loveliest name in pictures. Loretta Young is another that is—*umum*—just right. Lupe Velez and Zasu Pitts are fits. Other marquee names that attract me even though the owners may not: Pola Negri, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, Gloria Swanson, Clara Bow, Maureen O'Sullivan, David Manners, Dolores Costello, Lew Ayres, Pat O'Brien, Nick Stuart, Lily Damita, Maurice Chevalier, Richard Arlen, Fifi Dorsay, Marjorie Rambeau, Ramon Novarro.

I KNOW a guard who is in charge of a road gang of convicts from San Quentin. He tells me there are several from Hollywood, among them one who was caught robbing the box-office of the Chinese Theater. During one of the salons which they hold after lunch he confessed to his friends, and since then has been the target of their practical jokes. They arranged that postcards of the Chinese Theater be sent him from Hollywood every day or so, and shook with glee as they beheld him developing a neurosis. They realized they had gone too far, however, the day he received an invitation to the opening of "Mata Hari." Throwing down his shovel he leaped into the air with maniacal shrieks. Since then he hasn't appeared among them. Too dangerous. Gone completely Hollywood without going there, if you know what I mean.

HOLLYWOOD INSULT:
She's not a platinum blonde, just chromium.

"THE MAN I KILLED" affected me more than any picture I've seen



Ben and Bebe—Lyon, if you please—on their recent Eastern jaunt . . . caught at a party.

Plan a Real HOLLYWOOD DINNER



Italian Salad
suggested by Winnie Lightner

Split Pea Soup
a la Ruth Roland

Melba Toast
by Marion Nixon

Spanish Chicken
as prepared by Constance Bennett

Asparagus with Crumbs
June Collyer's recipe

Biscuit Tortoni
Buddy Rogers' "favorite nourishment"

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Forty-seven marvelous dishes, straight from your favorite stars! And forty-seven interesting photos of the stars at home! Send ten cents, plus three cents postage, for this Cook Book.



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My Ten Favorite Thous

since "All Quiet on the Western Front." After viewing it I went home and paced the floor, blowing the nose in the red bandana, old soldier that I am.

The tragedy of war is realized in this picture. It is not in the killing but in the living afterward. Better the ghost than the haunted. Better the both than that murderous old generation which Lionel Barrymore damned so rightfully in the greatest speech ever heard from the screen.

To me Eric Remarque's "The Road Back" is a work of greater significance than "All Quiet on the Western Front." The latter, tragic as it was, is a mere curtain-raiser to the greater tragedy of the road back: the tragedy of futility.

CRITICS who speak of "The Man I Killed" as Lubitsch's debut in serious drama are not yet dry behind the ears. They can't remember "Passion" (Du Barry), "Carmen" and "Deception" (Henry VIII). I enjoy nothing more than the champagne of Lubitsch comedy, but when he uncorks a good stiff shot of dramatic cognac the heart opens to genius. Lubitsch is the greatest virtuoso of pictures. He can turn from the accompaniment of Lehar to that of Beethoven.

Unfortunately, he has to work with puppets. I can't believe he chose Phillips Holmes and Nancy Carroll for those great rôles. A masterpiece was marred.

BETTY EGAN is paid for screaming in "Girl Crazy" without appearing before the camera. She's not the only one yelling for dough, but she's the only one I've heard of getting it.

Chaplin is off for the Orient. He is all they need to make a great comedy of that war that nearly was—or is.

I HEREWITH present gold stars to—

Harold Lloyd—because he kept his company on the payroll during a year of depression when he wasn't working.

Louis B. Mayer—because he is the only producer who refused to enter an agreement to cut salaries of employees.

AFTER reading the farewells of Norma Talmadge and Joe Schenck when Norma sailed to Paris for a divorce—and then sailed back again—I'm wondering what they said to one another in the throes of love. Separating from him, Norma says that Joe is the sweetest, kindest, most honorable man she's ever known and the one she'd go to if she were in trouble. Joe says Norma is the loveliest, sweetest, most wonderful woman he has ever known and the only woman he loves. So they're getting a divorce. Or maybe I haven't heard lately. Now the question is: What's the grounds for marriage? A kick in the pants, probably, or a sock on the jaw.

THIS is too much! Just a month or two ago I was likened unto Gable and now I get a letter saying: "You intrigue me the same way Garbo does—you have what I can only call world-wise glamour. . . ."

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YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

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Keep Lamp & Radio Wires Off the Floor!

The new easy way! A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.

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BARRINGTON Hand Cream contains ingredients never used in a hand cream before, more effective in keeping hands young and charming. It absorbs in a minute, even the minute before you put on your gloves . . . and no stickiness remains. Get acquainted with this cream—send ten cents for purse-size tube. Carry it with you and see how frequent applications during the day keep your hands soft and smooth.

Barrington HAND CREAM *for Lovely Hands*

SEND 10¢ FOR THIS PURSE SIZE TUBE

NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORP.
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

I enclose ten cents, for which please send me a regular purse-size tube of Barrington Hand Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

Hollywood Bandwagon

(*Continued from page* 49)

AND WHAT AN IDEA! Here's the idea of the next Marx Brothers' goofy show:

Groucho as college professor, Chico as iceman, Harpo as dog-catcher and Zeppo as Groucho's son who is spending his fifth year as freshman.

It's called "Horse Feathers."

AND EVERYONE SAID, "OH, YEAH?" When Clark Gable appeared with a Floyd Gibbons patch over one eye on the set of "Strange Interlude," he was in line for much kidding. But the truth was that a bug (lady bug, no doubt) found its way there and caused Clark no end of trouble. He had to use his wrong profile for a lot of close-ups, too.

JOAN AS HOSTESS: One of the pre-nuptial affairs of the Bennett-Markey wedding was given by Joan Bennett, herself, when she was hostess at a luncheon in her beautiful home in Beverly Hills, in compliment to Mrs. Eugene Markey of Chicago, her husband's mother.

Joan used the St. Patrick's Day motif for her decorations which were both unique and charming. The table was covered with silver cloth and the central table decoration was a candelabrum made of three huge Irish potatoes, holding tall Irish green candles. On either side of it were green satin Irish plug hats filled with green spring blossoms —sweet peas, jonquils, roses—all turned green for the occasion. The favors were silver pots containing shamrock from the Old Sod, itself.

Joan was attired in Irish green crepe hostess pajamas, trimmed in silver cloth.

Joan Bennett prefers white flowers to any other color and her favorite blooms are pure white roses. Her new husband, Gene Markey, keeps her home and her dressing-room well supplied with them.

WATER HAZARD: The latest golfing attire at Palm Springs is a bathing suit. Dick and Jobyna Arlen are staunch addicts of this vogue and daily the bathing suit parade on the links is gaining new followers.

TWELVETREES POOL: Helen Twelvetrees is building a swimming pool of her very own at her Brentwood home. There will be soft lights focused on the bottom and other modern, up-to-date appurtenances.

At the bootblack stand at the Paramount Studio someone tacked up a small card on which was glued a nickel. Underneath the coin was printed: "This is the first nickel ever earned by Jackie Oakie."

One of Jack's pals passed by and, seeing the card, changed it to read: "This is the first nickel Jack Oakie ever spent."

GEORGE AND LUNNON: There's a possibility George Bancroft may go to London to make pictures at the expiration of his Paramount contract.

He has one more picture after "The World and the Flesh."

George frequently has expressed a liking for English country life and would like to go back there for a time.

SPENCER TRACY'S POLO: Spencer Tracy has gone in for polo in a big way. He is up every morning and out on the field by six or six-thirty. It was a proud day for him when he played four chukkers of *no-goal* polo.

"Just give me time," he said with a broad grin, when some of his fellow players kidded him about his progress. "I've got a long way to go yet."

WORST-YET ITEM: Playing "hookey" from school will be a bit more difficult for child actors on Fox lot. The school house, that compulsory education calls for, has been placed on wheels and follows the children from set to set. T'aint like the old red school house on the hill.

WE'VE WANTED TO KNOW, TOO: Tallulah Bankhead gets her first





DO YOU WANT TO LOSE WEIGHT?

SEND today for this practical little book which tells you how to lose weight in a sane, safe way.

You can do it without endangering your health or making yourself uncomfortable. "Reducing the Right Way" describes simple but effective slenderizing exercises and gives you many menus you can enjoy while taking off those unwanted pounds.

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INCORPORATED

55 Fifth Avenue New York

Hollywood Bandwagon

name from the famous Tallulah Falls in Georgia. It's an Indian name meaning "love maiden."

This is too crazy to believe.

A trained seal named Lucille was being used in a scene of the Marx Brothers' "Horse Feathers." The seal got loose and chased Harpo (just to make things different), whereupon Groucho called out:

"I seal Lucille." (Figure that out.)

YOU PRONOUNCE IT: Leo Carrillo, the only actor, by the way, whose name appears in California's Blue Book, plans to erect a little theatre, the Teatro Carrillo, in Olvera street.

Carrillo is a descendant of a number of the old Spanish and Mexican families who pioneered in California.

Ten months ago Abe Lyman was towing Russ Columbo around Hollywood trying to get him a job as a band leader.

It never occurred to Abe to put Columbo in his own band.

Now look at him!

DISCARD REEL: Add to New Movie's list of scenes you will never see—A collection of famous slip-ups by famous stars, during the making of scenes for their pictures, shows them "blowing up" in their lines. The reel is shown at parties, causing gusts of mirth. One scene shows the two Barrymores in a dramatic moment during the filming of "Grand Hotel." John is talking to Lionel and is supposed to say, "That's my creed, Kringelein, a short life and a gay one," but instead he says, "That's my creed, live and let live." Then with a disgusted look he turns to the camera, raises one hand and says, "Aw, bunk!"

Noel Coward says he doesn't like the name "United Artists" . . . he always wants to say "United we stand . . . as Artists we fall."

LONDON NOTE: Three Hollywood expatriates are working for the same film company in London. They are John Farrow, once engaged to Lila Lee, Roland V. Lee, the director, and Corinne Griffith.

Also, Walter Morosco, Corinne's husband, and Irving Asher are working for other companies there.

THESE MORRIS BOYS: Another of the Morris boys comes into motion pictures. Gordon, brother of Chester and Adrian, is the latest. Adrian acted as Gordon's agent in negotiating a contract with Fox.

Joe E. Brown hung up some kind of a record the other day by climbing outside of twenty-one hot cakes, three fried eggs, two orders of ham, four glasses of milk, three glasses of cider, three double orders of melon, three dozen stalks of asparagus, and some six or seven glasses of water, at one sitting. He had to in the interests of his latest

(*Please turn to page* 110)



Don't Let Gray Hair Worry You *Before* 60

Now simply brushing hair ends grayness so perfectly no one will suspect you ever had a gray hair . . . Send for sample.

Don't let gray hair ruin your business or social career because it makes people think you are "too old." You can now end this handicap easily, quickly and inexpensively *right at home.* And the results will be so perfect that no one will suspect you have done a thing to your hair. We urge you to accept the sample offer below for proof.



DO ONE SIMPLE THING

Just sprinkle a few drops of KOLOR-BAK on your hair brush, and brush your hair as usual. This wonderful, *colorless* liquid will cause your gray hairs to disappear like magic. A new, youth-like color will be imparted to those ugly, gray hairs. And as your hair becomes youth-like in color, you will look years younger, far more attractive.

Obtain KOLOR-BAK at any drug or department store. Use as directed—and —almost before you realize it your gray hairs will be youth-like in color. Insist upon KOLOR-BAK for it is different in formula and results from all other methods. No other product is "just as good." KOLOR-BAK offers the most natural way science has found to end gray hair. Obtain today, and refuse all substitutes.

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No rehearsals for my hair



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Applied after the shampoo, Duart Hair Rinse softens and lightly tints the hair. Far more than that, it adds a glow as of sunlight on your hair. It brings out high lights that even you did not suspect were lurking in the shadows of your tresses. In 13 tints—from ash blonde to black. Dissolve the little packet of powdered sunlight in warm water and pour it over the hair.

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10¢ at beauty shops, drug and department stores. Also Owl and Liggett stores on the Pacific Coast.

A million women, from Coast to Coast, have Duart Permanent Waves.

Hollywood Bandwagon

(*Continued from page* 109)

picture, "The Tenderfoot." He suffered no ill effects, but that night at dinner, Mrs. Brown complained of his lack of appetite. "I just don't seem to feel very hungry," explained Joe. "Something I et, no doubt."

JOKER JOKED: Jack Oakie's love for jokes found him sitting, bag and baggage, outside the Hotel Mirador at Palm Springs one cold and early dawn. It seems Jack particularly enjoys teasing Miriam Hopkins who was a guest at the same hotel. During Miriam's first night, just when she was ready to settle down to enjoy the hotel's much advertised quiet, a series of phone calls began from Mr. Oakie and continued till the wee hours. Finally in desperation she phoned the manager and said—either Jack would have to leave or she would. So if you happened along and saw Oakie sort of woebegonely sitting outside the Mirador gates with a comb and brush in one hand and an assortment of baggage in the other—you had the answer to that old adage, "He who laughs last, laughs longest," because Miriam is still laughing.

A PARTY FOR JOAN: While Joan Crawford was filming "Letty Lynton," the troupe gave her a surprise birthday party. At three P.M. two birthday cakes were brought in, without too many candles. The stage was a profusion of flowers and gifts from the studio workers and picture staff. Joan's delight was as though it were her first birthday party.

LITERATI: With Elsie Janis' book, "So Far So Good," and Elissa Landi's "House For Sale" on the newsstands, a well-known M-G-M photographer, not to be outdone, says he is planning to publish his version of the movie game in "Stars I Have Tested."

OAKIE IN DISGUISE: Jack Oakie went incognito at Caliente recently . . . wearing no sweat shirt, so that even his own valet didn't recognize him.

MALIBU ACTIVITIES: The Malibu home owners are busy dusting off last year's tennis racquets and repairing the damage of the winter's moths on the bathing attire. . . . Spring fever with a vengeance. The Dick Barthelmesses, Eddie Lowes, Connie Bennett, Marie Prevost, Clara Bow, Herbert Brenon, Leila Hyams, Frank Fay and the John Considines are only a few who like to do their swimming at this oceanside resort and are getting their summer homes in readiness.

AGOG ITEM: Gwili Andre is seen about with Willis Golbeck, RKO writer. Wait until you see this young lady on the screen. . . . The whole town's agog with gasps at her beauty, and in Hollywood that's something.

APPRECIATION: Noel Coward has been a frequent visitor to Joan Crawford's "Letty Lynton" set. When he made his first appearance he watched Joan go through a scene that only required her to sit calmly and stare at Bob Montgomery. When the scene was over, Noel put on his most dramatic expression, placed one hand over his heart and said, "You can't realize what your acting does to me!"

AMBITIONS: George O'Brien and Ricardo Cortez say they are going to Cuba to learn the rhumba.

So far they can do only a casual clog.

AND STILL WEARS IT: Friends of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are wondering these days over the bullet hole in top of his famous old green felt hat—the same that he has worn every day for the past eight years. The gangsters aren't after young Doug, however; he put it there himself. Just tossed it up in the air and used it as a target. It took four shots to put one through.

Universal boasted that Mae Clarke had made eight pictures in twelve months. Mae got even by having a nervous breakdown. Now that's what we might well call revenge.

HE'S OUR PAL: William Wellman, director of "Public Enemy," "Night Nurse," "Star Witness," "So Big" and other screen classics, keeps hidden the fact that he's an acrobat. He squares accounts, however, by being a swimmer and sprinter. He also has been known to do right well by himself in rough-and-tumble fistic warfare.

DO YOU REMEMBER—? Alan Dinehart, Lew Cody and Wilson Mizner, after a lapse of several years, met on the Warner-First National lot and held an Old Home Week for half an hour. They'd been bosom pals on Broadway in other years. Dinehart and Cody are working in pictures on the lot. Mizner was there as a scenario writer.

HORRORS! Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March both were child poetry reciters. This startling and disillusioning discovery was made when they started co-starring in "Merrily We Go to Hell" (apt title).

The point of it all is, they both enjoyed reciting.

DESERT CALAMITY: It was cold on the desert, and Jimmy Cagney, who had been training for a fight picture, had driven a long way. He carried no money, because his trainer, Harvey Perry, was the boss of the trip. He suggested to Perry that a hot chocolate would help.

"O.K. at the next stand," said Perry.

They drove up to the roadhouse and got out of their car. Suddenly Perry gasped, his hand suspended half-way to his pocket.

"How much money you got?" he asked.

"None," replied Cagney.

"Climb back in," said Perry. "I spent all but fifteen cents for gas and oil—and the hot chocs are a dime a shot."

SOUTH SEA EPISODE: Doug Fairbanks' expedition to the South Sea



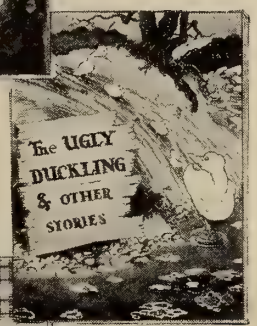
When they tease you for a STORY!

THE difference between happy children and sulky children is pretty often just the matter of a story. That's why it pays big dividends in peace and calm to have tucked away, ready to read to them, a group of Tower's Children's Books.

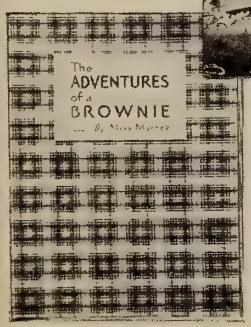
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Islands carried several trained monkeys. One night when the yacht was only about halfway to its destination, one of the monkeys got loose, turned on the water in the bathtub and practically drained the fresh water tanks.

AND WELL, ANYWAY: Lina Basquette says Teddy Hayes' interest is purely business, but Hollywood still gossips.

SHEEP FOR THE GOAT: Lew Cody gave a party for E. B. Hatrick, vice-president of Cosmopolitan Pictures, and the guests gave Hatrick a sheep, which eventually wound up in the home of Hatrick's negro chauffeur, who gave a party the following night for some of his friends.

IS THERE A PINK ONE? Some inveterate pipe smokers have racks holding seven pipes, one for each day in the week.

Our keyhole peeper took a look into the bathroom of Louise Glosser Hale's house and says she has the same line-up for her tooth-brushes. Not a bad idea, what! Mr. Vanderbilt!

THESE MODERNS! Gene Fowler, noted author, started it when Bert Wheeler presented him with the Key to the City and a bicycle as a gag on the author's arrival at RKO studios. Gene topped it by riding to work every day on his gift wheel.

Fowler has talked so long and loud on the health advantages of riding his bike that he not only believes it himself but has others believing, too.

Joan Crawford and her husband, Doug. Jr., are the latest to purchase bicycles, though so far they have not ridden them to the studio. They are content with pedaling around their beautiful estate in Brentwood.

Wonder who in Hollywood will be the next to take up bicycling in a big way?

And hadn't you better practice up yourself, for it may not be long before the "boy friend" wheels up and asks you to take a spin on "a bicycle built for two."

NO REHEARSAL NEEDED: Director Hobart Henley marveled aloud at the way Mae Clarke stepped into her part in "Night World," the story of one night in a night club, made by Universal.

"It's just old stuff to me," said Mae. "I spent two years dancing in night clubs."

And so she did, at both the Everglades and Vanity Club on Broadway. Her team-mates were Walda Mansfield and the now-famous Barbara Stanwyck.

. . . BUT—. They're all successful film players now, *but:*

George Sidney, the comic, once worked in a Ghetto pawnshop for $1.50 a week.

Tom Mix was the target for a knife thrower in a circus at the age of seven.

Sidney Fox, "thrown on her own" at thirteen, was at one time a $15-a-week clerk in a law office.

Tala Birell studied agriculture, planning to be a Roumanian farmerette.

(*Please turn to page* 112)



Announcing
POUDRE YBRY
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This gorgeous poudre sold in leading smart shops everywhere — now in a small size. Fine as mist; soft as swansdown . . . clinging. Delightfully scented with Parfum Ybry. 6 shades.

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IF YOU COULD
SEE GERMS
MOTHER



If you could see these deadly disease carriers how careful you would be about what products you use on your baby! How quickly you would refuse unsterilized baby powder!

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Plays
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CREPE paper in many colors for costumes and decorations. Crepe paper tablecloths, napkins, party plates. Favors, place cards, nut cups, noisemakers. See the display at your leading department, stationery or 5 and 10 cent store and note how little it costs to give a party color and charm.

C. A. REED COMPANY
Williamsport, Pa.



Send 10c to C. A. Reed Company, Williamsport, Pa., for this practical book which shows how to make costumes, flowers and decorations from crepe paper.



Hollywood Bandwagon

(*Continued from page* 111)

Mae Clarke wrote and sold poetry, getting twenty-five cents a line. She also sold hot dogs at Atlantic City.

Andy Devine made $50 a month as a life-guard at Venice, California.

Boris Karloff collected $2.50 for ten hours of work each day as a member of a pick-and-shovel crew at the exposition grounds in Vancouver, B. C.

Charlie Murray was a circus rider at thirteen.

FISHING DE LUXE: If spring fever brings thoughts of fishing, you aren't alone. A recent week-end found Ann Harding, Marjorie Rambeau, C. Henry Gordon, Elaine Hammerstein and Charles Mack pulling luscious-looking trout out of the pools at Noah Beery's trout farm.

SPORTY NOTE: Officers of H.M.S. *Delhi*, British warship now stationed in the West Indies, will provide opposition for the Hollywood Cricket Club. The first feature match will be some time in June.

Hollywood's best-known cricketers are Boris Karloff, Clive Brook, Ronald Colman, Conway Tearle, Pat Somerset, Desmond Robbins and Murray Kinnell.

THE SINGING CENTER: Bill Haines is still leading in the Wisecracker League.

Here's his latest. He has dubbed Ramon Novarro "The Singing Center" and Ramon's new name seems likely to stick.

The reason:

Ramon, who never played football in his life and really doesn't know yet what football is all about, is the hero in Metro's latest football classic, "Huddle."

LOVE TOKENS: Little Maria, Marlene Dietrich's child, dreaded to go to the dentist, but that gentleman apparently proved to be the painless kind, for when her work was finished she turned to her mother and said, "Let's give him a check." Then she coaxed her mother to the nearest florist's shop, where she chose some flowers and a vase. These were sent to the dentist with Maria's card.

WHEN Richard Bennett opened in a show at a downtown theatre recently, his two lovely daughters, Constance and Joan, rushed backstage to see him. He looked at them and asked, "Didn't you get my orchids?"

The girls confessed that they had received boxes of orchids but no cards. They feared they were being showered by some unknown admirer and to save the feelings of their respective husbands, refrained from wearing them.

"Well, who but your father would be sending you orchids to wear to his opening?" he demanded.

EXTRA GRATITUDE: Hollywood's a funny place.

An extra girl working at one of the studios struck the eye of a publicity man. He had a photo made of her. He told her he had a chance to give it publicity, calling her the most beautiful and best formed extra in Hollywood.

The extra, getting up on her dignity, said: "I won't be called an extra girl."

The press-agent replied: "Then I'll save this picture until you are a star." And tore it up before her eyes.

AMATEUR'S TROUBLES: Boris Karloff is nursing a painful torn ligament in his back, suffered while attempting to remove some bags from the rumble seat of his car.

"I say, stupid of me," admits Karloff. "Here I play cricket all morning, golf all afternoon, only to tear up my back jerking at a bit of jammed-in luggage."

FURNITURE PROBLEM: Constance Bennett and Mrs. Somerset Maugham have no words for each other.

The wife of the famous novelist arrived in Los Angeles with a lot of unusual furniture, which she placed on exhibition at an art gallery.

Constance saw a screen, which she liked, at approximately $850. She bought it, but when it was delivered to her house, the price was something like $1500.

Wide World



Interest! Tenseness! An unusual unposed picture of Joan Crawford—watching polo. But polo matches are like that.

She remonstrated with someone about it and was told the lower price was for two panels.

Constance replied she had never seen a screen with only two panels.

(Continued, no doubt, in our next.)

TRUE TO FORM: Arthur Sheekman writes a lot of the funny things the Marx Brothers do. He recently bought a violin, although he is unable to play.

It was a $250 instrument, marked down to $50, and he couldn't resist the bargain. He ought to put that in a picture.

TULLY'S NET: Did you know that Jim Tully's newest novel, "Laughter in Hell," has been purchased by Universal? It will be published and released in the early fall.



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with the wave set
smart hairdressers use

FINGER-WAVING is so much easier if you use Wildroot Wave Set! Beauty experts say nothing else makes such lovely, lasting waves. Wildroot Wave Set contains no gum or sugar . . . leaves no stiffness or white flakes. Yet it's so inexpensive that a wave costs you almost nothing! Excellent for resetting . . . makes permanent waves last longer. Approved by Good Housekeeping.



Buy a big 10c bottle of Wildroot Wave Set today. For sale at 5 and 10c stores. Wildroot Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Safe, RELIABLE, *QUICK*—X-Bazin leaves the skin virginally white, smooth and free of hair. Discourages re-growth. Cream or powder . . . for fastidious women who want the best.

Large size, 50c at drug and department stores; special size at 10c stores.

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Hollywood Bandwagon

HER INSPIRATION: Nina Wilcox Putnam met Tom Mix and then went home and wrote an original screen story for him called "Pony Boy." Wonder if they'll use the old song for the incidental music?

VERNON AND TRYON: Do you remember Glen Tryon, the boy that played the hoofer in "Broadway"? He has been teamed with Bobbie Vernon and will make comedies for Christie.

WE'LL SEE: If you should ask us (and probably you wouldn't), we would be forced to confess to you that the threatened divorce of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister has us all sort of cut up. We had pinned our hopes in them as being in a married state that would last forever, beautifully. There have been all sorts of rumors, of course, one particularly that friction really developed during a recent trip to Florida, when Miss Harding was received like a queen, and when Mr. Bannister was accepted but not acclaimed.

Maybe we are too naïve, but we don't put any stock in that. Our bet is—and it is as good as yours—that you're going to see the Bannisters back together again. They are two mighty fine people, and from where we sit it looks as if they decided to go their separate ways professionally, decided it was best for them to take—or appear to take—a marital vacation, and taking the bit in their teeth, decided to strike a body blow to ugly rumors that would naturally arise, coming right out with a divorce statement before anyone had a chance to do a lot of fancy gossiping. . . . And when Harry Bannister has regained his old place in the sun, not as Ann Harding's husband, or because of Ann Harding's popularity, but on his own, we'll bet you a plugged dime they'll be back together.

KIDNAP PLOT?: Some people who pretend to know, say the mysterious hold-up of the Santa Fe chief was actually an attempt to kidnap Joseph M. Schenck, multi-millionaire producer and husband of Norma Talmadge.

Two men accosted the conductor soon after the train pulled out of Los Angeles. They pushed him into a compartment, bound him and locked the door.

Half an hour later a porter discovered the imprisoned conductor and released him.

The two men had disappeared. None of the passengers had been disturbed. Nothing was missing.

Mr. Schenck had had reservations on that train but had canceled them a few hours earlier.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gave his wife, Joan Crawford, a diamond bar pin for her birthday.

A friend of Wilson Mizner, all hot and bothered, telephoned him.

"Bill," he moaned, "I've got to have $500 right away and I don't know where to get it."

"What's the matter?" drawled Wilson. "Don't it get dark, any more?"

(*Please turn to page* 119)







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YOUR tan, brown, blonde, and light colored shoes—keep them looking always new with ColorShine Neutral Creme. ColorShine not only cleans the leather, but softens it for comfort, and seals it against damaging grit—adding months and months to the life of your shoes. Yet the generous-sized bottle sells for only a dime.

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BOX-OFFICE CRITICS

For Una's Scrapbook

Philadelphia, Pa.

The other day I saw "Private Lives!" The picture interested me solely because the cast contained Una Merkel. Why won't producers wake up and admit that she is starring material? Miss Merkel breathed comedy into the picture in her inimitable way. I watched the children in the audience and noticed their reaction whenever Miss Merkel appeared on the screen. They applauded her until the noise was so deafening I couldn't hear what the other stars were saying—and didn't care. Wouldn't she be wonderful in one of those Graustark stories—the ones Marion Davies made famous in the silent days? Here's to an up-and-coming star, a real comedienne—Una Merkel.



Marie M. Bareuther,
5721 N. Marshall St.

Connie, the Comic

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Versatility—thy name is Constance Bennett. Constance convinced us beyond the shadow of a doubt that she can act comedy rôles well when she performed in that serio-comic movie, "Lady With A Past." She has "IT," as Elinor Glyn might say, but in this instance "IT" refers to that spontaneous, childishly-appealing sweetness that stamps her as a real comedienne. I am frank to say that I fairly adore her in this new side of her characterization and believe she ought, henceforth, to make comedy her particular forte.



Florence D. Sears,
790 Marcy Avenue.

What Shall We Say?

St. Louis, Mo.

A Polish girl who said she was "nice to get along with," a couple in Ohio who signed themselves "a blonde and a brunette," a romantic miss from New Jersey who hoped that "perhaps some day we can see each other in person," a South-Carolinian who was "crazy about Mexicans" in films, and a French-Canadian girl from Quebec—just some of the people who wrote me when they saw my modest "Dollar Thought" in NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE some time ago. Such fun! And, incidentally, quite a tribute to NEW MOVIE'S well-deserved circulation.

Edward Mead, Jr.,
6313 Waterman Avenue.

Dix She Can't Forget

Omaha, Nebraska.

I'm going ancient long enough to remark that I can't forget Richard Dix in "Cimarron!"

Here is an actor and there was a performance! Though he wore his curly locks in the Grecian mode; though Paramount had previously released him (considering him through!); though the plot was barnacled and the star's best performances apparently behind him—the result was as stupendous as unexpected!



With the physique of a panther, the profile of a Classic, the voice of a Pershing—he whipped through his scenes, out-Barrymoreing Barrymore! If he-classic Dix is through, then heaven help the one-phase, one-appeal Montgomerys, Gables, and Cagneys!

Glorya Flanagan,
Melody May's School of Dancing,
1908 Farnam Street.

His Best Western

Salem, N. J.

In my opinion "Rainbow Trail," starring George O'Brien, is the best Western ever yet released. The scenery and musical scores were wonderful.



Boris Karloff will undoubtedly be as well known as the late Lon Chaney. I enjoyed his work immensely in "Five Star Final," and as the ghastly monster in "Frankenstein."

Thomas J. Porch, Jr., 76 Fifth St.

From Switzerland

Zurich IV, Switzerland.

Yesterday I saw Maurice Chevalier and Claudette Colbert in "Le Lieutenant Souriant," the French version of "The Smiling Lieutenant." I

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, published Monthly at Dunellen, New Jersey, for April 1, 1932.

State of New Jersey } ss.
County of Middlesex }

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. E. Flynn, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Hugh Weir, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, J. E. Flynn, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Catherine A. McNellis, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Marie L. Featherstone, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. E. FLYNN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1932.

(SEAL) LAURETTA E. GANLY.
(My commission expires March 30, 1933.)

Box-Office Critics

thought the acting was very fine and that Maurice was better speaking French than English. I have the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE sent to me and all the students here read it after I am through with it. We certainly appreciate keeping in touch with the new movies.

Ephiram L. Manning,
Kanzlei Str. 80.

Clark, Take Notice!

Newark, Ohio.

Well, here I come with some more about Clark Gable. I just saw him in "Polly of the Circus." What a flop! A terrible picture to cast our sophisticated man-of-the-world Clark Gable in.

He was about as unfeeling in the part of *Reverend Hartley* as a tailor's dummy. He didn't do any acting—just stood around and spoke his lines.

What's the idea of giving him parts like that and the one he had in "Laughing Sinners"? Is it just a brief interlude, or chance for relaxation between big pictures? A chance to keep his public coming to see him—spending their money on him—while he literally takes a vacation?

I tell you, I'm a Gable fan but I hate to be disappointed so often after knowing what he really can do.

Hildegarde Hagan,
22 Summit St.

Voices in Person

Mahanoy City, Pa.

I was completely fed up on watching good actors save bad pictures and vice versa, when—lo and behold! I actually saw something different on the screen. . . .

This diversion appeared in the form of a short Vitaphone production which surpassed all others I have ever seen. The reason? Well, it is sufficient to say Ruth Etting sang in it. I've watched for her again and again but in vain.

After listening to radio stars it is natural for one to wonder about their personality. For that reason, it was pleasure personified to listen to and actually watch Miss Etting. So I hope movie producers take a small hint and produce a few pictures with famous personages such as Arthur Jarrett, Irene Taylor and Mildred Bailey.

Alice M. Kane,
303 W. Mahanoy St.

Is Our Face Red?

Trinity, Luncarty, Perthshire, Scotland.

Although I live in a somewhat remote part of bonnie Scotland, it struck me that you might be interested to know just how much your most excellent magazine, THE NEW MOVIE, is appreciated here. Of a truth we are far distant from Hollywood and its brilliant array of movie stars, yet through your wonderful pages an ocean and a continent are spanned as if on a magic carpet, and we, here in the Scottish Highlands, are brought, as it truly seems, nextdoor to all the wonderful doings in movieland.

Long may you prosper, and you may count on me as an ever-ready and willing booster for your magnificent monthly magazine of Filmdom, whose

(*Please turn to page* 116)



JUNE COLLYER
POPULAR STAR

Pretty as a Picture

Your hair—lovely, lustrous, sparkling with a myriad of tiny dancing lights—*pretty as a picture!* That is the way it will look after a Golden Glint Shampoo.

The secret of this marvelous shampoo is its *difference.* It is used *differently*—just to suit your own shade of hair—and what a delightfully *different* effect it gives. Your hair will glow with a soft loveliness. You'll see beautiful undertones that hide from ordinary shampoos! Just one Golden Glint Shampoo will make your hair lovelier than you have ever seen it. And it's so easy to use—you'd never believe so small an effort could bring such wonderful results! 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

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Big economy tubes, 50c and $1. Delatone Powder, $1 jars only. Nul Deodorant, 35c. At drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid upon receipt of price. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Write Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company, (Est. 1908) Dept. 116, 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.

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THE glorious tempting eyes of Spanish beauties are no lovelier than your own. The difference is in their long dark lashes. Have such lashes yourself—long sweeping lashes that arouse fiery admiration and the stirring thrill of mystery. And so easy! Just apply the amazing European discovery, Kurlene, to lash roots; watch lashes grow long, dark, silky, luxuriant—lovely natural lashes. Others are using Kurlene; don't stay behind. Ask at your toilet counter today. Sanitary tubes, 50c; for economy buy the dressing-table jar, $1.00.



The sanitary tube. Jar is shown above.

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Anybody can do it. No heat, no cosmetics. Just slip the curved bows of Kurlash over your lashes and press gently. At once you have curling lashes, sparkling eyes, more charm, greater personality. Even short lashes appear long. No wonder Hollywood make-up artists use Kurlash on movie stars! Curl your own lashes today. Toilet counters everywhere, $1.00.

Lashpac—Compact (brush and stick mascara). $1.
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KINOX CO., Inc., Dept. W, Rutland, Vermont

Box-Office Critics

(*Continued from page* 115)

contents, pictures and reading material alike, are unexcelled by anything of that nature produced on this side of the Atlantic.

May Cumming.

Our German Versions

Berlin-Wilmersdorf, Germany.

Before the domination of the "talkies", about 70% of all silent pictures presented in Germany were of American origin. At present there are only 5% "Made in U. S. A." and these 5% are failures. Why? Because it is not sufficient, only, to let the players speak German or to have the translations of the dialogue at the foot of the film, or to exchange the original English dialogue with German. (There is no unison between the lip-movements, and the language spoken.)

If the American producers do not want to lose the great German market —4800 theatres—they must produce their German versions not only in the German language, but, above all, consider the German taste. The taste of the European audience is entirely different from that of the American. A great part of the scenario must be rewritten, the dialogues must be changed, and you must lose your typical "Hollywood atmosphere." You must be accommodative to the German conception, as German producers are in producing versions of their pictures for the U. S. A.

Otto Behrens,
2, Tuebinger St.

And Good Luck, Too

Sawtell, Calif.

May I respectfully express my opinion of Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter in "Daddy Long Legs"?

If it were not for those two movie stars, two of my kiddies of a family of six would still be in a children's home, but after seeing the picture through, I went back to my wife, had a good old-fashioned talk over the kiddies, made up with her and took the two children home and there they are today—all happy, including myself. I have the deepest respect for that picture and everyone in it. I am now in a tubercular hospital, being a World War disabled veteran, and your magazine goes over big here.

Andrew A. Petrie,
Annex Hospital,
Soldiers' Home.

This and That

Dallas, Texas.

I'm glad:

That gangster pictures are out.

That Eddie Cantor is making another picture.

That Mix is well again.

That Will Rogers returned safely from the Orient.

That Joe E. Brown made good in "Fireman, Save My Child!"

That fans are clamoring for better pictures.

That producers have heard their clamoring.

That Dietrich isn't a rubber-stamp of Garbo.

That fans have "raised a howl" until producers are getting away from the salacious and ultra sex pictures.

That the above is out of my system.

Raymond Goforth,
95th District Court.

About Our Lawmakers

San Francisco, Calif.

If Congress excludes foreign-born stars from American-made films, as it is rumored, it is not only going to take the cream of our motion picture aristocracy from us, but it is going to mean that a lot of young fledglings will attempt vainly to fill the shoes of such inimitable artists as Marie Dressler, Greta Garbo, Elissa Landi, Marlene Dietrich, Maurice Chevalier, Ramon Novarro, Warner Oland, H. B. Warner, George Arliss, and countless others of foreign birth.

Sometimes our lawmakers act "not wisely, but too well." When they threaten our entertainment, one wonders if the famed "American Liberty" is not fast becoming a memory!

Bernice C. Bowne,
890 Geary St., Apt. 31.

We Take a Bow

New Haven, Conn.

I wish to extend to you my sincere and most enormous congratulations in regard to the splendid way in which you conduct your various departments of the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Your articles about the screen stars are by far the most interesting of any in magazines of similar kind. Your screen news certainly enlightens most of us fans at an early date, thereby giving us the real lowdown when we should know it. That is one of the finest features of NEW MOVIE.

Reginald De Voe,
620 George Street.

Horror Films

Seattle, Wash.

I've decided to toss my "brick" into the fracas—namely, why the overemphasis of beasts in our movie-thrillers?

Each new picture of the shock and shudder series seems to go a bit further in making mire for the morbid. It seems to have started with "The Gorilla" and "Ingagi." Then came "Dracula," a mild shudder picture in comparison with the grave-robbing clinical aspects of "Frankenstein." Even the new "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" stressed the horror element. And, "Murders of the Rue Morgue" is a revolting picture that has nothing to do with the Poe story except in title, one gorilla and a short sequence. Certainly there was neither sex nor biological experiment in it. A gorilla kidnaping ladies in caveman style is being gruesome in a disgusting fashion, and shouldn't have any place in screen entertainment.

Elsie Janis, Herb Howe, Jim Tully, Ted Cook and Wallace Irwin write regularly for New Movie Magazine.



AT HOME WITH THE STARS

Laura La Plante isn't very keen on bending over the kitchen stove, but she does like to make a delicious salad which she calls "Favorite Salad." In the delightfully new cook book, "Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars," Miss La Plante and many other of your favorite movie folk give you their pet recipes.



If you cannot find this book in your favorite Woolworth store, send ten cents plus three cents postage, and we will mail it to you promptly.

10c a copy
15¢ in Canada

TOWER BOOKS
INCORPORATED
55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Box-Office Critics

I suppose it all comes under the head of "giving the public what it wants," but I'm wondering if the public really wants this type of movie and whether it is to the best interests of the industry?

Kay Matthews,
6300-14 N. W.

Write Us Often, Pauline

Rochester, Minn.

I like your magazine immensely and maybe you won't feel like giving me a dollar for a little adverse criticism—but here it is anyway.

We read so much about "publicity" that when we read a supposedly "true life story" of a star we wonder how much to believe. In your story of Gary Cooper's "Jilting Co-ed" the author says, "His college sweetheart grew tired of waiting for him and one day he received an announcement of her marriage to another man." Maybe he did, I don't know. But, one of the girls in our office went to Grinnell with them—was one of the co-ed's closest friends—and she insists that his fiancée taught him to act, advised him to go to Los Angeles, and then moved to Los Angeles herself only to find him in love with half a dozen girls, and that the last time she heard from her she was still in Los Angeles, still single and still teaching dramatics.

Well—I still like your magazine.

Pauline M. Hall,
P. O. Box 664.

Elissa Landi Menus

(*Continued from page* 66)

LUNCHEON: Creamed eggs and asparagus on toast; cherry jello with vanilla wafers; tea or milk.

DINNER: Clam chowder; stuffed baked green peppers, scalloped potatoes; salad melange; peach dumplings, hard sauce; coffee.

On Saturday Miss Landi chooses her heartiest luncheon of the week with spaghetti as the entree:

BREAKFAST: Grapefruit, whole wheat cooked cereal; toasted muffins; marmalade; hot beverage or milk.

LUNCHEON: Spaghetti with tomato sauce; bacon; cole slaw; crackers; tea or milk.

DINNER: Hot meat loaf; potatoes in parsley butter; lima beans creole; sliced cucumber salad; apple sauce and marble cake; coffee.

Here is a recipe for the stuffed green peppers served on the Friday dinner menu:

6 green peppers
¼ pound mushrooms
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup cooked rice
¼ cup melted butter
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

Pour boiling water over peppers and let stand 30 minutes. Peel mushroom caps and break into small pieces. Put 2 tablespoons butter in saucepan, add mushrooms and pan fry 5 minutes, add rice and other ingredients. Cut stem end of peppers away, scoop out seeds. Fill with mushroom and rice mixture. Place in a baking pan with a little water and bake 30 minutes. May be served with tomato sauce.

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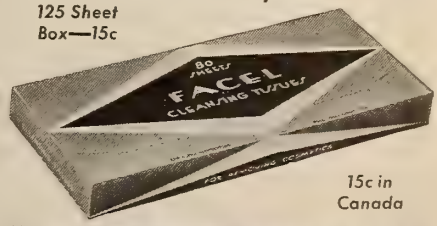
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Standard sizes, 35c, 60c, $1—fitted with the original Odorono Sanitary Applicator.

ODO•RO•NO



New Films at a Glance

(*Continued from page 90*)

good and bad newspaper ethics. A murder is committed upstate in New York. Metropolitan reporters rush to the small town to cover the case but the small-town reporter "scoops" the big leaguers. The picture is rather slow. Tom Brown shows promise.

THE BIG TIMER—Class C—*Columbia*—Had it not been for planting Constance Cummings as a prize-fight manager this could be accepted as an authentic document on the life of a pugilist. Despite this absurdity, the picture gives a pleasant evening's performance with Ben Lyon playing the part of an aspiring prize-fighter who reaches the goal of fame and then drops to sudden oblivion. The story is filled with many comedy situations delivered and supported by a free flow of wise-cracking dialogue attended with the action of three well-worked-out fights. It is suitable for all.

VANITY FAIR—Class B—*Allied Productions*—A faithful translation of William Makepeace Thackeray's immortal novel brought up to date by showing how the present gold-digger works. Myrna Loy plays the title rôle with effectiveness and ease, giving one of the best performances of her career. The picture is straight drama with little comedy relief, yet sustains interest by making the characters true to life. It is Myrna Loy's picture from start to finish, although she is aided by excellent performances of Barbara Kent, Conway Tearle, Walter Byron, Anthony Bushell, Billy Bevan, Lionel Belmore, Herbert Bunston, Mary Forbes and Lilyan Irene.

CARNIVAL BOAT—Class B—*RKO-Radio*—William Boyd's last starring picture under the old RKO-Pathé banner. Laid in the big timberlands of the north, a father wants his son to follow in his footsteps, but the boy craves footlights and tinsel, inspired by a visiting showboat. Many exciting and tense dramatic situations result, which will grip the average audience from start to finish. Ginger Rogers lends the feminine charm to a backwoods atmosphere, and an excellent cast makes this picture satisfying.

CROSS EXAMINATION—Class C—*Supreme Pictures*—Excellent judgment was used in selecting an able cast, comprising H. B. Warner, Sally Blane, Natalie Moorehead, Edmund Breese, William V. Mong, Don Dillaway, Sarah Padden and Niles Welch, to put life into a courtroom story where Dillaway is being tried for murder of a millionaire. There are many tense dramatic situations which ring true.

MICHAEL AND MARY—Class C—*Gainsborough-Universal*—A long-drawn-out delineation of a sweet, wholesome love story, with a graphic description of London life in the latter part of eighteenth century. . . . Mary's first husband shows up after twenty-five years' absence to demand his pound of flesh on the threat of informing law that she committed bigamy to marry Michael. This results in a murder trial where Michael is acquitted and all ends happily. Edna Best and Herbert Marshall give an excellent performance.

MURDER AT DAWN—Class C—*Big 4 Productions*—Came the dawn. Skulking sleuths, muffled maniacs, Draculean heavies, sliding panels, cobwebby storerooms, and tangled cross conspiracies clutter up the screen for one solid hour. In spots, the melodrama is so thick it is funny. Jack Mulhall and Josephine Dunn under-romanticize and Martha Mattox and Mischa Auer over-dramatize, but a clever premise based on esoteric electricity and Eddie Boland's able caricature of a dizzy drunk help the picture through.

BEAUTY AND THE BOSS—Class B—*Warner-First National*—Nothing happens until the appearance of Marian Marsh. Then the picture becomes a rapid succession of delightful, romantic comedy situations. The story is built around big business and the working girl. Miss Marsh plays the latter for all it's worth, resulting in one of best performances of her career. Warren William does well as the boss. A capable cast aids in making the picture highly entertaining.

ST. CHARLES
Occupying entire block
ON THE BOARDWALK
At New Jersey Avenue
ATLANTIC CITY
A Smart Hotel in
America's Smartest Resort

OUR PLATFORM, which is approved by all parties, "points with pride" to the comfort and satisfaction enjoyed by guests of the St. Charles. It "views with alarm" failure of either Republicans or Democrats to take advantage of the attractive rates, choice foods, music, dancing and good fellowship, which have won a world-wide vote of approval for the St. Charles. "Vote early" for your summer coat of tan and surf bathing direct from the St. Charles. "Repeat" your summer visit to this famous hotel as often as you can—each stay will make you more enthusiastic over "our platform."

European or American Plan
French and German Cuisine



Upon her arrival in Boston, Mass., to fill a stage engagement, the beautiful Pola Negri, ever popular film star, finds herself besieged by admiring crowds. The little welcomers in the foreground, who are Harriet Poltorak, right, and Isabelle Dabrowska, are wearing the native Polish costume, in honor of their favorite Polish screen actress.

International



"I Have Plenty of Dates, Now!"

"I never paid much attention to my hair, feeling that I just couldn't afford to go to a beauty shoppe every week or two. Then one day a friend gave me a secret for making my hair soft, lustrous and wavy, all by myself, right at home. STA-BAC Curl Set was the secret—and what a magic wand it proved to be! Why, since I've been using it regularly, I'm twice as popular with the boys as before."

Sta-Bac Curl Set is the *perfect* waving fluid for either finger or water waves. Highest quality. Leaves no white flakes. A big 3½ oz. bottle for 10c—enough for 4 complete applications. Try Sta-Bac!

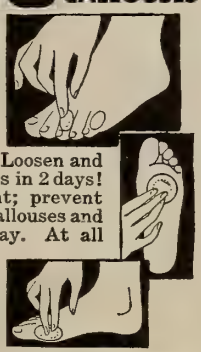


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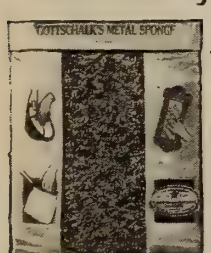
Pain stops in one minute when you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These thin, mildly medicated pads also remove the cause by cushioning and protecting the sore spot. Loosen and remove corns and callouses in 2 days! Heal sore toes overnight; prevent blisters. Sizes for corns, callouses and bunions. Get a box today. At all drug and shoe stores.

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GOTTSCHALK'S METAL SPONGE

in the Sanitary Cellophane Bag



Now twice the size for the same price. The biggest value ever offered. It cleans and scours everything with less effort and does not scratch—never a splinter to harm the hands. The choice of particular housekeepers. Get one today and be sure it's Gottschalk's.

"The Little Fellow That Does the Big Job"



METAL SPONGE SALES CORP.
2726 Mascher Street, Philadelphia

Hollywood Bandwagon

(*Continued from page* 113)

HISTORY A MENACE: Here are some secrets about George Raft, the heavy menace of "Scarface" and "Dancers in the Dark":

Born on Forty-first Street, between Ninth and Tenth Avenues, in New York. German grandfather introduced the merry-go-round to this country. Ball player with the Eastern League. Dancer at Rector's. Presented with a cigarette lighter by the Prince of Wales for teaching his highness some new dance steps. Urged years ago by Rudolph Valentino to try pictures. He did, a little over one year ago, and now holds a long-term contract with Paramount.

June Cellyer and Stu Erwin are now going around Hollywood saying, "Shake the hand that shook the hand," etc.

On their recent trip east they were granted a private audience with President Hoover.

Every member of the cast in "The Strange Case of Clara Deane" is an ex-stage actor.

ELISSA, COMPOSER: A composition for piano based on a theme composed by Elissa Landi will be used as incidental music for "The Woman in Room Thirteen."

LIKE GRANDFATHER: Like grandfather, like grandson, in this case. Heritage gives young Tom Brown the advantage in the rôle of jockey he portrays in "The Information Kid." Tom's grandfather was Tom Dunn, one of the most famous of Ireland's sweepstake riders of the last century.

LUBITSCH'S FIRST: "Passionate Strangers," it appears, will be the first picture Herr Ernst Lubitsch will direct for Paramount under his neat new contract. Miriam Hopkins will be featured, according to the desire voiced by Lubitsch. The picture is based on the story, "His Majesty's Car."

MISS MARION RECOVERING: Frances Marion has left the Good Samaritan Hospital, having completely recovered from her recent nervous breakdown, and is about to leave for New York to join Mary Pickford. They are getting together to finish preparation of Mary's new story.

THOSE TWO AGAIN: Production has begun on "Prosperity," the new Marie Dressler-Polly Moran comedy. Anita Page and Wallace Ford have the supporting rôles.

Walter Huston tells of attending a christening of twins. "What names?" asked the clergyman.

"Steak and Kidney," the father replied.

"Bill," cried the mother, "It's Kate and Sidney!"

GAYNOR-FARRELL NEXT: It's good news to hear that Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are at work on "The First Year," the Frank Craven stage hit.

(*Please turn to page* 120)



Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent. Price only 50c. To pay more is extravagance. The first jar proves its magic worth. At all druggists.

Stillman's Freckle Cream 50¢

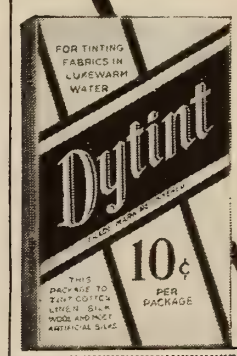
Removes Freckles | Whitens The Skin

FREE BOOKLET tells how to remove freckles.

Dept. 101, Stillman Co. Aurora, Ill.

Send for THIS *Box of* DYTINT *and see the difference!*

Thrifty women use DYTINT to restore faded colors. This superior tint is sold in one full sized package only—10c at department, variety, drug and grocery stores. But this one DYTINT package holds fifty percent more tint than other packages sold regularly for 10c. DYTINT colors are lasting, deep and true. Used according to directions they are guaranteed to equal or excel any other tint. Are you paying too much . . . when DYTINT will give you so much more for your money?



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Check the colors you want. Send 10c for each color ordered and we will ship promptly, charges prepaid.

—Coral	—Pink	—Salmon Pink
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—Nile Green	—Orange	—French Blue
—Jade Green	—Gold	—Copenhagen Blue
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WOMEN URGED US TO MAKE

★ BRILLIANT 10c PACKAGE AT MANY 5 & 10c STORES

See your cheeks simply Bloom with fresh new beauty

Nadinola face powder brings you the extra richness and purity of the costliest powders . . . is so pure and fine it *actually* helps the skin as you continue using it . . . so smooth and fine it brings out your own *natural* loveliness without that chalky, powdery look . . . surrounds you with the sweet, delicate fragrance of fine imported oils. Test it and you will love it.

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HAVE A SMOOTH, FLAWLESS COMPLEXION THIS QUICK, SURE WAY

You can have an irresistible, velvety, smooth, ivory-white skin. To clear the complexion of blackheads, blotches, and ruinous, unnatural impurities, use Nadinola Bleaching Cream. It is the simple, quick and satisfying method.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Get a big 50c jar of Nadinola Bleaching Cream at any cosmetic counter; begin using tonight, and you will promptly see a hint of the wonderful results to expect. Money-back guarantee in every package.

If you can't buy Nadinola Bleaching Cream where you live, write National Toilet Co., Dept. T-3, Paris, Tenn., for the big, economical dollar size. Send no money. Just pay postman on delivery.

SAVES HANDS—SAVES TIME

For quick cleaning of all kitchenware. Rustless—no splinters. Instantly removes all grease and grime. 10c

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MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY, Limited
955 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Hollywood Bandwagon

(*Continued from page* 119)

Slim Summerville is open to any suggestions you may have on "Care of the Baby." He and his wife recently adopted a young man. Age: two months.

Lucile Browne's brother Bill, a junior at Yale, wired her on her birthday recently:
"MANY HAPPY RETURNS STOP NOTHING TANGIBLE, JUST SENTIMENT."

BLAME IT ON THE DOG: Lew Ayres is worried. His dog insists upon eating the ping-pong balls. "He's near-sighted and thinks they are grapes," says Lew. "It's merely a matter of time till he'll need an operation. Appendicitis? . . .Anyhow, something!"

GUSSIE BERGER AGAIN? Neil Hamilton is another of those Hollywood hill-hikers.

One day while walking, a figure dressed in blue, wearing a strange cap, came out of the thick brush and onto the road. It was Greta Garbo. Neil stopped a moment, and when he looked up she was gone. A moment later she appeared on a high hill. "I swear she couldn't have got there without running all the way." He added, "Well, who cares? What if I do look like Harpo Marx!"

DIGNITY ORDEAL: Carole Lombard and William Powell recently slipped down to the Coney Island of Los Angeles, Venice, and played every concession on the pier.

Try, if you can, to picture the dignified Mr. and Mrs. Powell walking down the boardwalk with a slab of bacon under the arm! . . . Well, it happened!

BACK TO SHAW DAYS: Here's something new about Jill Esmond, the girl who will be seen with John Barrymore in "State's Attorney."

She is mentioned in the recently published book of "Shaw-Terry Letters."

Her mother was "Little Eva Moore," with Bernard Shaw at the time his Little Theatre movement made the first attempts to present his plays to the English public.

Father was one of England's best-known actors.

And from all appearances, Miss Esmond herself is somewhat talented.

MARY'S REVELATION: Mary Pickford, on a visit to Welfare Island while in New York, revealed to the eight hundred-odd prisoners there that she may make a picture with Clara Bow, of all people. Mary further confided that she has never met the Brooklyn bonfire, her acquaintance being limited to occasional glimpses of Clara flashing by in her roadster. Just a sort of little Bow peep, as it were.

MONKEY GIFT: Helen Hayes is mourning the loss of a gold vanity. It was a gift from her hubby, Charley MacArthur, who had "Darling, do you want to see a monkey?" engraved near the mirror. Miss Hayes will probably be in Hollywood by the time these lines are read, her play, "The Good Fairy," having closed after a successful run on Broadway.



After completing her latest picture, "This Is the Night," the beautiful Lily Damita dashed off to Honolulu for a vacation. Here she is seen on the beach at Waikiki with Sidney Smith (left) and Percy R. Pyne.

International News



Whitens While You Sleep

Freckles, Blackheads, Blotches, Vanish too!

Oh what a difference a lovely white skin makes! You can have it. No matter how dark your skin now, no matter how many other creams have failed, this famous Golden Peacock Bleach Cream will lighten it one shade a night . . . or your money back! Gentlest, daintiest of all bleaches that *work*. Perfected by 30 great specialists . . . absolutely guaranteed. More economical, because it acts so fast . . . you use so little. Try Golden Peacock Bleach Cream tonight. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

Corns



End Corn Pains instantly with Wizard Improved Corn Pads. Cushioned, but not bulky. Oh, so comfortable. Treated with mercurochrome (HW&D). *Safe*. 10c and 35c package. **FREE SAMPLE.** Write for it. Send dealer's name-address. Wizard Co. 1634 Locust. St. Louis Mo.

Wizard Corn Pads

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. **At all drug stores.**

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ON YOUR CHAIN STORE COUNTERS
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AUBURN SOLES
SUPERIOR QUALITY 100% NEW RUBBER



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CUT SHOE BILLS HALF

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Hollywood Bandwagon

NO BABY NEWS: There being rumors that Sue Carol is to have a baby, we took advantage of my long acquaintance by asking the little lady about it, point-blank, over a luncheon table at the Algonquin. Her reply was a quite emphatic "No," and she meant it. Nick Stuart was along and they seemed ideally happy together, giving the lie to other rumors that one of Hollywood's greatest love matches was about to go on the rocks. So that's that!

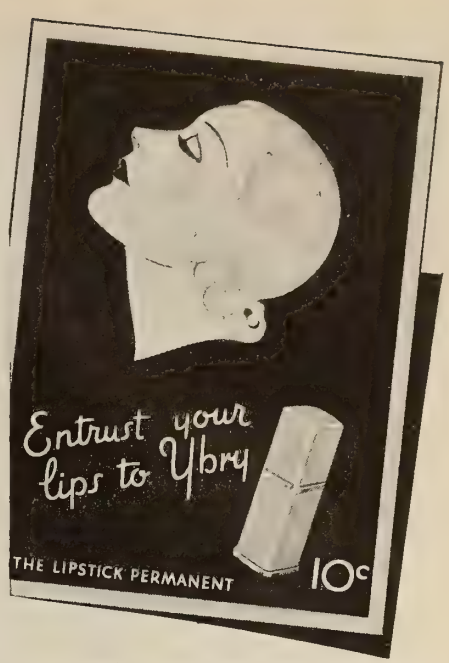
NERVOUS BREAKDOWN: Monroe Owsley, the smooth menace of several important features, is slowly recovering from a nervous breakdown which has had him out of the running for almost a year. He hopes to make a screen come-back shortly.

CLAUDETTE IN THE AIR: Add Claudette Colbert to the list of aviation enthusiasts. It's all because the brunette charmer had to go up in an autogiro with Edmund Lowe as part of the action in "Escapade." Previously, Claudette had been somewhat afraid of planes, much to the amusement of her husband, Norman Foster. However, the autogiro proved so easy to operate that she quite fell in love with the idea of owning one and has already placed her order while she is busily learning how to handle the controls. Seems the autogiros can land almost anywhere, so don't be surprised if Claudette drops in for tea some afternoon.

NEWS ABOUT JACKIE: Saw Jacqueline Logan at one of the smart supper clubs the other evening and managed to snatch a few moments' conversation with her. She's living in England now, you know, and is just over for a visit. Jackie looks just as pretty as when she was featured in Warner and Pathé pictures (remember her as *Mary Magdalene* in "King of Kings"?) and has acquired a fascinating English accent. She's been starred in several British pictures and more recently turned her talents to directing and producing. While in New York she sold the American rights to her latest picture, for a tidy sum, adding the gift of salesmanship to her numerous accomplishments.

JIMMY'S NEW CONTRACT: Jimmy Dunn pulled a "fast one" on the Fox higher-ups. Seems that prior to his trip East there had been a hitch regarding some salary increases. Result: When Jimmy's personal appearances were completed, he went into hiding . . . couldn't be found, high up or low down. Meanwhile, production schedules jammed up pending his return and pandemonium reigned on the Fox lot. Presently his agents got busy in Hollywood, with the result that he now has a written agreement guaranteeing him in the neighborhood of $100,000 per year. Jim, a born gambler, took the risk of being ruled out of pictures. He stood pat and won out, which explains why the whole incident was kept quiet. In fact, only a few of his closest friends knew about it. Not long ago Jimmy thought he was on top

(*Please turn to page* 122)



The 10¢ purse size has the same quality and gorgeous perfume of the famous $1 YBRY Lipstick. Size is the only difference. A shade for every type; permanent as your wave!

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This should be your constant day-time or night-time precaution against perspiration discomfort and possible offense. Colorless—odorless—safe to use. **Instantly** and lastingly effective.

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I Enclose ☐ 10c for generous introductory size or ☐ 50c for regular 2-ounce size. *To be sent postpaid.*

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International News Photo

During a recent visit to the Capitol, Miss Jean Harlow, popular and famous "platinum blonde," was presented to Vice-President Curtis (right) and Senator Capper (left). The distinguished gentleman in the background is the star's stepfather, Count M. Bello.

Hollywood Bandwagon

(*Continued from page* 121)

of the world with $300 a week. Now he's in a position to write his own ticket. Jim's no fool. He knows fame only lasts so long, and he's making hay while the sun shines.

HUBBY TURNS DETECTIVE: When the home of Alyce Mills and William Davey was robbed, Davey turned detective and recovered all the loot.

Because he is wealthy, there was a lot of it, and because he is a real estate dealer he was able to find it through an apartment house owners' association in an apartment which was found to be occupied by a dozen Filipinos.

TOO OLD!!! "I'm too old to fall in love," announced Vicomte Alain de Leche when interviewed on his arrival in Hollywood.

"This fascinating Frenchman," as some of our best female reporters referred to him, will write, direct and act for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

He is thirty years of age.

Fanny Brice calls "Frankenstein" "Finkelstein," and Wallace Smith goes around asking people if they have seen "Dr. Jekyll and Harpo Marx."

Mervyn LeRoy writes poetry which Ginger Rogers recites.

POM POM BON MOT: The Pom Pom Café, which opens and closes with the facility of the door to the butler's pantry, has opened again.

This time Roscoe Arbuckle was master of ceremonies.

It was Lew Cody's turn last time!

Said Roscoe:

"Times are so tough one motion picture company took Helen Twelvetrees out of a cast and substituted Mae Busch."

A Los Angeles columnist was writing about Warner Brothers' purchase of "A Successful Calamity," along with some other bits of gossip. A typographical error made two lines read:

"'A Successful Calamity' is Paul Bern, arm in arm with Mona Maris."

FOND DAUGHTER: Sylvia Sidney's mother doesn't look much older than —well, she doesn't look old enough to be Sylvia's mother.

Mother and daughter frequently make two of a foursome. To one young man who was presented to her, Sylvia said:

"I don't think you would suit me, but how do you think you would do for Mother?"

ONE WAY TO COME: Florine McKinney arrived in Hollywood from Texas in an old flivver, its cuts, bruises and other injuries dressed, stitched, and sutured by whatever baling wire she could find along the road. Her ambition kept it going.

You are leffing?

Florence Vidor and King Vidor traveled the same route in the same sort of Ford about fifteen years ago.

Now look at 'em.

Days Out of Doors and an UNSPOILED WAVE for Evening



The Lorraine Gypsy Cap: Bandeau 10c; Crown 10c. Sold separately. In smart shades and two-tone.

DAYS out of doors, in the car, at the beach! Lorraine Gypsy Cap and Spanish Bandeau will add a swagger note to sports clothes and add to your comfort besides. You forget they're on your head, yet they keep your hair trimly in place and save your wave for indoor beauty. For week-ends and vacations, you'll need several of these lovely sports nets in bright summery colors. Lorraine Water Wave Nets, too, can save you money this summer. They make it so easy to reset your wave.

Lorraine

WATER WAVE *and* SPORTS NETS



Water Wave and Sports Net with Chin Ribbon

Lorraine Water Wave and Sports Net with Chin Ribbon 10c. Rayon, in pastel and smart two-tone shades.

Water Wave Net with Chin Elastic

Lorraine Water Wave Net with Chin Elastic 10c. Rayon, in pastel and hair shades. Made in France.

Lorraine Spanish Bandeau 10c. Keeps hair in place through the most exciting sports.

Spanish Bandeau

Lorraine Spanish Bandeau 10c. Cloisonne enamel buckle 10c. Sold separately.

Spanish Bandeau with Buckle

FOR SALE EXCLUSIVELY AT F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORES



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"LUCKIES are my standby"

CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

Cash in on Poppa's famous name? Not Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.! For months he labored as a five-dollar-a-day "extra." Then he crashed into a part like a brick through a plate-glass window. See him in his latest FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE, "IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS." Doug has stuck to LUCKIES four years, but didn't stick the makers of LUCKIES anything for his kind words. "You're a brick, Doug."

"LUCKIES are my standby. I buy them exclusively. I've tried practically all brands but LUCKY STRIKES are kind to my throat. And that new improved Cellophane wrapper that opens with a flip of the finger is a ten strike."

Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh

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